

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Are you fighting for the Master,
Little soldier, brave and true?
Are you working in the vineyard?
There is room and work for you.

There are many little soldiers
In the mighty ranks of right,
Many little ones are marching
Upward to the Land of Light.

They are happy in God's service,
Little ones so pure and fair,
Faithfully their hearts are keeping,
Lest the tempter enter there.

Tiny hands are often strongest
To perform their deeds of love;
Strong to draw the lost and straying
To the shepherd's fold above.

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SEEING THE GOOD.

WE know a teacher who presided over a class of nineteen of the most frolicsome and mischievous boys to be found in any city school. They were all between thirteen and fifteen years of age. She captured their hearts, and always held their attention. The ease with which she controlled them astonished everyone. On one occasion the father of one of them expressed his surprise and gratification that she had been able to manage his son, who, he was sorry to say, was rather a bad boy at times.

She responded sharply: "He is not a bad boy. I have read his heart, and he is a little nobleman. He will make a splendid man if he lives and his ambition is properly directed."

This teacher possessed the true secret of managing boys. She saw in them good

qualities, and devoted herself to their development. She never failed to find some good in the worst of them, which was always turned to good account.

THE BOY NATURALIST.

A TEACHER had charge of a school in a country town early in her career; and among her pupils was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study, and showed no interest, apparently, in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons; and detentions after school hours, and notes to his widowed mother, had no effect.

One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a question in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and, espying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand, and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day.

"Boys," said she, "what can you tell me about flies?" and, calling some of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits.

They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect.

Finally she asked the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings, and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school was struck with wonder. He told how it walked, how it ate, and many things entirely new to his teacher, so that when she had finished she said:

"Thank you. You have given us a real lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon, she had a long talk with the boy, and found that he was fond of going into the woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but that his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school, and tell what he knew about them. The boy

was delighted at this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonder opened to his appreciative eye. He read, and studied, and examined. He understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography, and grammar for the successful carrying on of his private study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.

WHOSOEVER.

THERE are children on the floor,
Conning Bible lessons o'er.

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone."

"I like Hope;" "and I like Love;"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more, smaller than the rest—
"I like Whosoever best;

"Whosoever, that means all—
Even me, who am so small."

"Whosoever!" Ah! I see,
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will" may come,
Find a pardon and a home.

GIANT TEMPER.

GIANT TEMPER makes people very, very unhappy themselves, and unlovely to others, wherever he goes; and he is one of the hardest giants to kill that I know anything about. Before he gives you time to think, he makes you say ugly words; and sometimes stamp your little feet, or cry angrily. He is a very bad companion for anybody.

I once knew a little boy who, instead of trying to kill the dreadful giant, encouraged him, and did as he said. One day he was building a church out of his building-blocks, and just as he finished, his little brother quite accidentally ran against it and knocked it all over. Without stopping a moment, Giant Temper flew into a passion, and made him push his brother over in such a way, as to cause him to strike his eye against one of the sharp blocks, and so injure it that he became blind. He was sorry enough after that. But Giant Temper had done his dreadful work, and it could not be undone.