

fort. When taken out of the ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honour! Poor Tim! May He who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 32 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 63 pp. bro., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 10c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 10c., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Rev. Service, by the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 5 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 33 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal Que.  
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

### MABEL'S BIBLE VERSE.

BY ADELE E. THOMPSON.

"Be ye also holy; for I am holy," read Mabel over with a puzzled face. She was learning her Sunday-school verse.

"Mother," she said at last, drawing her little chair over to where her mother sat sewing by the window, "I don't understand my verse. What does 'holy' mean? 'Be ye holy.'"

Mrs. Parsons laid down her work and thought a moment before she said, "I will explain it to you as well as I can, my dear. If I say that Baby Freddy is healthy, what do you think I mean?"

"Why, that he is as well as he can be. Mrs. Moss said yesterday, when I had him out in his carriage, that she didn't know when she had seen such a healthy-looking baby."

"And when I say," continued her mother, "that this vase on the table is whole, what do I mean?"

"That it isn't cracked or broken or anything."

"Exactly. Now these words holy and healthy and whole all come from the same German word *heilig*, which means both holy and healthy. So you see to be holy

is to be complete and healthy. If Freddy had the scarlet fever, would he be healthy.

"O, no, he would be sick."

"And if he were poisoned with the poison ivy, as you were last summer, would he be healthy then?"

"Not till he got over it."

Perhaps the baby knew that they were talking of him, for he turned from his play on the carpet to laugh and coo and wave his chubby little hand at Mabel.

"And if one of his hands was cut off," went on Mrs. Parsons, "would his little body be whole?"

"O, no!"

"Then, dear," said her mother, "if your soul is sick with sin, whether it be the large sins like theft and murder, or the smaller ones of falsehood, or disobedience, or selfishness, it cannot be a holy, a healthy soul, nor if it is poisoned with evil or unkind thoughts. And if, too, something has gone from the soul, if truthfulness has gone, or purity, or kindness, it cannot be a holy, a whole soul. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, mother," answered Mabel.

"You must also remember that to keep your soul whole, you must be careful of it, as I am of this rare vase, that nothing shall break or mar it; and that it may be a healthy soul you must watch it all the time, as I do you and Freddy, that it does not get sick with sin."

"Then it is something for me. I thought it was only for grown-up people."

"God asks nothing, my dear daughter, that even a little child cannot do, according to her strength."

### FINDING THE WAY.

BY PANSY.

Hugh was to go to Mr. Robinson's office on an errand, and everybody was telling him which way to go.

"Turn by the stone schoolhouse," said Albert, "and go across to Fourth Street."

"Oh, no!" said Horace, "that is not the best way. Go to Carter's block and turn to the right, and cross Fisher's Lane, then turn to the left again, and then to the right."

"Now if I was going," said sister Mary, "I should go straight down to Darby Road and turn at the avenue."

"Oh, dear!" said Hugh, "I'm all mixed up. Can't somebody tell me how to go?"

Uncle Edward turned from his writing desk: "I'll be the way for you, my boy, if you wish," he said. "I'm going directly past Mr. Robinson's office, and I know the shortest road."

This was fun. Hugh was led a zigzag path, sometimes up hill and sometimes along a very narrow stony road, but all he had to do was to walk by his uncle's side and he reached the office safely. This was on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon, Hugh and his sister Mary tried to see which could say the golden text the quicker. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Uncle Edward," said Hugh, "wouldn't it be nice if Jesus could lead us along the right way, now, just as you did me, yesterday?"

"He can," said Uncle Edward; "all we have to do is to follow in his steps; he knows the way home; and there is something, my boy, to remember: there is only one Way to reach that home."

"The Father's house, where there are many mansions," said Aunt Laura softly.

### THE KIND-HEADED STATUE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

The quiet Orange Free State,  
On peaceful profit bent,  
Is ruled by wise Paul Kruger,  
Its former president.

So stoutly had he carried  
The burdens on him laid,  
The grateful Boers decided  
To have his statue made.

Their plans were quite completed—  
A statue big and tall,  
So set that all the city  
Might see the great "Oom Paul!"

But first—as was a proper  
And gracious thing to do—  
They called on Mrs. Kruger,  
To get her notions too.

Then spoke that royal woman,  
With simple, kind intent:  
"Be sure to put a hat, sirs,  
Upon the president:

"And hollow out the top, please,  
That rain may fill it up,  
And all the birds may find it  
A useful drinking cup."

So spoke dear Mrs. Kruger,  
And gratefully, I think,  
The birds will sing her praises  
Whene'er they take a drink.

Ah, happy is the nation  
Whose ruler cares for men;  
And if his wife takes thought for birds,  
Why, it is blest again!

A successful merchant, an extensive employer of young men and young women, when asked to name the two qualities which most favourably impressed him in a young person, replied, without hesitation: "Loyalty and modesty." What a picture of true serviceableness and beautiful character in those two words! Bear it in mind, young friends, those of you who long to succeed in life. It is not apparent "smartness," or aggressiveness, or self-confidence, or polished manners, or the worldly air that wins the approval of an employer, but self-repression and faithfulness to trust. Be modest and loyal, and you will be valued and esteemed by those you serve.