

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LITTLE children, love each other—
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule—
If a sister or a brother,
If at home, or if at school.

We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above.
Shall we quarrel? No, much rather
Would we dwell, like him, in love.

He has placed us here together
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

All we have to share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words;
Thus we live as sisters, brothers,
Seeking still to be the Lord's.

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The Sunbeam.

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INDIANS.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, seen Indians. Some live where they can see Indians walking the streets; and others live a little nearer some of the tribes of wild Indians than they find agreeable at all times. Yet there are many others who never saw an Indian.

Some of the Indian tribes that have been civilized are fast learning the white man's ways. More would have done this had the white man always treated them fairly. But there are men of our own race, we are sorry to say, who have cheated the Indians in various ways, and thus have made them imagine that all white men are knaves. More than once has a cruel Indian war arisen because of the unjust treatment of the savages, who have sought vengeance in bloodshed.

Indians are as courageous as the wild

beasts, and sometimes as cruel, especially when they can drink the white man's "fire-water," as they call whiskey. That is enough to make any man, white or red, feel and act like a savage. Let us hope that the present benign policy of our Government toward the Indians will be continued until all of these "children of the forest" shall be civilized and Christianized.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—
1 THESS. v. 9, 10.

DIED for us? Who else ever did as much for you? who else ever loved you as much? Only think, now, what it really means, because it is really true; and surely it is most horribly ungrateful when one for whom such a great thing has been done does not even think about it.

You would think it hard to be punished for some one else's fault; but this is exactly what your dear Saviour did—let himself be punished for your fault instead of you.

Suppose some cruel man were going to cut off your leg, what would you think if your brother came and said, "No; chop mine off instead?" But that would not be dying for you. And "our Lord Jesus Christ died" for you.

It was the very most he could do to show his exceeding great love to you. He was not obliged to go through with it; he might have come down from the cross at any moment. The nails could not have kept him there an instant longer than he chose; his love and pity were the real nails that nailed him fast to the cross till the very end, till he could say, "It is finished," till he "died" for us.

It was not only because he loved his Father that he did it, but because he loved us; for the text goes on: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him." So he loved us so much that he wanted us to live together with him; and as no sin can enter his holy and beautiful home, he knew our sins must be taken away before we could go there. And only blood could take away sin, only death could atone for it; and so he bled that we might be washed in his most precious blood; he died, "that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him."

"There is a word I fain would speak,

Jesus died!

O eyes that weep and hearts that break,

Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string

Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring;

Oh, may I always love to sing,

'Jesus died! Jesus died!'"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

DOING IT FOR JESUS.

LITTLE Nellie came to make a call in grandma's room; she loves to make calls on grandma and aunties. Quite often we hear her mamma calling, "Have I got a little girl in there?" or, "Come, Nellie, I want you."

On this particular afternoon Nellie came only for a very short call. Her auntie greeted her with,

"Little hands may work for Jesus;
Every deed of kindness done
For his sake—"

A bright, happy look came into the little one's face and she exclaimed, "I have been helping mamma!"

"Have you?" What have you been doing?"

"Mamma wanted me to teach Susie to spell some words that she didn't know."

"Well, Nellie, did you do it?"

"Yes'm."

"And was that working for Jesus? You did it because mamma wanted you to."

"Yes'm."

"That was right. Did you think of pleasing Jesus when you did it?"

"Yes'm, I did!" answered Nellie very earnestly.

"Well, that was doing it for Jesus, certainly."

How happy it makes the little ones to do little helpful things with the thought of pleasing Jesus as well as helping their loving mammas.

WATERING THE FLOWERS.

"WHY is it that flowers always grow so nicely for Mary? I often plant seeds; but nothing comes from them. They won't grow for me. But blossoms seem to spring right up wherever she goes. They must have a particular liking for her."

That's what Master Tom said, as he saw Mary watering the flowers.

Well, it is no wonder, Tom, if flowers do have a liking for such a lovable little girl. There's nothing so very strange about that. How could they help liking her?

But, after all, perhaps the secret of the matter is that Mary loves the flowers, and never forgets to take care of them. She looks after them every day, and not by fits and starts, as some people do.

So Mary has good luck with her flowers, and is always able to make up a nice bouquet. And she not only enjoys the flowers herself, but, what is better still, she takes delight in having others enjoy them with her.