

carelessness becomes so fixed that it causes trouble as long as they live; it wastes hours of time, and is an annoyance to everybody with whom they live.—*Christian Union*.

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 we 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.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

A KINGDOM OF PEACE.

"MAMMA," said Roy, with flashing eye and crimson cheek, "I felt just like fighting when he said that." He had heard one of the boys speak insultingly of the Saviour he had been taught to kneel to and love. "That would have been a brave thing to do," said mamma, "if Jesus wants you to do it. But if he wanted Jack Hill struck, why could he not send the lightning or paralysis to do it? I hope my little boy would not be a Peter." Roy began to hang his head. "Why, brother," chimed in Alice, "suppose you had knocked Jack over and hurt him, it would have been just

like Jesus to pick him up and cure his hurt; don't you remember how he made the ear grow on, that Peter cut off?" "And don't you remember," asked mamma, "that he told Pilate, 'if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight?'" "I'm glad now that I didn't strike him, 'cause Jesus wouldn't want me to."

THE WHIPPING.

CARRIE BARNES had a very bad habit, which is quite common among children, of frequently contradicting people. Mother talked to her a great deal about it, but it seemed to do no good.

At last her mother said, "Carrie, I am going to try a new plan to cure you of this habit; I shall whip you every time you do it. I shall keep this ruler on my table, and the first time you contradict any one I shall give you three smart raps on your hand. The second time I shall give you four, the third five, and so on.

Mrs. Barnes was very calm and deliberate in saying this. She only desired the good of the child, and Carrie knew it. They talked the matter over very pleasantly together.

"I shan't like it a bit," said the little girl, "it will hurt awfully. I don't believe I shall hold my hand out straight."

"You need something to quicken your memory," said her mother, "and I'm pretty sure the smart of the rod will do it."

It was not long before the promised punishment came; then the second time and the third.

"I've been looking over your writing exercise," said her mother one day, "and I notice you have written *that* instead of *the* on one line."

"O mother," began Carrie, "I am sure—" She was going to say, "I didn't," in flat contradiction of her mother, but she checked herself. "I thought I wrote it right," she said; "may I go and see?"

"Yes, my dear; it is possible I may be mistaken. Bring your slate."

The slate was brought, and it was found that Carrie was right.

Mother smiled. "I am glad it was I who was wrong," she said, "and I am pleased, too, that you remembered not to contradict."

"I remembered it in time to save my whipping," said Carrie, laughing.

She never needed it again. Her mother's plan had broken up the habit and changed Carrie from a rude, disagreeable child into a pleasant, ladylike companion.—*The Morning Light*.

GOOD BOYS.

ARE tidy. They never come to the table with soiled hands and crumpled hair.

ARE orderly. They have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

ARE neat. They endeavour to keep their shoes blacked and their coats and hats brushed.

ARE polite. They speak low and gently. They apologize for mistakes. They are as kind to mother and sister as they are to strangers.

ARE patient. They do not grumble if meals are late or things go wrong.

ARE helpful. They run on errands, or do little acts of kindness pleasantly when asked.

ARE cheerful. They enter the breakfast room with a pleasant "Good morning." They bear disappointment bravely and cheerily.

ARE independent. They sew on their own buttons, and take care of their own traps.

ARE temperate. They never smoke, nor chew, nor drink anything that intoxicates.

ARE prayerful. They kneel night and morning, and ask God's blessing upon themselves and their friends.

ARE you a good boy? Will you try to be?

BETTER THAN WISHING.

"How happy I should be if I could only have what I want by wishing for it!" Such is the thought of many a boy who has been reading the adventures of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp," or pouring over some modern fairy tale. Stop a moment, my boy, and try to picture such a life for yourself. Just see how, shorn of all need for effort, it would soon pall and lose its interest. In this human life of ours, the necessity for toil adds to the delight of possession. A bunch of crisp radishes gathered for the tea-table from your own garden-plot, upon which you have bestowed much labour, possesses for you an interest beyond any other radishes. The little doll-chair fashioned by you for sister's new doll may be much clumsier than the elaborate toys furnished by the shops; but the interest of making it, and the pleasure with which brothers and sisters watched its progress, have given it a value in your eyes far beyond that of any "boughten" toys. When next you are inclined to wish for any good, thank God that you have the power of labouring for it, and remember that "it is only good for God to create without toil."