

THE HARVEST.

A few little seeds by the wayside
Were sown with loving care;
A few little seeds by the wayside
Dropped with a silent prayer.

Though I may not see the springing
Where in other hearts 'tis sown,
But, oh, what a golden harvest
I've gathered within my own.

So a little work for the Master,
Though love's reward be dim,
Yet the world is pure and better
For a single thought of him.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1886

TWO PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curled head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise, and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady, "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she

put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

A DEAR BARGAIN.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted admiringly.

"There are three blades beside the cork-screw," said Tom; it could not have cost less than half-a-dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it, and the medal I picked up in the road; and I told him the medal was silver and the alley was real marble and worth a lot of money, and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives of the world."

NOT AFRAID.

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had been receiving from their grandmother on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but would not you be afraid to ride on such a chariot?"

"Why, no," replied Charlie, "I should not be afraid if I knew that the Lord was driving."

That was what David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." He knew that nothing could hurt him if God was present as his protector and friend.

PRESERVED SUNSHINE.

LITTLE Edith watched her mother putting up strawberries, and asked her what they were. Her mother told her "preserves," and explained how they would keep to be used next winter.

A few days afterwards Edith was out in the field gathering wild-flowers. When she came in, she said: "Now, mamma, I have some preserves too—preserved sunshine. I think God preserved it so." And what do you think she had? Why, a handful of dandelions! But that was a pretty name for them—wasn't it?



"YOU THIEF."

He is helping himself to candy raisins. The storekeeper's back happened just then to be turned, and he made a jump for the counter. He did not stop to ask if he was doing right. People who do wrong never stop to ask questions. They would be afraid to do that. If they should ask questions, they would hear a voice under their jackets, saying, "You thief!" If you wish, you can try this and see. The next time you are going to do anything wrong, just stop and listen to the voice under your jacket. This is the voice that God has within us. Some day, if you do wrong, you are wicked—some day, by and by, you will hear that voice like a lion roaring. You cannot stop it.

This boy in the picture stops and touches his head. This is because he feels guilty and is afraid he hears some one coming. A rat gnawing in the wall would make him run like a coward; or if you should knock at the door suddenly and say, "Boo!" you would come down as quickly as if he had been shot.

The way to be brave is to do right. Then you do not care who sees you. So long as you do wrong you will always be a coward. The world does not seem pleasant to a man who does wrong. He does not see the beauty of the sunlight, the green hills, and the dewdrops. The song of the bird is no music to his ears. Oh, how much he loses! He loses everything.

W. O.