

BOYS, BE WORTHY, BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
 The liar's a coward and slave, boys.
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
 He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
 'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
 Still cleave to the right;
 Be lovers of light;
 Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
 Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper I ween,
 Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
 Be visible through and through, boys.
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The cheating and "cramming;"
 In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

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HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other: a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is

more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

In a wretched tenement in New York, a little girl stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her last words: "Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her. One day she wandered off, unmissed, a basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started to find Jesus. At last she stopped from utter weariness in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door, and almost stumbled over her. He uttered passionately the name of him whom she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she inquired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him"—this time with great earnestness.

The young man looked curiously down at her for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken husky voice, hopelessly: "I don't know, child; I don't know where he is."

Poor Jessie trudged on; but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet, and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on an hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night, they knew she could not live until the morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse bending over her, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it: "O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.

ONLY A DOG.

We were all crying, every one of us. Father declared that it was smoke that had got into his eyes and made them smart, but mother threw her apron over her head, and sat rocking and sobbing for ten minutes. Phoebe and I just threw ourselves down on the floor by poor Leo, and I took his dear old shaggy head in my lap, and the hot tears dropped one by one; and Phoebe patted his old stiff ears and smoothed out his thin grey hairs; and then we took off his old brass collar that was marked all over with hieroglyphics that we had scratched with pins in the proud days when he first wore it; then we cried again, and just then in walked Squire Toots, and he didn't seem to know what to do when he saw us so distressed: he looked at us and then at Leo. Then he took out his handkerchief and gave his nose a real blowing, and said huskily:

"Why, it's wicked to feel so bad. Anybody would suppose it was a person; and its only a dog!"

That just made us feel all the worse. There wasn't any heaven for him to go to, and we knew we could never see him again, and we couldn't remember any life without Leo, we were such little tots when he came to us, and he had been one of the family all the time. Father used to lecture him just as he did us children. "Where did I see you to-day, sir?" he would say; "over at Mr. Mason's associating with that dog that steals? Shame!" And then Leo would whine, and pretty soon father would say, "Leo, go to bed, sir!" and he'd sneak off to his box in the back shed and lie awake all night to protect us while we slept, and he never once in fourteen years was forgetful of his trust—and he was "only a dog."

Only a dog! Why, was there ever a time that we went racing home from our school that Leo hadn't met us half-way to race with us and do all sorts of funny tricks at our bidding? And how proud we had always been of him with his handsome stately presence and superior manner, and how safe we felt to hear his deep-chested bark as we went to sleep!

Well, death had found him sure enough, and we buried him out in the grove in a little hollow, where he loved to lie on hot summer days, and there will be no resurrection for him, though there will be for the vilest thief he kept from our doors; but none the less in looking over his honest, blameless life, we see he was never faithless to any. He was a good and faithful servant although he was "only a dog."