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THE BOAT RACE.

"MINE's the biggest; mine will sail the best; now see!" said Henry Burt. "See, her sails fill with the wind;" and Henry gave his pretty little boat a push which nearly capsized her. Annie, watching from the sand, sprang forward as if to catch it.

"Don't worry, Sis; it won't upset. Mind you don't tumble in yourself and get a ducking."

"I don't care," said Charley Dunn; "mine sails real nice. I tried it yesterday; there's no breeze to-day."

"Put them down side by side," said Paul, Henry's big brother, "and have a race."

"Oh yes! a race! a race!" cried both the boys, and little Annie clapped her tiny hands.

The boys put their boats side by side, and gave them a chance. The wind was not very brisk, but they kept moving. As Henry's would go the fastest, Charles began to feel badly.

"Give her a push," said Henry.

"That would not be fair."

"Yes, 'twill, if I tell you to. I don't want to beat you, Charley," said Henry in a low voice.

Paul told the folks at home that evening about the race. "It was unlike any other I ever heard of," said he; "Henry didn't want to beat: in fact, he tried not to."

"That's like Henry, he's so generous," said mamma; "I'm glad of it."

When she went up to bed with her little boy she asked him about it.

"Why, you see, mother, Charley would have felt so bad if I had gone ahead! He'd have cried, I know, for he was almost crying once or twice. So I let him give his boat a push. You know he's ever so much

younger than I am; and don't you think we ought to give the littlest ones the best chance?"

Mamma kissed her boy and thanked God in her heart that Henry was so generous and noble.

"Yes, dear," she said, "always give the littlest ones the best chance. You'll be all the happier for it."

TWO GENTLEMEN.

I SAW two young gentlemen on a street car one day. One of them was grown up. He was handsomely dressed in a gray business suit, and very neat kid gloves and fine boots. The other was about twelve years old. His jacket had several patches, and needed more, and his shirt was of brown cotton, and not very clean. Do you wonder how I know he was a gentleman? I will tell you.

The boy went through the car to give some message to the driver. As he returned he gave a little jump through the door, and as he did so his foot touched the grown gentleman's knee and left a little mud on it. Turning around on the platform, he raised his hat, and said, very politely, in a clear tone, "Please excuse me."

Then the other gentleman bowed in his turn, just as he would have done to one of his own age, and said with a pleasant smile, "Certainly."

The Iroquois Indians—many of them are very fine gentlemen—say sometimes of a rude person, "His mother did not teach him manners when he was young." I am inclined to think that the mothers of both these young gentlemen had taken a great deal of pains with their manners, because their politeness came so naturally and easy—*Selected.*

TOMMY'S VERSE.

TOMMY TILTON was to go to church for the very first time, one bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day, as he walked along with grandpa and grandma toward the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one, too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day. Tommy walked into the church very soberly, and tried to keep very still. But it was a tired little boy that went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still. But the boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall

find me." "Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother of all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times, it wouldn't go away." "Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text." Tommy went with grandma every Sunday after that.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

My little wonder eyes,
This world is strange and new,
Besides, from out the skies
Great thoughts drop down to you.

"How did God make you," pet?
The question is so deep,
That none have solved it yet;
There, now, please go to sleep.

And "who made God" my pet?
"What are we when we die?"
"Does God sometimes forget?"
"And is he always nigh?"

No one made God, my dear,
And he is everywhere,
Therefore is always near,
And has you in his care;

And if you die to-night,
Angels and Maud will come,
Flying on wings of light
To bear you safely home.

—Rev. A. N. Craft.

CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mock trial. Shortly after, one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers were should put in a wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith, and obedience. He said "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

EATING LIKE TRAY.

"FATHER," said little Josie Dick, "Tray is a naughty dog; you must whip him." "Why whip poor tray? What has he done?" asked his father. "Why, father, he ate his dinner and didn't ask a blessing." Mr. Dick then told Josie that little dog did not know how to ask a blessing as boys could. Some days after Josie went to his grandmother's. On his return, being asked what sort of a time he had, he replied that he had a very nice time, but he added, "Grandma ate just like Tray." Ah, grandma! do not omit the blessing; the little boys are looking at you.