

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

"We bear a like name,  
And we look just the same,"  
Said one "a" to another small "a":  
"I make others glad,  
While you make them sad;  
Will you tell me the reason, I pray."

"I'd rather make 'gay,"  
Said the poor little "a";  
"But I cannot, and therefore I weep.  
The fault's not in me;  
It depends, as you see,  
On the company one has to keep."

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BEING GOOD INSIDE.

"Mamma," said a little girl one day,  
"will you tell me how I can be good inside?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"Why, I mean that I don't have right feelings in my heart. Papa calls me a good girl, so does auntie, and almost everybody; but I'm not good at all."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said Kitty, "but I know that my heart is very wicked. Why, mamma, when I was dressed to ride yesterday and the carriage came to the door, you remember that papa said there was no room for me. Well, I went into the house, and when you came back auntie told you that I had been very good about it. But she did not know. I didn't say anything to her; but I went upstairs, and, though I didn't cry, I thought very wicked things. O mamma, won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

Now, there are a great many children—

and grown-up people, too—who are like Kitty. They keep their lips from saying bad things, but they cannot keep their hearts from thinking and feeling what is bad. The Bible describes an evil man, and says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23. 7); and it also tells us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). If we want to be good inside, we must get our hearts changed. None but Jesus can do this. He says: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Make the fountain pure; then will the streams which flow from it be pure also. Let us pray like the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psa. 51. 10.)

EGG-ROLLING AS I FIRST SAW IT.

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

Abraham Lincoln and his little son "Tad," whom his father nicknamed "Tadpole," lived in the White House when I first saw the egg-rolling on Easter Monday. It was a great privilege to see them together—the sad-eyed man, and his small, idolized, merry boy.

This Easter Monday Tad rushed in and out the dining-room at breakfast time, up and down the stairs, to the kitchen, until his mother exclaimed, "Tad, what are you doing? Do let your father alone a minute!"

Bareheaded and breathless he rushed in again, shouting: "See, father! See these beautiful eggs! Cook has dyed them! two dozen! One for me, and one for lame Tommy; he's spending the day, and Isaac has just carried out your big chair for him, under the trees—and—and, father—you see he can lean over and roll down eggs splendid!—and—oh! they are beauties."

Tad's father had a wonderful smile; all the world talked about that rare smile. Mr. Lincoln took one of the treasures from its bed in the willow basket, and said: "My son, Uncle Sam's chickens will have to be spry this week: any left for rations?" He laid his long fingers on the little boy's head with a mute caress, and with love's approval in his wonderful eyes.

"O Lawd, dar he cum! dar is Mass'r Linkum! Bress him! De Lawd bress him!" shouted the old coloured people who had gathered to the egg-rolling, and to catch one glimpse of their best friend.

Tad tugged at his father's sleeve until the big chair was reached, and shining-eyed, happy Tom had received a gentle good-morning, and a warm handshake from Tad's father. Tommy's father was killed in battle, his mother was at work in the Treasury, and big-hearted, generous Tad became the comrade and best friend of the little lame boy. The two boys lunched on the south piazza; Isaac helped Tommy up the stone steps, and when the sun set, and the air grew chill, Tad shouted up to the Cabinet room, "Father, look out the window! Tommy's eggs

have picked all mine but two!" and Abraham Lincoln leaned out the window and smiled, and bowed to the people, whose shouts and cheers rang wild. Tommy waved his crutch and Tad swung his cap, and the old slave faces beamed, and they shouted "Hurrah for Mass'r Linkum. Bress him!"

How long ago! Both little comrades went home one Easter month, and their fathers?—one dead from the White House—one from the battle-field.

WINNING HONOUR.

A cup of water timely brought,  
An offered easy-chair,  
A turning of the window blind  
That all may feel the air;

An early flower bestowed unasked,  
A light and cautious tread,  
A voice to softest whispers hushed  
To spare an aching head—

O, things like these, though little things,  
The purest love disclose,  
As fragrant atoms in the air  
Reveal the hidden rose.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE.

"I say, Bob, it's a shame the way Jim Jones is going on."

"Why, what's the matter with Jim? I saw him yesterday on the dock, and he was all right," said Bob.

"Perhaps he was then, but as I was passing old Bill's saloon yesterday morning I saw him coming out, and I said, 'Hello, Jim, what were you doing in there?' and he said, 'None of your business, Tom Brown.'"

"I'm sorry," said Bob, "but maybe he was not doing anything. He is real clever, and kind of proud too; only his father is such a drunkard that his home is not much of a place to stay in when the day's work is done."

"Well," said Tom, "I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to be seen around such a place, and he walked off in a huff."

"Seems to me," said Bob, "that that was what my Sabbath-school teacher calls the negative way of showing the right. Jim is not of our set, but he is a good-hearted fellow. Now my mother thinks that boys must have company and amusement, so every week I have some of the boys in for an evening. Mother makes good lemonade, and doesn't she make good cake! I believe I'll try the positive method on Jim, and ask him up for next Wednesday. Mother is just lovely to boys."

So Jim came, not once, but many times, until the beauty of the pure Christian spirit that filled the air of this home was breathed into his own life, filling him with higher aspirations after a true life; forgetting evil in thoughts of good; and today Jim Jones is a highly respected business man in the city of L.—