

formed his mouth into a yowl, Vesuvius working on full time: "that's the way they cure plgs."

"Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "There's some hope for you yet!"

WEEDS.

"LIGHTS and slights of weeds are growing;
All the garden, 'most, needs hoeing;
In the corn the grass is thick,
And the burdocks grow so quick.
First, you know, they're big and tall,
If you let them start at all.

That's the way, my little man,
Dig the weeds up while you can;
After them with hoe and rake,
So good plants their place may take.
Surly thoughts are weeds, you know;
Kill them quick, so love can grow.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1889.

WHAT WE MUST THANK GOD FOR.

I AM sure, my dear little people, that you and I have more that we ought to thank God for than we can possibly think about. I will tell you a true story that, may-be, will help us to remember some of the things.

Once a number of ministers were to meet at a certain place in the country. To get there, they rode on horseback over a very rough road among the mountains; and sometimes by deep and dangerous cliffs, when they came together, one man said: "I have a great deal to bless the Lord for. My horse stumbled and we came very near falling down the mountain side. But the Lord kept us, so that we were not hurt. I thank and bless the Lord for it."

Then another man said: "I have more to thank the Lord for than that." So they all thought to hear of a still more narrow escape; and they asked him what it was. He said: "The Lord did not let my horse even stumble."

I am afraid, dear children, we sometimes don't think about it when the Lord keeps us from accidents, or harm of any kind. Let us remember this man, and what he had to be thankful for.

The Apostle Paul tells us that we ought "in everything to give thanks."

BERRY AND THE ECHO.

BY ALICE W.

BERRY was a very sweet little boy, who lived with his parents in one of the beautiful wooded valleys of Tennessee. He had no little brother or sister, and there were no other children living near him, so he had to play by himself when mamma was busy.

One day Berry was in the woods playing he was "Jack the Giant-killer," and as he grasped his imaginary golden hen he gave a merry, ringing laugh. He had hardly finished his laugh when he heard it repeated, as he thought, by some one close to him. He looked all round, but could see no one.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" came the answer.

"Who are you?" called Berry.

Berry was getting angry now, for he thought some one was making fun of him, and you know little boys never like to be made fun of.

"I hate you!" he said vehemently.

"I hate you!" came the answer just as vehemently.

Berry clinched his little hands and stamped his foot as he cried, "I'll whip you!"

"I'll whip you!" said the other voice, with exactly the same expression as his own.

Of course Berry could not whip a person whom he could not see, so he ran into the house to tell mamma that there was a naughty little boy in the woods who said he hated him and would whip him. Mamma at once saw the secret.

"Now, darling," she said, as she kissed the flushed, angry face of her little boy, "go back again into the woods, and call out to the little boy that you love him."

So Berry ran back, and stood in the very same place where he had been standing before, and called out very loud, but with the angry ring all gone out of his voice, "I love you!"

Immediately came the reply, "I love you!"

Now, I suppose most of my little readers have already discovered the secret that so puzzled Berry. But have you also discovered another secret, which I want you to draw from this incident? Don't you see how nicely this story of the Echo illustrates that beautiful verse which Jesus has given you as a guide through life?—"As ye sow ye shall reap." Don't you know that when Berry gave forth words of hate and anger he received the same again, increased a hundred-fold in strength and volume, as it came back to him from its contact with the surrounding hills and trees? But when his words and tones were those of love, then love was returned to him again, increased a hundred-fold.

Let all the little boys and girls who read this remember that as Berry's voice and tones influenced the echo which was returned to him, so to a greater or less extent will your acts, your words, your walk in life influence the bearing of the world toward yourself. You are just starting in life, and you know not whether the sowing-time will be long or short. Then, let each little boy and each little girl kneel down every morning and ask God to make that day's sowing one of love; for "as ye sow ye shall reap."

BOY LOST!

OH WHAT a sad cry! Every mother-heart trembled as it rung out upon the still air.

It was the boy's body that we feared was lost. Thoughts of the river, of the railroad crossing, of the prowling gypsies in the neighborhood, all rushed into our minds.

And when, after a day of heavy gloom, the news spread through the town that the boy was safe, what joy there was!

Then we thought of the boys that are getting lost all the time, and no one seems to mind! The crowd that you see at the street corners; the boys who saunter along puffing cigarettes; the little fellows who are learning to swear and to fight, and to speak vile words; the boys who think it is manly to treat mother with disrespect—O what an army of such boys is coming on!

Boy lost! Yes, the world is losing boys who ought to be growing into good men. God is losing the strong, true boy-hearts that he values so much.

And the boys are losing—everything!

But there is another army—the fearless, truthful, obedient band, who mean to do right, come what may.

Stick to this army, boys!