

RING THE BELLS OF MERCY.

Ring the bells of mercy,
Ring them loud and clear;
Let their music linger
Softly on the ear,
Filling souls with pity
For the dumb and weak,
Telling all the voiceless
We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over hill and plain;
Let the ancient mountains
Chant the glad refrain,
That where man abideth,
Or creature God hath made,
Laws of love and kindness
Shall on each soul be laid.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

MAY'S LOVE-PHILTRE.

I have no doubt that a good many girls and boys felt sad about the rain that was coming down in a steady pour. Girls and boys don't see much use in the rain, and it does spoil so many pleasant plans.

But one girl that I know didn't care a bit. She was staying at grandpa's, where there was a big library, with old-fashioned book-shelves built in the wall running quite up to the ceiling, and a step-ladder hid in the closet, to mount to the topmost shelf.

There was a wide, chintz-covered sofa, too, that it didn't hurt to put your feet on, right under the east window, where you got the best light.

For a long, quiet hour there was no sound in the library, except the patter, patter of rain-drops outside, and the rustling of grandpa's big New York daily.

Then suddenly a question came from the chintz sofa.

"Grandpa, what is a love-philtre?"

"Bless me, Mousie," cried grandpa, "are you there? A love-philtre, indeed! What is that to you?"

"Here's a young man in a story-book, grandpa, who went to a witch to get a love-philtre. What does it mean?"

"It means something to make people love you."

"Is there any such thing, grandpa?"

"There is," said the old gentleman, smiling; "but no witch could give it. Your grandma has one; watch her, and see if you can find out what makes everybody love her."

"Why, grandpa, she loves everybody first."

"That's it, Mousie," he said, nodding and smiling; "that is the best love-philtre in the world; it never fails."

HOW LEETO SAVED CHARLIE.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"Why, Charlie Thompson! What have you brought home now?"

Charlie's mother may be excused if there was a little impatience in her tone; for Charlie, in spite of the fact that they lived in a tiny city house, where there were no extra accommodations for pets, had insisted, since his early childhood, on bringing in all manner of forlorn animals, from stray kittens to wounded sparrows. Each week there was a new applicant for attention, and, after finding homes for innumerable starved dogs and ownerless cats, Mrs. Thompson had finally placed an embargo upon Charlie's bringing home any more animal waifs of any variety whatsoever.

"O, mother, I know!" exclaimed Charlie, his face reddening with excitement. "But I couldn't help it just this once. May I let him have just one good meal?" The gaunt creature looked up into Mrs. Thompson's face as if he knew what was being said; and as Charlie patted him on the head, he softly licked the caressing hand in grateful acknowledgment.

Mrs. Thompson was touched. "We'll ask your father about it when he comes home," she said. "Perhaps we can manage in some way to keep the dog till we go down to grandfather's. You know, we go in about six weeks. Perhaps grandfather will let him stay there always."

The end of it all was that "Leeto" (for so Charlie named him) stayed until they went to the farm, and then Grandfather Thompson took such a fancy to him that he kept him always. Now I will tell how Leeto repaid the kindness that Charlie had shown him.

One day, when all the men had gone away for the day, Mrs. Thompson missed Charlie from dinner. She did not become alarmed until two hours had passed and he still did not appear. Very uneasy, she and Grandmother Thompson started

out to hunt for him along the shore by the farm; but no signs of him were to be found. At last, far off up the beach, upon a strip of land fast being covered with the rising tide, the two frightened women saw the boy and the dog standing together, evidently unable to get back.

"In an hour that strip will be three feet under water," said the grandmother, in a trembling voice.

"And the men will not be home till night!" cried the mother, despairingly. Then, with a sudden idea, she ran to the house. In a few minutes she returned with a coil of rope, while behind her came a maid with more.

"Charlie!" His mother's agonized voice caught the boy's ear, and he looked up wonderingly from his whittling. He knew he was caught on this strip of land, but he had no idea of his danger. He was waiting for the water to go down.

"Is there anything there you can fasten a rope to securely?" called his mother.

"Yes, there's a big log further up," he answered.

"Then send Leeto to me!"

The startled boy gazed round him, and for the first time realized his peril. "Leeto! Leeto! Good dog! Go!" he cried, and pointed to the shore. Mrs. Thompson called at the same moment, and Leeto comprehended what was expected of him. He dashed into the water and swam quickly ashore.

"Good dog! Good Leeto!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, patting him. "Take this to Charlie, Leeto! Take it to Charlie!" And she placed between his teeth the stick to which she had fastened the end of the rope.

The intelligent dog showed that he knew what was required of him, for away he went again, but this time more slowly, since he dragged behind him the lengths of rope which Mrs. Thompson slowly paid out. To the waiting women it seemed as if he would never reach the other side, but he did; and Charlie hugged him closely, as he took the rope and stick in his hand.

Then came Charlie's difficult journey. Many times he was up to his chin in water and more than once he lost his footing entirely; but never once did he lose his hold of the friendly rope. If he had he would never have reached the shore, although so near it, for he could not swim a single stroke.

Leeto knows so well what a creditable thing he did in saving his young master that, if you were to visit Grandfather Thompson, and he were to tell you this story, as he told it to me, Leeto would come and sit in front of him as he told it, and look at you proudly, as if to say: "Yes, I did it; and I would do it again, too, for Charlie, any day."—*The Morning Star*.

Experience is not worth much unless it leaves some scars.