

When he came back smiling, his mother asked: "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"O, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1906.

### FAULT-FINDING.

One of the easiest things in the world is to find fault with other people; but how difficult it is to see our own faults, to understand our weak points, and to remember that as we see faults in others they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse, in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the great artist who painted a picture of his monarch, upon whose brow there was a scar. He placed his king with elbow resting on a table and his head supported by his hand, but with a finger covering the scar. Let us endeavor to place the finger of charity over the scars of our brethren.

### QUARRELSOME BIRDS.

"Mamma," called little Edith Bowen, one day in May, "come here quick."

"What is the matter, dear?" asked mamma.

"Why-ee, mamma, I do believe the birds are quarrelling. I thought, 'Birds in their little nests agree.'"

"So they do, but you see these birds are not in their little nests. That is what is the matter. Two birds want the same nest or place to build one, and neither will give up to the other."

"Well, I didn't know before that birds were like folks. Just see how they peck each other; and they scream and talk back. Mamma, they ought to be put into

some closet until they say they will be good. What are all those other birds doing, mamma? They look like a crowd of boys around two boys that are fighting, telling first one and then another to 'hit him again.'"

"That is just what they are doing."

"Mamma, don't they know that is wrong?"

"No, they don't know it is wrong to be selfish and to quarrel, but you do, and yet—"

"Mamma, I'm sorry I wouldn't let Ned have 'Mother Goose.' He may have it now. I'm glad I know what is right and what is wrong. Which bird will give up first, mamma?"

"The weaker one. But it is the other way with little girls and boys. It is the strong one that gives up first. I mean 'strong to do right.'"

### A NEW RULE OF THREE.

Ethel, Rose, and May rolled hoops all one afternoon. They had such a good time that another little girl grew wistful watching them.

"There's the new girl," said May.

"She'd like to come with us," answered Ethel, "I know, the way she looks. I shan't lend my hoop."

May said no more, but whenever they passed the newcomer's porch her heart gave a little thump.

Ethel's must have done so too, for she said: "Her mother ought to get her a hoop, 'stead of letting her watch us. I wish she'd go in."

But the stranger hadn't gone in when the nurse came for Ethel and Rose. May was tired, and stood for a moment resting on her hoop.

Then, as if afraid to hesitate, she took her pretty hoop, pushed open the gate, and said very fast: "Won't you use my hoop awhile? I'm tired."

"I might hurt it," said the little girl.

"You can't hurt it easily," said May.

When she came back, her face glowing, she said: "I did want to come with you, but mamma's sick, and I can't ask for a hoop. You were good to lend me yours."

May blushed. "I was mean to wait so long. Is your mother very sick?"

"They won't let me see her. Papa's eyes are red, and nobody notices me."

"I hope she'll soon get well," said May. "Till she does you must use my hoop every day."

It was new for May to do what Ethel and Rose had not begun; but she was loyal to her new friend, and the others were won over.

Now they race and keep three abreast, as they did the first afternoon the new little girl watched them.

They send their hoops on journeys of discovery, running to rescue them with laughter.

But there is always one little girl looking on; for the three who own hoops take turns in lending to the little girl who hasn't a hoop of her own.

"I'm 'stonished," said Rose. "We've more fun with three hoops to four girls than when there were three hoops to three girls."

### HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

Some marbles are made of marble, and that accounts for the name. But most marbles are made of a hard stone found in Germany. The stone is broken into little square pieces, and then ground round in a mill. They are then polished by a hard wooden block. The marbles made in Germany are sent to Canada and other countries.

### AN EASTER CAROL.

Be glad for Easter Day!  
The bells are ringing,  
The children singing,  
Let every mortal say,  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!  
The sun is shining,  
The earth, divining  
A cause, makes holiday.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!  
The life immortal  
Has burst the portal  
Of death, and soared away.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!  
Let endless praises  
Be His, who raises  
All hearts to sing and pray.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!  
Since he has risen,  
And through the prison  
Of death has led the way.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!  
Let Man and Nature  
With every creature  
In earth and heaven be gay.  
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,  
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

A little girl remarked: "When I make the bad thoughts go away, the hole fills up with more." One day when reproved for behaving badly, she said: "It makes me feel bad inside unless I let the bad out."