

LITTLE PRAYERS.

Upward float the little prayers
Day by day.
Little prayers for little cares,
In work or play.
Every moment brings its trial
Or its pleasure ;
Little prayers for self-denial
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer
Every day :
"Keep me, Lord, in thy dear care,
Come what may ;
Lead my little feet apart
From evil things ;
Daily hide my little heart
Beneath thy wings.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 4 cents a dozen ; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen ; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1903.

HOW THE TWINS SOLD PLUMS.

Eli and Eben, the twins, had a plum-tree. Grandpa and the man Joshua sprayed it in the spring, when they sprayed the other trees, and grandpa helped to thin the fruit ; but the boys had to get up early two or three mornings a week all summer to jar the tree for curculio.

Besides, they kept the grass and weeds away from it ; they watered it, and put salt and ashes about it, and in the fall they had a fine crop of plums to sell.

Eli could climb better than Eben, so he gathered the plums, while Eben held the step-ladder under the tree. Grandpa went through the shed while they were sorting plums and putting them in little baskets.

"Don't sell anything but plums, boys,"

he said, pleasantly. I've known folks to sell more than they meant to. A man I once knew took some pears down to the store one day to sell. They looked nice and Mr. Brown bought them, but he had to throw away 'most all of those in the bottom of the basket, and that man can't sell anything more to Mr. Brown."

Grandpa went off to the barn, and the twins looked at each other.

"Let's look the plums over again," said Eli. "I don't know about that box over there."

"I'm afraid there's one in here that isn't nice, too," said Eben, soberly picking up another box. "We'll sell good ones or we won't sell any!"

Eli nodded. "That's so."

They did sell nice ones, for Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, told grandma a week afterwards that she hoped the twins would raise plums every year she lived in Demster, for she never bought such plums before.

"I'm glad they didn't sell truth and honour, when they only meant to sell plums," said grandpa.—*The Child's Hour.*

A PURE HEART.

Did you ever try to clean a bottle that was dirty both inside and out ? It was quite easy to get the outside clean, but quite a different matter to clean the inside. And yet only when the inside was cleaned was the bottle really fit to be used.

You might keep on scrubbing the outside of the bottle for ever, and yet if you did not clean the inside, the bottle would never be clean.

There are some people, little folks as well as big, who try to put on nice manners on the outside, and yet in their hearts they are thinking of all kinds of wicked things.

God wants clean hands, and a clean heart, too. So let us ask him to cleanse our hearts from sin, that we may be pure in his sight.

There is just one way in which our hearts may be cleansed from sin, and that is through faith in Jesus' precious blood ; for in the Bible we read : "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

TOMMY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

I thought that when a boy is big enough to have a slate and book and go to school he is big enough to take care of himself, and go the way that he wants to ; so I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run ? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tum-

bled over and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my clothes ; so I had to go home to mamma. Mamma said : "Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that." And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, cause I didn't go.—*Gem.*

BUILDING WITH BLOCKS.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

Jessie was busy building with the blocks Aunt Mary sent her on her birthday, when baby Ben awoke, and mamma put him down on the floor to play too.

"No, no, baby," said Jessie crossly, when he put out his hand to take some of the blocks. "My blocks, baby can't have any. I'm going to build a big high house away up to the sky," she said, raising her arms above her head ; "then perhaps I can climb up to God's place."

Baby began to cry.

"I wonder if God would want a selfish little girl in his place," said mamma. "She might make others unhappy. Look at poor baby ! God likes us to make others happy by sharing our things with them. Try it now with baby brother."

Jessie looked ashamed, and gave baby some blocks, and helped him to start a house too.

By and by she asked : "Did Jesus have blocks when he was a little boy ?"

"Yes, I think he may have had," answered mamma. "You know his father Joseph was a carpenter, and he would likely give Jesus bits of wood to play with."

"And he wouldn't keep them all to himself, would he, mamma ?"

"No, I am sure he wouldn't be selfish," answered her mother.

Baby had a nice time playing with Jessie after that.—*Jewels.*

PADDY MINDED THE TELEPHONE.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog. When she left, she quite forgot the dog ; and as soon as our friends discovered him they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there ; so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home at once, Paddy."

Immediately he rushed at the door, barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.—*Selected.*