

the Roman emperor, who captured Jerusalem after one of the most famous sieges of history. The triumphal arch of Titus is still standing in Rome, with the figure of the candlestick still sculptured upon it. —*The Morning Star.*

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1901.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

"Mother," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."
"Why, my darling?"
"Because I should like so much to do something for him."
"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are do for the Saviour?"
The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face, and said:
"Why, mother, I could run on all his errands for him."
"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor, old, sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for, when upon earth, he said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'
"Whenever you do a kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for him."
—*The Illustrator.*

HOW JOHNNY BURNED HIMSELF.

Johnny saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle. His mother cried: "O Johnny, take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear!"

"The team cannot burn!" cried wise Johnnie. "Only fire burnth."

"You must not try it. It will burn you. Do stop, Johnnie!"

"O dear," cried Johnnie, "why cannot I have my own way thometimeth? When I'm a big man, I mean to thstand and poke my finger in the teakettle all day, thometime, and have my own way and"—

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The little white fingers were sadly burned, and Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma, I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live! When I'm a man I'll never put my fingerth in the teakettle. O dear, dear!"

Take care, young folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam.—*Selected.*

HOW TO BE A KNIGHT.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Ernest loved to play, and his Cousin Greta had always suited him until now. She had been quite sick, and everything made her "so tired." She liked best to sit and hold her dolly, Mimi Pangamonk. This made Ernest cross, and he said such sharp things to Greta that she cried a great deal.

At last Aunt Elsie said: "If I were such a nice, brave boy as you, Ernest, I should want to be a knight."

"What's that?" asked the boy.

"They used to help the weak and helpless, whether women, children, old or sick people. They were soldiers, too, and you like soldiers. They wouldn't see any one hurt or sorry—that is, a true knight was like that."

"I'm going to be a knight, but where can I find weak folks?" Ernest spoke very eagerly.

"I know a little girl in this house who is very weak. You never were sick, and you do not know how hard it is not to be strong and do as you always have done. Sometimes animals are old and helpless, too."

Aunt Elsie looked at Ernest and he hung his head. He remembered how roughly he had spoken a little while ago to Greta, and he had kicked poor Fido, because he didn't run faster. He went out on the piazza, and there was Greta looking very white.

"Come to the settee," Ernest said; "I'm going to tell you a story mother read to me."

Greta smiled. She loved stories and so did Mimi, especially when they were about little girls and boys that lived far away in other countries. This story was about a little brother and sister who lived in Japan, and had a great many wonderful things happen to them. She listened to

every word, and then all at once, at the very end, Ernest looked down, and there was his little cousin, her head fallen over, Mimi down on the floor, fast asleep. Softly Ernest crept down not to waken her.

"The doctor said that Greta must sleep," he said; "I'm going to be kinder." Then he stopped to pat Fido.

Do you boys want to be knights every day?

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy," a little girl said, As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle bed.

"Tis morning—bright morning! Good morning, papa!

O, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!

The bright sun is peeping straight into my eyes—

Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise

Early to wake up my parents and me, And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Yes, happy you may be, my dear little girl,"

And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—

"Yes, happy you can be, but think of the One

Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."

The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—

"Mamma, may I say, 'Good morning' to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may; Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;

For taking good care of me all the dark night,

And waking me up with the beautiful light;

O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,

Dear Father, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;

But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child. —*Selected.*

Sadie was eleven, and Alice was seven. At lunch Alice said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?" "Of course not," returned Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"—*Youth's Companion.*

The chain whose links are loving deeds is the strongest that can be forged to bind two friends together.