

THE SLEEPY TIME.

With the night there comes bedtime for girls and for boys;
Mamma draws the curtains and puts away the toys.
We've had such good times, now we thank God and pray
To be kept safe all night, and awake well next day.
We nestle in bed, then the clothes are tucked in,
And perhaps mamma sings till our slumbers begin.

Earth and trees have their bedtime one part of the year;
The fogs and short days tell them when it is near,
For after Thanksgiving, when squirrels and bears,
Toads, chipmunks, and dormice have all said their prayers,
Good nurse snugly covers with leaves and with snow,
And sings them a lullaby whilst the winds blow.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

A LITTLE TALK ON GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are simply good ways of doing things. Sometimes we hear people speak as if it made very little difference whether we have good or bad manners, but this is a sad mistake. Our manners are of great importance, both to ourselves and to others, and we should try to have good manners as long as we live. The time to learn good manners is when we are young. No boy or girl is too

small to be polite, and if we learn how to treat others nicely while we are young, when we become older it will be the most natural thing in the world for us to be gentle and courteous to those about us.

The best manners are those which come from a kind heart. If we are polite to others and yet cherish unkind or hateful feelings toward them in our hearts, we are like wolves going about in sheep's clothing.

Good manners are among the signs that should mark every Christian man and woman. Every true lady and every true gentleman will show by the way they treat others the spirit of Jesus Christ, our divine Master, whom some one has described as the "first true gentleman that ever breathed." The secret of good manners is to be thoughtful for others. In other words, it means to be unselfish, and surely Jesus showed us the greatest example of unselfishness that was ever seen here upon the earth. So let us try to show the same unselfish spirit, forgetting ourselves and trying always to make others comfortable in every possible way.

BOTTLES.

(See first page.)

"Why, I thought bottles were always made of glass," exclaims some little Bright-eyes, who is looking at this picture.

No; long ago, in olden times, bottles were always made of the skins of animals, which were properly dressed for the purpose. The openings of the skin were all closed except at the neck of the animal, and this was fastened with a string like the top of a bag, except when people wanted to fill it or empty out some of the contents.

These bottles were made of quite as many different sizes and shapes as the glass bottles we use in these times, for sometimes the skin of a small animal, such as a kid or goat, was used, and sometimes a much larger one, such as the skin of an ox.

A traveller tells us of a bottle that he saw in Arabia, made of an ox-skin, which would hold sixty gallons. Was not that a large bottle?

Missionaries in Eastern countries often speak of the water-bottles made of goat-skins in which they carry water for their journey. When the roads are very rough and the bottles will be likely to strike against each other, they take the strongest, toughest material that can be used.

The bottles in which new wine was kept were made of the freshest, most flexible skins, so that they would not burst when the wine began to ferment.

All the drinking-water used in Egypt is brought from the river Nile by Arab

water-carriers, like those shown in the picture, who bring it in skin bottles, from which they transfer it to stone jars or other receptacles.

Ought we not to be thankful that we live in a land where there is an abundance of water, and where even the poorest can freely supply his needs? But we have a still greater cause for gratitude in our knowledge of the water of life which is freely offered to all who thirst, and of which whosoever will may drink.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will;
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway near Prague. His lever was in his hand, for a train was just coming. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, saw his little boy playing on the lines of the rail the train was to pass over. To leave his own post would be a neglect of duty, and would endanger the lives of perhaps a hundred passengers; so, like a true hero, the man stood by his lever, shouting to his child, "Lie down at once!" The train passed along on its way safely, and the frantic father rushed forward, expecting to take up an injured, most likely a fearful mangled and lifeless body; but great was his joy in finding that the boy had at once obeyed the command of his father. He had lain down between the rails, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. If the boy had not promptly obeyed, he would probably have been killed. When the king of Prussia heard of the man's courage he sent for him, and gave him a medal for bravery.