

BOYS, BE WORTHY BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys,
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The cheating and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

WHY NOT?

Tommy Brown was not at Sunday-school last Sunday. He was not there the Sunday before. What is the matter? That is a proper question. Had you not better look up the answer? Perhaps the boy is very sick. Or it may be the holes in his well-worn shoes have grown so large that he cannot safely tramp through the snow. Then, the winter winds are sharp and chilling, and the coat that did very well during the balmy summer days is not much protection now. See about

Tommy. If he is growing indifferent to the school your visit will re-enlist his interest. If the difficulty is with worn-out boots and coat, perhaps you can think of some way to remove that not very large obstacle. See about Tommy at once. A visit from the teacher will cause the boy's self-respect to go up with a bound, and it will please his mother to have her bare room brightened by the smiles of one who takes so much interest in her boy. The Browns live in Shabby Lane now, but they once lived on the avenue. Poverty and pride are closely linked together in that poor little home. That fact opens a door of opportunity to you, teacher. A little gentle kindness will win Tommy and Tommy's mother.

THE HIDDEN BLOSSOMS.

BY CORA S. DAY.

Did you ever spend your summer vacation in the country, you city boys and girls? And didn't you find it a delightful place, with lots and lots of things for you to learn.

I am sure you did, for this dear old mother earth has many wonderful secrets to tell you about her animal-children and plant-children; and they are stories she can tell you only in the country, with the breezes to carry the message and the daisies to nod a merry assent to the story.

I am going to tell you just one of the many beautiful stories that read like fairy tales and yet are true as true can be.

What do you suppose becomes of the pretty blossoms that fill the fruit trees in the spring?

They fall off and are blown away, you say. So they do, but the next time you have a big apple, cut it straight through the middle, halfway between stem and blossom ends, and there you will find, on each cut part, the blossom, plainly outlined in the pulp about the core.

Apples are not the only things that have the blossoms cunningly hidden inside, for a tomato cut in the same way shows the blossom still more plainly. A potato also shows it, and so do strawberries and many other fruits, vegetables and berries.

And now, when we think of the hidden blossoms, can we not let them help us remember the hidden blessings that fill our lives? So if you look for the hidden blossoms you can easily find them.

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good minister preaching, for their house was next door to the church. In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Now the min-

ister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog was thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore-paws drooping, close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer. The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, took Dan in his arms, and said, "Please 'scuse Dan, papa; I went to sleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out, with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve that if ever he preached on "Daniel" again, he would not forget to tie up his dog.

PLAYING KITTY.

Louise had such a pretty, fuzzy, warm coat last winter. It was rose color, with fur all round it, and she had a little rose-colored bonnet to wear with it that was all bound round with pretty fur, too.

One day her mamma took her to see the Christmas toys in the store windows, and such fun as they had! There was a real live Santa Claus in one window, with a pack of toys on his back, and in another a circus procession of animals.

After a while Louise said she was so hungry, and mamma went into a big dining-room to get her little girl some lunch.

"Come on, Kitty," she said, and walked down the room. Every one looked at her and laughed. She turned round to see what they could be laughing at, and there was Louise creeping after her just like a little kitten, mewing with all her might.

"Oh, Louise," she cried, "what are you doing?"

"Oo called me a kitty, mamma," said Louise, "and I fought I'd be one."

POLITE TO GOD.

"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."

MY FA

BY W. E.

(Age

So rough and no
Tearing everythi
They're as jolly
And their jollin
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

Suppose they sh
Without a bit o
Ther be sure tha
"What's the ma
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

Then out of doo
When mamma t
And then they h
Doing the things
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

There are just th
Growing strong
They'll get there
For they don't d
Then it's ring, r
bang;
That's the noise

LESS

FOUR

STUDIES IN THE

ELIJAH

LESSON

HEZEKIAH R

2 Chron. 29.

Them that he
1 Sam. 2. 30.

QUESTION

Who was He
father? What
How old was H
reign? What o
What does it m
right in the sigh
Hezekiah's first
the priests and
After all was r
the temple? W
take? What di
instruments of
had they been?
How did they si
then bring? Ha
the great day o
find the hearts
better than sacr