

years ago; and the exquisite pathos with which a lady sang,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"

haunts our memory still. Let our young friends employ their precious gift of song in thus giving wings to the Gospel, and it may be that they shall find the blessed results in eternity.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1903.

WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO.

In a retired valley of Joshu, in India, there is a little hamlet of charcoal-burners. A few years ago their manner of life was the rudest possible. There seemed no glimmer of hope for better things. A missionary, in passing through the valley, spoke to the people. Two men became interested, and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men; it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sundays work was suspended; and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land around them, to plant wheat and garden stuff; and recently one has become forchanded enough to build a frame house in place of his old hut. His employers say that he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says that he owes his new vigour to his weekly day of rest; and that without it he could not do his work.

PEACEMAKERS.

"You are a bad girl; I hate you!" said Ellen.

"O please don't say so! I don't want you to feel so; I want you to love me," replied Agnes, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked at her angry playmate.

Ellen's conscience troubled her; but she said nothing, and went away. She could not forget what Agnes had said, however. She thought of it all day, she dreamed of it all night. The next day she overtook Agnes as she was going to school. Her voice trembled as she said: "Please forgive me for my angry words yesterday; I am sorry that I was cross, and spoke as I did."

"Dear Ellen," replied Agnes, "I am so glad that you love me! Do let us always be kind to each other."

Was not that a pleasant way for two little girls to speak to each other. That was Christ's way; his teaching is that of love and tenderness, returned good for evil. O, my children, you must do that if you would be Christlike!—*Exchange.*

GETTING TANGLED.

One Sunday, when Eva went to church alone, she met her friend Jenny, who was alone too; so they sat together. In the midst of the sermon they began to whisper, and then a dreadful thing happened. The flowers or something on Eva's hat became tangled with those on Jenny's; so when they wanted to get their heads apart they could not. How red their faces grew! for the pew was a front one, and everybody could see. Then a kind lady behind reached over and untangled their hats, but you may be sure that they did not whisper any more.—*The King's Own.*

MARY AND DOG CARLO.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a familiar picture to me. I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a fine contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome. Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try hard to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as

she could go. One day when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog to be mistaken; so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track. I felt sure the dog's quick ears must have heard the train which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough I can tell you. Carlo had never allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now, he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight. After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning.

A FAMILY PARTY.

There was a family gathering
Of insects, small and great,
And some were sure to be on time,
Though some were always late.

The great old lazy bumblebee
Came bumping up the way;
Said he: "I've on my Sunday coat,
And I have come to stay."

A little cricket dressed in black,
Skipped blithely by his side;
A katydid in fair green gown,
With gauzy wings spread wide:

A daddy-long-legs, clad in brown,
(He scared the children so),
A wasp in gaudy yellow dress,
And buzzing sweet and low;

A dragon-fly, in brilliant hue,
Emerging from the hay;
And by and by a ladybug,—
These all walked up the way.

Just then a house-fly, old and gray,
Hummed as he came along;
A dandy young mosquito-bug
Completes the happy throng.

The ball-room was a grapevine leaf,
The feast, 'twas fresh and new,
With honey from the clover white,
And early morning dew.

They sang and danced as best they could
From early morning light
Until the sunset's fiery glow
Had melted into night.

Then homeward all they wend their way
To get a wink of sleep,
But leave that young mosquito-bug,
His tireless watch to keep.