

QUEER DOLLIES.

BENEATH the shade
An oak-tree made,
Upon a summer-day,
Three little girls
Played party once—
A merry three were they.

Sweet blue-eyed Sue,
And brown-haired Prue,
And pretty winsome Bess.
But what they had
For dolls, I'm sure
You'd never guess.

Prue had a funny yellow squash,
And Sue a two-legged beet,
And Bess an ear of corn, my dear,
Which like herself was sweet.

—*Babyland.*

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

TRUST.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!! never!!!

THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho.' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head.' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you say to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE-TOP."

ONE day last Summer, down in Texas, there was a fearful storm. It was a wind-storm. The wind was so strong that it carried roofs of houses, and such things, a great way.

When it was over, some men set out to follow the track of the storm. One of them told this true story. They thought they might find things that the wind had dropped; and they might find some one hurt and in need of help.

It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listen. They heard the cry again; and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree.

"It is a panther!" said one. "Stand off! I will shoot!"

"No; stop!" said another; "it is not a panther. I will climb up and see what it is."

Up he went; and what do you think he found, lodged in the tree?

A cradle with a dear little baby in it. The fearful wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle, and

all. The cradle was caught by a branch of the high tree.

Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down.

There was the dear baby, all safe and sound, in its cradle nest. No one knew where the baby's friends were, or where its home had been. The men carried it to the home, and a kind woman took care of it.

Are you not glad that the poor little baby was saved in the tree? If the cradle had fallen to the ground, you know, the little one might have been killed. Was it not a good thing that the men heard the baby cry?—*Our Little Ones.*

A LITTLE BOY WANTS.

First Year.

He wants a merry rattle,
He wants a rubber ring,
He wants a dainty swing-crib,
He wants mamma to sing.

Second Year.

He wants a baby dolly,
He wants to dig for shells,
He wants a penny trumpet,
He wants a string of bells.

Third Year.

He wants some blocks for building.
He wants a horse on wheels,
He wants a little waggon,
To fill with empty reels.

Fourth Year.

He wants a sword and pistol,
He wants a fife and drum,
He wants some books with pictures,
Bo-peep and Brave Tom Thumb.

Fifth Year.

He wants a cap and muffler,
He wants some mittens red.
He wants to skate on rollers,
He wants to own a sled.

Sixth Year.

He wants big boots like father's,
He wants "v'lossipede,"
He wants a slate and pencil,
He wants to learn to read.

Seventh Year.

He wants a goat and carriage,
And just a few things more—
Wait, wait and see what Santa Claus
Can spare from out his store.

HE lives long that lives well, and his mis-spent is not lived but lost.