

IN TWILIGHT LAND.

In twilight land there are beautiful things—
The soft, low songs that a mother sings,
Good-night kisses, so fond and sweet,
Patters and twinkles of dimpled feet
And the brightest of dreams that come sliding down
On a starry stairway from Slumbertown.

In twilight land where the shadows creep
Dear little eyes fall fast asleep,
Birds and blossoms have gone to rest,
And babies are cuddled to mother's breast,
And always are tenderly whispered there
The sacred words of the children's prayer.

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Sunbeam.

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TRUST.

When Harriet Stuart was eight years old she learned a lesson of trust in God which she has never forgotten.

Harriet was a nervous child, and when her elder sister left home for a short visit she was much afraid of sleeping alone. She said nothing, lest her brothers should laugh at her, but went to bed cheerfully, and was sound asleep when her mother came in to kiss her.

During the night she awoke. It was quite dark, the house quiet. But O, there was some big thing on her bed! It must be a burglar! Afraid to scream, little Harriet hid her face under the bedclothes, trembling all over. Presently a verse she had learned came to her mind: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Repeating these words, she fell asleep.

When the little girl awoke, the sun was shining brightly into her room. She still felt the supposed burglar on the foot of her bed, but she was no longer afraid. Uncovering her head, she saw her favourite big Newfoundland dog, dear Nip, who had once dragged her out of the river, and who would never have allowed any one to injure her, a friend instead of a dreaded foe.—*Jewels.*

ROBIN'S NEW HOME.

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

This is the story of a robin's nest, and it is quite true, because the chimney swallow, who saw it, told the little brown wren, and she told me.

The little brown wren was building a nest herself in the corner of the piazza. One day she came into my room through the open window and helped herself to some bright threads that lay on the table. As she flew to and fro, she told me what the swallow in the chimney saw when he looked down into the maple tree.

The swallow was a good friend of hers, she said, though, as she often told him, he could not sing a note; but he flew about a great deal, and knew plenty of stories.

A pair of robins, so the swallow told the wren, were building in a tree close to the house where he was building in the chimney. Sometimes he stopped his work to watch them, wondering how any bird could be so foolish as to build in a tree when there were plenty of nice smooth chimneys. And oh, the funny things the robins wove into that nest! There were twigs and bits of string, grasses, long hairs from the pony's tail, and many other things that the swallow could not remember.

The wren used these same things in making her own nest, and she thought them quite necessary, but she made excuses for the swallow because he thought that every nest should be made of mud and plastered to the side of a chimney. But the funniest thing of all, he told the wren, was yet to come.

One day the people that lived in the house beneath his chimney left the window of the sewing-room open, and a tape measure blew out and fell to the ground. The robins were the first to find it. The swallow knew that it was a tape measure, because he had seen the people using it, but the robins did not. They wanted to carry it to their nest. Mrs. Robin thought it would look just like a yellow ribbon tied around it, and she knew that the neighbours would all envy her her fire house.

Mr. Robin had an idea that if he could wind it around the nest it would hold it together when the wind blew, and keep the children from falling out. He took one end of it in his bill and tried to fly with it, but it was too long and heavy. Then Mrs. Robin tried, then they tried together, Mr.

Robin at one end, and his wife at the other. So they flew to the tree with it, but before they reached their nest the tape measure caught on a piece of bark. Neither could move it, and there it hung until long after the birds were hatched.

The swallow said that he thought it served them right for taking what did not belong to them. The wren thought so too, but she hoped that I would not miss the threads that she was taking, because they made her nest look so bright and pretty. Then with a sweet little song of thanks she was gone.

USEFUL AND HAPPY.

Little Bessie Eyebright awoke one morning with a merry laugh. "O mother, but I have had such a good sleep, and I had such a pretty dream about a little girl who did everything her mother wanted her to; and O, they lived so nicely together, and they looked so happy! and I believe I'll try and do the same thing. Won't you try me to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Eyebright smiled at the enthusiasm of her little girl, who so often fretted over the many steps that little feet are so often asked to take to relieve mamma's and sister's weary feet. But she believed in encouraging the child to carry out any resolution that would make her more willing and more useful. So she said: "Yes, my dear; we'll make a bond of good will between us, and mother will see how much you can be like the good little girl in the dream, while she watches herself lest she overtax you."

All day long little Bessie's feet were busy with their patter of willingness, and when night came she breathed a great big "O! I am so tired! But mother, haven't I tried to be useful?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother; "and don't you feel happier than if you had fretted about doing it?"

"Yes, mother," said Bessie; "and I am going to be a busy little girl."

Mother said: "That resolution, if kept, will keep you out of much mischief, and make you a noble woman. For 'Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do.'"

HOW ELSIE LIGHTS THE LIGHT.

In New York harbour there is a very large statue of Liberty. In her hand she holds a great torch, which lights up the whole harbour, so that ships can find the way. The man who takes care of this light has a little daughter, Elsie. Often Elsie is allowed to light the torch herself. How do you think she does it? Not with a match as we light a lamp, for this is an electric light. She goes with her father into a room under the statue and simply presses a button. Then the great light flames up.