

not," though we may not see what those reasons are.

OUR CLUB.

We're going to have the mostest fun,
It's going to be a club;
And no one can belong to it
But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we'd have a Reading Club,
But couldn't 'cause, you see,
Not one of us knows how to read—
Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club,
But thought we'd better not,
'Cause none of us knows how to sew—
Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it's just a playing club;
We play till time for tea;
And, oh, we have the bestest times!
Just Dot and Bub and me.

—St. Nicholas.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1904.

THE LITTLE HELPER.

A little maiden of seven years at one time called upon her neighbor, who asked her to stay awhile, but the maiden pleasantly answered, "I must soon return to do the rest of my work."

"You must be quite a help to your mamma already?"

"I don't know what mamma would do if it were not for me."

And those beaming eyes and smiling lips spoke a language which said, "I love my mother." Oh, how happy little boys and girls can be by simply loving their parents and trying to be useful unto them.

By loving them they have the seed of love sown in their hearts which would lead them to love their Saviour, and thereby enjoy the greatest of happiness.

THE RABBIT AND THE FOX.

The negroes of the South have many legends of animals which they are fond of telling. One is about a fox and a rabbit who had quarrelled, and the fox vowed he would eat the rabbit before night. Although he ran off as fast as he could, the fox gained on him, so he planned an escape. He ran into a barnyard, jumped into the bucket in the well, and was soon floating at the bottom. The fox laughed and said: "Ha! ha! Why didn't you take both buckets?" Leaping into the other bucket the fox began to go down, and the rabbit began to come up, for the fox was heavier. As they passed each other the rabbit said, "That's the way of the world, brother Fox, it's sometimes up and sometimes down." The rabbit sprang out of the bucket and hopped away, but the fox stayed in the well till the farmer watered the cattle at night. "Heigho!" he cried to his son John, "here's a fox in the well. Get a box and we'll catch him alive." Reynard spent the rest of his life a prisoner in that box.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

Little Artie and his brothers, three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all were brave and self-reliant, and had been brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be very careful; yet hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach; but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked the father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help out out the fire, and so I just stood by and hollered 'Amen.'"

FOR THE SAKE OF THE NEXT ONE.

"Why, auntie, I thought that you were all through!"

"So I am with my work," returned Aunt Carrie, as, with a smile, she went on threading her needle. "I am only trying to smooth the way for the next one."

"Who, for instance?" questioned Will, curiously.

"Well, suppose that, just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning, he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat, and he can only spare about two minutes in which to have it sewed on. Don't you think it would be quite a relief for mamma to find her needle already threaded?"

"Of course, for I shouldn't think one could find that little bit of an eye at all, if one were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm sure I would have been glad to be your next one then."

"Suppose, again," said Aunt Carrie, "that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar-stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that some one else would be coming that way soon. Wouldn't it have been worth while? Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall, and how the household has been inconvenienced!"

"Yes, auntie; and if I had wiped up the water I had spilled this noon, sister wouldn't have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow will have to keep pretty wide-awake to remember every time."

With a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went, but apparently engaged in deep thought. Reaching the sidewalk he threw down the banana skin and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned and looked hard at the yellow object lying upon the pavement, and then, quickly retracing his steps, he picked it up and flung it far into the road, where no one would be likely to slip upon it. Turning toward the house, he saw his aunt watching him from the window, and, with a merry laugh, he lifted his hat and bowed, while she in turn nodded approvingly.

HE
Tell me about t
I am weary
The day lies be
And only the
Light with a ra
That lingers
My poor heart
And longs, l
Tell me about t
Of the hills
When the tear
anguish
Dropped dow
For to me life
But a sorrow
Rough lies the
The mountain
Tell me about t
Of the wrong
Of his love and
Of his love th
For my heart is
Of the woes
Of the error tha
Of falsehood
Yet I know tha
Or pain or to
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LESS
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2 Kings 4. 1-7.
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QUESTION
Who came to
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Was there ano
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did the prophet