

don't all the grass have flowers on it?" he asked.

When Don and Dora came home they asked so many questions that mamma had to stop her sewing and tell them what made the rings in the water, and why Don could not hop as well as the grass-hopper, and all the other things they wanted to know. Don and Dora learn a great many things by keeping their eyes open when they go to walk.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly		\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	1 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 21	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

A STORY ABOUT GYP JONES.

Shall I tell you a story about Gyp Jones? He was a little fat dog that just loved to pry into bags, holes, baskets, and pockets. He pretended he was in search of rats, but that was not so. He was in search of cakes and crackers and candies. All of these things Gyp loved as well as his little mistress Maud did. He and Maud had eaten many cakes and candies together.

Well, one day Gyp was all alone in the house, excepting that he had the company of Growler, the mastiff; and he thought it would be a good time to go around and smell of all the bags and baskets and pockets in the closets.

Now Maud and her papa and mamma had gone away in a hurry to catch the excursion train, and they had left many doors open; and so, as Gyp thought, it really was a good time to see what there was in the house that he would like to eat.

He first went into the pantry; but all the cupboard doors were shut, and the box covers were on even and tight. So he skipped up the stairs, and Growler came behind slowly. It was a good thing for

Gyp that Growler did follow, as you will see. For what did Gyp do in the very first closet they entered? He poked his nose into his master's tall, stiff boot; and then his head, and then his body. What he expected to find I do not know. But crawl in there he did; and when he found there was nothing good to eat in the boot he tried to draw back, but he could not do it. Well, how do you suppose he got out? Why, Growler just took hold of the little rogne with his teeth and shook him out.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

Once there was a preacher whom bad men hated. They hated him because he spoiled their wicked plans. These bad men said among themselves, "We will take an army and go to the city where this preacher lives, and then we will kill him."

So with their king at their head they set out, and surrounded the city by night. When the preacher and his servants awoke in the morning they looked out, and lo! all around the walls of the city were enemies. They were soldiers dressed in armor, and they carried spears and bows and arrows. Their horses were covered with armor, and they were harnessed to dreadful war chariots.

The poor servant was scared out of his wits. He thought that they would be killed at once. "Alas, my master!" he cried, "How shall we do?" The servant did not know that God takes care of every man and woman, and every boy or girl who tries to do right.

The preacher prayed that God would open the servant's eyes, and, wonder of wonders! the young man at once saw that the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire—a far greater host than the king's army at his feet. Then do you know what happened? This army that God had sent came down and smote the enemy with blindness, so that not a hair of the preacher's head was harmed, after all.

Isn't that a wonderful story? But let me tell you another one just as wonderful. Every time a girl or boy, no matter how small, tries to be good, and to keep from being naughty, God sends his angels to help them. We need not ever give in to bad temper, or bad thoughts, because God is helping us, and he is stronger than evil.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The boy that keeps right on, without
A wish there were no hills to climb,
Gains something every day, no doubt,
And wins a hilltop in due time.
Though all things come to them that wait,
The boy that rises with the dawn
Shall never reach his goal too late,
If he's a mind to keep right on.

DOTTY'S RULE.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

"Dotty," said Dotty's mother, "my silk has given out, and I will have to be more. Will you go to the store for me?"
"Yes, mother," said Dotty, who was playing with her dolls. "But, oh dear, I don't see why I have to do all the errands for everybody! I run, run, run a day long!"

Now Dotty knew a great deal better than that. Mother did not often ask her to run errands, especially outside the house. And, all day long, mother was doing little things for Dotty that took great deal more time than her little girl understood. But Dotty had a bad fault—she liked to complain and grumble, when she was told to do anything, instead of doing it cheerfully at once.

So she sighed and laid down her doll Arabella, as if she was giving up the whole afternoon to do mother's errands instead of ten minutes.

Then she came slowly to her mother for the order, with a little frown on her face. But Mrs. Hall said:

"No, Dotty; I sent Mary Jane instead."

"But, mother, I said I'd go!" cried Dotty. "I was obeying, wasn't I?"

"Yes, dear, but you grumbled, and I know."

It was a sober little girl that went to her dollies, and somehow Dotty did not have as much enjoyment as before. So she ran back to her mother, crying, "I have a new rule, mother! Always obey and don't grumble, either!"

"That's a very good rule," said mother, smiling.

PETER NODDY.

Peter Noddy comes at night,
Down the chimney, so they say,
Sews our eyelids fast and tight,
Till the break of day;
And never yet has anybody
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair
By the fire to watch for him;
But he took me unaware
In the shadows dim,
And before my eyes could view him
He had popped his needle through the

Is his thread a moonbeam white,
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?
Or perhaps he tears the slight
Spider-webs asunder,
And from out their glossy shreds
Twines and spins his lissom threads.

And his fingers are so deft,
And his needle is so keen,
Not a scar or mark is left
Where its point has been.
So he comes and so he goes,
Whence or whither no one knows.

You have
He's nin
He's sure t
Unless y
And when
More tro
Than you c
Working
He sets you
He says,
And uses n
Not good
Quick, fast
And ch
For this sa
Is just y
LES
FOU
STUDIES IN T
ISAL
LESSO
NEHEMIAH RE
Neh. 4. 7-20.
Watch and
Mon. Read t
caref
Tues. Read
night
Wed. Find
enem
Thurs. Read a
build
Fri. Notice
peopl
Sat. See v
soldie
Sun. Read h
QUESTIO
What did the
to go to Jerus
as it? Elever
e tell the peo
hat he wa g
low did they f
What were th
ith him. W
their enemies.
aughed at the
fter a little?
hat did they
ght the build
ming? Nehe
e prayed to C
? He set m
e other men
orking. How