

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I come to-night with loving thanks
For father and for mother;
But most of all, dear Lord, for him
We call our Elder Brother.

I come to-night with loving thanks
For those who are to me so kind;
For pleasant schoolmates, happy days,
For health and strength and mind.

I come to-night with loving thanks,
Dear Lord; for I would show
That gratitude within my heart
Doth sweetly spring and grow.

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	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	2 50	
5 copies and over	0 30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 24	
Over 20 copies	0 15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 08	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 06	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 for 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cts a doz per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
23 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1901.

MARY, THE HINDU CHRISTIAN.

When Mary was a little girl six years old she was married to an old Brahman priest. When she was eleven she had to go and live with her cruel old husband as his wife. All her happy childish days were now over for ever. She was shut up in a big dark room with three other wives of the old Brahman, without books or toys or sewing.

One day a missionary lady came to the house and asked if she might teach this poor little girl to read. The old man said, "You might as well try to teach my cow."

But in a few months he was astonished to hear little Mary read. All this time Mary was learning about Jesus and how he had died for her, and she told her husband she could not worship idols any more.

When the old Brahman heard that he took Mary and beat her cruelly, and sent the missionary away. But down in a dark corner Mary had hidden a Testament and a hymn-book, and every moment she could get she spent in reading them.

One day her husband found her with

the Testament and took it away and tore it up and then beat her again. But still Jesus kept his little lamb and said, "No one shall be able to snatch her out of my hand."

One day her husband found her hymn-book. In a rage he tore up the little girl's last treasure, and then dragged Mary to the fire and with red-hot iron burned away the palm of her hand. But even this was not enough. He gave her another cruel beating and kicked her into the street half dead. The Lord Jesus sent one of his missionaries along, and she was carried safely to the missionary's house, where she was loved and cared for.

Mary is now a happy Christian in a mission school, and to-day she is singing from her Bengali hymn-book, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." She loves her Bible, she loves to pray, and loves to work for Jesus, and every day she is growing to be more like him.

HARRY AND THE SQUIRRELS.

Harry had gone with his mother to market, and had spent the only three pennies he had in the world in buying peanuts for the squirrels in the grounds of the State house.

As Harry and his mother entered the grounds, an old woman with a big basket full of provisions on her arm brushed past them. She had gone only a little way when she stopped to look at the little creatures.

The moment she stood still, the squirrels ran toward her from every direction, thinking she wanted to feed them. Not understanding this, and being terribly frightened, the old woman screamed, and, dropping the basket, ran off as hard as she could go.

The old woman was very glad when Harry carried her basket to her, and very much surprised to see him stand still and let the squirrels run all over his collar and his little red mittens.

"If I were your mother, you shouldn't do that," she said, as she walked away.

Harry laughed. "I'm glad I have a mother who isn't afraid of squirrels," he said.

THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. Look out that the first button does not go wrong.

THE BABIES MRS. BIDDY FOUND
BY HELLÉ SPARR LUCKETT.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew quite thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every she went out to the woodshed and pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy flap up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humour.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed:

"Hands off! Hands off!" Just the a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, as there in the nest lay four little blue kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned wrong side out, clucked and scolded by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of the babies, came running into the shed. In sight of the cat the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting and striking with her paws, and the hen flying at her with her sharp beak. Had it would have ended no one can tell. Mrs. Hart had not caught Mrs. Biddy the tail, and put her out, and shut the door, leaving Mrs. Puss in peace with the family.

Next morning Mrs. Hart was up at daylight and out in the woodshed. There she found Mrs. Biddy and Mrs. Puss with the babies all sleeping peacefully in the nest. The tabs were cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's house, so she soon carried her kitten's into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she was sure Mrs. Biddy could never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely indeed after that. She clucked and clucked lovingly all day long, as if trying to call the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some to love and care for.—S.S. Times.