

A GAME OF TAG.

A GRASSHOPPER once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a
fence

And laughed till their sides were sore.
But the grasshopper said, "You are laugh-
ing at me,
And I shan't play any more."

So off he went, tho' he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with
the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he
passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1897.

JENNY'S LESSON.

BY MINNIE L. LEE.

"JENNY," said a very tired mother to
her daughter one afternoon, "will you
help me sew this braid on your sister's
dress?"

"O mother, how can you ask me to help
you when you know that it takes all my
time to make these pictures?"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday
at Katie Easton's house and formed a
club. We call it the 'Busy Workers,' be-
cause we will be always helping the poor.
We are making pictures for the poor sick
children in the New York hospital. Do
you not think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," said her mother ab-
sently.

So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on
the braid, started upstairs to make pic-
tures. She had not been up there very
long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate," said Jenny, "I thought
that you were never coming."

"I would have been here sooner, but we
had company for dinner, and Chloe had so
many dishes to wash that I stayed to help
her."

"Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The
very idea of you helping your servant,"
said Jenny, very much surprised.

"Now look here, Jenny, didn't we girls
form a club, and each promise that we
would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with
helping servants wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out try-
ing to help other people all the time
knowing that mother or some of the ser-
vants would be glad for my help. Do you
think that you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea-time
Kate went home. As soon as she was
gone Jenny came downstairs, and went to
find her mother. "Mother," she said,
"have you sewed the braid on Nettie's
dress?"

"No," replied her mother, "I have not
been able to get it done."

"Then I will help you, mother, and
after this I mean always to help you first,
and then work for any others that I can
help."

And after that Jenny always helped the
people inside her home first, and then
helped outsiders all that she could.

WHAT AILED THE BELL?

BY M. A. HALEY.

It was the first day of school after
vacation. The children were playing in
the yards. The teachers sat at their
desks waiting for the bell to strike to call
the children to the different rooms. The
hands of the different clocks pointed to a
quarter before nine.

The bell was a sort of gong fastened to
the outside of the building, and the mas-
ter of the school could ring it by touching
a knob in the wall near his desk. It was
now time to call the children into school.
The master pulled the bell and waited.
Still the merry shouts could be heard in
the school yards. Very strange! The
children were so engaged in play that
they could not hear the bell, he thought.
Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still
the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised his window, clapped
his hands, and pointed to the bell.

The children rushed into line like
little soldiers, and waited for the second
signal. The teacher pulled and pulled,
but there was no sound. Then he sent a
boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent
another boy for a carpenter to find out if
the bell cord was broken.

What do you think the carpenter found?
A little sparrow had built its nest inside
the bell, and prevented the hammer strik-
ing against the bell. The teacher told
the children what the trouble was, and
asked if the nest should be taken out.
There was a loud chorus of "No, sir."

Every day the four hundred children
would gather in the yard and look up at
the nest. When the little birds were
able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no
longer needed a nest, one of the boys
climbed on a ladder and cleared away the
straw and hay so that the sound of the
bell might call the children from play.

HOW PUNCH AND JUDY WERE
FED.

PUNCH and Judy were the names which
Bess and Robin gave to two little lambs
which were born on their papa's farm.
When the lambs were but a few weeks
old the mamma sheep died, and so papa
brought them to the house to be raised
by hand. Mamma knew that this meant
trouble, but the children were delighted
with the idea of having two such live pets
to take care of and to play with.

It was soon discovered that Punch and
Judy, small as they were, had minds of
their own. They preferred to have their
milk served to them as their mother had
been used to serve it, and no other way
would suit them. Mamma tried to coax
them to drink from a saucer, but they
only cried in a pitiful way that nearly
broke Robin's heart. Then she attempted
to feed it to them from the basin with a
spoon, but though the children tried to
hold them still with their arms around
their necks, the lambs were not used to
a spoon, and refused to be fed that way.
Judy cried again, and Punch, with
brotherly indignation which made the
children laugh in the midst of their
distress, put down his little head, and
bumped the dish out of mamma's hand,
spilling all the milk upon the ground.

Mamma said, "Oh dear!" then she
laughed, too, and went into the house for
more milk.

Then Bessie hit upon a bright plan.
A new oil-can was standing in the shed.
She ran and brought it to her mother.

"Sure enough," said mamma, "we'll
try that." So she put the milk in the
can, placed the end of the spout in Judy's
mouth, and tipped it up so that she
tasted just a little of the milk. At once
she stopped trying to pull away from
Bessie's arms, and in a moment more was
contentedly taking the milk from the spout
of the can. Punch looked on and evi-
dently concluded that it was all right, for
after Judy finished her meal he took his
as quietly as Judy had done.

After that the children took turns feed-
ing the lambs, and it was a funny sight,
you may be sure. They had to be very
careful not to tip the can too high and
choke them, but they soon learned to
manage it very well, and quite enjoyed
the fun.