

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Blessed Spirit, be thou near
When temptations rise,
Keep thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home,
Safe to heaven's shore.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

THE LORD'S TENTH

There was, many years ago, a lad of sixteen, who left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbour, the captain of a canal boat; and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

William then told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the canal boat walked). The old man prayed earnestly for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soapmaker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you

earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into the Bible, and found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, "If the Lord will take that, I will give that," and so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years, both partners died, and William came to be the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prospered. His business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever. Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of Mr. Colgate, who has given millions to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

Are there not boys and girls who will now begin to give to the Lord one-tenth of all the money they receive, and continue to do so through life.

A UNIQUE POSTMAN.

Dorsey is a dog, and has the distinction of being the only one in the world regularly employed as a letter-carrier. Dorsey has for several years carried the mail between Calico, San Bernardino County, and Bismarck, a mining camp between three and four miles away, over almost impassable mountains. Calico is a stage station, and has a post-office. Without the aid of the dog, many a miner would have a hard time getting his mail, as the country is very rough and steep in places, and most of the time the weather is very warm.

Dorsey belongs to the postmaster at Calico, and in his youth was not regarded as anything more than a common puppy. The way the dog became a mail-carrier was as follows: One day the postmaster wanted to send word to his brother at Bismarck, but he did not want to make the trip. It occurred to him to try the dog. He wrote a letter and tied it round the dog's neck, pointing the dog's head toward Bismarck, and then told him to go. He trotted off a short distance, and then turned about to see what else was wanted. Some of the small boys showered stones at him and he ran on to Bismarck. Next day he

returned with an answer tied to his neck, and showed that he had been well treated. The experiment was repeated, each time with success and additional dignity on the part of the dog.

As soon as it became known that Dorsey could be depended upon, requests were constantly made by the miners to send their mail by him. The loads soon increased, and it became evident that they could not tie on all the letters. The miners then ordered a handsome mail-bag, and fitted it to the dog's shoulders. It is fastened round his chest by one strap, and round his body, back of his fore legs, by another. He has never missed a trip for about three years, nor lost a letter. Now when the stage comes in he gets up, stretches himself, walks to the post-office, waits to have the mail strapped on him, and starts off as soon as he is told all is ready. He will go a long way round to avoid meeting a stranger, seeming to realize the importance of his mission.

THE CRADLE SHIP.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!

The fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep.

While all a-ro-a ten toes below are passengers asleep;

And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she!

When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;

The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!

So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,

So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a dolly drown;

And then you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea

When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,

When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—

Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,

Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!

For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep

Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

A ROYAL RULE.

A distinguished author says, "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.