

MOTHER TUCKS ME IN.

When the sun calls home the day,
When the light has almost gone,
When there is an end of play,
And the birds to rest have flown,
Then my bed I climb within,
And dear mother tucks me in.

Oh, how sweet it is to see
Mother's face above my head!
Watch her loving look on me,
As she makes me snug in bed:
Ere the shades of light begin,
Gently thus she tucks me in.

Now I close my eyes to sleep,
Comfortable, happy too;
Safely, Lord, my spirit keep,
Make me loving, gentle, true;
May my prayers good blessings win
On mother dear who tucks me in.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1904.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching the boys. One day he called to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simonds, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, 'how do you know he was?'

"I saw him," said I.
"You did! And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again. If we are watchful over our own conduct, we shall have little time to find fault with the conduct of others. There are some folk who only behave well when they are watched. Now, if they would only always watch themselves, they would be quite likely always to behave well. But whether we watch ourselves or not, there is always One whose eyes are upon us. He sees not only what we do, but what we think. He can look right into our souls and see our thoughts. We can never get where God is not, and if we love him we shall not want to do so."

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE PANSY.

BY MRS. NETTIE CLARK.

"Aw, now, I just don't want to play with girls. I am keeping livery stable. Girls can't be around livery stables."

Harry had been with the big boys all yesterday, and it had not improved him any.

Four-year-old Tena's eyes grew dark with big tears that began to gather.

"Come here, Tena!" called Aunt Jane, who saw the little scene. "Don't you want to help me make pies?"

How Tena ran for her little moulding-board and rolling-pin!

In five minutes Harry had forgotten that he did not like girls to play with, and was hanging, sheepishly, around the kitchen door.

The end of it all was that he helped Tena to roll out the pie-crust, and helped to lift it on the little round tin, put the slices of apples, the sugar, and nutmeg between the crusts. But the most of all, he helped to eat more than half of the pie.

But Tena liked it. Oh, yes, bless her! Tena enjoyed it more than if she had eaten the pie all alone.

Aunt Jane said nothing, but when twilight had come, and Tena was snuggled in her 'lan, while Harry decorated one arm of her rocking-chair, she told them a very old German fable, which seemed somehow to fit the case:

Once upon a time there was a large sunflower growing in a garden, where several other kinds of flowers grew.

The sunflower used to keep saying to all the other flowers. "Keep away from me. I am much larger than any of you. I am nearer the sun and stars, so I must be of more importance than all of you together." One of the pansies from a bed near by crept up near the sunflower to get in the shade. But the sunflower

sipped all the dew up, so that poor pansy died of thirst. After this the other pansies did not go near the sunflower.

One day an angel came to earth in search of the most modest thing that grows. He looked at the roses, poppies, sweet peas, sunflowers, and all the other plants that grow. Yet the angel kept searching.

By and by he found the pansy bed, and he gazed long and earnestly at them. The sunflower flaunted his head and tried to attract the angel's attention; but he kept looking at those pansies.

At last the angel stooped and kissed the pansy, and the German peasant to-day believes that the light spot in the centre of the pansy is where the angel kissed it.

In vain did the sunflower call for the angel to come and kiss him, but the angel said, "No, you are not modest, like the pansy; it does not drive all the other flowers away, and sip up all the dew. It loves to nod and play in the sunshine with the other flowers."

Aunt Jane paused. Tena's eyes were half closing, but she opened them with a sleepy smile, as Harry said: "Tena, I like to play with you, and to-morrow when I play livery-stable you shall be the lady who wants to hire a horse."

Then Aunt Jane kissed Harry and carried the little girl off to dreamland.

Jeannette's Creek, Ont.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

Once when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee girlie! She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

WANTED—A

Where have they go
With natural mann
Who love their dol
And talk of someth

Little old women in
Mature in manners
Little old flirts who
And vie with each

Little old belles, w
Are sick of pleasu
Weary of travel, o
And find no new th

Once, in the beaut
Some dear little ch
Girls who were me
And laughed and
day.

They thought not
their clothe
They never ima
"beaux"—

"Other girls' br
were they?
Splendid fellows t

Where have they g
One of them, any
I would give a me
To one of those de
With an innocent
Who knows not th
"style."

LESSON

THIRD

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOMO

LESSON

ASA'S

2 Chron. 14. 1-13
GOL

Help us, O Lo
on thee.—2 Chron

QUESTIONS

Who reigned
Judah? How lo
he a good king?
Was he like his
God give him th
years. What did
in the temple?
through Judah?
the people to do?
How long did pe
have done during
made war on As
army? How la
Where did the