

eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them."

She had to, for Harry insisted. His gentle little sister had taught him a lesson. She then ran to the garden for a few snowdrops to put beside his plate, and brought them to him singing like a bird:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1905.

ERNEST'S GOOD FAIRY.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"It won't seem like a holiday to me this year," said Ernest, "if we can't go to grandfather's. I don't see why he had to go off just now and shut up the house! And then Aunt Anna has moved away off, and I'll have nowhere to go. I think to-morrow will be a horrid day!"

His mother said nothing. The next morning when Ernest came down to breakfast, there by his high chair stood a new wheelbarrow, painted red, with its name in blue letters on one side: "The Good Fairy."

"Oh! I've always wanted a wheelbarrow," shouted the little boy excitedly. "Oh, mother, where did it come from?"

"Grandfather sent it; and he wrote me to tell Ernest that if he really had a thankful heart he could show it by making his 'good fairy' help others whenever he can," said his mother.

Ernest was quite sober while he ate his oatmeal. After breakfast he trundled off with his new present to the kitchen.

"Biddy," he said to the cook, "you want some kindling. I'm going to bring you some."

Off went the little fellow to a field near by where Ben had cut down a tree. It took nearly an hour to pick up the chips, but Biddy was so glad to get them. Then Ernest sat down in his barrow in the cornfield to rest. He had his rake, for he wanted to help Ben. He felt very happy.

The Kings lived in the country, and Ernest's cousins were to come home from church with the family to spend the day.

The youngest child was about Ernest's age. Her name was Lucy. She wanted to play with the new wheelbarrow all the time. It was so new and dear to the boy's heart that he felt at first that he couldn't give it up. Then he remembered his grandfather's message.

"There, Lucy," he said, "you can ride your doll awhile, and then I will give you a ride."

His father wanted his slippers and in a moment Ernest had them before him in his barrow.

After his cousins were gone and the big feast was over, Ernest said:

"I've had a lovely time, and I think I've lots of good things." He came up very close to his mother. "I think God was very good to me when I was so cross yesterday," he said.

ON EASTER DAY.

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

At Christmas time we looked on the face of the Babe, and wondered with the shepherds and adored with the angels; we have followed him through the years as he went in and out of his mother's house; we do not know when the consciousness of his real Father came to him, but we have seen him thrilling under it; we have traced him through his years of ministry; we have sorrowed with him in Gethsemane; we have stood before his Cross, but there our sympathy failed, when, oh, wonders of wonders, we found that we had died with him and risen again! Death hath no more dominion over us. We are sons and daughters of the Resurrection.

NO PRAYER IN THE PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nellie trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O, Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayers and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in so many minutes.

Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O-dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin with renewed energy.

"My pillow—it's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There is no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it is true; but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must be what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

We think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn—there are no prayers in them.

ADVENT ANGELS.

BY REV. WILLIAM CHAMBERS WILBOR.

Whirr of swift wings through the keen frosty air,  
Bright forms alight on the elm's branches bare.

Evening's star in the cold western sky,  
Warbles of song from sweet voices on high.

Robins have come from where warm breezes blow,  
Bravely to face northern rigors and snow.

"Cheer up, now cheer up, O sad hearts," they say,  
"Springtime and sunshine are not far away."

They flutter and chirp and hop, and are flown  
O'er forest and orchard, meadow, and lawn;

Hastening ever glad tidings to sing,  
To farmhouse, village, and city, "'Tis spring!"

They're musical heralds, brimming with mirth,  
Their coming's God's message of good-will to earth:

Prophets of bounty, from garden and field,  
"Flavors and fragrance rich harvests must yield."

"Courage, sad hearts," they seem ever to say,  
"Blue skies and blossoms are not far away."

Repeat, as they sing, at twilight and dawn,  
"Winter and darkness will quickly be gone."