

JUST ONE.

Just one good deed, and though others
ne'er knew it,

Angels will carry it up to the throne;
At the hereafter Christ's records will show
it;

"Fell thou the hungry? Come hither,
mine own."

Just one kind word, and though others
ne'er guess it,

Angels will chant it at vespers to-
night;

At the hereafter Christ's promise will
bless it;

"Cheered thou the weary? Stand thou
on my right."

—Selected.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1904.

ALWAYS TOO LATE.

BY MARY M. HENKLE.

Tom Brown was a slow boy. He was
"always too late." When his mother sent
him to the corner grocery after eggs, he
pattered along the road until, when he got
there, Mr. Green was taking the last egg
from the tub for Mrs. Emerson.

The older he grew the slower he be-
came. He was always tardy to school
and never had learned his lessons. The
result was that he graduated the "don-
key" of his class.

When he was about twenty years old he
came to the conclusion that he had better
take pretty Marion Harker sleigh-riding,
but he poked around so long that the snow
was all melted before he was ready to go.

Once he decided to have a "fishing
party," but before he sent out his invita-

tions the creek went dry. At last "he
went a-courting," but he waited so long to
"pop the question" that his girl married
his rival for spite.

Farm work didn't suit him, so he de-
cided to be a commercial traveller, but he
was so slow that his trains were always
gone when he got to the depot, and his
rivals in business carried all the orders
with them. He tried several trades, but
he couldn't make a success of any of them,
so he went back to the farm.

He planted his wheat so late that the
frost killed it; his corn was just begin-
ning to "ear" when the frost killed it,
too. He was too slow to dig his potatoes,
and they, too, spoiled.

At last he got too slow to eat, so he
starved to death.

How many, many "slow Tom Browns"
there are in this wide, wide world. We
may help to make the world better by
hurrying along in our daily tasks in life;
then when our evening of life shall come,
we will leave a remembrance of some kind,
timely act to cheer some other loiterer in
life. And when, at last, our spirit takes
its flight, somewhere under God's great
heaven, we will be remembered, and an-
other cannot fill our vacant place.

CORK.

Children with active, inquisitive minds
are led to ask about objects that they see
about them; and sometimes people find
themselves unable to give satisfactory
answers. In this children should be en-
couraged; and we should try to be able to
answer them, so as to lead them to close
study and to a thirst for general informa-
tion.

"Where do corks come from?" asks the
bright little boy, as he sees them removed
from bottles.

I will tell you. They are cultivated and
made in Spain. Immense fortunes have
been made in their production. The cork
tree will grow in poor soil. It will not
endure severe cold, and must have sea air.
It is found only along the coast of Spain,
along the northern coast of Africa
and upon the northern shores of the great
Mediterranean Sea. There are two barks
to the tree, the outside being the one used.
The bark is valuable according as it is soft
and velvety. When the tree is about ten
years old, at which time it is about five
inches in diameter and about six feet up
to the branches, it is stripped of the outer
bark for about two feet from the ground.
The inner bark is a very deep red; and if
this is injured while the tree is small, it
will die. But leaving the tree growing,
in about eight or ten years the bark will
again be so far advanced in strength that
the tree is again stripped, this time about
four feet from the roots; then it is left
for as many more years. The second strip-

ping is coarse, and is used about fishing
nets; but every ten years after the first
few strippings, it is regularly stripped,
and each year two feet higher up, until the
tree is forty or fifty years old, when it is
at its best for use, and may then be strip-
ped every ten years from the ground to
the branches, and will last sometimes two
hundred years. It is about twenty years
before much is realized from the tree. The
bark is taken to the manufacturer, and is
there made into the form in which we now
use it, and is then shipped to different
parts of the world.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY
OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from
among the Rabha Cosaris, one of the tribes
inhabiting the hilly country of Assam.
He was only thirteen years old when he
put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a
Christian he broke his caste. His friends
were in great distress at this, for they
think that to break one's caste is worse
than death.

The priest can restore caste by an
endless course of ceremonies and costly
offerings to himself and to the gods.
His friends loved Bunaram very much
and would have gladly have paid all the
expense if he would give up his new
religion, for, of course, their efforts
would be of no avail had he continued a
Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up
Jesus and come back to the worship of
his people, but to their entreaties he firmly
answered: "No! You may cut me in
pieces, or do what you like with me; but
I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said:
"You are not my son any longer. If
you loved me you would let me get back
your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated
as an outcast. He had to eat his meals
in the cow-house because he was a Chris-
tian.

When he returned to school and told
his teacher what had happened, the
teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram,
did it make you sorry that you were
Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and his religion was more pre-
cious to this noble boy, lately a poor
heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.

Did you ever think how sweet it would
be to have Jesus right in your home? This
is the way you may do it: Ask him to
come and live in your heart, and then he
will be in your home. Ah, if he does truly
live there, how happy you will be to go to
him with all your joys and griefs, and with
all your sins! Jesus loves children to
come to him.

TO THE O

A long, long h
Like a leaf
Across the cor
To the othe

'Twas twilight
The streets
And the queer
With parasol

With painted
hands,
They toddle
And shyly glar
Of the quee

The scholars s
With their
And upside do
And their l

For dinner the
With tea an
Two ivory stic
And a nice

The shadows
Is lit with
And a curiou
Come out to

A smile and
With our p
And a long f
On the othe

LES

SEC

SIX MONTHS W

LESS

Matt. 28. 1-15

Now is Chr
Cor. 15. 20.

QUESTI

What do w
crucifixion?
from the cross
Who was Jose
Arimathea, a
helped him?
man. Where
with him to t
pect him to r
to the tomb
time was it?
Whom did th
them? Whe
What did they
What did Jesu
What did the