

lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight!

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing; but it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally, he could brook the delay no longer, and plunged boldly overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—Little Nature Studies.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber trees. About one hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk, of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, without thinking of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap.

Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees, the trees are planted to grow in

regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled, as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed into bags and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters.

The milk, or sap, of the rubber tree is white. Perhaps, if you have a rubber plant at home, you may have discovered this when a leaf has been broken.—Selected.

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The next time you eat a slice of nice white bread, do not swallow it whole and run away to play, but eat it slowly and think about it. Where did it come from?

A man threw some grains of wheat on a great prairie in the far West, perhaps, and it grew up with millions of others to make a hundred grains more. Then it was cut down by a great machine, beaten out and made ready for market by other machines, sent to a mill where it went through a great many queer ways—grinding, sifting, drying, bagging, etc.—until it was sent to your town, and sold to your mamma.

But there are countries where every family has its own wheat and corn growing in a nearby field, and they have no machines for cutting, thrashing, or grinding it. They beat the stalks after they are gathered and dry, and then the women grind their wheat, and afterward make it into bread. You would think it very coarse bread, but they would not like our fine soft bread.

A RICH BOY.

"Oh my!" said Ben. "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball and—O, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms—I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice (they tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit)—you would not part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dol-

lars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think for a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you would not sell them for as much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see, now," his father

went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs, ten thousand; arms, ten; voice, ten; hearing, ten; good health, ten; and eyes, fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your play-mate laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are."—The Morning Star.

THE KING'S CHILDREN.

"Just a little story, grandma; we need not go to bed for a whole hour yet," and May's soft hand patted her cheek caressingly, while Paul brought his chair still closer to hers.

Grandma laid down her knitting, took off her glasses, and taking a hand of each of her "grand-twins," as she called them, commenced: "Once upon a time a good and great king sent two of his children to a gentleman and his wife to take care of, so when he sent for them to live at his court they would do him honor.

"He also sent a book, with directions in it how to train the children, and made a way by which they could talk to him whenever they wished, and he would hear, although so far away: for he was a great and powerful king.

"These good people were delighted with the children, and every day they would read something from the book, and they would talk to the king about them, and ask for all they needed."

"What were their names?" asked May, with increasing interest. "I will tell the other a girl. They are now about six years old, each has a book of the king's."

"That's just as old as we are, grandma," they both said.

Grandma smiled as she looked into their earnest faces and said, "Yes, they were just as old as you are, and looked like you, and were named Paul and May."

"Why, grandma, where do they live?" and May's blue eyes opened wide.

"She means us, May," said Paul, softly; "you know mamma has told us so many times that we belong to God, and He is a great King; that we were only lent to her and papa, and that He would send for us some day to live with Him."—Ex.