

IN SCHOOL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"The word for you to-day is 'toward';
I write it here upon the board.
Now try if you can with it make
A sentence clear, without mistake."
Then Freddy's lips pressed tightly down,
His brow was tied up in a frown,
And thought spread over all his face
As dots and crosses found their place.
With capitals and all the rest
He strove to do his very best;
So slowly, carefully he wrote:
"Last night I toward my Sunday coat."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

GOD'S ROBIN.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

"It's a nice day to play out of doors," said Mrs. Gould as she tied Tommy's hat-strings under his chin, "but you must be careful not to trouble things. Father doesn't care to have his flowers and vegetables meddled with; now have good time."

Tommy promised and went out into the sunshine, playing awhile about the lawn, and then going down to the garden, and to the little cluster of fruit-trees, and finally to the edge of the woods that crept up to the foot of their land.

At the end of an hour he came hurrying back to the house, one of his chubby hands grasping a piece of blue shell.

"Oh, mother," he called, "see what I found, all by myself."

"It's a piece of a robin's egg," said Mrs. Gould, as she came to the door; "did you break it, Tommy?"

"Yes'm," exultantly, "all by myself! And a great big robin flew round and hollered, 'Go way! go way! go way!' But she couldn't scare me"

"Oh, Tommy! And you broke her eggs?"

The exultant face grew sober instantly. That tone meant he had done something wrong.

"Only one, mother," he replied eagerly, "and it wasn't on father's land. I didn't meddle. It was down in the woods where things don't belong to anybody."

"Yes, they do, Tommy," said Mrs. Gould gently, "they belong to God. That robin was one of God's robins, and when she told you to 'go way,' she was anxious about her home, which you were destroying. Oh, Tommy!"

The little lips began to quiver. God's robin and he had been plaguing it!

"I'll 'pologize, mother," he said; "I'll do it now, right away!"

Hurrying back to the woods, he found the robin still scolding on a branch directly above her nest. He stopped several yards away, for her cries grew louder as he came near. It would not do to annoy her again. There was a flat stone near him, and he placed the piece of shell upon it. Then he walked a little distance away.

"Here it is, Mrs. Robin," he called persuasively; "will you please take it and put it round another egg? And say, Mrs. Robin," with a new thought, "you needn't hunt round so hard for things to eat any more. I'll bring you part of my breakfast every day as long as you have a house here."

And he did; so that Mrs. Robin grew very fond of Tommy after all, and made up her mind that he was a good little boy, even if he did break one of her eggs at first.

NED'S FRIENDS.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Ned has a number of pets and he is very fond of them all. They love him in return, for he gives them the best of care.

There is the mocking-bird, that begins to sing the minute Ned comes downstairs in the morning; there is the little canary, that Ned captured one day with his straw hat, as the little yellow thing, chilled and half starved, flew upon the veranda; and there are the two cats—one large and the other small, both too well-mannered ever to annoy the birds, and last, but not least, there is Charlie, a queer old pug-dog, aged twelve years—his birthday and Ned's came in the same month.

Charlie is a foe to all cats save those of his own household, but dear m.' not a single one is any more afraid of him than of the old broken post by the barn. Ned thinks Charlie the most knowing dog in the whole world.

One day the family were going to drive to grandfather's in the big carriage, and Charlie was to remain at home. This was all very well, but they should not have talked about the matter in Charlie's hearing. When the time for departure came, Charlie was nowhere to be found, and Ned was driven away without having said his good-byes to his pet. It was a long way to

grandfather's; the carriage did not arrive until noon. Ned was only too glad to alight and sprang out in glee. Suddenly there was a rattle beneath one of the seats and a round yellow head was thrust out, the eyes blinking in the sunshine. It was Charlie, of course. Ned was delighted at his prank and gave him an extra bone for dinner, which he gnawed with dignity as became such a knowing dog.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Three times a week, when she was at home and in good health and spirits, Betty gave a tea-party, regularly, and never once tired of entertaining, but one was to be the best of all, for two reasons. Cook had made for the feast some of her delicious sugar buns, which now occupied the place of honour upon the little table in the arbour, and then, besides, Betty's friend Mabel, who lived five miles down the road, had come to spend the day and was to take tea with Betty. So you see, this was a special party.

So beautiful were these sugar buns that Betty and Mabel could scarcely take their eyes from them, but the little girls had to run at last to the house to bring their dollies to the feast, and while they were away a dreadful thing happened. A small brown dog stole into the arbour, leaped upon the red chair at the head of the table—the head, mind you!—and ate up every single bun! Just as the last mouthful vanished, the girls and their dollies came upon the scene.

"Oh-h! A horrid dog!" cried Betty in dismay. "He's eaten up all the buns!" And she prepared to rout the intruder.

But, to her amazement, Mabel gave a joyful cry and caught the dog up in her arms, dropping the poor dollies right and left as she did so. For, you see, it was Fido, Mabel's pet dog, who had run away from home to follow his little mistress, and he had come five miles that morning. Do you wonder that he was hungry enough to eat all of the sweet buns? So, even though he was not invited, Fido came to tea and remained until Mabel went home.

A DUTIFUL SON.

General Grant, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, were "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Nearly fifty years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point: "Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work. Should I become a soldier for my country I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me." His written desire was realized in wonderful manner.