

HELPING MOTHER.

"If I had ten bright gold dollars,
Whispered little Johnny Gray,
Dreaming on the steps one day,
I would buy a gift for mother;
I would spend them all that way."

Johnny had not one gold dollar,
But he had ten fingers small,
And he might have used them all
Helping mother as she needed.
But he did not hear her call.

Never mind the dollars, Johnny;
They may never come your way.
Only golden dreams are they.
Willing hands are more than money;
Help with what you have to-day.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1904.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of a noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be

known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

THE FIRST TIME SHE SANG IN THE CHOIR.

BY GERTRUDE ELLSWORTH.

Dorothy had come from the big noisy city where she lived with her father and mother, to spend the summer with father's Aunt Jane, and she thought there never were so many interesting things anywhere as that little country town, way up among the New Hampshire hills. She followed Uncle John round while he fed the cows and the horses and the chickens, and rode on all the loads of hay through the week.

When Sunday came she went to the little white church on the hill, where father had been when he was a little boy. It was very different from the handsome church she went to when she was at home, where the dim light stole in softly through beautiful stained-glass windows, and the footsteps were hushed by heavy carpets and beautiful music was given by sweet-voiced people.

That was the part of the service Dorothy liked best and she never tired of listening to the singing, and way down in her heart she hoped she could sit up near the minister and sing just as sweetly as that choir at home did, when she was grown up. Every Sunday when she went to church she would imagine how she would feel to be singing in the choir, and she would wonder how long it would be before she would be old enough to do it.

The first Sunday Dorothy was in the country she went to church with Cousin Anna. Cousin Anna sang in the choir, so she took Dorothy up in the gallery with her where all the singers sat. It almost took her breath away. To really sit up with the choir! And when they got up to sing Cousin Anna gave her a book and helped her down from her chair and put her arm round her.

They sang a hymn she knew, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," so she sang, too, very softly at first, but as Cousin Anna smiled encouragingly at her, she sang just as loud as she could. And the desire of her heart came to her that first Sunday in the country when she sang in the choir and she was only six.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too?"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Kate, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper

length of time, repeated the question; and it was answered, "A man who drinks liquor, and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes!"

Only one word in reply to this—"Yes."

"Then I shouldn't think you'd do so any more; 'cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie, and she looked up to her father so confidently that he caught her in his arms and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Say, father, you won't, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't," and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling, you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Katie whether her shoes were old or new; but when a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

Often a civil answer will save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment; and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within a moment of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again; and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping, it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him, and asked him: "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him, and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of half shame and half sorrow as he answered: "I couldn't, 'cos he sung so."

THE BL

The stars of the
No image of
The eyelids of
sun,
No dawning

I hear the birds
And list to the
I know by the
spring,
But darkness

I know summer
When leaves
And winter bring
my brow
But darkness

I tell by the tone
The mother
Her step often
child,
I feel her in

O ye, whose eyes
Thank God we
Give pity and
born,
Whose years

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Luke 12. 35-48.

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Blessed are the
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—Luke 12. 37.

QUESTION

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