

DOT AND THE NEW MOON.

BY ANNIE E. LANGDON.

I have been told—do you think it is true?—  
That when the new moon first comes into view,  
The bright little moon, like a bent silver bow,  
If I see it just over my left shoulder—so,  
Bad luck will follow me all the month through;  
But I don't believe much in signs. Do you?  
  
But the new moon last night, above the elm tree,  
Over my right shoulder glanced down at me,  
The pretty new moon, and, you know, that's a sign,  
That the best of good luck will surely be mine.  
I can't help believing that sign will come true.  
Signs may be silly—but, now, wouldn't you?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1903.

THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

One cold, wet day our city missionary climbed the steps of a house that he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer; so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

"O, please don't make such a noise

sir," said a sweet little voice; "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light, a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin-and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro. "You see, the prince is very hungry," she said; "an' ef he wakes up, he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, of course; I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, and gave them to the brave little sister; and, while she devoured one, he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"O, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child, with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about bein' cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens; and then, when she's away at work all day, I play that the queen's out drivin', an' that me an' baby are livin' in a big, warm house. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary; "you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King, and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice warm house, not very far from here, just opened to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl.

"They call it the nursery," answered the gentleman; "but it belongs to our Heavenly Father."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be sent to this place, to be clothed, fed, and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was called the "Prince"; but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful times.

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

BY "PANSY."

"Father," said Earl, and his voice sounded as though he would like to cry, "can't I ever go and have a sail on the lake?"

"No, I think it more than likely that you can't. Your mother does not like to go on the water, my boy, and I am much too busy to give an afternoon to it; and, as I have told you before, we could not think of letting you go off with the boys on the water, with no older person to take care of you. Our little man must make up his mind to be good, and get along without that pleasure. You have a great many pleasures, remember; so it isn't worth

while to be unhappy about the loss of this one."

"But, father," said Earl, and there was such a lump in his throat that he could hardly swallow the mouthful of muffin he had taken. "there isn't any little boy but me that hasn't been riding in the new boat, and, father, didn't you say that I could?"

His father laid down his fork and looked at Earl. "I should like to know when?" he said. "I know you have been talking about it all the week, but I also know that I have told you each time that I was too busy to go, and that therefore you couldn't go. When did I say you could?"

"Father, it was away back in the spring. May I go and get it and show it to you?"

"By all means!" said his father. "If you have a promise of that kind lying round anywhere, I want to see it."

Earl dashed from the room and upstairs. In a few minutes he came back with an open letter in his hand.

"There!" he said, pointing to a line. "Please read that, father."

Father read: "The splendid new boat has been put on the lake; it is very gay, with bright cushions and flags. When my little boy gets home, father will have to take him some afternoon for a sail in it." Earl's father read the lines, looked at the bottom of the page where the words "Your loving father," were printed, and then laughed.

"I'm caught!" he said; "name signed and all! You are right, my boy. I had forgotten the promise, but it stands. For my name's sake I've got to take you out on that sail. It will never do to go back on a promise. Well, let me see—I can put off that writing until next week, I guess. We'll go this very afternoon." And they did.

In the evening Earl, in his long night wrapper and slippers, was taking a last look at his verse for the next day.

"Mother!" he shouted, "my verse has got a name in it, too!"

"Yes," said his mother; "David wanted something, too, didn't he? See how sure he was of getting it! God's name was signed to the promise, so David reminded him of it when he said: 'For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me.'"

"And God would be sure to do it, then, wouldn't he, mother? God wouldn't break a promise, would he? Father's don't do that."

"No," said his father, "good fathers never break good promises, if they can keep them. Somethin' might have happened so that your father could not keep his, you know; but the Father in heaven is wise, and knows that he is able to keep all his promises. Does n't little boy remember that the promise, with God's name signed to it, is for him, too?"

True modesty suppresses no virtue.