

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Blessed Spirit, be thou near
When temptations rise;
Keep thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home,
Safe to heaven's shore.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1905.

WHAT KITTY MISSED.

"I'm going to read to my dollies, as papa does," said Kitty.

So she got her dolls, and placed them in a row against the wall. Near by she stood the pussy-cat that was made of cotton flannel and stuffed with bran; and the donkey who could move his head up and down, but was hollow inside.

Kitty took up the paper and began. It was a wonderful story about a little girl who had a pair of red shoes, who went out to walk and got into the mud; but the story was hardly finished when she heard her mamma calling: "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

Kitty went on reading, as though she did not hear. Then her mamma called again, "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

And the little girl answered, "I'm reading a story to my dollies."

Then once more she heard her mamma call, "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

But the little girl did not move. She waited a long time. Then when she was tired of playing with her dolls, she threw

aside her paper and went slowly up-stairs.

"Do you want me, mamma?" she asked.

"I did want you, but it is too late now."

"What did you want me for, mamma?"

"I wanted to dress you in your nice new dress, so you could go out walking with Aunt Carrie. She wanted to take you down street to see the man who had the performing bear, and then she wished to take you to get some nice ice-cream."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dancing for joy, "I'm glad! I like that!"

"It's too late now," answered mamma; "Aunt Carrie has gone. I called my little girl three times, and she answered, but did not come. So she has lost the treat Aunt Carrie wished to give her, and must stay at home. Besides, Kitty has done wrong; she has not obeyed her mamma."

After that Kitty was more careful, and when she heard her mamma call she obeyed. As she grew older she learned that to obey her mamma was the very best way to show her love for her; and that any other kind of love was only "make-believe," and not real love.

NED'S PEACH-STONE.

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned, "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will.

"Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first, in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (this time with great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, think how long 'tis since last Thanksgiving, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by, anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to; come on."

He waited impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach-stone.

"See me shy this at Rover."

Rover gave a little velp as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Later in the day Ned spied it, and picked it up. He carried it to where he had planted the other; then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what "papa says."

"I don't believe there will be quite room enough there when it's a tree. Those

apple-trees'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over in that corner."

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will.

"My peach-tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?"

"Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE SHANNON.

I saw a wonderful voyage last night—

(A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down);

The ship was o' gold and glittered bright
And a-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town."Hollo!" cried old Wind to the fair;
boat,"It is I who will show you how to float!"
And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast

That the foamy billows rose far and fast

"Tu-whit, tu-wheel!" screamed an owl
from a tree,

(A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark);

"I am glad I am not afloat," quoth he,
"Afloat to-night in yon fragile bark!"Quoth he, "This oak is o' l and bare,
But I'd ten times soon be here than there!"

And he huddled close to keep safe and warm,

And shelter himself from the coming storm.

But the gay little boat sailed merry and brave—

Now leaving behind it a track of light,
And now sinking deep in the trough of the wave,

Till, a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight,

And I thought as I saw it fall and fall,
Now, surely this is the end of all—That little gold boat can never again
Rise to the top of the tempest-tossed main!When lo! up, up, would she lightly float,
(A-ring, a-ding, on the waves' high crest;)Now, give me a name for this little boat
As she ploughs her way from the east to the west?"A name? It is given, O soon, so soon—
For the little gold boat
Is the crescent moon,The stormy sea is the wintry sky,
And the clouds are the billows mountain high!"