

DO YOU KNOW ?

Little birdies do you know
 Jesus Christ, who loved us so,
 Had not any home like you,
 Where to rest with dear ones true?
 Little birdies, do you know
 How the Saviour used to go,
 Tired and sad from place to place,
 With the love-light in his face,
 Speaking gentle words of peace,
 That all harm and sin should cease?
 Little birdies do you know
 How the cruel people so
 Drove him from their streets away,
 Would not let the dear Lord stay?
 O sweet birdies, in your nest,
 Sing your very, very best,
 All in praise of this dear One,
 Son of Man, and God's own Son.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly		\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated		2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review		2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together		3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly		1 00
Canadian Epworth Era		0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vs., monthly		0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies		0 60
5 copies and over		0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies		0 30
Less than 20 copies		0 25
Over 20 copies		0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies		0 15
10 copies and upwards		0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies		0 15
10 copies and upwards		0 12
Dew Drops, weekly		0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)		0 30
Berean Leaf, monthly		0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)		0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
 Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
 2156 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
 Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

MOLLY MINE.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

This was the r... papa gave his little daughter. It was never "Pe..." or "Girlie," or "Sunshine," as it often was with Grandma, but "Molly mine," when she brought his slippers in the evening; "Molly mine," when she rode on his shoulder to the gate in the morning as he was going down street to the office, and "Molly mine," when, "just for fun," he talked with her through the telephone, during the day.

And so, of course, it was "Molly mine," one evening, when, just as she stooped to place Papa's slippers on the rug, he discovered several shining tears rolling and tumbling over each other in their hurry to reach the dimple in each pink cheek.

She tried to run away so that Papa would not see, but his strong arms were around her, and her little form

hugged close to his big body, before she had time to resist.

"Molly mine" has a trouble she is trying to keep from Papa, and it makes him feel very sorry.

"But, Papa, I have been naughty, and do not like to tell you."

Papa drew his little girl still closer, and began to sing to her, a low, sweet lullaby, which he often used when rocking her to sleep. By and by the tears stopped falling, and she lay very still in her warm nest.

At length Papa placed his hand beneath her chin and raised the pretty face so that he could look down into the wet eyes. "Molly mine," he said, "now I want you to tell me what troubles you."

"O Papa, you told me not to touch Mamma's picture on your desk, but today I got up to kiss her—and—I tumbled it off on the floor—and—the beautiful frame is broken all to pieces."

Papa was very quiet for several minutes; then he said, "Is the picture injured?"

"I think not, Papa, but I'm not sure."

"Let us go and see."

So Papa took his little girl's hand and led her to the library, and there on the floor lay that which he prized more than anything on earth except his little daughter.

He picked it up, and after examining it carefully, took the sobbing child in his arms again.

"The picture is not hurt," he said, "and I am very thankful. Now, Molly mine, I will tell you why I prized that little picture and its frame more than all the pictures of your mother which the house contains.

"One evening, when you were about a year old, I came in and sat down to my desk as usual. I glanced up, and your mother's loving eyes looked down into mine with the same expression they always met. Just at that moment she sprang up behind me, put her arms around my neck, and placed her arms about my neck.

"How do you like it, dear?" she said.

"Of course I told her how much I appreciated the surprise she had given me. Unknown to me, she had had the picture taken, chosen the frame, and placed it where she knew I should soonest see it. Do you wonder that I loved it? That was five years ago, and it had always stood just where she placed it."

"O Papa, Papa, I am so sorry," and the little arms closed tight about the father's neck.

"I know you are, Molly mine, but don't cry any more. To-morrow you shall go with me to select a new frame. Run away to Grandma now, it is bedtime."

While getting ready for bed Molly talked it all over with Grandma. "Do you think Papa would have loved me so much if Mamma had lived?"

"I can't tell, darling. He would

have loved you very much, I am sure."

"But see, Grandma. For all he loves that picture so much, he did not scold me, the least little bit. He looked very grave, and kept very still for a long time, but he hugged me tighter than before. Is that the way God loves us, Grandma?"

"As a father pitieth his children," quoted Grandma, as she kissed Molly good-night.

A DREADFUL QUARREL.

Alice and Bertha were little sisters. They always played in the garden, and everybody who passed by would say, "Hello, Alice!" and "Hello, Bertha!" and they would run to the fence and say: "Good morning! Good morning!"

But one day Alice and Bertha had a quarrel. Each wanted to play that her house was under the pink rosebush by the fountain. So Alice said that she wouldn't play at all; and Bertha said neither would she. They each walked around the garden alone. It was sad, and they were very miserable and did not know what to do.



"THERE WAS SUSAN!"

So Alice walked back to see what Bertha was doing. And what do you suppose that was? Why, Bertha was walking back to see what Alice was doing! Just then a little bird flew down and took a bath in the fountain. He splashed and splashed and splashed! Alice clapped her hands and laughed; and Bertha did, too. Alice and Bertha looked at each other and kept right on laughing and laughing. "You may have your house by the pink rosebush, Bertha," said Alice.

"Oh, no! You have yours there," said Bertha.

"I tell you what," Alice said. "We will have our house there together."

The dreadful quarrel was over at last, and the two little sisters were happy again. —Stella George Stearn.