

songs. And then, last of all, in the humblest, quietest manner, a little white beastie hopped forth from the shade, a timid little rabbit. In a gentle voice he said that he was neither strong, nor fleet, nor graceful, nor in any way useful, and as he had nothing to offer whereby his god would be glorified, he desired to offer himself, and without another word he leaped forward and cast himself on the smoking pile. The Chinese say that the god was so pleased that he placed the modest little rabbit in the moon, and said he should always be kept in honorable remembrance.

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TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1905.

REUBEN'S COMPANY.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Reuben and Frank were two little Hindu boys. Their fathers had been converted many years ago at the mission, and when their little sons were born they named them after the missionaries who had taught them the right way to live.

Frank had come over to Reuben's to play with him, and the young friends busied themselves for some time flying kites and spinning tops. They soon grew tired of this, and Reuben's mother told them they would better play something different. Then they commenced a game which is much liked by the Hindu children.

They filled a paper bag with fruit, parched rice, and little cakes, and then hung it on a branch of a tree. Reuben's mother next tied a handkerchief over the eyes of each and gave him a stick.

The boys took turns in striking at the bag, and, of course, they made many mis-

takes. Sometimes they would strike against the trunk of a tree and sometimes against each other.

"It's lots of fun to be blindfolded and try to break the bag," laughed Frank, "and it is lots of fun, too, to have the handkerchief off my eyes and watch Reuben strike the bag."

"Just think, there are only two of us to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben. "If the other boys knew about this they would come here, wouldn't they?"

Their loud shouts and merry laughter soon brought other children to the spot, and a gay time they had trying to break the bag.

"There, I have done it at last," cried Frank, as his stick burst the bag, and its contents went flying over the ground.

Then what a scrambling there was for the fruit, the cakes and the corn, the little fellows almost rolling over each other in their eagerness to get some.

Reuben alone had none.

"Why, where is your share?" asked Frank.

"Oh, the others are my company," answered Reuben, "and it was only right for me to let them have their pick first."

"But they're not invited company," said Frank.

"That makes no difference," replied Reuben.

"Then we will all give you some of ours," cried one of the boys, handing a cake to Reuben.

The others did the same, and the polite little boy thus got as many dainties as did his playmates, and gained their good will beside, which was best of all.

PENNY TELLS HIS STORY.

First I was born in a great house where the machines were turning out lots of pennies, just like me. I was bright and shiny.

Well, I didn't stay shiny long. A man put me in his pocket, and left the bank one day, and then my adventures began. First I was given to the car conductor with four other dingy old pennies, and the conductor took a ten-cent piece from a woman with a basket, and gave five of us back to her. I was then the prettiest. The old woman took me home in her old purse, and gave me to Peter, who lived near, for bringing milk.

"Hello! how bright you are! I'll take you to Sunday-school next week," said Peter.

When I went to Sunday-school, there was a row of boys looking as I was handed to the teacher, and I was very proud. A man came and put me in a bag with some others, and when he reached home he dumped us on the table, and put a twenty-five-cent silver piece in the bag.

"Hello! see the bright penny," said his son Jim. "Can I have it?"

"Yes," said his father. So I rested awhile in Jimmy's pocket. He put his hand in and held me every few minutes, and then he went to walk with his father.

Pretty soon I found I was pushing through a little hole in Jimmy's pocket. Whirr! In a minute I had dropped out of Jimmy's trousers, and was rolling on the ground. Jimmy didn't see me. I rolled right under a little blue violet. Pretty soon it began to rain, and it rained all night. I knew I wasn't as bright in the morning, but I couldn't help it. A little girl, going to school, stopped to pick the violet, and then she saw me. "Oh, see! here's a penny!" she said. She took me to the store, and said she wanted a "bull's-eye." I thought that was a queer thing to want; but I was left with the storekeeper.

Well, after that I went everywhere. I have lived in workmen's pockets, and ladies' silver purses, and have been handed around by butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers, and now I am not pretty or bright. One little girl polished me up just for fun. I wish more people would do that. I feel so much more respectable. You see, as I haven't any hands, I cannot brighten myself. But one thing I notice I pass for just as much now as when I was young and pretty. You see I am worth a penny—no more, no less, and people don't mind so much just how I look. How much are you worth? And are you good for just as much in old clothes as new clothes?

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,
Although my name is May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—
So many, and you see,
I can't help loving all of them,
Because they all love me.

I love papa, and dear mamma,
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very kind and good,
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all —
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

Did you ever hear of the fairy who draws pretty lines on the faces of little folks, and makes people love them? There really is such a fairy and his name is Unselfishness. Has he visited your house yet?