

JESUS LOVES YOU,

Little children Jesus loves you—
Loves you more than tongue can tell;
Came to earth to seek and save you,
So that you with him might dwell.
Yes, he laid aside his glory,
Left his Father's throne above,
That we all might share his glory
In that world of light and love.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'r
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 70
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
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
Now Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07
Boreau Renior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Boreau Leaf, monthly	0 05
Boreau Intermediato 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 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

J. W. COATES, S. F. HUERTER,
3176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1899

HOW GADABOUT CHANGES HIS COLOUR.

BY SARAH E. UFFORD.

Gadabout is a little lizard not quite six inches long, his tail making half of this length. At first he was disposed to be timid. Gradually he became tamer, until he would lie quietly on my finger while I watched his scalelike coat fade to the palest gray; for, as nearly as possible, Gadabout takes the colour of whatever he rests upon.

It is this habit that makes the little creature so interesting. When asleep upon his nasturtium-leaf bed, he is of an exquisite green tint; when he lies on my brown gown, he quickly changes to a brown hue; when he lies on the carpet, his armoured coat is as spotted and velvet-like as a leopard's.

If in his native woods Gadabout should crawl out—or, rather, dart out (for these little lizards are like a flash of light in their movements)—upon the brown limb of a tree or upon the sandy ground, he would be very conspicuous object, as he is naturally of a beautiful light-green hue. He would be quickly noticed by the first bird or other lizard-eating enemy that came along; but Mother Nature enables him to take the colour of his surroundings, and thus find protection by not being easily seen.

The magic change in Gadabout is caused by the effect which the colour he lies upon has on his colour cells. In an inner layer of the skin of Gadabout there are little bags or cells, filled with colouring matter—some with red, some with brown, some with black, some with green and so on. These cells, though very small indeed, have the power of expanding and contracting; and a coloured light carried to them through Gadabout's eyes causes that same colour to appear on Gadabout's skin.

HOW MAY REMEMBERED.

May Mathews was a dear little girl, but she very often forgot to say "Thank you," or "Please," and many other things.

One day mother said, "How can you make yourself stop doing these naughty things, and learn to do right and polite things?"

"I know," said May. "I'll name each one of my fingers and thumbs; then I'll be sure to remember."

So she named one "Thank you," and one "If-you-please," and one "Put-away-your-playthings," and one "Be-kind-to-baby," and one "Don't-make-a-noise." Then, every time she looked at her dear little hands, she thought of the things she must do, and the things she must not do, until she became a very thoughtful child. What do you think of her plan?

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

Good manners should be cultivated at all times, until they become a second nature, and do not require a thought. We presume the gentleman mentioned below, in an item from the Philadelphia Press, knew better than he did; but if he had been accustomed to taking off his hat on entering a dwelling or a private office, he would have been spared the mortification of a rebuke.

A young lawyer with his first case went into Judge Hager's court the other day to present a petition. He was so embarrassed that he forgot to remove his hat, and stood before the judge with a petition in his hand, a big umbrella under his arm, and a new silk hat upon his head. In a trembling voice he began, "Your petitioner respectfully represents," when Judge Hager stopped him.

"Wait a moment. Hadn't you better raise your umbrella, too?" said the judge.

The young man caught his hat off in a twinkling, but he was so put out that he could not read his petition.

WALTER'S TEMPTATION.

Some pears were hanging close together, looking yellow, mellow, and delicious to eat.

"They do look nice, and I think they're ripe enough to eat this very minute. Wonder if grandpapa would care. He's gone away, so I can't ask him, but I'm almost sure he'd say yes. I don't know, but I'm quite sure I think I might as well have 'em."

These were Walter's thoughts. The next instant his hand went up and the twin pears were broken off. They were not as ripe as Walter supposed, and did not separate easily, but broke off a bit of the branch with them. Walter tried one and then the other. They were hard, hard as a rock, and he was now very sorry he had not tried them first.

Grandpa came home through the orchard that night. "I'm so sorry," he said, as he sat down to the table. "My new pear tree had two pears on it, and somebody has broken them off. I wanted to see what they are like."

Walter's face grew red as a very red rose, but in a minute he was man enough to own to grandpa what he had done, and ask his pardon, which was readily granted.

HERO JACK.

Bedford school bore a bad name. A new teacher of the real kind came, and the tone of the school improved. Jack Peterson had just come from Excelsior school, where the code of honour was high. The bully of Bedford was Joe Bandy, who nagged every new boy into a fight, if possible.

Jack was a puzzle to the Bedford boys. He was different some way, perfect in lessons, walked with head up in manly fashion, honourable and faithful. Yet he was best in baseball, and a capital fellow on the playground. Joe tried to pick a quarrel in vain; Jack paid no attention, until one day Joe struck him across the face, saying: "Now, take that! fight it out, or be a coward!"

Jack's face flushed; then, with folded arms, and head erect, he walked away without a word.

"Coward! coward!" shouted Joe, and the boys echoed "Coward!"

"We'll show him," said the leader, "that no boy that bears that name can play on our ground."

One day a terrible thing happened. A mad dog dashed into the playground, and was almost upon Joe Bandy before the boy saw him. Quick as a flash Jack snatched up a baseball bat, and springing in front of the raging beast, with its open jaws and frothing mouth, dealt it a stunning blow, giving a policeman in hot pursuit a chance to shoot.

"I declare, boy, that was a plucky thing to do!" said the officer.

"With a shout, 'Three cheers for Hero Jack'" the boys lifted him to their shoulders and bore him around the playground in triumph.

But, little readers, when did he most truly earn the name of "Hero Jack"?

One Monday morning Dorothy volunteered to superintend the family washing. When Nora put the clothes on to boil, the little overseer gave one astonished look, then ran to mamma, exclaiming in great excitement. "Oh, mamma! mamma! Nora's cooking the clothes."