

Robert only laughed. He said that it was all right, and that Jack would soon get good-tempered again. And so he did, for before long Jack and kitty were as friendly as friendly. And I dare say, that if I were to go and look in Jack's house this very minute I should find kitty curled up in the corner on the straw, and Jack looking as if he would say: "I should like to see any one touch her!"—*Early Days.*

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	2.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50	0.50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8¢ monthly	0.60	0.60
Onward, 8 pp., 4¢, weekly, under 20 copies	0.60	0.60
5 copies and over	0.50	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4¢, weekly, single copies	0.25	0.25
Less than 20 copies	0.25	0.25
Over 20 copies	0.24	0.24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08	0.08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.10	0.10
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.05	0.05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06	0.06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21 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 20 to 26 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

**C. W. COATES,** 217 1/2 St. Catherine Street,  
Montreal, Que.  
**S. F. HESTIS,** Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1903.

### LOVING BACK.

Little Alice was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. When her mother had finished the writing, she told Alice that she might come and sit on her lap, and Alice said:

"I'm so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad that my little girl loves me so, but I fancy that you were not very lonely while I was writing; you and Dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma, we were; but after a while I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, just because she never loves me back."

"And is that why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, nor the best."

"And what is the first and the best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess? It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

That was a very good reason, and even mamma herself could not have given a

better one. That is one reason, also, why we should love the dear Lord: because he first loved us, and died to redeem us from our sins.

### BARKIS.

Leslie brought him home one day. He had jumped from a passing train, and his owner had not cared enough for him to return and claim him. So he stayed with us—a little scrap of a little black and white dog, with friendly eyes, a stubby tail, and a bark joyous and incessant.

Everybody made jokes on that bark.

Hal, the punster of the family, assured visitors that our dog's "bark wasn't on the seas (seize)!"

Father called the dog "Hickory" at first, because "his bark stuck so tightly!"

But it was mother who gave him his real name, for, when the family were discussing the question as to whether the newcomer should stay, she remarked that "Barkis was willin'!"

And thus Barkis found a home and a name, and, we may add, soon proved himself to be a friend, and the protector of the family.

One night when everybody was sound asleep, grandma and little Leslie were awakened by Barkis' tiny but energetic "how-wow."

"Seems as though he was making more noise than usual," said Leslie, sleepily.

"That's so," said grandma. "He comes tearing up the steps and then rushes down to the barn again. I guess he must be baying at the moon."

Leslie crept out of bed and went to the window, standing there a minute or two in his white nightgown.

Suddenly he whispered excitedly, "O grandma! I believe some one is trying to steal Sam!"

Sam was father's beautiful cream-coloured horse that was worth ever so many dollars.

"I hear a noise down at the barn," continued Leslie. "There is a sound as if some one were throwing things at Barkis, and he gives a yelp and starts up barking again."

Grandma sat up in bed, the white frill of her night-cap bristling around her face.

"Better run down-stairs and rouse your parents, child," she said, adding, "I suppose we'll be laughed at, though."

But nobody felt like laughing, for when father and the hired man left the house they heard the sound of hurried footsteps down by the barn, and when they reached the building there was the big door open, and Sam, wild-eyed with fright, standing in his stall with part of his harness on.

Horse thieves had been there sure enough.

And wasn't Barkis delighted that he had aroused the folks in time! He jumped and leaped and wagged his stubby tail.

He didn't mind now how the thieves had pelted him with potatoes from the bin in the barn—the yard was sprinkled with them.

Good, faithful Barkis! how all the family loved him after that, and the best bone was always given him. Nobody complained of his noise. He might bay or howl, yelp or whine, he was sure to get a friendly pat and the complimentary words, "Good dog! he saved our Sam!"

### THE CHILDREN'S ANGELS.

When the little children sleep

Little stars are waking;

Angels bright from heaven come,

And till morn is breaking

They will watch the livelong night

By their beds till morning light.

When the little children sleep

Stars and angels watch do keep.

When the little children wake

Little stars are sleeping,

But the angels evermore

Faithful watch are keeping.

From the rising of the sun,

Till their work and play are done,

They will guard them, one and all,

Lest they go astray or fall.

—Selected.

### HOW MISS AMELIA HAD HER OWN WAY.

Doll-dom was down under the big apple-tree. There were branches of ever-green dividing the rooms, and in the rooms were boxes for stools and tables, broken china and a few whole cups and plates, dolls' chairs and a cupboard, trunk and bureau. Best of all was a new doll-carriage. This came with Nan's newest doll, Miss Amelia, who was the prettiest and, alas! the most discontented of all Nan's children.

She had been about the world more than the rest, with Nan's Aunt Nell, and she said she "hated to stay in Doll-dom from morning till night—yes, she did."

Nan's brother Ned had a pug-dog. One day while Nan was being dressed, upstairs, Ned harnessed Mr. Pug to the new doll-carriage, set Miss Amelia on the seat, and, with the lines, drove about the yard.

But Mr. Pug did not like to be driven; he jumped about so he jerked the lines from Ned's hand, and ran away.

Oh! how frightened Miss Amelia was, to go tearing about in this way, expecting every moment to have her head broken.

Uncle Ned took her picture with his kodak, instead of trying to save her—cruel man! But Nan didn't wait to see her picture. She ran down the big garden and stopped Mr. Pug, and saved her darling Miss Amelia.

Miss Amelia never wanted to leave her home again. She had had enough of seeing the world.