

A POOR RULE.

Said Mary to Johnny, "O dear,
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here;
O Johnny, please, I want to blow!"

"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my,
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, I want a bite!"

"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
And show you just how it is done.
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun."

—Selected.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1903.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jenny the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: "I have often

thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them, and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.

PIGEONS AND THEIR WAYS.

Did you ever watch a pigeon drink? All other birds put their bill in the water and lift up the head before they swallow; but pigeons put their beak in the water and take long, deep draughts until satisfied.

The Tumbler pigeon takes his name from a queer habit he has of falling or tumbling backward.

The Pouter seems to be very vain. He stands erect, and has a crop in front which he can fill with air until his head is almost hidden behind it. Sometimes the crop is puffed out so far that Mr. Pouter loses his balance and falls down the chimney or off the roof. So he shows the truth of the old saying: "Pride goeth before a fall."

Years ago, before the electric telegraph was invented, carrier pigeons were used to send messages and letters. The message was written on a small piece of paper and fastened under the wing; then the pigeon's feet were bathed in vinegar to keep them cool, for fear the bird might stop on the way to bathe, and thus destroy the paper. When the bird was set free he would rise in the air, fly round in a circle two or three times, and then start off in the right direction.

DOING UNTO OTHERS.

"What a funny old umbrella! and big enough for a soldier's tent. I say, Marjory, did it come out of the ark?"

Now it was rather a large umbrella for so small a girl, and Marjory did look funny walking along with it in her hand, for the top of the handle reached to her shoulder; but no one knew or felt that fact more keenly than Marjory herself, and it was very rude of Harold to speak in such a way. But then I suppose that Harold must have forgotten that a brave, manly boy is always polite to girls. He had hurt Marjory's feelings, and, what was far worse, had roused the temper with which the little girl had so many hard struggles.

"We've just moved, and everything is tumbled about, and this is the only one we could find. It was grandpapa's long ago, and you're the unpolite boy in the world, and I'm not going to speak to you any more forever; so there, Harold Gray." And then angry little Marjory ran off to school as fast as the big umbrella would let her; and naughty Harold only laughed.

But he didn't laugh that afternoon when, on going to the door to go home from school, he found the rain pouring down. Not a light rain, but "enough to wet a fellow through in three min-

utes," thought Harold dolefully; for he had brought no umbrella. Marjory saw him standing there as she gathered up her books, and said to herself that "it served him just exactly right for making fun." Marjory was the only one who lived anywhere near Harold; there would be no one else to offer him an umbrella, and she wouldn't. Oh, no, indeed!

"Marjory, Marjory," something seemed saying in his ear, "What about that 'doing unto others' text that you learned this morning? See! he is just going to start." But only one foot was over the door sill, when Harold heard a voice beside him saying, "Come home under my umbrella; there's plenty of room for both."

"I say, Marjory," said Harold, as they trudged away with bent heads, each giving the other a hand to steady the great umbrella, "I'm awfully sorry that I laughed at you; and I think you're just the forgivingest girl I ever saw. I'm going to give you a ride on my sled the first time it snows."

HOW TO PRAY.

"Aunt Annie, what good does it do to say your prayers at night and in the morning?" asked little Ellen.

"Why do you ask, dearie?" Aunt Annie was used to the queer questions her little niece asked, and was never shocked as some people would be.

"Well, you just say a lot of words that don't mean anything, and I don't see what good that does."

"It doesn't. Saying prayers is not praying. It is like a parrot repeating words that he does not understand. To pray is a very different matter; and that you should do every day of your life and many times a day," answered Aunt Annie with a loving smile.

"But what's the difference? How do you pray?" asked Ellen, with a puzzled look.

"Just asking your Father in heaven, for Jesus' sake, to give you whatever you want—if it is right to have it—is praying. Going to him just as you would to your father or mother or to me is praying. Thanking him, as you would us, for giving you what you asked for is praying. But you should never ask for anything that is not right, and you must be willing to do as your Father in heaven wants you to do!"

"Oh! if that's praying, I can do that. I needn't use long words that I don't understand, need I?"

"No; just simple words like those you use every day, meaning them with all your heart."

"I am glad I asked you, Aunt Annie. You always explain things to me so that I can understand," said Ellen, as she turned away to her play with that happy feeling we all have when tangles are smoothed out.