

windows fairly blazed with light, and Essie did not wonder that so much money was needed for them. Through these windows they could see masses of rich blooms, and delightful music floated out to their ears. They were just about to go up the wide marble steps, when Essie stopped suddenly with an exclamation of surprise: "Oh, Frank, there is one of the babies out in the cold!"

And there, sure enough, on the balustrade with the light falling full on him, with snow on his uncovered head, was a little adressed baby.

"What makes you stay out here in the cold?" asked Essie eagerly. "Why don't you come in?"

"I have no clothes to wear," answered the child.

"Oh, you can have my coat," said Essie, quickly taking off the little softly-lined wrap. The baby came down to the lower step and allowed Essie to put him into her coat; and then the three children went in together.

Nobody seemed to notice that the baby's feet were bare or that his golden curls were covered with snow. Every child seemed to be bent on enjoying himself, without much thought of others.

"What great lights!" exclaimed the baby; "as many as the stars: where did they come from?"

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But why don't they take some of them down to the poor homes, where the children go to bed this Christmas Eve in the dark," asked the child.

"I don't know," answered Essie doubtfully.

"How did they find so many flowers?" asked the child again.

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But," cried the baby, "these little children I tell you of have no money to buy beds or blankets; they lie and shiver this Christmas time."

Essie was silent.

"And can these children eat all that?" continued the strange child, pointing to the loaded tables; "there are little children that I know who are crying for bread: one bit of all this might save their lives. Come away; would you dare to stay and help to waste all this, while all those little ones of my Heavenly Father perish with cold and hunger?"

And Essie turned and followed him out into the darkness. She dared not ask the name of this strange, strange child, but she felt by the light in his eyes that it must be the Christmas babe, the Christ child and, oh, how sorry she was that he should come and find them doing all for themselves, doing nothing for those little ones for whom he had come to die.

"Essie! Essie! wake up for dinner," said her mother, giving her a gentle shake to rouse her up from the lik'ry sofa. The

guests were gone from the parlor, mother had changed her dress, papa had come in, dinner was ready—and all the rest was a dream!

But the dream made Essie very eager about getting clothes, and food, and blankets for those little babies out in the cold, and the mother gave each child the ten dollars that would have gone to the ball to spend in that way.

As long as she lives, Essie will remember the grieved and surprised look of that dream baby, when he found so many little ones taking their own ease and pleasure, with no thought for the little ones out in the cold.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

POLLY PUTOFF.

Her real name was Polly Putman, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could.

"O, you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say; "you can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on," and I am sorry to say that he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her father and mother intended to give her. She thought that a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had

gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "O, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school." After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother when Polly was studying her lesson that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother; "the man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"O mother!" cried Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting that letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

A well-known Christian man once offered a prize for the best thought sent to him within a month. Here is the thought which won the prize: Men grumble because God puts thorns on roses. Would it not be better to thank God that he puts roses on thorns?

Surely that is a thought worth remembering. Sometimes as we pick the wild roses along the hedge, we prick our fingers, and then we forget all about the roses, and think only about the thorns. But the roses are there, just the same as before, and God meant us to enjoy them, despite the thorns, which he put simply to teach us to be careful and patient in picking the roses.

THE TALKING FACE.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things.