

rowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dilly-Dally says he is going to. How do you suppose he will do it?

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TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1906.

**DAILY RELIGION.**

The other day I came across a little book, out of which I read a few sentences. I read the title page, and it was this: "Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." Then I read the last page, and it was stated that, when this man died, they put on his tombstone that which he had requested—"Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." I looked to see what was in the middle of the book, and I read that a young stripling of a minister, who had just come to be pastor in the town, went down to talk with Hiram, because he had heard that he was a spiritual man, and he said, "Mr. Goff;" and Mr. Goff said: "Don't call me Mr. Goff; call me Hiram."

"Well, Hiram," said the minister, "I have come to talk with you about the things of God, and I am very glad that a man can be in a humble occupation and still be a godly man."

The shoemaker stopped, looked up at him and said: "Don't call this occupation humble."

The minister thought he had made a mistake, and he said: "Excuse me; I did not mean to reflect on what you do for a living."

Hiram replied: "You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as your making a sermon. I believe that when I

come to stand before the throne of God, he going to say to you: 'What kind of sermons are going to say: 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And he is mons did you make?' Now, if I make better shoes than you make sermons, I will have a better place in the kingdom of God."

Here, thought I, as I closed the little book, is a splendid text on daily religion. O that we each strove to perform every duty of common life "as in the great Taskmaster's eye!"

**THE SKY TELEGRAM.**

A gentleman, while buying a paper from a newsboy one day, said to him: "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?"

"Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I; but I have found out how to get help. Do you want to know how?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then just send a telegram."

The boy looked up in amazement.

The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger, and said: "What do you do in there?"

"Think," said the boy.

"Well, can God see what you think?"

"I suppose he can."

"Yes, he can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, just send a sky telegram this way: Just think this thought quickly. 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it, and send help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: "Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been doin' that than I ever did before."

**A LITTLE RAG-PICKER.**

A heap of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them out for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie fidgeted for a minute with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda

floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little and she didn't like to anyway. But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold: and among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered, too.

"O auntie!" screamed Phenie in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger; "four cents a pound."

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie!"

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.

"Here they are, Phenie," she said.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," he said, "and two cents over. Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging the pail with her two jingling coppers.

**EASTER MORNING.**

O lilies sweet, O lilies rare,  
Why stand ye here so tall and fair,  
Breathing such fragrance on the air  
Upon this Easter morning?  
The earth is covered warm and deep  
To keep all other flowers asleep;  
It is not time for you to rise;  
Did you fall out of paradise?

Not so, sweet child, our home is here.  
We bloom for you through all the year,  
To keep the breath of heaven near  
Upon an Easter morning.  
We are the sign of that sweet One,  
Who, when his life of pain was done,  
Gave us a home in heaven above,  
Where all is peace and light and love.

The story's old, the story's new;  
We bloom for you the whole year through  
To bring its lesson home to you  
Upon an Easter morning.

Be sweet, be pure, and lift your voice  
With all who do this day rejoice,  
For that new life that never dies,—  
A life with Him in Paradise.