

Eric's companion happily believed in his own dear mother's ways, and in going with her to the house of God. His Sundays, during his holidays, were his very happiest days, and though he loved Eric very much, he loved his mother still more. The boys were true friends, and when Eric invited him he did not argue the matter, but used to say: "Any day for boating but Sunday."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1901.

JESUS' LAMBS.

Mary and May were walking across a field from school one day, when they saw some sheep with red letters painted on their fleeces. "Oh, see, May!" said Mary; "those sheep have some marks on them." "I wonder what they are for." "That's the mark the farmer knows his lambs by. Don't you know what teacher told us about Jesus having marks for his sheep?" "Yes; but Jesus doesn't have marks like that on his lambs." "No, Jesus puts his mark in us, on our souls, not on our bodies." Mary was right.

But Jesus isn't the only one who puts marks on people's souls. Satan loves to put great ugly black stains even on little children's souls. The marks that Jesus puts on are beautiful ones, and by and by will make all the life and even the face beautiful too; but Satan's marks are ugly ones, with nothing beautiful about them. Let Jesus put his dear mark on you, and then Satan cannot put his on you. To obtain his mark you must give him your heart.

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.

A NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW.

The French Huguenots often talked to their children of the glory of holding fast to their faith, and enduring persecution nobly. One day a troop of soldiers came to a village to arrest all the Huguenots. The father and mother determined to escape. They loaded their one little donkey with vegetables, hiding their little son among the cabbage, and charging him to keep silent no matter what happened. The mother, with a basket of carrots, walked ahead. So they started off. They were soon discovered by the soldiers, one of whom asked their destination. "To market," answered the father. The soldier plunged his sword into the basket, "to see if the cabbage are tender," he said. Not a sound was heard, and with a hearty "*bon voyage*" the soldiers galloped off. After they had disappeared from sight, the parents hastened to open the basket. They found that their son had been stabbed through the thigh. He was suffering terribly, and yet the brave boy had not uttered a sound.

FOOLHARDINESS.

Several lads were one day amusing themselves by walking on the top rail of a bridge which crossed a swift flowing stream. At first they only ventured on that portion of the bridge which was built above the river's bank. Presently one of them challenged the others to walk its entire length.

"You dare not do it yourself, Mr. Tom!" cried several voices.

"Don't I! I'll show you that I dare to do what all you fellows are afraid to attempt!" responded Tom.

After this foolish speech the lad sprang upon the railing and proceeded to walk along the narrow rail. But when he was half-way across, he looked down on the rushing water, became dizzy, toppled over, and fell with a great splash into the stream. His companions stood terror-stricken, expecting that he would surely be drowned. Fortunately, however, two men in a boat were crossing the river at a point just below, where its movement was less rapid, and they, after much effort, caught poor Tom, and lifted him out of the water half-dead. Talking of Tom's mishap, shortly after, one of the lads exclaimed: "What a courageous fellow Tom is!"

Does my reader see any real courage in Tom's conduct? If he does, I do not. He was daring, he was rash, he was foolhardy; but he was not courageous, for courage is a thoughtful virtue, which only confronts danger because of some good it seeks to accomplish. But Tom's silly vanity, his vain desire to be thought brave, moved him to risk his life for no good reason. Of all such rash young fellows, Butler, an old poet, says truly enough:

"If any yet be so foolhardy
To expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come off wounded and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim."

TED AND THE GARDENER.

"I s'pose," said Ted, sitting down easily on the wheelbarrow, and resting his elbow on his knees and his chin in his hands, "I s'pose you see a good many nice things outdoors first and last."

The gardener was mending his hoe, which had a fashion of losing its head when it hit a hard weed. "Yes, I s'pose I do," he answered. "I never get tired of watching honey bees, for one thing; they're the knowingest lot of critters you ever see—like folks considerable."

"O, tell me about them," said Ted, who was always hungry for stories; "I've never been very near ours, 'cause mamma's afraid I'll get stung."

"Wall, you might, till you get acquainted with 'em like. I was noticing of 'em not long since with a strange bee. They pestered it to get its honey. You see, they didn't want to kill it, 'cause then they couldn't get it; but they hectored it till it dropped its load out of its pockets and flew off."

"Pockets? What kind, like mine?" said Ted, putting his hands in them.

"No, not quite; but hairy places on their sides. The hairs hold the honey-comb in, you see."

"O, yes, but do go on, please," said Ted.

"Wall, they get a load, and put it into their pockets, first one side and then the other, till they're full. It's funny to see them run up a stalk of timothy and get dusty all over from it. They dust themselves off with their feet, and put the dust into their pockets. When they are loader they take a bee line for home."

"Oh, what is that?" asked Ted.

"Straight as they can go. If you move the hive a little ways, they'll bump up ag'in it, and they fly off and try it ag'in till they hit the opening."

"O, go on," said Ted, who was afraid the hoe would be finished before the bee story.

"They air out the hive hot days by gittin' round the open places and then fluttering their wings like all possessed. I put a piece of paper in the top of the hive one day, and it blew round as if it was in a little whirlwind."

"Oh, isn't it funny!" said Ted (he meant queer). "I mean to get acquainted with 'em myself. I do think outdoors is a great deal more interesting than school," he added, with a sigh.

"Wall, you see, folks that can't go to school have to use their eyes; but it's nice when you can do both."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Ted, doubtfully.
—Churchman.