

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said, the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep so
sound,
The earth keeps turning over all the time,
And every morning it's been halfway
round.

I thought how grand to see the big round
world
Go turning past this window in the hall;
And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch,
And there is nothing going by at all.

I thought that deserts, palm trees, and
giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I
came;
And now, instead of all those lovely
things,
Here's this old yellow rosebush just
the same.

—Century Magazine.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

"JESUS DIED FOR ME."

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble; but every one loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would

go when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus 'died for me.'"

Children, can you say, each of you, from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour!" If you can, then you too may know that heaven will be your home.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

I recently heard an incident that may prove a lesson to somebody. A well-to-do citizen of a city not a thousand miles from this city, who is a hard-drinking man, had a sweet little daughter to whom, when sober, he was devotedly attached, but when drunk he was inclined to be ugly. In the latter condition he was frequently in the habit of calling her to him for a kiss. If she hesitated, the maudlin beast would rap her on the head with his cane, knuckles, or whatever came handy. The result was that after a while his mere approach served to throw the little one into convulsions in anticipation of the blows she expected to receive. All this appeared to please him while he played upon her fears, and the slyer she grew the severer grew the punishment that followed the forced caress.

Finally she was taken ill, and the physician who was summoned pronounced it a case of brain fever. On examining her head he found it full of knots and bruises. It was necessary to make a further diagnosis, and the father was informed that the child must die. The intelligence sobered him, and he insisted on being at her bedside continually. Just before the child breathed her last she looked at him wearily, while the little head tossed from side to side in pain, and said, "Papa, I ain't afraid of oo, now; oo may tise me now as much as oo please, and oo may knock my poor head, too, if oo wants, papa, for I ain't goin' to tubble oo any more!" and with that she turned her baby face to the wall, and slept the sleep that knows no waking.

The father, recognizing at last what he had done, uttered a cry and fell to the floor. The physician who described the scene, says he has in the father another patient, who will never recover, for his mind is gone, and he wanders around the house, moaning and weeping for his murdered child. This is related by a St. Joseph minister as a true story.—Selected.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the Senator recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall, "I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter. Her last words to me when I left home for Albany being: 'Papa, be true to me.' I gave the poem that title."

It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass?
Well, I'll tell you the reason why;
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever
standing by,
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of
the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass be true,
better than let it pass by?
I know you'll think my refusal to drink
a breach of your courtesy;
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet,
and her dear little form I see,
As with loving embrace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love
most, whose dear little will I obey;
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet
over life's toilsome way;
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of
mine, from sorrow may she be free;
For with baby grace she hath kissed my
face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."

—New York World.

"SACRED MONEY."

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking about their "sacred money." On inquiring what they meant, he found that they faithfully set apart a tenth of all money that came into their hands, using it for Christian work. They often gave more to this fund, never less. Their father said that they had themselves invented the expression "sacred money."

Many children might copy this good example, and so have a little fund ready to draw on when they want to help in sending the Gospel to the heathen, or to give Christmas presents to a mission school. How many of you will try the plan, little friends, and so gain for yourselves also a blessing from Him who sends you all the money you have?

The pledge,
The symbol
The sign of
Of truth a
The good and
The proud
But 'tis the f
And strikes

The pledge,
Like a sm
And pours th
On long be
It is a sword
'Tis armour
A sure and t
When temp

Oh, bravely s
The hosts o
And glorious
The world
And, as the s
Her guardi
E'en so shall
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And she who
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She who hath
And bid th
Shall win a
And do a r
When, breaki
She stands
—Natio

LESS

FOU
STUDIES I

JOSHUA

Josh. 24. 14-5

Choose you
serve.—Josh.

QUESTI

Who called
Joshua. Wha
sav last words
was old and r
first tell them
the Lord to th
to put away?
still worship i
learn to do so
do so in Egy
must choose th
serve. Whom
God. What
"The Lord ou
did Joshua ma
What is a cov
two. Have w