

CRUMBS FOR ROBIN.

"Let us pull the curtain,"
Said little Nell to Doll;
"And in the warm we'll watch the storm,
And see the snow-flakes fall.

"Then when the storm is over,
And winds have ceased to blow,
We'll put some bread for robin red,
Upon the frozen snow.

"You see he must be hungry,
There's nought for him to eat;
He often comes for bits of crumbs;
I trace his little feet

"Right close up to the window,
Three marks as plain as plain;
I'm sure he'd be most glad to see
Some crumbs of bread again."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

POWER OF LOVE.

Two girls were going to a neighbouring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell.

One of them was murmuring and fretting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket.

The other went along smiling and singing, and seemed to be happy all the way.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said: "How can you be so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know that you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it."

"O," said the other, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant which I put on top of my load, and it makes it so light that I can hardly feel it."

"Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my

load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root; and there's no telling the relief it gives. Its name is 'love'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much that he died to save my soul. This makes me love him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket or anything else, I think to myself, 'I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love him;' and this makes everything easy and pleasant."

FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time, in a farmer's garden, there lived five little peas in a tiny house that people called a pod. The little peas were green, the little pod was green, and the vine that held the pod was green. "All the world is green," thought the little peas.

The warm sun shone upon the vine, and the raindrops fell, oh, so softly, and gave them all nice cool drinks. The vine grew, and the pod grew, and the little peas grew very fast, so fast that they were crowded in their tiny house and wanted to get out. "I'm tired of staying here," said one little pea.

"I don't want to be cooped up forever in this dark place," said a second little pea.

"I want to see the world," said a third little pea.

"I'm afraid we shall grow hard," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea cried, he wanted to get out so badly.

The days grew warmer and warmer, and the vine turned yellow, and the pod turned yellow, and the little peas turned yellow.

"All the world is yellow," thought the little peas.

One day a very strange thing happened to the little peas; their little house burst right open, and the five little peas fell on the ground. A little boy saw them, and ran just as fast as he could, and picked them up.

"What fine peas for my pea-shooter," said the little boy, as he picked out the largest pea and threw it just as far as he could.

"I shall never come back," said the next little pea, when he felt himself going higher and higher.

"I am going to the sun," said the third little pea, as he flew upward through the air.

"Good-bye," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea was left all alone. The boy put him in his shooter, and the little baby pea flew right into an open window and fell on the floor near a little sick girl's bed. Her mamma picked him up and planted the little pea in a flower pot where the little girl could see it.

"O mamma," said the little sick girl, "I think I shall get better now."

"I hope you will, darling," said her mother, and sure enough, when the little

plant awoke and grew higher and higher, the little girl could come and look at the green leaves, and give the little pea-vine nice cool drinks.

MRS. GRAY'S SCHOOL.

BY MARY LOMBARD BRODHEAD.

This school was very select, as it had only three scholars.

There were many things about it that seem a little odd. There were no multiplication tables, no slates and pencils, not even pen and ink.

They had language lessons, but no spelling books or first readers. They were taught to tell time in a fashion—but everything was done so quickly that they had no use for hours, minutes or even seconds. They were trained to act by winks, flashes, and such tiny bits of time.

Indeed, forty winks was counted quite a recess by these lively scholars.

Mrs. Gray was very strict in all this, and they had many pretty exercises with strings, flying leaves and even with their own little coat-tails to teach them that "now" does not mean "pretty soon."

Tidiness was another lesson in which Mrs. Gray drilled her little people. As often as they got hot and untidy, they were made to sit down quietly and make themselves neat. Each scholar had a little pink brush that she was taught to use so well that when dressing-time was over they all looked as neat as a new pin. It is greatly to the credit of the school that no one ever cried or pouted over the tidiness lesson, and soon all the scholars learned to polish their neat little nails without any special orders.

Natural history lessons were given out of doors and everybody enjoyed them. Mrs. Gray would take them out under the trees where they could watch the habits of birds, and then to the fields where they were shown the nests of the field-mice and the grassy little cribs of the baby rabbits.

On rainy days Mrs. Gray often took the school to the barn and gave them a lecture on rats and mice.

Although the school had no gymnasium, nor dumb-bells, nor Indian clubs, there were plenty of lessons in athletics. That means learning how to grow active and strong. They ran and leaped, and jumped and climbed, trying to do just what Mrs. Gray did. As their teacher had always worn loose, comfortable clothes she was able to lead them in all these things.

Perhaps you are thinking that there was more fun and frolic than study in this odd school. So one might say about kindergarten if he did not know better. But if you will think a minute you will see that these little scholars learned promptness, tidiness, cleanliness, patience, observation and obedience.

Long names for little learners, aren't they? But they are good lessons even for little people, and Mrs. Gray's scholars were only little kittens and Mrs. Gray was the old mother-cat.