

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next-best dolls, and give them to Mary Flannagan and Katie Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother, Johnny; for, though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think that he will enjoy it more, for he has never had a sled."

And the little girl ran off, feeling happy at the idea of making others happy, even at some cost to herself.—*Olive Plants.*

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Herean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Herean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Herean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street,  
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUENTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

### LOVING SERVICE.

A lady was walking home from a shopping excursion carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing voice arose:

"I's too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street-car going in her direction. She took one of her parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her and help her to carry the bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying, stoutly: "I'll tarry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the

homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burdens, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."

### TWO BABIES.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

Jessie was wheeling Baby Ned up and down the sidewalk in his little cart. Baby was laughing and crowing and jumping up and down so hard that sometimes he nearly fell out, but Jessie looked as cross and unhappy as a little girl can look.

"I'm just tired of taking care of baby all the time," she said to herself. "I wish I was Florence Lee, she doesn't have any baby to 'tend to."

Just at that minute along came another little girl wheeling a big carriage.

"Hello, Jessie," she said. "Come and see my baby!"

"Why, it's Florence," said Jessie, making haste to see the strange baby.

"I have to keep her covered up," said Florence, "it's the first time she has been out." "Oh, she's asleep," whispered Jessie, as the pretty robe was folded back. "Why, no, she's—she's a rag baby, Florence!"

"Yes," said Florence, beginning to laugh, "I wanted a baby to play with so badly that mamma made me this one. Only she's not nearly so nice as Baby Ned."

"Oh!" said Jessie, and she was quite still for a whole minute.

"Would you like to wheel Ned for a while?" she said.

"Wouldn't I!" said Florence. "Let's put him in my carriage. We'll leave this old rag doll in the cart in our yard."

So poor rag baby was left all alone in the cart, and the two little girls took turns pushing the carriage with the real baby in it, till before they knew it, dinner-time had come.

"I'm glad you're not a rag baby, brother Ned," said Jessie as she lifted him out, "and I won't be cross any more when I have to take care of you."—*Jewels.*

### HELPFULNESS.

One day last winter, when snow covered the ground and a blizzard was raging, a street-car came to a standstill on the upgrade of a hillside. A descendant of Ham, with a mule of the same ebony hue attached to a heavily loaded cart, obstructed the track just ahead of us. The driver whipped and goaded and encouraged, and the dumb beast tugged and strained, but in vain; the slippery stones destroyed his power of locomotion. The shivering passengers, some of them, complained and scolded, and made matters worse, until a happy thought struck motor-

man and conductor at the same moment. The current was turned on, the car gently moved forward until it touched the rear end of the cart, and quietly pushed cart and mule up the hill. The driver smiled from ear to ear, the passengers laughed and applauded, and, as well as we could make out from his light step and shaking sides and ears moving to and fro, the mule himself was laughing heartily over the novel experience. No doubt he enjoyed it thoroughly. The track was soon clear, and we passed on our way.

Herein is a parable for Christian workers. Don't scold and complain at others who are struggling up the same hillside as yourself, but give them a push. You help yourself best by helping others. Obstructions occur constantly on slippery tracks. It is not only our business to reach our journey's end, but also to help those whom we pass on the way who need our help.

### LUCY'S NEW SHOES.

One day Lucy's papa brought her home a pair of beautiful new shoes, with patent leather tips that shone so brightly Lucy could almost see her face in them.

Lucy was very proud of them. She put them on and tip-toed all around the room. While she was admiring them in this way, her mamma said, "Lucy, if you go out to play, put on your old shoes."

"Yes'm," said Lucy, and she really meant to; but her brother Harry called her to come to the brook with him to sail his boat. She forgot about her shoes till something dreadful happened!

When they reached the brook Harry wanted to cross to the other side, where it was shady. He found some stones, which he placed in the water for Lucy and him to step on. Harry skipped over, and Lucy was following, when slip went one of the stones, and splash went Lucy into the water.

"Oh, Harry, I've ruined my new shoes!" And coming out of the water, she sat upon the bank and cried.

"It's all my fault," said Harry; "I ought to have helped you across."

"No, it's my fault," said Lucy; "I ought to have remembered what mamma told me."

Lucy went to the house and told her mamma her trouble. Her mamma didn't scold her, but she said, "I'm very sorry my little girl's memory is so poor. She has spoiled her new shoes in consequence. But I'm glad she has come straight to mamma with her trouble. Now, it's no use to cry over what is done, your crying won't make your shoes new again. Put on your old ones and go back to Harry and sail your boat."

Lucy put her arms around her mamma's neck, and said, "You're the dearest mamma in the world!" And I think she was very sweet.