

JAMIE'S WISH.

"O please, mamma, may I stay up,
Just once, until I see
The short hand pointing to the nine
The long one to the three?"

"It is so hard for me to shut
My eyes at half-past seven,
While brother Bob sits up and reads,
Sometimes until eleven.

"Just once, dear Jamie, if you wish,"
Said mamma, and he tried
To be quite happy as he pressed
Close to his brother's side.

He watched the fire, he watched the clock,
And thought it very fine;
Alas! the "sand man" closed his eyes
Before the hour of nine.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1901.

A SUNDAY SEA STORY.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

What was the cloud that suddenly came over the bright faces of our little fishing party? It was Saturday evening, and the sun was dropping down behind their backs, as they stood on the long wharf jutting out into the sea, fishing for crabs.

Do you know how to fish for crabs? You have a line, and a pole if you choose, but no hook; little Bess held the line, on which was tied a scrap of raw meat, and looking down into the salt waves she presently saw a gay-coloured thing, with a shell, and a strange collection of feet and legs, rise to the surface and seize hold of her bait.

Then right away, out of some deep

place, there came another crab, and seized hold of the first one. This made the line so heavy that little Bess might have toppled over if it hadn't been for papa's holding on to her.

Now it was George's time. He carried the little dip-net with the open mouth, fastened to a long pole; this he now dipped down quickly under the crabs, lifting them up shining and dripping and kicking.

If you ask me what part Baby Buntin' took in the fishing, I can't tell you, except that she screamed with delight every time a crab was brought up, and a great many other times, too.

But as the sun was setting, it was time to go back to the hotel and tell about what we had done. Then the cloud I spoke of came over the faces of the crabbers.

"What's the matter, fishermen?" asked papa, looking from boy to girl.

"To-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Bess; "mamma said we couldn't catch any crabs to-morrow."

"I wish Sunday wouldn't come to-morrow," sighed George.

"Why, little folks!" cried papa, "the sea has the most beautiful Sunday stories in the world to tell; we'll come down to the shore to-morrow, and listen for one."

With that promise they trooped back joyfully to mamma.

So, bright and early Sunday morning, they all went off to the shore, and mamma went along this time.

"The story the sea is going to tell you to-day," said papa, "is of an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"O papa! you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," said papa, and he pointed to a bright-coloured flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower," exclaimed mamma.

"Do you think so?" said papa. "Can a flower be afraid? Look here!" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long pink leaves had curled up, and it a sea anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked papa. "Look here!" he caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where papa said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which men call saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue or teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off this rock, to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another and fasten itself there. Now let us remember that God has filled the earth and sky and sea

with marvels like this; and greater than this; then we can look up to him this morning and say, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

WHAT MARION FOUND.

Little Marion had sat at the window long enough watching the boys outside making their snow man, and now she wanted to go out and help.

Now she was a sensible little girl for one of her years. Instead of crying, as most little girls do, she went to mamma and asked the following question:

"Mamma, please, can I help Charlie make his snow man?" She had such a pitiful look on her face that mamma put on her little red cloak and fur-lined bonnet, and armed her with the fire-shovel, so that she might shovel snow.

But her older brothers did not want her in the way. She had to content herself with shovelling snow all by herself. She said to Charlie, "I'm goin' to shovel a path under this clothes-line for mamma." She trotted off merrily and went to work, but made no perceptible progress, so far as the path was concerned.

Charlie was a little lame, and could not play as long as the other boys, so he concluded to see what his little sister was doing. As he approached her, with a big lump of snow in his hand, he heard her calling to him and holding something up for his inspection.

"Why, Marion, what have you found in the snow?" he asked. "Why, it is a little sparrow that has been frozen."

"Poor little sparrow," responded Marion. After showing it to mamma, they buried it, and Marion went to find poor sparrow's brothers."

A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or any one who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."