

said: "Little brother, I've got a new rule myself, and it fits my heart. You may tell Miss Alice if you want to, that my mother will not have to cry about me any more."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1899.

WHERE THE QUEEN LIVED.

The children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and died of fever during the Ashanti campaign, live with their grandmother at Windsor. Recently two little girls from London, The Youth's Companion relates, came down to spend the day with the little Battenbergs, and it so happened that Her Majesty paid a visit to the nursery, and found them there.

The young visitors were taken aback; they had not expected to see the queen, and had not been instructed how to conduct themselves in the presence of royalty; but they had been well brought up and knew their Bibles, and they thought at once of Daniel before King Darius. They decided that what Daniel had done must be correct, so the pair threw themselves on their faces on the floor at her astonished Majesty's feet, and cried out with a loud voice:

"O Queen, live forever!"

However, this proved an excellent introduction, and presently the queen and they became great friends. She took one of them on her knee, and all three chatted together in the friendliest way.

"Whereabouts in London do you young people live?" asked the queen.

"Oh," said the little girl on her knee, "we live just opposite W.'s," naming one of the new mammoth stores that have become such marked features of the London of to-day.

"But, please, won't you tell us where you live when you go to London?" said the other little friend.

The queen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then remembered that in Buckingham Palace Road there is also a mammoth store. "Oh," said she, smiling, "in London I live opposite Gorrings's."

President Lincoln, being at one time asked, after a long voyage along the coast on a steamboat, how he was, replied: "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming along, and am not altogether over it yet." "Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff officer; "that's the best remedy I know for seasickness." "No, no, no, my young friend," replied the President. "I've seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that very article." That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

A CURIOUS THING.

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

Sunbeam came to my house one day—
"Is there any place here for shadows to hide?"

They tell me that shadows are cold and gray;

But before I can catch them they run away.
If I find one, I'll cheer him up," he cried.

He searched about through the great big house,

A dear little fellow warm and bright,
In closets, in corners, in mamma's hair,
In grandpa's face, and oh, everywhere!
But wherever he went it was only light.

Now Love looked into my house that day—
"Could Hate in here be hiding his head?"

They tell me that Hate is ugly and bad.
Perhaps, if we found him, we'd make him glad.

Oh, please, may I look and try?" he said.

Love met Sunbeam hunting about—

"Have you found your shadows, friend Sunbeam?"—"Nay,
Not I," said Sunbeam; "they don't live here."

"Nor Hate," said Love; "for this house is dear.

Let's look for a place to abide a way!"

Sweetheart Lucy came running in,
Bright as a robin just out of bed.

Sunbeam sprang to her eyes so brown;
Love in her warm heart nestled down—
"We have the nicest place in the world!"
they said.

Now the curious thing, which I haven't told
Is something I never could quite make out—
For never a shadow can show his head,
And Hate, I think, must be really dead,
When my little Lucy is playing about.

PLENTY OF TIME.

"Get the money to me by the end of the month and everything will be all right," the agent had written, and John Groves had looked at the date and felt easy. A letter would go to Fieldtown in twenty-four hours, and now it was only the eighth of the month.

"It is all right, Mary," he cried, gaily, as he went into the kitchen where his wife was at work. "After waiting ten years, we are able to buy the old homestead back. The owner has decided to go to California, and is now willing to sell. It is the finest property in all that section; and besides, it is our old homestead."

"You are quite sure, John?" said his wife, an eager wistfulness in her voice.

"Quite sure. There are several others waiting to snap it up, but we have forty-eight hours' option. That makes it absolutely safe. I will send a cheque at once."

A few minutes later he turned to his son, who was busy with some fishing tackle

"Here, Bob," he said, "take this letter to the post-office. It must go out on tonight's mail. There is only one mail a day toward Fieldtown, and to-morrow night's will be too late."

Bob took the letter, but as he passed the table he slipped the fishing tackle into his pocket.

It was a mile to the post-office, and midway was a clear, swift-running brook, spanned by a foot-bridge. As he went along, Bob looked keenly at the bushes on either side. Presently he found what he wanted,—a straight alder ten or twelve feet in length, light enough to handle, but sufficiently strong to whip a narrow stream for trout. It was now only two o'clock, and the mail did not go out until six. There was plenty of time. He would fish for a couple of hours and then take the letter to the post-office.

A half-hour at the bridge persuaded him that fishing would be better down by the bend, where the water was overshadowed by willows and maples; and a half-hour there convinced him that trout were more plentiful further on. When the low position of the sun in the sky brought him to a sudden realization of the time of day, he was nearly two miles from the bridge.

He had no watch, but it couldn't be much past four, he told himself anxiously, as he threw the pole away and thrust the line into his pocket—at least he hoped it couldn't.

But for all that, a great fear was at his heart as he ran on and on, not even slackening his speed at the bridge, though every muscle in his body was protesting against the strain. It was only when he reached the very steps of the post-office that he stopped with a sudden whitening of his face. A long quivering whistle sounded from the other side of the village. He knew what that meant. The train was approaching the station. The mail had gone out—and he was five minutes late.