

fond hands smoothing his coat, and all the family gathered about to see Bunny eating again.

But Miss Louise must go back to school on Monday, and two weeks passed before she went home again. What was her grief then to learn that Bunny was dead. As soon as she had left him he had refused to eat. No one could persuade him to touch a morsel of anything.

So the affectionate little creature pined with loneliness for his dear Miss Louise and soon the loyal, loving heart had ceased to beat; but many summers passed ere Miss Louise forgot her pet.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 8, 1903.

GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes; and he had sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack. I worked drearily hard for him, and he never said, 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one; and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And throwing his arms around my neck, he said: "It's God's thank you."—*Domestic Journal*.

A HARD WORD TO SAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish that I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's faults does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like the rest of us: he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say.

But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So he went to the one that he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

"I FORGOT."

"I forgot" is a little fox that does a great deal of harm. Annie had a beautiful canary. But one day she forgot to put fresh food and water in the cage. For several days together she forgot all about her bird; and when she did think of him, and went to take him food and water, there he lay dead on the bottom of his cage.

She cried very bitterly, but this did not make Dicky bird live again.

Tom lighted a candle one night, and carelessly threw down the match. His mother had often told him that he must not do this; but he forgot, and the match fell into a basket of rubbish. That night, while the people were asleep, the fire spread from one thing to another, until at last the whole house, and all that was in it, was burned; and all because Tom "forgot."—*Olive Plants*.

MORNING PRAYER.

Father, help thy little child;
Make me truthful, good, and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak;
What is right may I pursue,
What is wrong refuse to do,
What is evil seek to shun:
This I ask through Christ, thy son.

—*Selected*.

AN ACORN.

Norna had been sick a long while, and she was so tired of lying in bed that all the family tried to amuse her. Papa brought her a little musical box, and mamma gave her picture books; Tom bought a new game for her, and Dotty a bunch of grapes. Even baby offered her an acorn which he picked up under the great oak tree. What a beautiful thing it was, fitting neatly in its tiny saucer! and what a dainty saucer, too, with row after row of wee brown scales folded so prettily over each other! Mamma hung the acorn over a glass of water, and told Norna that now she could see it grow.

"But how can it find its way to the water, mamma?" asked Norna.

"Watch and see," said mamma, smiling; and Norna began to watch it. The next day she thought that the acorn looked a little larger; but soon after that, O dear! there was a dreadful crack all along its side.

"It is spoiled, mamma," sighed Norna; "it will never grow now."

"Watch and see," again said mamma.

Norna did watch. At last she saw something white and something green coming out of the crack. The white shoot grew down into the water, and made a root; but the green shoot grew upward, and made two little leaves, and so the acorn turned into a baby oak. And Norna so enjoyed watching it that she forgot she was sick, and was almost as happy as if she had been outdoors in the sunshine.

"Your little girl is much better," said the doctor to mamma. "She is well enough to play in the yard. This new medicine has helped her." And nobody knew that the little acorn had helped her as much as the medicine.—*Youth's Companion*.