

## BABY'S DREAM.

WHAT does baby dream about?  
 Little angels at their play  
 In the gardens of delight  
 Winding in a shining chain  
 'Mid the roses red and white?  
 By his smile I have no doubt  
 Something sweet he dreams about.

Does he dream that silver stars  
 Hang in clusters from the trees,  
 Making a soft, tinkling tune  
 In the warm and fragrant breeze,  
 Gathered from the store of toys  
 For good baby girls and boys?

Is he listening as he sleeps  
 To an angel lullaby  
 Wafted over flowery fields,  
 Sweeter than the south wind's sigh?  
 By his look I have no doubt  
 Something sweet he dreams about.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897.

## THE FLOWER COMMITTEE.

THE Lookout Committee of the Junior Christian Endeavour Society reported that Helen Connor had missed two meetings. The Calling Committee sent one of its members to her home. She was found quite ill. So the Calling Committee notified the Flower Committee, and they had a meeting and resolved to send some one of their number with a bouquet and pleasing message. Pearl Adams was chosen to go, and when she had prepared a beautiful bouquet, to which a pretty card was tied with a comforting verse of Scripture and the best wishes of the Junior Christian Endeavour, Pearl took the street-cars for the long ride to Helen's home. How glad Helen was to see her, and how much joy she felt in her own heart from doing one of the things he would like to have her do!

## A TURKEY FOR ONE.

LURA's Uncle Roy is in Japan. He used to take Christmas dinner at Lura's home. Now he could only write to her father to say a box of gifts had been sent, and one was for his little girl.

The little girl clapped her hands, crying: "O mother! don't you think it is the chain and locket dear uncle said he would some time give me?"

"No," replied her father, reading on. "Your uncle says it is a turkey for one."

"But we do not need turkeys from Japan," remarked the little daughter, soberly.

Her father smiled, and handed the open letter to her mother.

"Read it aloud, every bit," begged Lura, seeing her mother was smiling too.

But her mother folded the letter and said nothing.

On Christmas Eve the box, which had just arrived, was opened, and every one in the house was made glad with a present. Lura's was a papier-mache turkey, nearly as large as the one brought home at the same time by the market-boy.

Next morning, while the fowl in the kitchen was being roasted, Lura placed hers before a window and watched people admire it as they passed. All its imitation feathers, and even more its red wattles, seemed to wish every man and woman, boy and girl, a merry Christmas.

Lura had not spoken of the jewellery since her uncle's letter was read. It is not nice for one who receives a gift to wish it was different. Lura was not that kind of a child.

When dinner was nearly over, her father said to her: "My dear, you have had as much of my turkey as you wanted; if you please, I will now try some of yours."

"Mine is what Uncle Roy calls a turkey for one?" laughed Lura. She turned in her chair toward where her bird had been strutting on the window sill, and added, in surprise: "Why, what has become of him?"

At that moment the servant brought in a huge platter. When room had been made for it on the table it was set down in front of Lura's father, and on the dish was her turkey.

"O what fun!" gaily exclaimed the child. "Did uncle tell you to pretend to serve it?"

"I have not finished what he directs me to do," her father said, with a flourish of the carving-knife.

"But, father—O please!" Her hand was on his arm. "You would not spoil my beautiful bird from Japan!"

A hidden spring was touched with the point of the knife. The breast opened, and disclosed the fowl filled with choice toys and other things. The first taken out was a tiny box; inside was a gold chain and locket; the locket held Uncle Roy's picture.

It was a turkey for one—for only Uncle Roy's niece. But all the family shared the amusement.

## A PERILOUS SPOT.

IT's a dangerous place sometimes for those who don't know my nursery floor, And I'd advise those who are timid at all to keep well outside the door; There are lions at large, and bears and cows, and animals wild like that, Parading around most all the time, and a great big plooshy cat.

My Pa came into that room one day to see who was blowing the horn, And before he looked where he walked he stepped on top of a unicorn; And the fast express from old Bureauville—as fast as the wind it goes— Came whistling over the railway track, and ran right over his toes.

And when he jumped back to get out of the way a big man-of-war sailed by, And clipped the end of his heel, it did, and a cannon-ball hit his eye, A cannon-ball shot by General Zinc bombarding a Brownie band That peeped from the edge of the old soap-dish we keep on the oak wash-stand.

And once in the dark he tripped on the ark, and fell on the Ferris wheel, And bumped his head on a waggon red, and broke off my steam-launch keel; And when he got up to leave the room, the very first thing he knew

He got in the midst of some lead Arabs, and made a great hullabaloo.

And that's why I say it's a dangerous place for those who've not been there before,

With lions and boats and bears and carts strewn everywhere over the floor, And unless I'm home when you visit me, there isn't a bit of a doubt, Instead of a-venturing in there alone you'd better by far keep out.

## A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A CERTAIN old man used to say to his grand-daughter, when she was naughty in any way: "Mary, Mary, take care; there's a mouse in the pantry!" She would often cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap: but she never found one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't any pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often." He smiled and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and make you sometimes cross, and peevish, and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—a trap of watchfulness." After that she caught and killed so many of these mice that she quite cleared her pantry of them.