

SWINGING IN DREAMLAND.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland,
There, sweet, in slumbering,
My song will blend in seem-land
With songs the angels sing;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollows folden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swinging, swinging.
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish up-springing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Altho' thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1906.

FATHER WATCHED ALL NIGHT.

Little Ella and her father were once travelling together, and in order to reach their home it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside his little girl's hat, and spreading out cloaks and shawls, said, "Now we rest."

But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one, as she asked, "Father, how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart; "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully that, in place of what had been a little girl there seemed

only a great bundle of shawls. But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say: "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her, and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance, and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few moments, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there just in sight, was her own dear home. She could even see her mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. Their first meeting was too full of joy for many words to be spoken; but after those close embraces and warm kisses were over, the mother asked: "And so my little girl has been travelling all night! Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh no, mother, not at all; I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it—all night, mother, he watched over me! At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him, and shut my eyes and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I drew close to him, and before I knew it I was really and truly sound asleep."

Then the mother told her child of the other good Father who watches over all of his children, not only one night, but every night of their lives. And though grown to womanhood now, Ella still remembers them and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling: "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thoughts on waking to the beauties of the morning light are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.

ESTHER'S FIVE BIRTHDAYS.

Esther had really had six birthdays, and this was her seventh; but there were only five to read about in mother's diary. Esther had just learned to read writing, and if her mother had not written a very plain hand indeed, I don't think the little girl could have spelled it out.

There was nothing written the day she was born; but the next year, the day she was one year old, there was this entry, and the ink was already a little faded—already, though the little one had hardly learned to read it:

"My little daughter is a year old to-day; may God make her a blessing to me."

And then Esther turned the pages, page after page, for a whole year's writing, and found the date again:

"Esther's second birthday; may God spare her to bless her father's life and mine."

The next year there was nothing written, for a little baby-boy had come into

the family, and mother was too busy to write in diaries. But the next, her birthday was marked by a tiny little flower pasted in the book, with these words: "May the darling be like this flower; living to shed sweetness on others."

Then came the fifth birthday; but ah, there were many tear-drops on the pages now! God had taken the little black-eyed boy to play in the garden of Paradise, and mother had written in a trembling hand, "Heavenly Father, spare me this child, and make her worthy of being an angel's sister."

And there was only one more birthday. Esther remembered that well; she had had a party, with six little girls invited, and six little candles burning on her cake, and lots of fun; but mother's diary didn't tell any of that; it only said, "I ask as a birthday gift for my darling, the grace to be thy child."

"I thought birthdays were for getting things," said the little girl to herself; "but mother only thinks about my being things."

And before she went to bed, Essie peeped into the old leather-covered diary again, and read:

"Seven years old to-day! Lord, prepare the darling for what thou art preparing for her."

THE CANDY BUTTONS.

Grandma could not believe her eyes. She had herself sewed buttons on Margaret and Dorothy's new clothes; and now here they were come to have their little waists and petticoats buttoned, and not a button to be seen. Grandma was sure they were good buttons, for she had taken them out of the package mamma brought home with a lot of Christmas shopping.

The little girls with laughing faces stood in front of her, holding up their little clothes from dropping down, watching her astonishment. Then Dorothy said: "I'm going to 'fess, grandma."

"And I will, too," said Margaret. "We ate the buttons, grandma."

"Ate buttons! O, Margaret, you'll die! When did you do it? Answer quickly."

"O, grandma, they were candy, and so good!" and Margaret smacked her rosy lips. "Dorothy wetted her finger to rub a speck of black off of one, and it tasted sweet; and then we bit one, and it was just like yellow taffy; and we ate them all before we thought, and our clothes fell down; and, please, won't you forgive us?"

Dear white-haired grandma laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when mamma said she had bought the candy buttons for a Christmas joke, never dreaming grandma would be caught.

Perhaps I could read the snow-flake note
Which fluttered down to me to-day,
And learn the news the angels wrote,
—If I knew the postage to pay.