

ON GUARD.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp, and clever,
He's sure to get away from you
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out, he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you to know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this most dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue.

—Jewels.

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"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

The apostle John, who is called the disciple whom Jesus loved, when writing to the early Christians, bade them "love one another." A little girl, who had learned this beautiful Bible text was asked by her older sister what it meant.

"Why, this is what it means," she answered. "I must love you and you must love me; and I'm one and you're another."

Surely this little girl understood the meaning of this text. If we all learn its meaning, and then try to carry it out in our daily lives, what joy and happiness we

will bring into the lives of others. There is nothing which makes people so happy as to be loved, and the more we love others, the more we shall be loved ourselves, and, best of all, the dear Lord Jesus will love us, for he has shown us the greatest example of love the world has ever seen, and he has bidden us to love everybody, even those who do not love us. So let us do as he has told us, and he will surely bless us.

LIVING THEIR VERSE.

BY PANSY.

Hildreth had come to play with Evelyn and Lucia. They all wanted to go out and slide down the big hill behind the carriage house, but Evelyn and Lucia could not go until they had learned their Bible verse ready for their father in the evening, and had put the play-room in order. They had been fussing over these things for a good while, saying, "Oh, dear! I just can't learn that verse; it's too hard!" And, "Oh dear! just look at this play-room! It will take hours to clear it up, and we'll not have any time to play!"

When Hildreth came they were nearly ready to cry. It turned out that she had the same verse to learn, and that she thought it "awfully hard."

"Why don't you live your verse, and learn it in that way?" asked Aunt Miriam, looking in. "There are three of you, a name for each."

"What do you mean?" asked Evelyn and Lucia in the same breath.

"Why, isn't your verse about faith, hope, and charity? A name for each. Suppose Evelyn should take the name of Faith, Lucia should be Hope, and Hildreth should be Love? That is what the word charity means in this verse. In my Bible it says love." She opened her Revised Bible and showed them the word. Each little girl was pleased with her new name. They said the Bible verse together, each putting in her name in the proper place. "Now abideth, faith, hope, love, . . . and the greatest of these is love."

"You are the greatest," said Evelyn to Hildreth, "because your name is Love; but I don't see why? Why is she the greatest, auntie?"

"See if you can't find out," said Aunt Miriam. "Go to work now, and live your names! You two girls have this play-room to put in order. Faith cannot say that she doesn't believe you will get it done, because she would not be true to her name. What will you say, instead, little Faith?"

"Why," said Evelyn, "I must say, 'I just believe if we go right to work we can get it done in a little while.'" As she spoke she picked up an empty box and began to fill it with blocks.

"That is excellent," said Aunt Miriam. "Now, Hope, how will you help?"

"I'll say, 'Oh, I hope we can get it done in time to slide some before dinner.'" "

"And to show that you really hope it, what will you do?"

For answer, Lucia began to fold the dollies' dresses that were strewn about the floor, and put them away in her drawer.

Suddenly Hildreth clapped her hands. "I know what I'll do!" she cried. "I'll say 'I should just like to help you, Faith, and Hope,' and then I'll pick up these picture books and put them in nice order."

"That is the best of all," said Evelyn, "because it is so nice to have help, and Love needn't have helped unless she chose; it wasn't her work. And the picture books are the hardest to fix, because some of the leaves are out of their places."

Then they all stopped to laugh, because Aunt Miriam said, "And the greatest of these is love."

In less than an hour they were all out sliding.

HOW THEY DID IT.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy. "Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I'll not carry it!" said the little cousin with a pout.

Mother looked from her open window and saw the trouble. "One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins. "They all took hold of it together," said mother, "and they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all hard things in this world," said mother, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help."—Selected.

LEARNING TO DRINK.

A Sunday-school teacher was teaching a temperance lesson to her class of mission scholars, and asked them this question:

"Boys, I wonder how people learn to drink?"

A bright little fellow answered: "I know; by tasting."

Was he not right? Don't forget, girls and boys, that if you once begin to taste it will not be long before you will want more. The best way, the safest way, is never to taste strong drink. A good rule is "Touch not, taste not."