

the handkerchief above her head, she ran down the track. The engineer had slowed down for a curve, when he suddenly saw the child running to meet the train. He applied the air-brakes sharply and brought the train to a stand.

"Please," said the child, "my papa is asleep on the track up yonder, and I didn't want him run over."

The conductor sent a brakeman to remove the drunken sleeper, and the little heroine was praised by the trainmen and passengers. Her father came along presently, thoroughly sobered by learning of his narrow escape. He and his little girl went away together, and the train proceeded on its way. Surely he had a lesson that ought to keep him sober for ever.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0.60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0.60
5 copies and over	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.20
Less than 20 copies	0.25
Over 20 copies	0.24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.054
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address— WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

LITTLE DOT, HELPER.

"Why, Dottie, haven't you gone to bed yet? Mother's good little girl wouldn't bother her when baby is so sick. Little girls like you ought to go to bed with the chickens."

"Wif the chickens?" asked Dot, in a surprised tone; but just then baby cried and mother had to go.

Little Dot, although but five years old, had been taught to do more things for herself than most little girls of her age; for her mother had so much work to do, besides baby brother to care for.

But, like most little girls, she liked to sit up with the big folks. You let brother sit up, and he isn't half as big as I am," she would plead; but mother was firm, and off to bed she must go.

On this evening she had stopped to play and mother had to scold. Is it any wonder that, as she curled down under the bedclothes, two tiny tears peeped from under her lashes?

The next evening when mother went to tuck Dot in her little bed, no Dot was to be found. All over the house she searched and called, but no little voice answered; no little girl with yellow curls ran to meet her. Then father and the hired man were called.

"Perhaps she's in the barn with the kittens," father said.

But, no, the kittens were all sound asleep in their basket; Dot was not there.

"Here she is!" came the cry from the chicken-house. And there, sound asleep in a large cracker-box half-filled with straw, was little Dot; and two fluffy, black little chickens were pressed up against her cheek.

As father lifted her out she awakened. "Why, Dot, how did you get here?" he asked.

"Why, mother told me good little girls went to bed wif the chickens, and I fought mother looked so tired, so I tried to help her."

"My poor little Dot!" cried mother, as she gathered her little girl in her arms.

Little Dot is a big woman now and has two little girls of her own. When they come to see grandmother and ask for a story, she always tells them about the time their mother went to bed with the chickens.—*Ex.*

TWO PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face; "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly, stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

"What can the child mean?" thought her father in surprise, and when the little white-robed figure was gone he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"O, yes," said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the late missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you

have put into the missionary-box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

IN LITTLE BOY LAND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

O! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,

And blue are the skies bending over, And golden the butterflies flitting about To visit the pink and white clover.

There are cool, rushing brooks where the cows like to stand, And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

O! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land

Is the prettiest shop full of candy, And a dear little woman to give it away— It's ever and ever so handy.

There are chocolate creams which the boys say are "grand,"

And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

O! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do,

No errands to run for the mother, And nothing to do but for ever to play First one jolly game, then another.

There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band, And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

O! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land

But play through the warm, sunny weather, And play through the winter. O! Then it is fun

To slide down the long hills together. There's no school to go to; now, please understand,

It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

O! There's bicycles, tricycles, waggons and sleds,

And donkeys and ponies by dozens; So each little fellow can ride if he will— Each one of the brothers and cousins.

There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—

O! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

O! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,

Where there's fun going on every minute, And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,

And a good time with every one in it?

O! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,

Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

THE FA

Show me the boy
And carries a s
Who looks you st
he speaks,
And listens wit

A boy who follow
And is not afra
Who attends to h
And never atte

A boy who is rea
To help you in
Who stands by h
strong,
Whatever may

And I'll show yo
Who'll be a gr
For a man is onl
No matter wha

LESSO

LESSON XII

The Lord is n
Psa. 103. 8.

Titles and G
thoroughly studi

TITLES.

1. The K. D.
2. J. I.
3. A. G. R.
4. J. R.
5. O. and A.
6. G. T. C. of
7. O and E.
8. E. on M. C.
9. E. D.
10. E. E.
11. E. T. up to
12. I. R.

FOUR

STUDIES IN THE SOLOM

LESSON

ELISHA S

2 Kings 2. 1:

GO

Let a double upon me.—2 K

QUESTION

How was Eli Who was with E up into heaven? What did Eli? What did Elis