

STAR TIME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

'Tis star time! 'tis star time
And time to go to bed;
Late eyes are sleepy eyes,
And tire the little head.

Far, far the tiny feet
Have wandered through the day
Chasing the butterflies
And learning games to play.

Much, much the little eyes
Discovered on the road,
Watching the men at work,
And riding on the load.

Star time! 'tis star time,
And time to go to bed;
Now I'll smooth the pillows
Beneath the sleepy head.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1901.

ONE MAN'S WORK.

BY CANON FARRAR.

Some seventy years ago a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a funeral.

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns"

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had right done them.

To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration; and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-

sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or cancelled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about like the knights of old, redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race.

He passed, as all the true and bravest men pass, through hurricanes of calumny, and felt the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his noble lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

His name was Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury. His statue stands by the western gate of the great abbey, chiselled in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it,

"Love, serve,"

are the best epitome to the best work of the young man in the church.

THE DAISY.

A certain prince went into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach-tree, and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Coming to the maple, he said, "What are you doing?"

And the maple said, "I am making nests for the birds, and shelter for the cattle with my spreading branches."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he went down to the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass said, "We are giving up our lives for others—your sheep and cattle—that they may be nourished."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said, "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and the cows—they do not want me in the meadow—all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou."

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

A little girl six years old was playing on the verandah of a summer hotel the other day, and a lady sitting near said to her:

"Do you remember Jessie, with whom you used to play?"

"Yes, we were in the same wader (reader). Jessie has gone up to live in heaven with Jesus."

"There are four of Jessie's family there—a little sister and two little brothers—Jessie and Florence, Harry and Arthur."

"How nice!" said the little girl simply and with an air of conviction. It was to her as if the four little ones had gone away together to a very pleasant place, to be very happy, as indeed they had.

The faith of childhood accepts literally the promises of the Saviour. If we could all become as little children!

THE EASTER STORY.

FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, why do we say it is Easter to-day,
With its service and carols and its flowers so gay?

SECOND VOICE.

Because Jesus, our Saviour, rose on this day
From the tomb in which loving hands laid him away.

FIRST VOICE.

But what is his death or his rising to me?
And why should I join in the glad company?

SECOND VOICE.

He died that our sins might be taken away;
He rose that his loved ones might rise in their day.

FIRST VOICE.

And how do I know that his death was for me?
That his rising shows me what my rising shall be?

SECOND VOICE.

He says in his love that he brought down from heaven:
"Whosoever believeth on me is forgiven."

FIRST VOICE.

Does "whosoever believeth" mean every one,
Even little children full of their frolic and fun?

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, Jesus loves children, with their innocent glee,
And calls to each one of them: Come unto me."

FIRST VOICE.

Then I will come unto Jesus and give him my heart,
And in the service of Easter will take a glad part.