

shines in the eye of God like a star against a midnight sky. And the missionaries themselves, are they not star-bright, too? The Bible says, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1905.

WAITING FOR JESUS TO PASS BY.

Some time ago a little boy was run over in the streets of New York and seriously injured. He was carried to a hospital, where, on examination, it was found that his leg had been badly crushed and broken by the accident. An operation was performed, and every care taken to sustain his strength, but the poor little fellow appeared to sink under his load of pain. One day, while lying in his cot, he groaned and cried very much, and aroused all the sympathies of a little girl who lay near him.

She turned on her pillow and tried to comfort him.

"Little Willy," she said, "is your pain so bad that you moan so? Why don't you ask Jesus to take it away?"

"I don't know Jesus; who is he?" said the child.

"Why, he is our Saviour, Willy. Don't you know Jesus? When we suffer pain we tell Jesus, and he comes and takes it all away," said the dear little girl, whose name was Sarah.

"And will he come to me and take away my pain, Sarah?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Yes, Willy, I know he will if you ask him."

"But I am such a little fellow; don't

you think the Saviour may overlook me among so many here?"

"No, Willy; he cares for every little child." Then Sarah told him her little story about Jesus, and ended by saying "He loves little children; and when he lived on earth he took them up in his arms and blessed them."

"Then I will hold up my little hand," said Willy, "and when the Saviour passes by he will notice me."

The little trembling hand was raised, and he waited patiently for Jesus; but, being weak and weary from suffering, he dropped asleep.

How long he slept none knew, for when the nurse went to his bedside some time afterward, little Willy was dead. The Saviour passed by while he slept, and had taken him from all pain and suffering.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knight-hood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart. "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian, and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

NANCY'S LEAP.

One pleasant afternoon Julia and Caroline came to play with her friend, Nancy. "Let's play a game of hide-and-seek," said Julia, after they had visited the pigs and chickens; so away they ran to the barn. Just below the mow of sweet-smelling hay stood a covered barrel.

"Who dares jump from the hay to the barrel?" cried Caroline.

"I," said Nancy, eagerly; and she began to clamber up the ladder to the hay-mow. But at the top rung she stopped.

At the dinner table that day father had

said, "Nancy, I do not want you to jump from the hay." "But he didn't say I must not jump from the hay to the barrel," said the little girl to her troubled conscience.

"Nancy is afraid," called Julia from below.

"Wait and see," returned Nancy bravely, as she stepped from the ladder to the hay.

"One to begin!" shouted Caroline to Julia; but before they could say any more Nancy gave a bold jump. The barrel cover was old and weak, and broke, letting Nancy fall into the barrel.

"O!" cried the two little girls, and "O!" echoed Nancy, as she landed bruised and bleeding, in a confused little heap in the bottom of the barrel. Then they all screamed in concert, and came mother to see what could be the matter.

Nancy was indeed hurt. A sharp nail had made a cruel wound in her leg, and kind Dr. Gray had to be called to stop the bleeding.

It was a forlorn little girl that whispered to mother that night, "I will never be disobedient again." And she was not for a long time.

GOOD FRIENDS.

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends?" said his master, "when you've got ten. How many do you want?" "I'm sure I've not half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said the master.

Dennis looked down on his big, stroking hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten friends able to help you on in life. What those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you have none to help you."

A BOOK LOVER.

BY ANNIE WILLIS M'CUULOUGH.

"I do love books!" said Marjorie. One morning as she played; And so she did, as you can see, This literary maid.

The dictionary was her chair,
The atlas big her table;
The dolls sat up on other books
As straight as they were able.

And then they all partook of tea
And did as they were bid.
"I do love books!" said Marjorie.
Now don't you think she did?

LITTLE

Only a drop in the bucket would
But every drop
The bucket would
Without the dr

Only a poor little
It was all I had
But as pennies
It will help so

A few little bits
Some toys—the
But they made the
Which has ma

A word now and
That costs me
But the poor old
And it helped

LESSON

FOURTH

STUDIES IN THE O
ELIJAH

LESSON VIII

Neh. 1. 1-11.

GOLD

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cous man availeth t

QUESTIONS O

Who was Nehem
He had been taken
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Nehemiah love his
because it was the L
he hear one day?
Who brought him
named Hanani. W
Jerusalem? That
great trouble. W
down? The walls
been burned? Th
Why was this a sad
enemies could come
mish do when he
for sorrow and pray
he ask of the Lord
and build up the
feet? That the ki
go. What did he
the king willing.

DAILY

Mon. Read the pr
Neh. 1. 1
Tues. Read how
prayer.
Wed. Learn why
upon Jeru
Thur. Find out ho
destroyed.