

wonderful way. Then the babies grew stronger, and stretched a great many green hands out to the sun and air.

At last, one June morning, a sweet little pink face, all washed in dew, was lifted up, and the children said, "Why, the rosebush is not dead! Here is the sweetest rose that ever was seen!"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1902.

### JACK'S TEXT-BOOK.

"He is the dearest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailors' boarding-house; "as quiet and mannerly as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clear worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house, before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman, when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you. Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?" She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack. "My mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said that it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained; but the thoughtful face, good

manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention. "If it's the book that makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself. "Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye, "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys, it must be good for older folks too."

Jack had never thought of being an example, but he surely must have felt glad and thankful in having led any one to read the pages which point the way to eternal life.—*Selected.*

### KEEP YOUR LIGHT BURNING.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to climb a long, winding stairway. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man. "to the very top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for lights even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Then when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, he took the little taper and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there, with their polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—*The Well'spring.*

### BEAUTIFUL FEET.

"What ugly feet!" said one little girl of another of about her own age, who just then was passing the window.

"I think that Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in town," said the girl's mother.

"O mamma, how can you say so? Just look at the big, horrid things!"

"Beautiful feet are those that go Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat and winter's snow."

Now, Caroline's feet are carrying her on a kind errand. Sometimes it is to read to poor old blind Peggie; sometimes to amuse blind Tom; sometimes to invite children to the Sabbath-school; often to save her mother some tiresome steps. I think that Jesus must think her feet beautiful, for he says: "How beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings."—*Olive Plants.*

### LEANING ON JESUS.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied, quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

### WHO WAS GENEROUS?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. "Mo' pud! mo' pud!" he said. "There isn't any more, dear," mamma answered gently.

"He can have mine," Alec cried generously; "all of it."

"An' mine too," cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

"He can have half o' mine," little Elsie said slowly, pushing her saucer across too.

"That will be just about enough, Elsie," said mamma, dividing the pudding and giving baby half. "Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't."

After dinner Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock.

"She didn't say 'thank you' to us, an' we gave baby the whole o' ours," remarked Alec in a dissatisfied tone.

"No, she never: I think 'twas most mean," cried Beth.

"Elsie gave just half, and she ate up the rest—so there."

"Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'; I didn't want a single bite of mine."

"Nor me either; I 'spise it."

Mamma was at the nursery window putting the baby to sleep. She heard the scornful little voices, and smiled. You see, she had known all the time that Alec and Beth "spised rice pudding;" and she had known, too, how much, how very much, little Elsie liked it. That was why she had thanked Elsie.—*Selected.*