

ing after he is grown up, but will only grow stronger; and for those that come to him now he needs Christ's help, hour by hour, to conquer them. And when he has truly given himself to Christ, those very temptations will lose the greater part of their power over him; for temptation and sin come from Satan, and when Christ comes into the heart to reign, Satan and his evil works must go out, for there is no agreement between Christ and Satan.

Christ wants you now; you need Christ now. If you are to lead a life that will make the world better and nobler because you have been in it, it is time for you to begin. Won't you come to him to-day and ask his forgiveness for the past and his help for all your life to come?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1904.

HIS WORK.

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone, and said:

"Now you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture."

The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

"I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here." So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and after much work he finished the leaves according to the pattern.

When he finished this the master brought him another just like it, and told him to cut a branch in it. And so for weeks he worked on these big rough

stones; and he did not know what they were for.

One day, when he was walking down town, in the large city, he saw a beautiful building. He went over to look at it, and there, in front of that large building were all those big rough stones upon which he had been working for so long. But they were all put together now to form a most beautiful picture. The man looked at it a long time, and then said:

"Oh! how glad I am I did it well. Now I see what the master meant."

And so it should be with us. No matter what work is given you to do, be sure you do it well.—*Olive Plants.*

WHO GAVE THE MOST.

Three children brought gifts one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Williams brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. It had a lovely mane and a long tail, and there were beautiful reins and a comfortable saddle. Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!" and the matron thanked and praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys which she did not care for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a little plant; but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself, and he carried the little pot to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous, and ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.

BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD.

"When Bert says 'no' he means 'no,' and when he says 'yes' he means 'yes,'" said Ralph, speaking of his friend and playmate, Bert Carter.

"That's so," answered George Banks. "You can always depend upon Bert, for he says what he means, and means what he says, every time."

Bert did not hear what his friends were saying about him just as that moment, but he knew perfectly well that his friends always depended upon him to do what he had said he would do, for he tried always to be true to his word.—*Jewels.*

THE MAPLE'S LESSON.

Opposite the west window of our sitting-room, and near the river-bank, stands a thrifty young maple tree. It is a full foot in diameter now, though but a slender sapling twenty-five years ago, when transplanted from a forest knoll to its present site.

Yesterday a crew of log-drivers came up the river, dragging and floating the booms out from the shore, where they had been stored through the winter, and fastening them to the curbs and piers built for this purpose in the river.

To-day the river runs at a freshet pitch, surging along with so strong a current that it has snapped a boom, letting the logs, penned above, break loose and rush down stream, a total loss.

"Run a boom to the east shore, men," the foreman shouted, as a boat crew dragged the broken boom towards its pier. "An extra boom hung to the shore may hold the logs!"

Now, our pretty red maple is the largest tree on the bank at this point and in a moment the foreman of the drive was rapping at our door, begging permission to fasten a boom-chain about its trunk.

"Yes, if its bark is first well protected," was the answer, for we had confidence in its sturdy fibre, and shortly our maple looked something like a stout old lady with her waist swathed in bandages, petticoated to the feet, so that the great chain that circled it might not chafe its trunk.

Higher rose the river; swifter, stronger rushed its current. The great logs, churning and leaping as they came down stream, struck the boom, and then sullenly swung around, foiled, and stayed by its stout logs and chains.

"If that maple proves rotten-hearted, it must go, and with it our winter's work!" the foreman said, anxiously watching the tree, which trembled visibly under the terrific strain. But through the years the little maple had kept sound and grown evenly. No knot, or seam, or rotten, sappy heart was in it; and, the boom holding fast, the logs were saved.

Dear young people, I am thinking of you as I tell this story of our maple. Are you very sure, through the years of your growth, that you are keeping sound and pure in heart and growing evenly strong? Be very sure that there is no weak, imperfect point in the character you are building, for sooner or later, tests will come—searching, terrible tests and temptations—and, unless you are sound to the very core, you cannot successfully withstand them; and then, alas! you will fall, wrecking not only your life, but bringing sorrow and loss to all the other lives that are linked to your own.

THE RIDE

Listen, my darling
The sound of the
It is calling, calling
Through the tw
gray.

Fairy music its s
As it bids you aw

There's a good ste
bear

My little one whe
Mount it, my da
Through the sta

gray;
It will carry you
This trusty charr

Mount and away
Was ever so gent

It ambles softly w
A touch of your
To set it gallopin
Was ever a steed

We are half-way
The stars are out
And galloping, g
Till the Drowsy
and lo!

The gleam of th
see.

What steed so sw

The gates swing
What a host of li
Big ones and litt
They have com
everywher

I wonder, darlin
If they all rode

LESSON

THIRD

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOMON

LESSON

OMF

1 Kings 16. 23-

GO

Righteousness
s'n is a reproa
14. 34.

QUESTION

Who were the
Asa and Jehosh
kingdom of Isra
name the four
boam? Who di
king? How lo
city did he bui