

SUN-SPOTS.

She stood before the looking-glass,
A winsome, dainty little lass,
And gazed, with puckered brow, upon
The sweetest face the sun shone on.
"Oh, dear!" she murmured, with a sigh,
"I never can imagine why
These nasty freckles always come—
They're really very troublesome!"

The sun peeped through the window-pane,
And beamed upon her once again:
"Ah! ah!" he, chuckling, made reply.
"I think I know the reason why.
The freckles on your pretty face,
In admiration there I place,
And ev'ry one is only this:
The spot where I imprint a kiss!"

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, 5 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	0 06

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1905.

THE BOX FACTORY.

Harry Jamieson's father had a factory. A box factory it was, for making boxes to hold all sorts of things. One department was for nothing but the making of boxes to pack eggs in. Each case was divided into dozens of tiny compartments, of which the partitions could be lifted out and in at pleasure, so that eggs could be brought a long distance, either by railroad or across the ocean without getting broken on the way. In another part of the works chests were made for holding different kinds of grain, and so on and so on. It was a most entertaining place to spend the day in, and Harry was mostly to be found there on Saturdays and holidays, playing with the shavings, or watching the machinery, and chatting with the men.

One day Mr. Jamieson had some visitors, a party of gentlemen, who went all

over the works, and seemed greatly interested in all they saw.

"Just what we heard, sir," one of them, a big portly man, said, when they had concluded their inspection. "It's evident to me you're the very man we want to do our business."

Mr. Jamieson looked pleased. Times had been rather hard with him of late, and the fitting up of all his new machinery had cost much money. He was anxious to extend his business in every way possible, and he said so.

"In what way can I serve you, gentlemen?" he asked.

"My friend here has patented a new kind of case for packing whiskey bottles in, but we have not the necessary plant for turning out the boxes. Now you have, and if you will go in with us, it will be a first-rate affair for all of us. See, here is a model." And the gentleman produced a tiny wooden model, and explained its advantages to Mr. Jamieson, who examined it with great attention.

"It's capital," said he. "As far as the patent is concerned I have nothing but praise for it, but I can't have anything to do with it, sir."

"And why not?" asked the portly man in much surprise; "you can see for yourself there's money in it."

"I quite see that, but still I can't touch it. I am a temperance man, a strict total abstainer, and I could have nothing to do with the manufacture of any article that has to do with the sale of wine or spirits."

"What folly!" he cried. "Why, man, you may be a hundred times an abstainer, and still make cases to hold whiskey bottles. Nobody's asking you to drink the whiskey."

"No, but I will have no hand in anything concerned with it."

And it was in vain the visitors argued. Mr. Jamieson was not to be persuaded against his convictions, and finally the gentlemen went away in rather a bad humor.

"Father," remarked Harry when they were gone, "I don't see why you couldn't have done that. You can't prevent people buying whiskey by not making the boxes, for if you don't make them, somebody else will."

"Just so, but my conscience will be clean, which makes all the difference to me," said his father, sitting down to write a letter. Seeing he was busy, Harry strolled into the next shed, where the process he loved most to watch was going on—namely, the stripping of tree trunks for veneering. Two men were guiding the great knife, which, as the trunk of the tree revolved, peeled it bare as one might peel a potato, till the whole trunk was laid on the floor in long strips. The men were talking busily, and did not notice Harry.

"Do you suppose the master lost much?" asked Blake, the younger man.

"More nor you or I are likely to make

ever," answered the other. "But I tell you what, Joe, if the master had said yes to them folks, it's the saloon I would have gone straight for this night as soon as was off work. Now just let's see," says to myself when I heard them talkin', if the master thinks it no harm to make boxes to carry whiskey, then, John Thomson, you needn't think none to drink it. But he stood steady, and I stands steady, so d'ye see, Joe?"

Joe nodded. "Same here," he observed. "It's all very fine to preach to a fellow, but I likes a man that's good wood all through, like this log here. I don't mind followin' the like o' master; he thorough, master is, whether folks are beatin' the big drum or not lookin' at him and that's the sort for Joe Blake."

So Harry, listening, felt proud of his father, and learnt that it is always best to stick to one's principles, for we never know whom we may be encouraging to stick to theirs.

THE NEW BOOK.

There were only two books, and three children. One of the books was all about a little boy, and as Dick was a little boy it seemed clear that he should have the one. The other book was about two little girls; but to which of the girls would papa give it? Did they quarrel, and each one want it? No, indeed; I am glad to tell you it was just the other way. Bess said: "It is beautiful, but Belle is the little one and ought to have it." Belle said: "It is lovely, but Bess is the oldest, and ought to have it." Then, when papa talked with them, they said: "It will belong to both of us." Wasn't that sweet and good to them?

GREAT LUCK.

Monsieur Calino was greatly disturbed because the city authorities changed the numbers of the houses in his street, and roundly denounced the functionaries who had forced him, by this simple change of figures, to live at No. 436 instead of No. 216. But one morning, as he came down to breakfast and took up his paper, he exclaimed:

"Goodness! I was all wrong! What a fortunate thing that our number was changed!"

"How is that?" asked Madame Calino. "Why, here is an account of the destruction by fire of No. 216! If that number hadn't been changed, we should have been homeless this minute!"

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps on course; and so constantly will God's light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—John Ho