

"Pay! O Ted," interrupted Nan smiling, "that comes without asking. Ever since I've tried to be kind and helpful to others—"

"You've found," broke in grandmother Allen, "a joyful, contented little self all the time—and that there are some things that nobody else could possibly do!"—*Zion's Herald*.

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TORONTO, MAY 3, 1902.

REVIVING THE SWALLOWS.

It had been a cold wet spring. The swallows appeared before the world was ready for them. They came buffeted by the storms, weak and tired, and a number of their little corpses were found strewn about on the gravel path leading up to our door.

The next day the children found three which had taken refuge through the open window of the nursery. One lay on the floor apparently dead, another hung by his feet, head downwards, from a towel-horse, the third crouched in the corner of a shelf.

"Poor thing!" said Susy, following me with one of the birds in her hand. "What can I do for it, papa?"

"There is nothing for the swallows to eat, that's all that's the matter with them," said I.

"It isn't quite dead; the little heart beats; papa, you must cure it," said Susy, jumping on my knee and joggling my elbow.

Fat little hands took hold of my face and shook my chin, "Papa, you must doctor it," was the chorus.

"Go and ask in the kitchen for a little broth," said I.

The children went off together and presently returned together bearing the broth in a cup.

"Now papa, what next?" said the company eagerly, each child with a bird in hand crowding around me.

"Make haste, papa," cried Tommy, "mine is almost gone."

"The broth's too hot," said I. "You must cool it; pour a few drops into the saucer."

I took up my first patient who seemed indeed at his last gasp and lay quite still in my hands. I pressed the sides of his throat to open the mouth and let fall into it a drop or two of the broth. The bird opened its eyes, but closed them again directly. I repeated the dose again, and yet again; he began to shake himself; a little more, and he had hopped upon my hand and in a few minutes had begun to preen his feathers, sitting on the back of a chair.

"He's quite jolly; now you must see what you can do for mine," said Tommy, pressing forward.

This one and the third were more difficult, being long in reviving, but at last they also came to, and the birds all flew merrily out of the window.

In a few days the weather improved, the sun came out, and the swallows began to build their nests under the eaves of the gable of an old house which stands quite near us.

The swallow is about six inches long; but the wide sweep of the wings and the pure white of the body beneath make them very conspicuous. Sometimes a large number of them in their flight will perform a series of tireless and bewildering evolutions over a stream or lake, affording one of the most delightful scenes in nature and giving evidence of unmistakable intelligence.

MRS. WAGTAIL'S HOME.

There is a bird in England which has the funny name of "wagtail." One day two little wagtails went out to look for a good place to build a home. They found one that they liked, and there they built their nest. Where do you think it was? It was on one of the sleepers of a railway. It was near London, and more than a hundred trains passed each day. Though the wheels came within a few feet of the little nest, and though it shook every time a train passed, the mother wagtail laid her eggs and raised a family of five little wagtails.

Said one little child to another: "Don't ever tell a lie, because God will know it; and he will write it down in his book, and then he will read it out before everybody." But I think that we ought to feel sorriest of all because God himself will know it, don't you?

TWO WAYS.

When Cousin Alice pays a call
She takes her cards, so neat and small;
She always wears her finest frock;
She stays ten minutes by the clock;
Then says "Good-bye," and comes away
Without one single bit of play.

Why, on our square we shouldn't call
Such visits any fun at all.

I run across to Bessie's door
In plain old dress and pinafore,
And Bessie's very sure to say
"Take off your hat, and then let's play."

We make a playhouse on the floor;
I stay an hour, and sometimes more,
And O such games! I wouldn't do
Like Alice for the world; would you?
O ours is *much* the nicer way:
"Take off your hat and then let's play."
—*Little Folks.*

RED HAIR AND FRECKLES.

A certain minister believed that every living human body contained a soul, and he was sure that it was his duty to say a word to the soul before him. "What is your name, my boy?" he asked of a lad.

"Tom, sir."

"Well, Thomas, I have noticed that boys with red hair, a great nose, and a large number of freckles always get on well in the world if they try to be good."

No answer from Tom, and the minister went to the meeting-house.

That night the good man's horse received an extra half- $\frac{1}{2}$ eck of oats. When the minister went home the next morning a change was noticed in Tom. He did not spill anything that day, neither did he break anything. He kept out of everybody's way, and a strange fire burned in the eyes that had been dull so long. He was faithful at his work for a few weeks, and then he felt that the minister's kitchen and stable were too small to hold him.

The good man said that boys with red hair, a great nose, and a large number of freckles always get on well in the world if they try to be good" was the plank to which poor Tom lashed himself just before he plunged into what seemed to him to be a great sea, the city. He had many desires, but the most ardent one of them all was that he might be a good boy. God loved him, and guided him to a church where the gospel was preached in its simplicity; and Tom laid hold, by faith, of the righteousness of Jesus Christ. He has grown rich in his business, and is one of the most loved and honoured citizens of his native town.—*Selected.*

WHICH?

Which will you have, my boy or girl
With the rosy cheek and golden curl,
With the sparkling eye and coral lip—
Will you the wine or water sip?