

Stanley, got there first; and then came away again, leaving the man, upon whose conscience Africa seemed to rest, plodding on at his great work.

It seems hardly needful to say of Livingstone that he died in harness; he had no time to stop work, no leisure to die. Just a year after Stanley groped his way out to the coast with tidings of a found Livingstone, the great missionary-explorer lay in a low, thatched hut at Kabenda, tended only by his faithful Makolole boys, preparing to start on another voyage to an undiscovered country, not dark with error and superstition and crime, but bright with the effulgence from the Great White Throne.

After death, the attendants removed the heart, according to an African fashion, buried it in the soil that, living, it loved so faithfully. Then carefully drying the body, they wrapped it in barks and carried it, with much labour and hardship, two hundred miles, to Zanzibar. Crossing the ocean, this mortal remnant of the good missionary, the great explorer, the giant soul, was greeted by sorrowing hearts at Southampton, and laid away, amid the grieving tears and the prouder memories of a world, in that hallowed mausoleum of Britain's mighty dead—Westminster Abbey.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

### WHAT KIND OF PENNY ARE YOU GIVING?

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one in the missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was not his penny light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, looking around to see if any one was praising him. His was a brass penny.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an iron penny, the gift of a selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor and ignorant."

This was a silver penny—the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying, "For thy sake, Lord Jesus! Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*Selected.*

### A PUNCTUAL BIRD.

What tempts the little humming-bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the Arctic Circle, leaving behind him, as he does for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming-birds that pluckily leaves the land of gaily coloured birds to go into voluntary exile in the North east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky! Borne swiftly onward by rapidly vibrating little wings, he covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages, and arrives at his chosen destination, weather permitting, at approximately the same date year after year.—*Country Life in America.*

### WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

"Mother, I wish you would call baby in; he is so cross that we cannot play," cried Robert to his mother one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

"I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mother, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head." Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mother. Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There! you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not quite like to do this, but he did it, and the baby kissed and hugged him very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother. "You can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother. But you must teach him yourself."—*Our Little Dots.*

### HE GIVETH SLEEP.

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull tells of a little boy in a trundle-bed who never went to sleep in the dark without asking, "Papa, are you there?"

"Yes, my son."

"Will you take care of me to-night?"

"Yes, my son."

And then he would turn over and go to sleep.

"That little boy," says Dr. Trumbull, "is now an old man of sixty-seven, but he never goes to sleep without looking up into his Heavenly Father's face, and saying, 'Father, will you take care of me to-night?' And the answer comes back in every experience of darkness, 'Yes, my son,' and then the Lord 'giveth his beloved sleep.'"—*Pennsylvania Herald.*

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,  
Beautiful heavens above our head,  
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,  
Beautiful land and beautiful seas!

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,  
Beautiful stars with glittering light,  
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,  
Beautiful birds that merrily sing!

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,  
Beautiful night and beautiful day,  
Beautiful all the plants that grow,  
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow!

Beautiful everything around,  
Beautiful grass to deck the ground,  
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields,  
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf,  
Beautiful world, though full of grief,  
Beautiful every tiny blade,  
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made!

### GOD SEES.

A little boy was taking aim at a robin with his air-gun.

"Don't you know that it is against the law to shoot robins?" asked a lady.

"Yes, but nobody will know who did it if I do kill him."

"God will know. Should you dare to shoot Mrs. Clark's mocking-bird, over there on her porch, while she is sitting there?"

"Of course not?"

"Then you should not dare to shoot the robins; for they are God's birds, and he sees you just as plainly as Mrs. Clark would."—*Selected.*