

## NOISELESS SPINNING WHEEL.

- "Tell me, mamma, what is this  
Like web of finest lace?  
It swings across the window,  
Just here beside my face.
- "You say a spider spun it;  
Where did she get the floss?  
How many others helped her  
To carry it across?
- "It wasn't here when I got up—  
It hardly can be real;  
She must have spun for hours,  
And I never heard her wheel."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1906.

## THE RUNAWAY PUMPKINS.

By Lucretia Larkin.

When Miss Belinda planted her garden in the spring, she made her pumpkin bed beside her back fence. "It will be away from the boys there," she declared, and then she frowned. You see, Miss Belinda didn't like boys, and that was one reason why boys didn't like Miss Belinda. It was too bad she didn't know this, because everybody might have been happier.

Miss Belinda's garden was the best in town. Her roses were redder and sweeter than her neighbors'; her apples were juicier and rounder; her grapes hung thicker; and her pumpkins—never were there bigger or yellower or more wonderful pumpkins in all the world, if we can believe the stories which Teddy and Joe and Sammy Densmore told.

I can't tell just what Miss Belinda did to help grow such marvelous pumpkins, except that she kept the weeds away and gave them so much sun that they grew great green leaves to use as sunshades and waving fans to keep them cool.

When Miss Belinda chose her pumpkin

planting place, Jacky and Tess were away off in another state, and the little battered and blackened house next door was empty and forlorn. They came to live in it just as Miss Belinda's pumpkin vines were beginning to blossom, and three of the great yellow buds peeped through the fence to see what the new children were doing. Pumpkins, like people, are often curious and want to see.

It was a funny back yard that went with this battered and blackened house. Some burr bushes grew by the back door and a rhubarb plant made a great green blot on the rocky, unkept bit of dusty land. Then there was a long clothesline always full of clothes, two children and a furry kitten.

The pumpkins found this all very interesting, and one day two very, very naughty ones planned to run away. They were the same that were hiding in the yellow blossoms when they peeped through the fence. It was an easy matter to hide beneath the rhubarb plant, and Jacky and Tess never spied them until they had grown so round and yellow that the green leaves couldn't cover them any longer.

"O!" exclaimed Jacky.

"O!" whispered Tess. And they clapped their hands and danced a lively jig.

"We'll have a jack-o'-lantern with great holes for eyes, an' a candle to light him!" shouted Jacky.

"An' maybe pumpkin pies, an' two little saucer ones with what's left over, for you an' me?" Tess said rapturously.

Just then Miss Belinda came softly down her walk, and Jacky and Tess remembered.

"I 'spect we can't have even one of them," sobbed Tess.

"No," said Jacky, "we can't 'less we break the eighth commandment an' steal."

Tess shivered. "I 'spect," she said, and then she cried a real hard cry, it was all so disappointing.

Jacky just sat on the steps and kicked his heels together hard. His face was red and his eyes were bright.

"Why didn't Miss Belinda keep her old pumpkins!" he declared loudly. "She's a cross old thing an' only scowls at us every day. She has heaps of pumpkins an' I don't believe she makes one single jack-o'-lantern, an' if the vines ran away an' grew pumpkins in our yard, Tess, why aren't those pumpkins ours!"

But Tess shook her head and sobbed again. "They didn't grow their roots here," she said. "There never would have been any pumpkins in our yard 'less Miss Belinda had planted them!"

"We might find puly one," argued Jacky. "It's hard to see everything that grows. Besides, what would it matter, just one, when Miss Belinda's going to pick a whole shedful!"

Tess shook her head again sadly. "We must get the cart an' carry them home right now, 'less they'll be a

temptation, Jacky. We must do it right now," she said.

And by and by Miss Belinda heard a funny creak, creak coming up her walk. She opened her door and looked straight at Jacky.

"It's your pumpkins," he explained soberly. "They ran away an' grew under our rhubarb plant. That's why we didn't see them an' bring them to you before."

Miss Belinda smiled. She had a pleasant look in her wrinkled face when she did it. Jacky forgot that she frowned and was a "cross old thing." It always pays to be pleasant.

"I hope you'll make a jack-o'-lantern out of the biggest pumpkin," he suggested politely. "'cause it's 'specially good for that!"

"An' the other one," exclaimed Tess, "would make a bee-utiful pumpkin pie, with two little saucer ones made out of what's left over."

And then, I can't tell you just how it happened, but the little cart went creak, creak down Miss Belinda's walk and Miss Belinda's pumpkins went with it.

"She said," declared jubilant Jacky, "you children seem to know just what those pumpkins grew for."

"An' she said," exclaimed Tess with a smile. "If pumpkins grew to make children happy, I'm going to help them by sharing and being kind."

## "HE DIDN'T LAUGH AT ME."

"Mamma," said Edith the other day, "I don't like boys; I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?"

"Because they always tease little girls so, and make them cry, and then they laugh at them."

"Do all the little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shiver. I fell down at school the other day, and hurt my head; and they just laughed at me—all but Robbie, and he came and helped me up, and said he was very sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice of Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma; Robbie Shiver is the only boy that I really like, because he never laughs at me."

That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentle man, or gentleman. Little boys who are nice to their sisters or to other little girls, and who love to tease them and laugh at them, ought to think of this; and if they want to be gentlemen when they grow up, they ought to begin now by being gentle.

George was fond of watching the winged creatures of the air, and one day he had an idea. "I know why wasps never sit down, mother," he said; "they have pins in their coat-tails, and are afraid to."