

MOTHER AND BABY.

"Good-night," say the little chicks,  
 "Peep! peep! peep!"  
 "Good-night," say the little birds,  
 "We're going to sleep."  
 "Good night," say the little lambs,  
 "We're sleepy, too!"  
 "Good-night," says the mooley calf,  
 "Moo! moo! moo!"

They all love their mother,  
 And come at her call—  
 But baby has the very best  
 Mother of all.

When the round sun sets,  
 And stars are in the sky,  
 She holds baby in her arms  
 And sings "Rock-a-by."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1905.

I WISH I WERE A GIRL.

Some years ago, the ladies of the Female Educational Society opened a small girls' school at Cairo, to which a few little Mohammedan girls came; and they soon learned to love the school very much.

Some of the boys attended a Mohammedan school on the same street; but this was a dark, dismal place, and the master was armed with a great stick.

The little girls told their brothers what a nice happy place their schoolroom was, with pretty coloured pictures on the walls.

This had no small effect upon the boys; and one day a mob of little fellows beset the schoolroom door, exclaiming in chorus, "We want to come to school!"

Poor little boys! The teacher was very

sorry to refuse them admission. One of the boldest slipped upstairs just to have a peep; and, while lessons were going on, a brown face, with a pair of bright and curious-looking black eyes, popped into the schoolroom, and was shortly followed by a ragged blue shirt and two bare feet. He stared at the pictures, the counting-frame, and other objects, till the teacher, smiling, but feeling rather sad, gently took him by the hand and led him out of the room.

The poor little boy was heard to exclaim, in a plaintive voice, "I wish I were a girl!"

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.

Father is off to the valley far away below, to do business of some sort and to get provisions and clothes for his numerous family. They all live up on the cow pastures of the Alps, where their father keeps a herd of cows and probably a few goats as well. Here they make cheese and butter, selling the rest of the milk to hotels and inns in the valleys. At the same time they always keep sufficient to support themselves and live very happily from the proceeds. The father has just started, as we see, on his journey, of once a month or so, to the nearest town; and the three children are watching his form grow smaller as he descends lower and lower into the distant haze that always hangs over the valleys of the higher Alps on a hot summer morning. What bright, pretty faces the children have, and no wonder, for they lead as healthy a life as can be imagined, always breathing the pure, sweet air of the mountain heights that is so exhilarating and beneficial. These mountain pastures lend a peculiar charm to the middle slopes of the Alps; for, besides the fresh appearance of the green turf, the roving cattle give an appearance of life and activity which is wholly wanting in the higher solitudes. Besides this, each cow or goat has a bell attached to its neck, and as they move slowly along, cropping the rich grass, the quaint sound of the bells, with many different notes, can be heard at a considerable distance. The wind, too, often carries them down to the valleys far below. Then the effect is very pretty and softened by the distance.

SWEET VIOLETS.

The day was cold and bright, and Amy and Bess, dressed in their new warm coats and hats, were walking briskly along the street, talking so busily that they did not pay the least attention to the passers-by, until a voice close to Amy's ear called out:

"Violets, sweet violets, ten cents a bunch. Please buy my violets."

"No, go away; we don't want any," Amy said.

Bess looked back as Amy hurried her on, slipped her arm out of Amy's and stood still.

"Bess, what are you stopping for?" asked Amy, impatiently.

"Little girl, come here, I will buy some violets," Bess called out.

"Why are you crying?" she continued.

"I can't sell my violets," the child answered. "See! my basket is full. I thought I could sell so many, it is so bright to-day, but maybe I don't know how, and I'm so cold."

"I'll take a bunch, too," said Amy. "I didn't mean to speak so cross. I was only in a hurry, you see. Say, little girl, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No! I—I haven't nice clothes to wear, and I'd be ashamed. Mother is sick. She mends me up as well as she can, but she can't work now."

"Well," Amy said, "our school is just the place to come to, for we help sick mothers dress their little girls, and we tell their children about Jesus."

Bess and Amy told the little girl where to come the next Sunday, and promised to meet her there, and the child said she would come gladly.

As Amy and Bess went on, Amy said: "We can't buy our candy now."

"No!" said Bess, "but we can give our violets to lame Susie and to the old nurse."

They gave away their violets, and then there were five happy people that afternoon.

PETER.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old the first railroad train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A train-boy threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed and squealed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach-trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighbourhood. And he has a young orchard coming on which will some day bring more money than all his father's crops.

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.

"You are  
 My little  
 Sparkled  
 Her cheeks  
 Red on her  
 And cheeks  
 "What good  
 You can  
 Nor sweet  
 b  
 You can  
 Then No  
 Replied

Acts 18.

If ye  
 good gift  
 more shall  
 Holy Spirit  
 11. 13.

Who  
 born?  
 did he  
 heard  
 Priscilla  
 Paul  
 inth.  
 Where  
 Where  
 Corinth  
 Greece.  
 mightily  
 Paul go  
 he do fo  
 did God

Mon. I  
 Tues. I  
 Wed. V  
 Thur. I  
 Fri. I  
 Sat. I  
 Sun. I