

ously on the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store. Whether the dog intended it or not, he conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which, in spite of punishment, he was never broken. One was sucking hen's eggs on the sly, thus getting into disgrace with his neighbors sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

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TORONTO, JULY 8, 1905.

WHY TOM AND MAISIE DIDN'T GO.

BY DALY RHODES CAMPBELL.

"There, now! didn't I tell you to go away, and yet you keep on standing right there!"

The speaker was a boy who stood near the gate leading out of a large yard. In the path before him was a little girl. But she never moved, although the boy came nearer, as if to push her away.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, in an angry tone.

"Tom," said the little girl, "you know you'll be sorry if you go; you know father don't 'low us to go off to picnics and fishing without asking. And then there's Ben Arden: he's not a nice boy. Don't you know how wet you were and how you hurt your foot when you went wading with him, and how he threw big stones at you?"

"Girls don't know about boys," Tom said crossly. "Father is away off in the

country. Of course I can't ask him. Maisie, I don't believe you want to go, one bit."

"Yes, I do," said his sister, the tears springing to her eyes; "but father said he trusted us. Just think how he would look when he came home and didn't find us!"

Tom growled: "Oh, bother! I never saw such a girl! I'm going, anyhow, so you'd better let me get to that gate."

But Maisie stood there. "Now, Tom, stay with me," she said; "you know, with Biddy gone, how 'traid I'll be!"

Tom turned away. "You're the biggest trouble!" he said; but he stayed.

When father came home, he said the minute he saw them: "I met a crowd of people going to a picnic, but I felt sure my boy and girl wouldn't go without leave."

"It was Maisie that was all right," Tom said; for Tom was honest. And he told his father the whole thing.

"Never mind," his father said: "I've brought home a whole picnic in my pocket; Biddy isn't going to get supper—she's off—but I am, and you're going to help."

So father took off his coat, and into the kitchen they all went and at once set merrily to work. What fun they had together! And such a fine supper you never saw in all your life.

THE WEE SOLDIER.

Harry's vacation, to use his own words, was "just no good at all, cause the very first week I was took down with the measles."

In justice to the little man, however—who, early in the summer, coaxed his mamma to buy him a uniform, and who ever since has "made believe soldier"—I must tell my little readers that he showed the spirit of a hero during the long days of the quarantine; for, according to his mother's statement, the dear boy never murmured, not even when denied the food he longed for. At such times he would bite his lips as if to keep back complaints, and then say: "I'm a truly soldier now, ain't I, mamma?"

"As soon as the horrid card was took down," Harry's uncle took him for a drive into the country, where, greatly to the boy's delight, at a farm-house where they stopped for dinner he saw many things which to him were strangely new. Nothing so took his fancy, however, as the dear little chicks, which, as the farmer's children told him, were hatched late "'cause Biddy stole her nest." Imagine, then, if you can, children, Harry's joy, when he had taken a seat in the carriage and was about to say good-bye, to have pressed into his hand a box by the country lad who had so admired the uniform, like a "truly soldier," and on opening it to find two little chicks. He screamed so with delight

when told that they were his own to keep that the giver blushed with pleasure.

The thoughtfulness of one child, however, and the joy of the other, placed the one who held the reins in an awkward dilemma; but at last he ventured: "You are very kind to give Harry some of your little pets, but I cannot consent to his taking them from you. They are so little that they would surely die without the old hen to scratch for them."

"But I can't part with them," said Harry, ruefully, holding the box tightly. "Do let me keep 'em, uncle! I won't let 'em die. I can't give 'em up!"

"But, Harry, dear, how would you like it if I should give you away to some strange man at the roadside?"

At this query the boy's face grew very red, but he showed no signs of relenting and so his uncle continued: "What would you have done when you had the measles if you had not had any mamma to care for you? If you leave the chicks with the mother hen, she will care for them and so that no harm comes to them; but if you insist on taking them away from her, they will die."

Harry is not only a brave boy, but he has a tender heart as well, and in evidence of it I am glad to be able to state that he at once returned the chicks to the farmer boy. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "Please drive fast;" adding a little later, with an effort at self-control, "If hadn't been a soldier, I should have been a cry-baby."

A CHILD'S LOVE.

A lady friend is intimately acquainted with a family in which there is a sweet little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there has sprung up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, with a kiss. "How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell upon his mother. Flinging his arms about her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed: "Oh mamma, I love you 'way up to God!"

Christ has come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to fling off the oppression in the strength of faith in him.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of thy heart come all the issues of life.