

A BOY OF THE OLDEN TIME.
I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays,
you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said, "Yes," and hurried away;
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he rose to recite, he was all in doubt;
Every word of the lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—
He could speak but two words: "I forgot."

Would it not be sad indeed to see
A boy with a hole in his memory?

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Subn
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30	
Over 20 copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 15 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 04	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1905.

THE CHOCOLATE CHICKEN.

BY MARY HOPKINS.

Mabel was shopping. In her purse were ten pennies which she had earned by dusting the sitting-room every day for two weeks. It had been hard work, for mother was very particular about corners and table legs. But the room certainly did look fine, and mother always smiled so sweetly when the little housekeeper had finished. So she was glad she had done it,

for now she could buy a fine birthday gift for father.

There are so many things ten cents will buy that Mabel found it hard to choose them. Should it be a paper knife, a match safe, or a penwiper? Mabel and mother were talking this over as they walked down the street, when Mabel stopped suddenly in front of a shop window.

"O mother!" she gasped, as she squeezed mother's hand, "it's like the story of the little girl that lived in Candy Land!"

It was a candy shop, and there in the large window was a house as large as Mabel's doll house, built of peanut candy. Through the little doors and windows one could see chairs and tables and beds made of pink and white peppermint candy. A candy family in candy clothes were sitting in the dining-room, eating candy food out of candy dishes, and a chocolate pussy cat sat on the doorstep with a white bow of frosting on her neck.

The roof of the house was covered with powdered-sugar snow, and there was rock-candy ice on the ground. In the yard behind a molasses-stick-candy fence were all kinds of sweet-chocolate animals: a dog, a horse, a cow, and several chickens. Surely their feet must have been cold standing about in the sugary snow!

"O mother!" cried Mabel, "father likes chocolate, and he likes chickens; I'm sure he would like a chocolate chicken."

"Yes, dear; and that would be a surprise too."

They went into the shop and learned that the chickens cost ten cents each. Mabel bought one and carried it home, all packed in soft tissue paper. It was served at dinner with the birthday cake and the lemonade. Mabel was sure that father liked it very much, for he smiled in such a merry way.

"Chocolate is good," he said, "and chicken is better, but a chocolate chicken is the best of all." And Mabel was glad she had chosen it.

A LITTLE FISHERMAN.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

Jack's mother had taken him to the country for the first time in all his life.

They stayed with a farmer and his jolly wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fry.

Jack's mother made her boy some blue overalls and took from her trunk a big hat. The farmer's wife gave him a shining tin pail. The farmer cut him a stout stick from the elm tree, for a fishing-rod. Then Jack dug some bait and was ready to start for the little brook not far from the house, to fish.

Now Jack was a dear little boy, but he had one fault which troubled his mother very much. He couldn't bear to give

anything away; he wanted everything himself. He had no brothers and sisters to share his things, you see.

Jack could not believe he was really going to fish like a big man. And when he caught five little fish, he danced up and down, he was so happy.

He carried them in his little pail to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Fry, will you cook my fish for dinner?" he asked in a deep voice.

Mrs. Fry smiled. "Yes, indeed I will," she said.

The fish were called minnows, and were not very big. But then Jack wasn't very big, either.

Now there were five persons for dinner that day, for Mrs. Fry had company. Jack sat very still, looking first at the people, then at his little fish in the dish before him. How could he give away every single one? But then if he didn't he would be a selfish, stingy boy; and he asked every day when he prayed that God would keep him from that. He waited and waited. Then, very red in the face, Jack slipped down, took the dish, and handed it to every one. His mamma took the last minnow. "I'll divide with you," she said. And Jack smiled as he ate half of his fish. It tasted very good indeed to him.

He felt happier than if he had kept the whole five. Do you know why?

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

What if the little rain should say,

"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in the fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
Oh, Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

OBEDIENCE.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend. "He always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of all we have?