

## GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle;  
If you would grow great and stately,  
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,  
And content with simple diet;  
And remain through all bewildering,  
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy days in grassy places—  
That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly  
And the sort who eat unduly,  
They must never hope for glory—  
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,  
All grow up as geese and gabies,  
Hated, as their age increases,  
By their nephews and their nieces.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

## SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

"Martin," said a wise grammar school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and let me tell you what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: You have a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running to your very toes and out to your finger tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though; and that is not all. There is a big force pump in the

middle of you pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing——"

"But there is, though; and, besides all these, a tree is growing in you with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree or engine or anything else except flesh and blood."

"Oh, that is not flesh and blood; that is, most of it, water. That is what you are made of: a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things thrown in," said his brother.

Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the grammar school boy went on.

"And the worst of it is that there are so many million little—but where is Martin?"

The poor little fellow had run away. When his brother found him he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap, and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind of getting up my lesson that we are to have this afternoon about our body. I did not think it would worry him so."

The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.—*Santa Claus.*

## THIRTEEN HAPPY TOTS.

Little Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pigeons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks, who would always be saying 'Hush!' if a little girl should ever find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go to the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the train drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-haired boy.

"There's one child here," she said.

"One!" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing; "there are twelve children here. We have called them our dozen. Now that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up 'cept your face in the warm sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do 'them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

## THE SHADOW BOY.

Shadow boy, shadow boy, black as a crow,

Why do you tag me wherever I go?

Still as a mouse you keep gliding away,  
Why don't you answer me? Why don't you play?

Often I've wondered what makes you so shy;

Why you should chase me, but never pass by.

Soon as I stop, you stop following, too;

You won't come nearer, and I can't catch you.

Sometimes when I am at play in the sun,  
How I do wish you could talk and liked fun!

You're just the size to be chummy with me.

My! what a gay, jolly pair we could be!

Shadow boy, shadow boy, why won't you play?

Why do you tag me so shyly all day?

Oh, if you only were jolly and stout,  
Wore real, squeaky shoes, and could whistle and shout!

—S. S. Visitor.

One can realize the disappointment of the royal children, when, after having succeeded in persuading their grandfather, the King, to leave Portsmouth an hour earlier than was intended, because they "wanted to see mammy," the high waves made it unsafe to take them from the steam-pinnace on board the Ophir. The description of the way they raced about the royal yacht in great glee and excitement, dragging their pretty grandmother by the hand, laughing, and admiring the view of the saluting ships as they left Portsmouth, is so natural and childlike that it appeals strongly to all mothers who read it.