

## GERTIE'S ALMANAC.

Monday to wash all the dolly's clothes;  
 Lots to be done, as you may suppose.  
 Tuesday to iron and put away;  
 That takes a body the livelong day.  
 Wednesday to darn and fix and mend;  
 Plenty of sewing, you may depend.  
 Thursday, if shining, we visiting go;  
 Then we are dressed in our best, you know.  
 Friday, O then we go out to shop;  
 Once you get out, it is hard to stop.  
 Saturday, polish, scrub, and bake;  
 Tired out, hardly can keep awake.  
 Sunday, O that day of all is the best;  
 Glad when it's here, for we take our rest,  
 Fifty-two weeks to make up the year,  
 But all the year round to love every one  
 here.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1904.

## PAY THE LORD ONE-TENTH.

Will you not commence paying the Lord his tenth? No matter what your income, nor from what source it comes. No matter how old you are, or how young. You receive something. Set aside one-tenth of it; try it for a year, anyway.

"Can't afford it!" You can. You will make money by it, not only to spend for Christ doing good, but you will have more money for your own use, if you do it. You cannot afford not to do it.

"Sounds strange?" Possibly it does; but no stranger than that you can do more work in a year, working six days in the week, than if you worked seven. Thousands, tens of thousands, have tried proportionate giving—are trying it—and their testimony is uniform as to its benefits.

It pays! Pays in spiritual blessings;

pays in temporal prosperity; pays in happiness; pays in embraced opportunities for usefulness and doing good; pays in a higher, deeper, broader, happier, Christian experience—pays in every good sense.

## HOW THEY HELPED.

BY MARGARET RAE BURN.

The cook had gone, and mother was downstairs in the kitchen, very busy.

"Dear me!" said Hazel, "mother has so much to do. We're big now, Sadie. Let us go upstairs and clean. I know how."

The two little girls hurried upstairs to the nursery.

"Here's a soft rag," said Hazel, catching up the lace handkerchief her mother had just laundered.

"But I want one, too," said Sadie. "They hunted in a basket of scraps for one." "Here," said Sadie, "this is so pretty, I'll use it."

She held up a gay piece of summer silk. "All right," Hazel declared. "Now let us begin with the washstand."

She handed the heavy pitcher to her sister. "Pour the water into the bowl," she ordered, "and wipe it out inside. I shall scrub the marble of the washstand."

They went to work with a will, when all at once Hazel's eyes grew big with fright.

She was so busy rubbing that she had forgotten the soap dish, and it fell to the floor and broke into many pieces. The two stared at it, then Sadie began to cry.

"See what this handle did!" she cried. She held the broken handle of the pitcher in her hand.

Just then mother came in.

"Well, chickies, you tried to help and that is very kind," she said, when they had poured out their woes. "But next time don't scrub until you take all the things off the washstand. And use the cloths in the closet drawer instead of my best handkerchief and the silk I had for a new pin-cushion. The handle was cracked already. Never mind, now. You can dust the chairs and then eat some red apples."

## AN EASTERN TRAVELLER.

The manners and customs in Eastern lands are very different from those in our own country. One of the most striking differences is found in the way people travel. Here in our own land, when we want to travel we take a railroad train or an electric car. But in the East the ordinary way of travelling long distances is by the use of camels. Indeed, in many places in the East this is the only way in which it is possible to make a journey of any length.

The camel is of special service in travelling through the desert. It has been

very suitably called "the ship of the desert," for without the help of this wonderful creature, which God has made especially fitted for the hardships of a trip through the burning sands of the desert, men could not possibly have crossed the great sandy wastes which separate one country from another in the East.

The camel is a very patient animal, and it will go on from hour to hour, carrying a traveller, or a heavy burden, without showing any signs of impatience. A little rest, however, is a good thing at times, and a thoughtful, kind-hearted man will try to spare his camels and make the journey just as easy for them as he can.

Camels can make a long journey without requiring much food or water. They will eat the coarse, rough grass which grows in the desert, not minding the thorns which are so plentiful, and they have a wonderful contrivance in their bodies for storing water so that they can go for days at a time without needing a fresh supply.

It takes a long time for customs to change in the East. Within the last few years, however, a change has begun to take place in the way of travelling. Railroads have begun to be built across the desert and when these are finished the "iron horse" will doubtless take the place of the "ship of the desert," and Eastern travellers will then make their journeys by rail instead of by means of camels.—*Apples and Gold.*

## HER GREATEST TREAT.

The best reader in the little school of the village of Brookville was Minnie Dunton. She had a pleasant voice to begin with, and she took more pains than anybody else in the class. Whenever a visitor came to the school and asked to hear the scholars read, Minnie was sure to be one of those called upon, and she always did well that her teacher felt proud of her.

Minnie had a double reason for her good standing in reading. In the first place she liked to do well in all her studies, for she was an industrious little soul. Some day, she said, she meant to be a teacher herself, and so of course she wanted to learn all she could now. Another reason and a very beautiful one was the fact that Minnie had a sick mother at home, whose greatest treat was to hear the little girl read to her each afternoon when she returned from school.

Mrs. Dunton was a very delicate woman. It made her head ache if she tried to read very much herself, and so she used to say that Minnie must be a pair of eyes to help and this Minnie was always glad to be.

Mrs. Dunton was a very wise mother and she knew that reading aloud would help Minnie in more ways than one, and Minnie was a very loving little daughter and was always glad when the hour came for reading.