

her what was the matter. Then Sally told her all about it.

Now Sally's mother was very poor indeed, but after a little thought she said: "I'll tell yer what I'll do. If yer gits up every mornin', without missin', at five o'clock and lights the fire and cleans up a bit, I'll give yer a penny a week, I will."

With one shriek of delight Sally rushed at her mother and gave her a hug. "O mamma! you dear, I will do it real well."

So every morning, day after day, all through the cold winter, too, little Sally was down by five o'clock. When you and I were still fast asleep in our warm beds she was working away with a will, and I believe that there is no happier maid in all the city than Sally when on Sunday afternoons she drops her penny into the Sunday-school missionary box.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"Mamma," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked her mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?"

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?"

"No; they put them in my mouth."

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said her mamma. "Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?"

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry. "They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said her mother.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with the finger and thumb still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" Bessie asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no!" the mother said. "We have no proof yet that they are sorry. So it would not be safe to trust them: they might go right away into the closet again."

"I think that they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied her mother.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because her papa looked so queer every time that she used her spoon. Soon after breakfast she ran to her mamma with tears running down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty. I'm so sorry! Please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed; and Bessie ran away very happy.

WHAT AILED CARL'S WATCH.

Carl had a watch given to him as a prize. It had only a silver case, but he did not undervalue it on that account. It was as precious to him as any gold one could have been; certainly more so than a gold one which he did not win. The watch kept excellent time.

To humour Carl, his mother and sisters often enquired the hour, just that he might have the joy of telling. How proud he felt when he drew out his timepiece!

But one day something seemed to go wrong with the watch. It stopped altogether. Carl wound it, and it went for an hour or two, and then stopped again. "Oh, it cannot be that it's no good after all," exclaimed poor Carl.

"Let's see," said his father. "Give it to me, and I will take it to my watch-maker."

When Carl came home to dinner his father told him that a tiny grain of sand had got into the works, and was the cause of all the mischief.

"That little grain of sand, my son, injured the works, stopped the wheels, and made your watch tell a lie by its false face. Now if you want to keep right, don't give place to little sins. Don't let a bad habit get a hold on you, but do you get hold of it, and put it out. See that you are going straight ahead, with a steady purpose to do your level best."

JUST AS WE ARE.

Do you know how to play croquet? Susie didn't when she was visiting at Uncle James' last week. So when Cousin Harry and Annie coaxed her to join them in a game, she said: "No, I can't play."

"Why, we just need you to make up the game; do, please."

"But I should not know what to do, and should be so ashamed. I am really sorry to have to say no, though, if you need me."

And so it seemed as if their game would be spoiled, until Uncle James said: "Come along, Sue; I'll strike for you and teach you. I am sure that you can trust my skill." And after that she was not afraid. Would you have been afraid?

So God offers to take us as we are, and to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves.—Selected.

HOW TO BE A HERO.

"I should like to be a hero,"

Said a little lad one day,
As he gazed upon the picture
Of a soldier tall and gray.

"You can be a hero, darling,"

Was his grandma's soft reply,
"If at play you're fair and honest,
And you scorn to tell a lie.

"If you stifle angry feelings,

Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,
Ever praying, always trying—
Yours shall be a hero's crown.

"For remember this, my darling,

Hero hearts of men grown old
Beat at first in breasts of children
Who were tender, true and bold."

KEEP THEM OUT.

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow: "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out."

Did you ever hear of the Grumble family? O so many belong to it! They are all over the world, and you can tell them just as soon as you see them. They travel a good deal, too, on steamboats and cars; yes, and they stop in hotels. This big family are all the time on the watch for something to grumble about. You can't suit them, no matter how hard you try. Don't grow up to be grumblers. You will never be liked if you do, and the family is too large already.—S. S. Evangelist.