

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING in the night-time,  
Falling all the day;  
Crystal-winged and voiceless,  
On their downward way.

Falling through the darkness,  
Falling through the light,  
Covering with beauty  
Vale and mountain height.

Never summer blossom,  
Dwelt so fair as these;  
Never lay like glory  
On the fields and trees.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1887.

WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Williams, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

"Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie a great deal beneath them, because she was poor, and her school-bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible, and read to me these words; 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Then I saw my great mistake."

Ah! little readers, never ask what this and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—Selected.

ANNIE'S RESOLUTIONS.

IT was New Year's morning; and as soon as little Annie awoke she thought of her New Year's resolutions. As soon as she was dressed, she sat down at the table and wrote the following:

"Resolved,—That I will try and not get cross at baby, or disobey mamma. That I will get my lessons perfectly, and help mamma a lot. Last of all, I mean to be a real good girl."

When she had finished, she went down to breakfast.

"Annie, I wish you would take care of the baby a little before school."

"You're just a cross, hateful baby, Maud; but, come along, if you must," said Annie.

Annie's lessons were very imperfect that day, and she was cross at one of her little playmates. When night came, she said:

"I made some good resolutions this morning, mamma; but I don't believe I've kept one of them."

Then she showed them to her mother, who said: "I fear you did not ask Jesus to help you."

"Oh, mamma, I forgot it; but I won't again—no, never." And she never did.

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy standing idly in front of a store, who jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke and would have walked quietly on, but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much a week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop.

"I am paid every day, and every hour, and really every minute," he replied.

"Come now, no fooling."

"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously; "and I invest capital in a place where it is safe. I can never lose it."

The boy's attempt at raillery fell before Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he listened with something more of respect than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred continued, "I am not paid in dollars and cents; they won't last forever, you know. My pay is the trust of my friends, the knowledge that no honest deed ever dies, and the promise that the pure in heart shall see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside; but who shall say that it was lost?

"If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart."



A QUEER HORSE.

UNCLE TOM was a great favourite with his little nephews and nieces. He knew so many games and ways of amusing them. In the picture we see how he and the children's father make a sort of horse of themselves, Uncle Tom being the body and hind legs, and father the head and fore legs. Didn't the children have fun, and I guess Uncle Tom enjoyed it as much as any one.

LITTLE BOYS MAKE MEN.

SOME people laugh and wonder  
What little boys can do  
To help the missionary thunder  
Roll all the big world through.  
I'd have them look behind them  
When they were small—and then  
I'd like just to remind them  
That little boys make men.

The bud becomes a flower,  
The acorn grows a tree;  
The minutes make the hour,  
'Tis just the same with me;  
I'm small, but I'm growing  
As quickly as I can.  
And a missionary boy like me  
Is bound to make a missionary man.

—Exchange.

BRAGGING.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose, not by the dream of doing, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter who come to grief. Patience and perseverance have accomplished wonders.