

THE SNOW-STORM.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,
Everything is white.
Sift, sift; drift, drift,
All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,
Hurry out of bed,
Rub your nose, warm your toes,
Fetch along the sled.

Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,
School-house down the lane;
Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,
Jack Frost come again.

Hurrah! hurrah! now for war!
Build the white fort high.
Steady aim wins the game,
See the snow-balls fly.

Setting sun, day is done,
Round the fire together;
Apples rosy, this is cozy,
Jolly winter weather!

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The Sunbeam.

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HOW SARAH EARNED HER MISSIONARY MONEY.

At a late missionary meeting Sarah had banded in a dollar for her money for the year, saying that she had earned it all herself during the summer. When they were out of the meeting little Sadie Black said to her:

"How did you ever, ever earn so much just in one summer?"

"Why, I will tell you," said Sarah. "You know our yard is full of weeds, and papa said if I would cut them out of the grass, he would give me ten cents for every peck. Well, I did, and I soon earned a dollar. You know our yard is very large, and I could get as many as I could cut."

"That is a good way to earn money,"

said Sadie, "and next summer I will ask my papa to let me do the same."

How many of our little boys and girls could earn their missionary money this way!

A REAL HERO.

"WHAT does hero mean, mamma?" asked little Dick Morton, pausing thoughtfully in the middle of a long line of words he was copying from his spelling-book.

"The dictionary says a hero is a brave man; one who has done some noble thing in the world," answered mamma. "But why do you ask, Dick?"

"Teacher was telling us stories about heroes yesterday, and I have just come across the same word in my spelling lesson. She said we could all be heroes if we tried; but I'd like to know what great thing a little chap like me can do?"

"I do not know what your teacher would call a heroic deed, but I think a little boy who cheerfully leaves his play to help others may be called a hero," said mamma, laying her hand proudly on Dick's curly head.

"Would nine years be too young to do something good or great?" asked Dick.

"I have heard of younger heroes than that," said mamma; "but people must not be thinking all the time about being called heroes; they must go on trying to be good and do good, and let other people find out when they get to be heroes."

That afternoon mamma had one of her bad headaches, and she asked Dick if he would stay in the house and take care of his little brother Freddy, as she would be compelled to go to bed.

As it was Saturday, Dick had arranged to go with Joe Hardy to the pond to catch fish, but when his mamma turned her white face towards him, waiting for an answer, without thinking anything about being a hero, he said cheerfully:

"Of course I will, mamma, and we will try to be very quiet, so as not to hurt your poor head."

In spite of her pain, mamma smiled approvingly, and Dick took Freddy upstairs to his own room to amuse him.

Half an hour later Joe Hardy stopped on his way to the pond; and when he found out that Dick could not go, he said he would stay too, and they would have a jolly time playing with Dick's new set of tools.

"We must take off our shoes, so that we won't disturb mamma," said Dick, suiting his action to his words.

For a while the boys enjoyed themselves fashioning a "Noah's ark" for Freddy, and cutting out all kinds of rude animals with which to fill it.

They were almost ready to take it down to the brook to test its sailing qualities, when in some way Freddy got hold of the sharp-edged hatchet and cut a severe gash in his foot. The blood spurted out in an alarming manner, and Freddy added to the confusion of the moment by beginning to scream at the top of his voice. Dick jerked his stocking off instantly, and re-

membering what he had learned in physiology, placed his finger on the severed artery right above the wound. Then, with a word of comfort to the frightened child, he sent Joe in great haste for the doctor, who lived just across the street. In a few minutes Joe was back with the needed help, and before mamma knew anything about the accident, the artery was lifted and the danger past.

"The little chap's a hero, ma'am," said the doctor, after telling Mrs. Morton how Dick had saved Freddy's life.

"And you are a hero, my little Dick," said mamma proudly, kissing the little fellow by her side.

"Why, mamma, I did not do anything brave," urged Dick. "Freddy was in my care, and I just stopped the blood till the doctor came. I did not think about being a hero at all."

"Heroes never do," said mamma; "and that is the way they get to be heroes."

A MISSIONARY BOY.

I'm a missionary boy, I am; and when I grow up I am going to be something better still, a missionary man. Now, I don't mean to say that a man can be really better than a boy, but then he can do so much more.

Yes, indeed, when I grow up I going to give every cent I can to the missionary cause. You won't catch me sneaking out of church when I see the contribution basket coming, or dropping in a button either; just to make fun. I saw a man do this the other Sunday, and I felt like telling him just what I thought of him. I was so mad for a minute or two I felt like speaking right out in church. I just know he was a mean boy when he was growing up, don't you think so?

Yours for the missionary cause,

HERBERT.

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness; it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice, be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly, and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter; for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents. He is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins: they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helping, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls who are soon to be our men and women would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.—*Ram's Horn.*