

A DISCOVERY.

BY CLARA D. MERRIMAN.

I got real cross with brother,
And he was cross with me;
So both of us were really
As wretched as could be.

I tore his number work up,
He gave my cat a slap;
He tipped my dolly over;
I hid his baseball cap.

But then I felt just awful;
And so, I guess, did he.
I said I wished I hadn't;
He said the same to me.

He made a bed for dolly,
'Twas such a pretty toy!
I gave him half my candy,
'Cause he's a good, good boy.

Now I have found out something:
It's strange as it can be!
If I am good to Philip,
He's just as good to me.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.60
Onward, 8 pp., 8vo., weekly, under 5 copies	0.60
5 copies and over	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0.20
Less than 20 copies	0.25
Over 20 copies	0.24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.70
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
20 to 30 Richmond St., West, and 20 to 26 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HENDERSON,
215 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que., Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901.

DAISY'S WHITE PAGE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"A clean, white page," said Daisy, turning away from the snowy world outside her window and sitting down on the carpet to button her boots. "That's what the lecture man called New Year's—a clean, white page to begin on."

"If you don't hurry up, your breakfast will be a clean, white cloth, with nothing at all to begin or end on," laughed her teasing brother George, overhearing her remark.

"I don't believe George ever thinks of

such things," meditated Daisy, half-vexed, but hastening her dressing nevertheless. "Now I want to do something real good—something first-rate—to begin the clean, new page with."

But opportunities for extraordinary deeds seemed very poor that morning. There were muffins for breakfast, and Daisy did not like muffins or feel inclined to plan great doings while she ate them. Then before she had time to decide what she would do afterward, mamma asked her to take care of baby while she went down to the kitchen for a little while.

"Must I take care of him to-day? Why, mamma, it's New Year's!" exclaimed Daisy, in an injured tone.

"Well, dear, we don't want poor little Puck left to bump his nose or tumble into the fire on that account, do we?" laughed mamma as she turned away to her duties down-stairs.

She came back in a hour, and Daisy again stationed herself at the window and looked out gloomily. So much of the morning gone and nothing worth calling a commencement made yet! She could not think of anything that was quite what she wanted to do—anything that she could do; and so she tapped listlessly on the pane and did not notice when her mother dropped her ball of yarn and had difficulty work, with baby in her arms, to reach it again, nor when she had rocked the little fellow to sleep and needed to have the crib pillows arranged that she might lay him down. She did not even notice when she left the room and returned until she was aroused by her saying:

"Now, Daisy, I want you to put on your hat and warm cloak and carry this basket to Mrs. Hicks."

"Errands to-day, mamma?" Daisy turned around dolefully.

"I promised her these things to-day, and she needs them. You are doing nothing, and everybody else is busy or away," answered mamma, decidedly.

So there was nothing more to be said; but it was certainly a pair of lagging, unwilling little feet that crossed the field and reached the roadside.

There her brother George passed her.

"Hello, marm!" he called. "I should think, from the looks of your face, that you had begun your white page by a pretty big blot of crossness."

"A blot!" "Crossness!" Daisy stood still on the snowy stile to think about it, and a sudden light came to her. How should any one begin the New Year but by doing each duty faithfully as God sends it?

It was a different face and step that went the rest of the way, and when Daisy reached home, she whispered:

"I think I know what motto I want for my new page, mamma; I've blotted it dreadfully to begin with, though. It's the verse on my Sunday-school card:

"Even Christ pleased not himself."

The only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.

LITTLE LOVERS.

They are real little lovers, as they ought to be, for they are brother and sister. But not all brothers and sisters love each other so dearly, I am sorry to say.

Georgie never goes anywhere, if he can help it, without sister Elsie, or if he is obliged to go he is never happy until he is back again, holding Elsie's hand and telling her all that had happened while he had been away from her.

Elsie is just as fond of brother Georgie. He takes part in all her play, and she even shares her dolls with him, and when dolly goes out for a ride in her perambulator it would be hard to tell which pushed it, for Georgie's arms are close around Elsie, and so helps her push dolly carriage.

NATURE STUDIES.

How many kinds of trees are you acquainted with? Do you recognize them in winter, when their leaves are gone? How many birds are found in your neighbourhood? Count the number that you see and hear in a week. Do you know them by their songs and calls to each other as well as by sight? How many wild flowers did you discover this spring? What kind of rocks and stones are found in your section of the country, and what is the character of the soil? Do you know the home-making and nest-building habits of the animals and birds about you? How many are so fortunate as to live in the country, or to go there for a time next summer, make the most of your opportunities to peep into the wonderful and beautiful things of nature, a world full of oddities and surprises.

One of the odd things that happened at the writer's home last summer was to break that the robins took to build the nest on the railing of the front porch, odd enough, under a spreading "matrimony vine." We hardly dared to go in and close of the front door for fear of disturbing the home-makers; for though they had chosen to live so near human beings, they were afraid of them, and any approach to the piazza was a signal for a whirl of wings, dash out into the open, and a startling call when a safe distance had been reached.

We tried not to trouble them, taking only occasional peeps at the sitting mother the blue eggs, and then the scrawny, peck-feathery babies—all mouths and throats it seemed; but disaster overtook the little family, in the shape of a large dog, who tore the nest to pieces, killed the little ones and frightened away the old bird. It is strange that such wise little builders should have chosen so insecure a site for their home.

Often the most useful Christians are those who serve the Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else he would not hide his oaks in the acorns, or the wealth of the wheatfield in the bags of little seeds.