

## TIMID LITTLE BETTY.

BY B. D. MARIE.

Don't be frightened, Betty dear,  
 Nobody can harm you here.  
 Mother is not far away,  
 And she told you you must stay  
 Quietly and without fear  
 Till she came and found you here.  
 So be patient, dear, and wait,  
 For though mother may be late,  
 Yet you know she's fond and true,  
 And you know that she loves you.  
 So cheer up, don't be afraid,  
 Betty, bonny little maid!

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 14 1899

## WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

BY ELIZABETH TILLEY.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbour of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey, and while he was away some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was!—that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball. But Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came home—it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out—Snowball ran to him at once, and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and to make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his

and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him downstairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say, "This puppy has gotten in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh! And how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy—and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house!

## THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow we're going to Aunt Mary's—if it doesn't rain!" and the children danced around the room, for if there was any place they loved to go it was to Aunt Mary's.

But alas, when to-morrow came, it was dark, dismal and rainy. And the day opened in the house dark, dismal and rainy, too, for every one of the children cried except Willie.

After breakfast he said, "I'm going to take photographs. I'm going to photograph Tommy and Mary and Susie, and everybody."

"Oh!" cried the children, "that's splendid!" and with the tears still on their cheeks they began to laugh.

Then Willie made a group of Tommy and Mary and Susie, and, putting a piece of black cloth over his face, he pretended to take the picture of the little group. When he was through with the three, every one of them said:

"I want to see the pictures you made?"

"Just wait," answered Willie. "I must go into my dark room before I can show the picture."

With a mysterious air, the little boy went into the next room. Now among the books given the children to do what they pleased with was a book containing the styles and fashions of the last summer. And there were in it pictures of little boys and girls, as well as grown-up people.

Some of these Willie carefully cut out and, arranging them in a nice group, pasted them on square pieces of card-board. He made one for each of the children. Then he came out and delivered the pictures, and of course the pictures were much admired.

"But you haven't paid me," said Willie. "Photographers are always paid."

"Oh," said the three, "we left our purses at home and will go and get them."

So out of the room they marched, and presently returned with any number of silver and gold dollars, all cut neatly out of white and yellow paper; and the photographer was paid.

It rained outside all day, but the dismal-

ness inside had gone, and when the children went to bed they all vowed they had a splendid time.

As mother tucked Willie in his bed, she whispered to him, "I'm so glad my Willie got over his disappointment so well. He made sunshine in the house all day."

## A FUNNY DENTIST.

Gracie had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out!" said her mother.

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. "It'll hurt!"

"Because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it," went on mother, "and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"Oh, no!" cried the little girl again, and she put her hand tight over her mouth, and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time it was a big sweet apple.

"But you must ask your mother if you can eat it," said he.

Mother said "Yes," and the little girl sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry:

"Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother, sure's you live!"

"Oh, I guess not," said mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Gracie, "it's just as white and hard, mother."

A twinkle came into mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she, and Gracie showed it to her. "Go and look into your mouth, dear," mother said then.

"Oh, mother," cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was. Why—ee! did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed and then Gracie laughed, too.

## ROBBY AND THE BUBBLES.

"You must not throw your ball, Robby," said mother.

"Why not, mother?"

"Because baby is asleep and you will disturb him. He is not well, you know."

Robby went and looked at the dear little fellow asleep in his crib.

"I love him," he said. "I'll not wake him."

He took his picture-book and sat down. But he had seen all the pictures very often before.

Mother went to the kitchen and brought back a bowl and pipe.

"Here, dear," she said, "you can blow some bubbles."

It was great fun. The bubbles were streaked with green and gold and red and purple. They sailed high in the air.

When he was done he said, "Mothers are always doing nice things for little boys."

And mother said, "Little boys can be very sweet to their mothers when they try"