

through holes bored at intervals of an inch or so. Just behind the front cross-bar an opening about four inches square is left in the gut netting, in order to allow free play for the toes in lifting the foot at each step. Both wood and gut must be thoroughly seasoned, or else the one will warp, and the other stretch and sag until the shoe is altogether useless.

"Simple as the snow-shoe is, I would not advise any one to try to make a pair for himself. Only the Indians can do this really well, and even in Canada, where snow-shoeing is a national winter sport, the vast majority of shoes are put together by dusky hands."

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TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1902.

DAISY'S WHITE PAGE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"A clean, white page," said Daisy, turning away from the snowy world outside of 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 grand 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 an 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 difficult 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 roused 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 every one 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.'"
—His Jewels.

A CUNNING DOG.

He had the habit of rushing out and attacking passing vehicles, and his master—thinking to cure him—attached a piece of wood by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did

the dog start in pursuit of anything than the clog not only checked his speed, but generally rolled him over; but, to the surprise of all, doggie was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever.

This is how he managed: He did not attempt to drag the clog on the ground, and allow it to check and upset; but, before starting, he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced his attack; and when distanced, would seize the clog in his mouth, and resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see if grandma's ready to come to tea." I knew I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along, tiptoe, And stood a moment to take a peep— And there was grandmother, fast asleep!

I knew 'twas time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,
Lying back in her old arm-chair,
With her dear white hair and a little smile,

That means she is loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close and didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss.
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me
And said: "Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed

Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand and we went to tea.

—St. Nicholas.

The Christian's is a life campaign.
I lessed is he or she who has entered upon
it while young.

This was a good prayer which an old
deacon offered: "Lord, make me willing
to run on little errands for thee!"

The first duty of every soul—and in
neglect of which no other duty can be per-
formed acceptably to God—is to be content
with the lot God's providence has assigned
it in life.