

little stranger. No words could have so well expressed the love she felt, and her uncle, understanding it, took the resolve that henceforth bound the curly-headed stranger to his heart and home.

Many a Christmas has come and gone, and Cora has long since learned all about mamma. The halls now resound with her merry voice and, as the sun lights their home so with her sunny ways, she brightens their lives, thus amply repaying them for their tender care over her.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

DAISY'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

A little girl named Daisy Edmonds sat before an open bureau drawer in her own little room counting over the Christmas presents which she had made or bought for other people. She had taken good care to lock the door so that her brothers, Carl and Harry, should not surprise her by entering suddenly and getting a peep at one pretty thing she had been carefully hiding for days. Very tenderly she lifted out one package after another, unfolding the soft wrapping and gazing with admiring eyes on each object in turn.

There was the dainty workbag for mamma, the smooth, ivory paper-cutter for papa to cut the pages of his new magazine with, two lovely games for Harry and Carl, and a box of candy for each of them besides. Then there were the braided lamp-mat which she had worked herself for grandma, the perfumed handkerchief-case for Aunt Annie, picture-books for her two baby cousins, and two smart neckties apiece for the cook and waitress. She also had a little remembrance for each of her playmates, and for her teachers both in the day-school and Sunday-school.

While turning over the leaves of the booklet she had chosen for her Sunday-

school teacher, Daisy suddenly stopped short and caught her breath. It came to her like a flash that she had forgotten to get presents for her minister and his wife, both of whom she loved very dearly.

"Oh, how could I forget my dear, kind Mr. and Mrs. Bradford!" she exclaimed, her sunny face clouding over for an instant. Then hurriedly locking up her treasures, she hid the key behind a vase on the mantel and took out her purse to see how much money she had left. Alas! her little hoard of Christmas money had melted away entirely, all but two cents.

Immediately she started to go and ask her mother to give her more money, but at the head of the stairs she paused. She was a thoughtful little girl, and remembered that she had already asked twice for more money for her Christmas shopping; and the last time, she remembered that her papa had looked rather grave, and mamma had explained to her afterward that his business was troubling him and that it made him feel sorry not to give his children as liberal a sum as usual to spend in holiday gifts.

"I must make the two cents do, some way," she said firmly. "I can't ask for more money, and hurt papa's feelings." So she skipped downstairs, put on her fur jacket and tam-o'-shanter, and started off once more for Miss Crinkle's attractive shop where she had made nearly all her purchases. It was a small town in which Daisy lived, and a few moments' walk brought her to Main Street. She walked about some time among the fascinating things at Miss Crinkle's, trying to find some little thing that cost only one cent. Finally she saw some handsome pen-holders in a case. They were black, and ornamented with gold, with gold pens in them.

"Oh, a pen would be just the thing for Mr. Bradford to write his sermons with!" she said to herself. But when she found that they were a dollar and a half her heart sank. A happy thought came, however, immediately after.

"How much would a steel pen cost; just the pen, without any holder?" she asked, bravely.

"Oh, steel pens are ten cents a dozen, or a cent apiece," replied the clerk.

"Very well, I will take one," said Daisy.

While she was picking out a nice bright one she suddenly remembered that the long pins with black heads, such as her mamma wore to fasten on her hat, also cost but one cent. She had bought some there for her only a short time before. It would be a very suitable present for Mrs. Bradford, she thought; so she asked for one, and when both her small purchases were rolled up in tissue paper she ran home with a light heart.

"I won't tell mamma what I've got till afterward," she said, "because she may feel badly that I couldn't get something nicer for them. Anyway, they are very useful presents, and beside, mamma said that any gift, no matter how small, was valuable if only real heart love went with it," and so Daisy dismissed the subject.

Mr and Mrs. Bradford were just getting up from the breakfast table on Christmas morning, when Daisy Edmonds appeared in the doorway, looking like a little picture, with a bunch of holly berries in her hand.

"I've come to wish you a merry Christmas," she said, "and to bring you each a very little gift. I hope you will find them useful, if they aren't much of a present; but a great deal of love goes with them, and mamma says it's the love that makes a present valuable. Perhaps you will write one of your sermons with this, Mr. Bradford, some time," and she looked shyly up into his face as she handed him the bright, new pen.

"Why, Daisy, a brand-new pen!" the minister exclaimed. "Why, that's exactly what I was needing. How could you guess?" and the little girl was suddenly taken up into his strong arms. "I shall write my very best sermons with it; yes, indeed, dear child; and let me tell you that the text of one of them shall be your own sweet self;" and as he bent to kiss her, Daisy thought she saw tears shining in his eyes, which seemed to her a very funny thing to happen.

"And I shall tie a ribbon on my Christmas hat-pin so that it will not get mixed with the others on my pin-cushion," said dear, kind Mrs. Bradford, "and I shall be very choice of it and only wear it with my very best bonnet."

So they petted and praised and thanked her, and made her feel very happy.

When she got home and told her papa and mamma the whole story, to her surprise they both hugged and kissed and praised her too; and for just a moment she thought she saw tears shining in their eyes also. But as they were smiling all the time, and laughing and looking at each other in a happy way, Daisy felt sure that they must be what she called "happiness tears," and was gladder than ever that she had managed to make the two cents do without troubling dear papa and mamma about it in any way.

THE STAR AND THE SONG.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

There is a star shines down the years
And fills with loving light the earth;
Each Christmas morn that star appears
That shone upon the Saviour's birth.
To-day we see its gleams afar—
The light of life, fair Bethlehem's star.

There is a song that ne'er is still'd,
Though centuries since that blessed morn;
The song by heavenly Father will'd—
The angels' song when Christ was born.
To-day we hear the song again
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

A little boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?