

often be seen on the snow, and they sometimes make long tunnels under it connecting their nests.

Have you ever heard of the singing mouse? It is a field mouse, and its song is much like that of a cricket. There is a story of a man who heard one about the house for some days and at last caught it. He made a pet of it and it stayed with him more than a year. Several times it got out but was caught again. At last it ran away, and he never saw it or heard its song again.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

STELLA'S VICTORY.

STELLA VINTON had been down town all alone for the first time in her life to make some purchases for her mother. She had walked down, and was riding home. Mrs. Vinton had told her that she might have a penny for herself if there was any change left; but she had been obliged to spend all but a penny, and was naturally just a little disappointed. She sat in the tram-car with the fare in her hand, waiting for the conductor to come for it.

He came along presently, and she held it out toward him; but he did not see it, and went on to the front of the car, then stepped off the front platform, and waited a moment on the rear again.

"He's forgotten me. He is not coming for my fare. I shall have to give it to him when I get out," she thought.

"No, I wouldn't; it is his place to come for it," the Tempter suggested.

"That would be cheating. You have had your ride, and ought to pay for it," whispered Conscience.

"Of course, but it's not my business to make the conductor take it."

"It is everybody's business to be honest."

"Ma promised me a penny too."

"But she would not like you to get it this way."

"She need not know. I would not tell her."

"But you would know, and Jesus would know, and you profess to be a little Christian."

"So I do; and I will be, and won't cheat."

Just then the conductor called out the name of the street, and Stella Vinton rose to leave the tram-car. As she did so she put the penny into the conductor's hand.

Stella went home, and told her mother of her temptation. Mrs. Vinton opened her purse, and, taking out a sixpence, put it in Stella's hand. "This is for my honest little girl," she said, kissing her. So Stella had double reason to be glad that she had gained the victory.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I FEEL so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, just look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, and he read aloud: "'March 8. Ben lent me his hat.' Here again: 'January 4. When I lost my shilling Ben kindly made it up to me.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory. So I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humoured again if I only look over my book."

THE KNIGHTLY SAILOR BOY.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"KITTY, kitty, kitty; please come down!" and Bessie Haynes begin to cry, for kitty paid no attention to her call, but ran even further up the tree.

Kitty was Bessie's great pet, and Bessie loved her even more than her beautiful Paris doll. "For," as she said to her mother, "kitty is really and truly alive. I don't have to pretend. She talks to me so softly, I don't even have to say to her as you do to me, 'softly, softly, my dear,' for she is always soft in her purr, as well as soft in her fur. Why, that's a rhyme, isn't it, mamma!" and Bessie laughed.

The morning of our story, when Bessie first sprang out of bed, she heard her kitty

cry out in a voice so strange she hardly knew it. Running to her window she saw a cruel boy, with a big dog, chasing her own dear kitty cat. Just as the dog was about to catch her, kitty ran up the maple tree out of reach of both boy and dog, just as Mr. Haynes came to the rescue.

Bessie could not eat her breakfast, although papa told her that if kitty was let alone she would come down herself; and for half an hour she had been calling, "Kitty, kitty," but poor frightened kitty would not come down.

But there are good boys as well as cruel ones, and Johnny Watson, in his jaunty sailor suit, came rollicking down the sidewalk.

When Johnny's mother made his sailor suit for him, she said:

"You know the jolly tars are always looking out, like the Knights of the Round Table, for some one to help."

So Johnny gladly came to the help of Bessie and her kitten.

Johnny was a true sailor boy, and easily climbed the tree, saying as he did so, "Cat ahoy!" and soon came down with the kitten, which, perching on his shoulder, he held for a moment, then with a neat bow, which had a little of sailor swagger in it, gave the kitten to Bessie, and away he went down the street, singing,

"I'm a brave sailor boy,"

looking for something or some one else worthy the help of a royal midshipman.

OLD RYE MAKES A SPEECH.

BY E. CARWELL.

I WAS made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank;
I come as a blessing,
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse,
When run through a still;
Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ—
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drank, to destroy.

MY TEACHER.

I MUST do what my teacher says. I must come to Sunday-school every Sunday. I must listen while she teaches. I must remember what she says. I must learn the Golden Text, and as much of the lesson as I can. I love my teacher, and I know she loves me. And I must love my dear Saviour, Jesus, more than all others. I must do, too, what Jesus says. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."