

## BUNNY LONG EARS.

BY M. S. HENRY.

LITTLE Bunny Long Ears  
Lives in a wood,  
He snoops on green moss,  
And eats herbs for food  
He's a gentle fellow,  
But very, very shy.  
You really could not catch him  
Indeed you need not try.

Little Bunny Long Ears  
Hears ev'ry sound,  
For he's always listening  
As he runs around,  
If he hears us coming,  
His feet will surely fly,  
For he's a gentle fellow,  
But very, very shy.

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## Sunbeam.

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## BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said a father, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently their father called from a window: "You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said the father, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble

Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, the father found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys. "That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm."

"No," said his papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."

## WHAT THEY DO IN CHINA.

"MAMIE," said Aunt Alice, "suppose your father should conclude that you were not worth bringing up, and should bring a tub of water and put you in it, and hold your head down until you were drowned?"

"Aunt Alice!" exclaimed Mamie in a voice of horror, "how can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I was thinking that if you had been born in China that might have been your fate."

"Why, do they do such things there?"

"Yes, indeed. They don't think that girls are worth raising. I heard a missionary tell of one poor woman who had drowned six little girl babies, all her own!"

When she came to hear about Jesus, and gave her heart to him, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she cried out: "Oh, it seems to me that I can hear my babies crying, as they did before I drowned them. If I had heard about Jesus before, I might have saved my babies!" Poor mother! Should not we hasten to let all the mothers in heathen lands know about our Jesus?"

I heard this story, and I said to myself: "Yes, we must hurry, quick, quick, to tell the poor heathen mothers of Jesus!" But how can we get to them? We must save our pennies, we must earn pennies and bring them to the mission box, to send missionaries and good books to tell the glad story. And we must pray—pray that more missionaries may go. You and I can do something to help them. Let us do all that we can.

## FANCHETTE'S FLOWERS.

FANCHETTE and grandmother and Tiny lived away over in Italy, where the sky is so blue and the sun is so warm. Grandmother tended the house and Fanchette sold flowers. Some days Tiny stayed at home and guarded the house while grandmother weeded the tiny garden; some days he went with Fanchette and sat by her feet and watched everything around him with his sharp black eyes. Tiny was only a dog, but he was a very smart dog.

One day Fanchette was sick. Her head ached so badly that she could not get up. Who would sell her flowers? Winter was coming on and grandmother needed more money, and Fanchette did not know what to do.

After a while she thought of a plan. She would try it, anyway; it was the best she could do.

She managed to get up and dress, although the poor head still ached. She took her basket and went to the next house, where the florist lived, and got her usual supply of flowers. Then she went home and called Tiny.

She tied the basket around his neck, kissed him good-bye and pointed to the door, and said, "Go sell my flowers, Tiny." Then she had to lie down on the bed again.

Tiny trotted off to the corner where his mistress always stood. I think Fanchette's customers understood the case, for they picked out their posies and dropped the money into the basket. Tiny had such a fierce growl that the street boys were afraid to go very near to him.

When the flowers were all sold, Tiny trotted home. The headache was gone. Fanchette was waiting at the door for him, and she found more money in the basket than she had ever made before.

The next day Fanchette's customers found the little red-cheeked girl in her old place with her basket of pretty flowers, and they told her what a good flower-seller Tiny was.

## A LITTLE BROWN GIRL.

SILVO is a little brown girl who lives in South America. Her father is a rubber gatherer, and has a rude hut built on stilts. It stands in the water, and is very different from our houses. Silvo is awakened early in the morning by the chattering of the monkeys. She likes to go with her father to the rubber grove, where he taps the trees with the hatchet, and places a little cup underneath to catch the sap as it runs out. Silvo's father tells her to keep close to him, because if she should stray away she might get bitten by a big snake or some wild animal. They stay all day in the forest, making their dinner of coconuts and dates. At night the sap from all the trees is put into one large jug and carried home, where it is changed, over a fire of palm nuts, into thick rubber.

Then it goes down the river in canoes to the English traders, who send it to our country; and it is made into balls, dolls, overshoes, and all sorts of nice things for us.

Once Silvo went with her father when he carried the rubber to Para. She saw a great many new things, and heard about the little girls in this country. Don't you think she had a lovely time?

Do our little friends want to know how they can be sure that they will never be drunkards? I can tell them. Simply refuse to take the first glass.