

A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
 On Easter morning early?
 See, they bloom on all the hills,
 Breaking through the tender green!
 Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
 Violets fringe the laughing rills,
 Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
 Dandelion's golden sheen
 'Wakens at the robin's voice
 In the dawnlight pearly,
 Ah! the sweet world surely knows
 Christ, the flower of earth, arose
 On Easter morning early?

Why are little children glad
 On Easter morning early?
 When the first sweet morning light
 Blushes through the shadowy gray,
 Open myriad happy eyes;
 Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
 Like dew-laden lilies rise;
 Hearts that harbour nothing sad,
 Soaring, track his heavenly way,
 In the dawnlight pearly.
 Sing, O children! all earth knows
 Christ, the children's king, arose
 On Easter morning early.

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A WORD TO CHILDREN

DEAR children, listen while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the shape best. He created us upright, in his own image. None of the inferior animals walk upright. God fitted the great vital organs in your body to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, so do the

lungs, heart, liver, and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course they can't do their work well. To show you how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can only take about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you stand up straight. As I have said God has so arranged the great organs in the body that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. Oh, how it distresses me to see the dear children, who I love so much, bending over their school desks, and walking with head and shoulders drooping! My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect. If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and come to me and ask for rules to preserve health, I should say: "I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules, which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health."

He might say to me, "Four are too many. I fear I may forget some of them; give me one, the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply: "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one. it is this:

"Keep yourself straight, that is, sit up straight; walk straight; and, when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night; and I believe that in this I should give you the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life."

My dear children, don't forget it.—Dio Lewis.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

ON a heap of chips and shavings in a garret a Christian man, visiting among the poor of London, found a boy about ten years old. He was pale, but with a very sweet face.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" he asked.

"Hush! hush! I'm hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" The poor boy rolled up his ragged shirt sleeve and showed his thin white arm all black and blue with bruises.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Don't tell—but my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father gets drunk, and beats me, because I won't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, once I used to steal."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Sunday-school and there I learned about the God of heaven, and his law says,

"Thou shalt not steal,' I will never steal any more, even if father kills me."

SHE WILL NEED THEM NO MORE

SOME days since a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some bright bouquets from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown in an alley.

"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the man.

"Nothing," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"That's hardly your business," was a somewhat impudent reply.

"O, certainly not, but you cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"

"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil."

"O, Lil is your sweetheart, I see."

"No, Lil is not my sweetheart; she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "I've been sick for a long time, and lately I talk of nothing but flowers and birds, but my mother told me this morning that I would die b-b-before the flowers and birds came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's," said a gentleman, "and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bound for home with his treasure. Next day he appeared and said: "I come to thank you, sir, for Lil. The bouquet did her so much good. She hugged and hugged it till she set herself a coughing again. She says she'll come by-and-by and work for you soon's she gets well."

An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every alternate day a bouquet of Lil.

It was only the day before yesterday that the bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said: "Thank you, sir, but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't—need the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brother who had told the story. Lil won't need the flowers any more, for she is gone where they are always blooming, and every one on earth they will grow above her mouldering form, and the birds will sing around her grave.