

for his goodness, a day of love to all. Sweet young friends, I wish you all a merry May-day!

"JESUS WEPT."

ONLY two little words,  
But O what grace!  
Only a tear-drop  
On a meek, sad face!  
Far off at Bethany,  
Long, long ago,  
A lit'le act,  
Simply done.  
But that little tear,  
Falling to earth,  
Warmed by its gentle power  
Into glad birth  
A seed of human love,  
Since grown to such beauty  
That it makes life more glad,  
And makes far less sad  
Earth's hardest duty.

—The Helper.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1884.

RIGHT IN MEETING.

ONE Sunday little Annie May, who lived in the country, went to church for the first time.

She wore a blue dress, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with blue strings tied under her lute of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing.

Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden indeed.

Elder Rogers was the preacher.

Annie knew him very well. He came to her papa's house often in a big covered carriage, and he brought her apples in his

pocket, and took her on his knee and told her stories while she ate them.

Annie remembered all this; and when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit she slid off her seat and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before any body knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth.

"I've come to give you a kiss," said she, "and I want you to tell a story."

The congregation smiled—all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled, too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story.

Annie climbed up in the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open; and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake.

"I'll bring you the story to-morrow," laughed the elder.

"And apples?" asked Annie.

Wasn't she a funny little girl? But she didn't know any better, you know.—

Youth's Companion.



CALLING NATURE'S CHILDREN.

BY SYLVIA BROWN.

SAID the South Wind to the Sunshine,

"It is time for us to go

Northward, waking up the rivers

Underneath the ice and snow."

Said the Sunshine to the Robin,

"Go with us into the North;

With your gushing songs of gladness,

Call the sleeping blossoms forth.

So the South Wind bore them onward

Til the fields of ice and snow,

Frightened by the many voices,

Crept into the earth below.

Then the Sunshine sent his glances,

Warm with sweet, caressing love,

Down among the bud-sheathed blossoms—

Wooded them to our earth above.

Through the orchard flew the Robin

Calling every living thing

To rejoice in all its being

For the tender kiss of Spring!

Every brown tree in the forest

Heard the drumming on its bark—

Heard the Robin's gushing anthem—

Heard the sweet notes of the Lark.

Listen! Nature's children waking

Up the valley of the North!

Soon with beauty, song, and perfume

They shall gladden all the earth.

Little children shout with laughter,

Gurgling bits of song arise

From the brooklets, while the blossoms

Laugh in silence to the skies.

—Advance.

SPRING CAROL.

THE morning's bright, our step is light;

Our hearts are full of glee;

We'll hie away to meadows gay

Wild flowers fair to see.

With hand in hand, a merry band,

We tread the dewy way;

Happy are we as song birds free

Who join our joyous lay.

Father above, we read thy love

Where'er we turn our eye;

In vernal green, in sparkling stream,

And you bright azure sky.

In forest shade and grassy glade,

Where bloom the flowers fair,

Whose robes of white and color bright

Reveal thy loving care.

Thus in life's morn we would adorn

With love our pathway here;

Lord, give us grace, each in our place

Some pilgrim hearts to cheer.

And may our life be free from strife

As this fair morning's calm;

And sweet our lays of ceaseless praise

As its unwritten psalm.

COOL!

A LADY walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who crying bitterly. "Why, my boy," said to the young tormentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants; go to the funeral."