

THE LITTLE HAY-MAKER.

Wee Jennie May, wee Jennie May,  
Is off for the fields of fragrant hay;  
She begins her work with the morning light,  
She works till evening stars are bright.

Wee Jennie May, wee Jennie May,  
Tosses aloft the fragrant hay;  
She tosses it up for the sun's bright ray,  
With her little rake, this wee Jennie May.

Wee Jennie May, wee Jennie May,  
Come from the fragrant fields away;  
Hands and feet are tired to-day,  
From working so hard in the sweet, green hay.

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TORONTO, MAY 7, 1887.

THE SAVIOUR'S LITTLE PET LAMBS.

It is doubtful in what language our Saviour usually spoke—whether Greek or Syriac; but in one instance, at any rate, the Syriac words are given. They are, "Talitha cumi;" that is, "My little lamb, my little pet lamb, rise up." By these endearing appellations he roused the sleeping soul. By this he showed to the parents that he was one with them in their parental love, in their domestic joy, as well as in their domestic sorrow. The daughter came again to life, and was to them as she had been before.

And, children, these words are also addressed to you—"My little lamb, arise." "My little lamb"—the very words tell you how precious you are to the Good Shepherd. Arise, get up, bestir yourself; get up from any slothful habit, from any idle, selfish habit you have formed. Let his voice reach your innermost heart and raise you from the deepest sleep.

He says to each one of us, "Talitha cumi," My little lamb, rise, mount up, be better this year than you were last year. Mount up, become better and wiser; mount up, rise up, as if you were climbing a long ladder; mount up, rise up, as if you were climbing a high mountain—and then you will indeed know that this gentle Jesus who has been your strength and aid in the past will be your hope in years to come, and will be your guide even into eternity.

THEIR END WAS PEACE.

A SAINT of God was nearing the river of death. In answer to some inquiry by a friend, she said, "All peace and mercy."

Joseph Addison, the celebrated English writer, when at the point of death sent for Lord Warwick, a youth nearly related to him, and as life was glimmering in the socket, forcibly grasped the young man's hand, softly saying, "See in what peace a Christian can die!" He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.

Rev. Charles Simeon, when near death, said: "Oh, death! where is thy sting? It is all taken away." His last word was—*peace*

Another said, on his death bed, "I seem to have nothing to do but wait; there is now nothing but *peace*, the sweetest *peace*."

Mrs. Isabella Graham's last word on this side of heaven was *peace*.

A young Christian's last words were, "Oh, the rapture, the perfect *peace*!"

Felix Neff said, "I am departing to our Father in perfect *peace*."

Rev. Robert Anderson said, when dying, "Peace, peace! How gracious God is in making it all *peace*."

Rev. David Stoddard, missionary to the Nestorians, replied to an inquiry made a short time before his death: "All is *peace*, *peace* within, and *peace* without. I never knew such *peace* before." His last words to his wife were: "Sophia, *peace, peace!* Do you understand? All well—all right."

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

It is related by travellers as an instance of how little the custom of eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth. When the master enters the harvest-field he salutes his reapers, just as Boaz did, "The Lord be with you;" and the peasants respond always in the words, "God bless thee." It is a happy custom that may well see no change. We should all do well to use from the heart this ancient salutation, "The Lord be with thee."



AMONG THE FLOWERS.

How delightful it is to get among the flowers. They look so pure and innocent, and smell so sweet. Some one has called them the sweetest thoughts of God. They seem almost the only things that are as pure and fresh and beautiful as the garden of Eden before the world was cursed by sin. We hope our young friends are fond of flowers, and that you cultivate them for yourselves. It only takes a very little patch of ground or a few flower-pots. With the latter you may have the gladness of spring around you all winter long. Nothing beautifies or brightens a room so much as living flowers. Remember, dear children, Jesus said, "Consider the lilies how they grow," and then tells that how much more will God clothe us. Some one speaking of the flowers—those fair, unerring things, says:—

As if on living creatures,  
Where'er my eyes shall fall,  
On bluebells and on daisies,  
I say, "God bless you all."

PRAYER.

THE very best thing we can do when we get into trouble is to pray. God has promised to take care of his children; but he says we must ask him to do so. Let all our young friends learn to tell God of their troubles, and ask him to deliver them from evil. This is the prayer Jesus taught: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."