

A LITTLE LADY.

I KNOW a little lady
Who wears a hat of green,
All trimmed with red, red roses,
And a blackbird on the brim.

She ties it down with ribbons,
Under her dimpled chin:
For oftentimes it's breezy
When she comes tripping in.

She'll drop a dainty courtesy,
Perhaps she'll throw a kiss;
She brings so many hundred
That one she'll never miss.

With laughing, sunny glances
She comes, her friends to greet:
There's not another maiden
In all the world so sweet!

Her name? The roses tell you!
It is the blackbird's tune;
This smiling little lady
Is just our own dear June.

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A CONVERSATION.

"I DO wonder when Jesus will come again," said Bessie to her older sister Mary.

"I do not know," said Mary; "but when he comes the sight will be wonderful. He will come in great brightness, more glorious than the sun, and many of the holy angels will come with him."

"Do you think we shall be glad to see him?" asked Bessie again.

"I hope so," said Mary, "and if we love him I am sure we shall. For he will come to take all who love him to his beautiful home in heaven."

"Then I am sure I shall want to love Jesus with all my heart," continued Bessie.

And Mary said, "Yes, we will love Jesus. We will pray to him every day, and we will be kind and good and keep his holy commandments. Jesus said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'"

LITTLE THINGS.

A CUP of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window blind
That ~~can~~ feel the

An early-flower unasked bestowed,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head—

O, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveals the hidden rose!

"MISS POSITIVE."

THE girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning ~~Ida had such a funny verse it~~ made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley.

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't! is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible, or heard it read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is in the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says Proverbs on the cover? Every one knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

"JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD."

Jesus loves a little child,
Smiling in its childish glee,
Says of such, in accents mild,
"Let them come to me;"
Let them come, forbid them not,
They will sing around the throne
Millions now are singing there,
Millions more may come.

In the blessed Sunday-school
They are taught to fear the Lord
Here they find his holy way,
Learn to love his word;
Armed with this they may go forth
Triumph over every foe,
Spreading joy o'er all the earth,
Glorifying him who

When life's toilsome work is done
When the stormy strife is o'er,
Then around his shining throne,
On the blissful shore,
Shall his happy children meet,
Sing and shout, their suffering
Cast their crowns at Jesus' feet,
Praise him evermore.

COULDN'T QUARREL.

IN the depths of a forest there live foxes who had never had a cross word each other. One of them said one day the politest fox language: "Let's quarrel." "Very well," said the other, "please, dear friend; but how shall we quarrel about it?"

"Oh, it can not be difficult," said one. "Two-legged people fall out, should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but could not be done, because each was so way. At last number one brought stones.

"There," said he, "you say they quarrel and fight and scratch. I begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at it," cried the other, jumping up and lit face.

"You simpleton! don't you know that takes two to make a quarrel, any?"
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