## AN EASTER BONNET.

Little Miss Violet, blooming and sweet, Has her new Easter bonnet all trimmed and complete;

The brim is rich purple, with hair-lines of black,

It flares at the front and fits close at the back,

There's a bow-knot of yellow, and strings of pale green-

A prettier bonnet has never been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful, and keeps it well hid

In her underground bandbox, and holds fast the lid;

If Easter is early, and March winds are cold.

You'll not have a glimpse of the purple and gold,

But when Easter comes late, you will see the whole place

Grow bright with Miss Violet's beauty and grace.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1902.

## SIX EASTER EGGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Harry had been lying on a lounge for three weeks, for he had broken his leg.

It was very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day; but it gave him a very good chance to show a patient and sweettempered spirit.

Harry's mamma and all his friends were doing whatever they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him They brought him and told him stories. pictures and flowers, and fruits and nuts.

one day, in a fretful voice. His mamma had just come in. She showed him some-

thing in a little box.
"What are they?" asked Harry.

"Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!"

They were lovely. Each one was coloured all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

"They are for you and your little sister," said his mother. "I will let you have your choice, because you have to keep Which do you like best?'

"I want them all," said Harry, putting

up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Harry was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed the more people tried to be kind to him the more cross and selfish he seemed

to become.
"Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?" asked his mamma.

"No-o-o-o," whined Harry.

"See!" said his mamma, taking up one of the eggs. "Do you remember when you went to find wild flowers last spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made everything beautiful for little children, and he loves them all and wishes them to love one another."

"I'll give Jessie two," said Harry, in a very unwilling voice, "and I'll have four."
"Very well," said mamma; "which will you keep?"

She felt sorry at seeing what pains he took to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the dullest and plainest for his sister.

Soon after he woke up next morning he heard tripping steps near his door, and soon a cheery voice cried, "Good morning, brother!" and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving

"See!" she said, "mamma has given me two Easter eggs. I'll give one to you, Harry—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Harry!"

O how ashamed Harry felt as his dear

little sister offered him the prettiest of the two he had picked out for her because they were the ugliest, chatting away all the time!

"Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And he loved little children, and he wants them to love one another."

"O Jessie!" said Harry, "I'll take your eggs, but I'll give you mine, every Yes. you must take them."

She had to, for Harry would have it so. She ran out in the garden to find a few snowdrops to put beside his breakfast, and carried them to him, singing like a bird : "What have you got for me?" he asked "Little children, love one another."

THE EASTER HEN.

O children, have you ever seen The little Easter hen,

Who comes to lay her pretty eggs, Then runs away again?

She only comes on Easter Day, And when that day is o'er, Till next year brings it round again. You ne'er will see her more.

. Her eggs are not like common eggs, But all of colours bright-Blue, purple, red, with spots and stripes,

And scarcely one that's white. She lays them in no special place,

On this side and on that; And last year—only think!—she laid One right in Johnny's hat.

But naughty boys and girls get none: So, children, don't forget, But be as good as good can be,

It is not Easter yet.

-The Household.

HOW A TOOTH WAS PULLED.

"Now, little daughter, that tooth must come out. Can't you sit stili, little girl?' But Frances shook her head, with her

mouth shut tight. She did not want to be

"Well, let me put this thread around it, and I'll tell you a story."

"About when you were a little girl, and had a tooth pulled?" asked Frances, slyly. "Yes," smiled mamma, "about when I

was a little girl and had a tooth pulled. "My mamma got a thread, just as I am doing now, and fixed a little loop in it just like this-see? Then she put it over my tooth this way-there ! it didn't stay. Well, that's just the way it acted when I was a little girl. Then my mamma tried again. She made a loop a little smaller, and this time she put it over my tooth just as careful as could be, and took a pinhere's one-and tucked the thread down all round-so. Then she drew the thread up tight-this way-and tied a hard knot, then gave a little jerk like this-

"My!" said Frances. "There's my tooth! it didn't hurt a bit, either. Let me show grandmamma."

"But you haven't Mamma laughed. heard the rest of the story."

"Oh! was there any more to it?" "Yes, my tooth came out just the same as yours did, and my mamma held it up for me to see, and then-

"Then what, mamma?"
"Grandma will tell you."

Grandmamma put down her knitting and adjusted her glasses for a look at the little white tooth.

"That's just like the first tooth I pulled for your mamma," she said.

"What did mamma do?" asked Frances. "She ran and showed it to her grandmamma, just as you did."-Little Men and Women.

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