

CHILDREN'S EASTER.

BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet, and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone;
Death shall be no longer,
Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,
In his hand he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily,
Every little buried bud
Into life he raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of Spring,
For the Sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison,
Little children, dear, look up!
Toward his brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing!

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TRUE POLITENESS.

THE question was once asked of a certain person, "What is politeness?" and the answer that was made was excellent: "It is benevolence in little things."

One may learn to bow, and smile, and flatter, and say "Thank you," and "If you please," on all possible occasions, and yet not be truly polite. There must be a kind heart which links itself to other hearts by unseen yet powerful ties of sympathy.

Abound in sympathy. Do not burst into a loud laugh when a comrade gets an ugly

fall on the ice, but run and help him up. If you had fallen you would not like to be laughed at. Do not make fun of a comrade, who, in ignorance, mispronounces a word. If you correct at all, correct in a kindly way. Carry a kind heart wherever you go, and let it send a pleasant sunbeam to your face.

It costs not much to be polite, and he who has the art will find his happiness increased thereby. He will be a welcome guest, and will make friends all through the journey of life, and will keep them too. If he lends a helping hand to others, he will find a helping hand stretched out to him. If even some are rude, be courteous in return, and learn not to return evil for evil, but that nobler lesson of good for evil, whereby in time evil may be overcome.

ROBBIE AND CARLO.

ROBBIE and Nell live at the sea-shore. One day they were playing in an old boat on the beach. Carlo, the faithful dog who went everywhere with them to take care of them, was lying on the sand near by. Robbie had an odd-shaped piece of wood which the waves had washed ashore.

"I'm going to make Carlo think that this is something good to eat," he said, "and then when I throw it down, and he sees it is nothing but a piece of wood, he'll look so queer."

Carlo, hearing his name, looked up eagerly. "No, don't," said Nell. "It would be a shame to cheat the poor old fellow that way. How would you like it if mamma should say, 'Robbie, here's a nice piece of cake for you,' and when you went to get it you'd find it was an old lump of wood or something?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Robbie. "But mamma wouldn't do it."

"All the same," said Nell, "you shouldn't do to Carlo what you wouldn't like somebody to do to you."

Robbie played with the wood a few minutes while he was thinking. Then he said, "Well, it would be too bad to cheat Carlo. I won't do it." So he just leaned over the edge of the boat and said, "Poor old Carlo! Nice old dog!"

Carlo answered him with a loving look and by flapping his tail very hard on the sand. Then with a great sigh of content he put his head down again, and went to sleep.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

'TIS THE DAY OF RESURRECTIONS.

[This hymn was written nearly eleven hundred years ago, by a priest called John of Damascus.]

'Tis the day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see a sight
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light.
And listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord has risen—
Our joy that hath no end!

KEEP IN THE MIDDLE.

CHILDREN, did you ever play that the street was poison and the sidewalk safe, and then try how long you could walk on the curbstone without stepping into the gutter? and did you ever see a boy or girl who did not step off at once in going home from school? Just when you feel sure of your footing and begin to run you lose your balance, and off goes one foot on the ground below.

If the street really were poison you would think it very silly to walk on the edge of the sidewalk instead of safely in the middle; but we have seen children, and grown people too, walking just as near to a line as they could without quite touching it. How long do you think they can do so before they lose their balance and step over the boundary, staining the white souls that God gave them? Why, just about as long as the children could keep from slipping off the curbstone.

It is only a question of time. Take care; do not walk too near the edge.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."