

PANSY.

WORLD you know what German children

Call this flower dear and sweet /
Little Step-mother they name her,
And they tell her tale complete.

Here's the foremost middle petal,
That's the step-mother herself;
And her daughters two beside her,
Just like her each pretty elf.

See, behind, two other petals,
On which different hues are shown
These are the step-daughters, always
In the background, and alone.

So, to German children, Pansy
Tells her story o'er and o'er;
And they listen, and they sing it
In a little song once more.

But I love our own name better,
For it sounds more heartsomely,
Sweetest Pansy, dearest Pansy,
She shall always be to me.

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BE HONEST CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE some of the little boys who read this will say, when they look at the title of the piece: "That's easy enough; I am honest; I never took anything that did not belong to me in my life." Well, that is right; but there is more in being truly honest, perhaps, than you think. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand me.

In a country school—the school of which I am teacher—a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. But I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it. I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the class, till it came to the last scholar, the smallest of the

class, and he spelled it right, at least I understood him so; and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out: "O, I didn't say so, Miss W.! I said, instead of *i*!" and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was he not an honest boy? I should have always thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Let me tell you another story with a like lesson. One summer day a school was out at play. There were a great many children, and the boys, some of them, had balls to play with. The boys had not much playground around the school-house; there was only a very small yard, and all around were high brick houses. One of the little boys threw his ball, and it went straight through a window, breaking the glass, and the pieces came rattling down on the bricks. There were so many children playing that nobody knew who broke the window except the boy who did it. He did not tell anyone, but he was very sorry. Directly the bell rang, and all went in. The children had not much more than taken their seats, when the door was opened, and a lady came in with Eddie's ball in her hand. She lived in the house where the window was broken. She was very angry, and scolded so loud and fast that the teacher could not say anything. When at last she stopped, and the teacher told her that she would inquire about it, just then Eddie raised up his hand; the teacher gave him leave to speak, and he rose from his seat and said distinctly: "I broke the window accidentally, and I am very sorry; but this afternoon I will bring the money to pay for it."

Was not that an honest boy?

THEIR PICNIC.

"LET'S have a picnic," said Lucy to her brother and sister.

"A picnic? Why, how can we? There isn't a single soul to invite, but just our own selves," said Ethel.

"And that would be stupid, you know," added Frank.

"O well, we can pretend we are grand ladies in the olden time, and you are a knight who has rescued us from a band of robbers in a forest. You shall be taking us home, and we are hungry, and you find an enchanted castle, with ever so many good things to eat. There are only a cat and a dog in it. But they are really a king and queen in disguise."

"So we will," said Ethel and Frank.

All the rest of the afternoon, the children played together out on the green grass, eating and drinking cakes and milk. They did not forget to feed the cat and the dog, who were the king and the queen of the castle. Pussy kept rubbing against

Lucy's arm, and purring. Lucy said that was to show how glad she was that the ladies and knight had come to her castle, for it was very hard to have only cats and dogs to talk to, when they were really and truly a king and queen.

They had a lovely time, and concluded that brothers and sisters can be very happy together without any strangers to help them.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

I'M only a little child,
But mamma said one day,
The weakest hands may do some work,
And the youngest heart can pray.

And O, I am so glad
To know that this is true,
That God hath in his harvest-fields
Something that I can do.

Some little corner where
My youthful hands would glean,
So I may bring my golden sheaf
When the grain is gathered in.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me.
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of thee.

ROBBIE'S RIDE.

ROBBIE'S father was going to the city on horseback. Robbie wanted to go very much; but it was a long way, and father said he must stay at home with mother.

After his father was out of sight, Robbie looked around until he found his stick-horse. He didn't look for his hat, for he didn't like to wear it. So, in his red dress, Robbie trotted off through the front gate and along the muddy road. Father's horse had gone through the mud. Robbie could see the tracks of the hoofs; so he would not turn aside, but splashed along through every mud-hole.

At last the stick-horse did not trot quite so fast. He fell into a walk, for Robbie's shoes were so heavy with mud that he could hardly drag them along. Surely he would find father soon.

At last he did see a man on horseback; but he was coming toward Robbie. When he came up to the stick-horse and its tired rider, he stopped.

"Where are you going?" he asked Robbie.

"I am going after father, and he has gone to Richmond," said Robbie.

"Well, I wouldn't go any further to-day," said the man. "You get up here in front of me, and we'll have a fine ride home."

At first Robbie didn't want to turn back, but the kind ne'ghbour took him, muddy shoes, stick-horse and all, and put him on his horse, and they rode back to Robbie's home. When Robbie found that his mother had been hunting everywhere for him, he was glad he had not gone any farther on his long journey.—*Our Little Ones.*