

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

OVER the fields where the brown quails
whistle,

Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;
Filling the air while the blossoms fade,
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the
glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;
Only bewailed by the upland plover,
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,
See how each is alive with wings!
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,
Changed thenceforth to immortal things.

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TOO PROUD TO BE HAPPY.

DID you ever know a man or boy too proud to be happy? I do. Georgie had struck his little brother in their play, and had been sent to the dark room until he should feel sorry for it. It was not long until he began to feel very badly for hurting Jimmie and making him cry, and he wanted very much to go out and put his arms about him and tell him he was sorry, and play with him again. But a little bit of pride in his heart kept him from doing it; so he staid in the dark room and felt miserable all the morning, rather than say he was sorry, when his mother asked him. Don't you think he was a very silly boy?

Pride makes people silly. It made Effie and Mollie so silly that they would not speak to each other for a week, when they

had been the best of friends and had become offended at almost nothing. It makes many people unhappy all their lives, because it will not let them go to God and own their faults and be forgiven. Do not let pride make you so foolish.—*Our Children.*

AN EXTRA LESSON.

DICK THOMAS sat intently gazing at his open Algebra, but he was not studying. He was thinking somewhat after this fashion: "Here I have lost all that fun the boys are having on the river, and have spent two whole hours over six problems. There isn't a fellow in my class who digs over algebra as I do. Ed Barrows just glances at that key of his and sees into the knotty places; then he passes it around to the rest, and all this bother is spared them. I believe I will take a peep next week if I come on such a tough old puzzle as the tenth example. To be sure, I understand it now, and never will have any trouble like it again, but what is the use, after all, of being so conscientious?"

Just then there was a murmur of childish voices from the sofa where little Tom and Nellie were deep in delight of a new picture-book.

"Oh, Dickie, come and see Jack the Giant-killer! he is beautiful," called Tommy.

"No, that isn't Jack," cried Nellie. "That is a Bible-boy; that is David, don't you know?"

"And that is Goliath. Oh yes, mamma told me about David. He was forty thousand times as smart and as strong as that big old giant," said Tommy, swelling out his little chest with his eagerness to show how well he knew the story.

"No; he was only a boy like Dick," said Nellie wisely. "If he had been awfully strong he would have worn the iron coat somebody offered him. He knew it was right to kill the giant, and God made him beat because he was doing right."

Tommy fixed his big brown eyes on vacancy a minute; then he said, "I guess our Dick could have killed Goliath too 'cause he does right and is a good boy. I am going to be just 'zactly like Dick when I'm big."

Dick looked across at the bright little boy he loved, and suddenly realized that Tommy was going to follow where he led. It was natural that he should.

"I don't know about Dickie's killing giants," said Nellie, "for there are none now-a-days. Mamma says big sins are giants—swearing and lying and—and cheating."

"What's 'cheating,' Nellie?"

"Oh, mamma said she'd give me an orange when I put my trunk of playthings in nice order. I was going to fix everything

all smooth on top and leave an awful mess underneath, but I 'membered that is cheating, and I didn't."

"Humph!" thought Dick. "Cheating is a giant, is it? 'Seems, after all, as if getting credit for a lesson a fellow has not got out for himself might be sort of a cheat."

"S'pose Goliath had killed David!" said Tommy, adding as he surveyed the picture with head turned one side. "He was dreadful big, after all."

"Well, he didn't, and I guess boys that mean to do right whether or no always do have the best of it. Goliath was a mean old thing."

"If you punch his paper ribs like that there won't be much left of your picture-book," laughed Dick, coming to the sofa to rumple Tom's curly head and make him happy by admiring David.

The picture-book had helped the algebra. Dick never again was tempted to glance at a key and save honest study; but he remembered Tom's words about copying him, and his childish faith that the big brother who could do anything would of course do only what was right.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

I SUPPOSE most all of my little readers have heard that—

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

But perhaps you do not all know the real story about it. So I will tell it to you.

Mary was a little girl who lived in Worcester County, Massachusetts. She is an old lady now, for that was seventy years ago. Her father was a farmer. Sometimes she went with her father out into the fields to see the sheep. One day they found a baby-lamb that seemed to be dead. But then they found it still breathed, and Mary carried it in her arms to the house. She made a nice warm bed in a cosy corner, and nursed it very carefully. After a while it began to grow well and strong, and learned to know and love its little mistress, following her wherever she went. One day it went to school with her. She put it under the desk and covered it with her shawl; but when Mary went up to the desk to say her lesson, the lamb followed her. Then the teacher had to put it out in the woodshed. Then some one wrote the piece about it and gave it to her. When the lamb died, Mary had a pair of stockings knit from its wool. But she did not wear them; she kept them to remember her pet.