

You may not have all of the colours in the box that you would like. If you have but one cake of green or of blue or of red you can rub black with the green, red or blue and make a darker shade of each. White rubbed into them will make them lighter. If you wish a more yellowish green rub in some yellow with the green. A very little green and considerable yellow will give you a beautiful light yellowish green. So you see you can have a great many more tints and shades of colours than you get in your box of paints.

Red and blue make purple.

Red and yellow make orange.

Black and white make gray.

Blue and yellow make green.

You will be sure at first to get too much water in your brush. Dip only the tip of the point in the water. If you do take up too much water wipe most of it out on the cloth.

Whatever you are painting do not let your brush go outside of the lines; nothing will make your picture look so untidy as daubs of colour where they ought not to be.

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GLADNESS OF HEART.

"WELL, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt that she had no power to advance towards Christ; that she

could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was, and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more:

"And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad—so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalms occurred to the mother—

"Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many sources of joy in the world. Some children are glad simply because the sun shines, the birds sing, and the air seems full of gladness. Some rejoice in other pleasures, and the blessings of home. Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a child in whose life there is no joy. Others are mad enough to rejoice in "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But this little girl had learned the only secret of lasting joy in being able to say, "Jesus is mine and I am his."

Dear young readers, enjoy the blessings God has given you as much as ever you can; but fail not to seek first his favour and forgiveness in Christ Jesus.

THE SUNSHINY BOY.

His hat is battered, his shoes are worn,
And his outgrown clothes are sadly torn,
But cheerily comes his whistling song,
Now near, now far, as he trudges along
Three times a day to his work or play:
And very merriest roundelay
Could not to me one half so well
The story of his temper tell.
As I dine each time I hear
The cheery whistle far or near,
And watch the eager, happy face,
Unclouded by a sinful trace,
Till from his heart, brimful of joy,
We watch a ray—God bless the boy.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can

you give your grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing he would not care for them."

"O, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousand-fold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought to you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress, and expressed her sincere thanks.

"WITHOUT PUSHING."

A LITTLE girl looked at a picture one day of Christ, as the children he blessed, And there were the mothers who welcomed his smile,
As up to the Master they pressed.

She gazed on the beautiful face of the Lord,
So winsome it seemed and so fair,
And wished she, too, had been there as a child,
His smiles and his blessing to share.

One mother was pushing her children along,
Unwilling they seemed to be led,
And looking upon them with painful surprise,
"I'd go without pushing," she said.

Those mothers and children have all passed away,
And Jesus to glory is gone;
But children he welcomes as lovingly now,
Though seated as King on the throne.

Then "go without pushing" the blessing to gain,
To lambs of his flock freely given,
And know that the Saviour his graciously said,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

PRAISE THE SAVIOUR.

COME, ye children, praise the Saviour!
He regards you from above;
Praise him for his great salvation;
Praise him for his precious love!