

THE MODEL LITTLE GIRL.

FRIKKY as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Every one rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Every one will love.

—Presbyterian.

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STARTING FOR SCHOOL.

THIS is a new event in Jamie's life and one much to be dreaded by him, if we judge by the fearful expression of his face as he looks up at his mother. He is going to school for the first time.

He talked of nothing else for a long time before and could hardly wait for the eventful day to arrive, and now that it has really come he is sorrowful and dreads it.

His mother feels anxious at having her little boy go from her for the first time alone, but she knows that she cannot always keep him with her, he must learn to help himself, so she encourages him and gives him wise counsel, as good, loving mothers will, and sends him off with a kiss and a smile that reassures him.

His faithful dog Rover is patiently waiting to escort his little master.

Soon they are on the way, and I know that ere the day is over Jamie will laugh at his former dread.

My dear boys and girls, make good use of your time in school. Do not waste it, for your success in the future depends largely upon the manner in which you spend your school days. The lazy, don't-care boys and girls in school are not the ones that make bright, successful men and women. They are not the ones that benefit their fellow creatures. You will generally find that a lazy person is a very selfish one. There is no time for indolence in this busy world. The Scripture says: "Be not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

In all things we must have that end in view, "serving the Lord." We must do everything as well as we can and with all our might.

THE HORNETS' NEST.

HORNETS built a nest one summer in a tree on the playground, and at first gave the children a great deal of entertainment. The youngsters were amazed to learn that such a nest could be made from old wood, dead leaves and waste; and they watched the growth of the nest with great interest. But the hornets did not care for company, and warned the children to stay away.

One of the most peaceful of the boys stood near the nest one day, watching carefully the little workers; suddenly something struck him on the lip; a moment later he felt a sharp sting, and then came the pain. Not until he saw the hornets fly away did the lad know what had hurt him. Suffering much and frightened more, the boy ran away screaming and calling to his absent brothers for help. Hearing his cries the lads came; learning what was the matter, they gathered stones, sticks and clubs and moved towards the nest, determined to destroy it.

"Where are you going?" asked a farm-hand. When told, he advised: "Don't; let them alone. They'll sting all the more if you stone or club them. And if you destroy the nest, they'll soon build another; perhaps in a worse place."

"But they have spoiled our playground," urged a boy.

"What if they have? There is plenty of ground; make another. The world is big; hornets can't take all of it. They will leave what they've taken as soon as cold weather comes."

"But the nest will be there," suggested a boy; "and the bees will be back in the spring."

"No, they won't. When they go in the fall they go for good. What if the nest does stay? That can't hurt; it'll be yours then; you can handle it and show it to folks, and see that it is light, empty and hollow. New hornets will not come back to an old nest."

"But they have stung Ted. We want to pay 'em off, and get even," pleaded a boy.

"Let the debt stand; it won't hurt you; but you may get hurt if you pay it off. What's the use of getting even when you can stay ahead? Let the hornets alone, and you will be ahead; will have one

sting that they never settled for. Hornets are mean things and as ugly; you don't wonder that they are; they do not know how to make themselves of good. All they can do is to steal and eat ripe fruit, make worthless paper, and sting people; they can't gather honey; make wax to put it in; they know they are useless, and so, of course, they cross. Let them alone; let them get good of life for the little time they stay even if they do no good in the world."

The hornets were not disturbed. When Autumn came the nest was empty, and the boys took it down to examine and show to friends as a curiosity; then they thanked the farm-hand for saving them trouble and pain, and for enabling them to get such a curiosity.

Those boys were wise, the farm-hand was wiser; they gave a lesson to us.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TEDDIE.

"THE nuts are ripe!" shouted Ted, running into the house with half a dozen brown chestnuts in his chubby hands.

"Hum!" said brother Charlie, looking at them critically, "they'll be better at another hard frost."

"Oh no, Charlie, they're real good now," declared Teddie, popping one into his mouth. "Won't you go nutting this afternoon, and take me with you?" added Teddie, appealingly.

"No; 'twouldn't pay. I'm going to wait for a hard frost," answered Charlie, taking down his hat and going out doors.

At supper time, Charlie was met at the door by his mother with the question "Where's Teddie?"

"I don't know," answered he. "Isn't about the house somewhere?"

"No; he's been gone the whole afternoon. I thought he was with you," said his mother, with a worried look in her eyes.

"I wonder!" said Charlie. And off he ran like a streak to the chestnut grove.

Was that somebody sobbing down me the big tree?

"Hello, little fellow! What are you doing on the ground? Why don't you come home to supper? Found so many burrs, you don't want any? What are you doing for? Got burrs in your knee?"

"O Charlie, I fell and hurt my foot; can't walk 't all, and I thought nobody ever find me." And Teddie sobbed again.

"Ho! you didn't believe brother, I tried to shake down nuts before they were ready to come, and shook yourself down. Never mind, Teddie, I'll carry you to mother."

The little ankle was sprained. They were thick upon the ground before Teddie was able to go with Charlie to get them.

SHORT is the longest day of life.
And soon the prospect ends;
But on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.