

SPRING.

The alder by the river
Shake out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And oh, how sweet they sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

WHEN we take up the calling inconsiderately or thoughtlessly, we are in danger of treating this great work with too much indifference. This is the reason why so many continue for a brief time in the Sunday-school and then leave it. We fear such superficial workers did not count the cost. "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The present day requires teachers who will work with zeal, discretion, patience, firmness, prayerfulness and studiousness, having the Master's help very near. Thus Sunday-school teachers will become mighty instruments in the hands of the Saviour; in all their efforts they will produce a powerful influence over their scholars. We require more teachers having such qualities. The Sunday-school needs steady persevering work from teachers who have a solemn consideration of the responsibility of the work, as those who have to give account. Our lessons and addresses and discipline in the Sunday-school should mean that we are in earnest, as engaged in the work of the highest importance. We must not think

that anything will do for the Sunday-school, whose chief aim is for the salvation of the young. When we consider the greatness of the Saviour's love in coming into the world to die the dreadful death of the cross to reconcile man to his Father, we may very soon see the importance and character of the work we co-operate in. The redemption of man was a stupendous and infinite work which the Saviour achieved. We, his servants, should labour with prayerful and solemn consideration. The Sunday-school is a nursery for the training of the young immortals for an eternal destiny. The reward to the faithful will be glorious in a better world—an imperishable crown, eternal in the heavens.

It behooves every Sunday-school teacher, in consideration of the vastness of the work, to deeply consider what is necessary when he takes the teacher's chair. Let us say that, first of all, Jesus must dwell in our hearts, having the control of their workings and aspirations. Keeping close to the Master, and receiving his help, his Spirit, the wisdom he is able to give, we shall gain greater influence over our scholars, and, in God's hands, with them as trophies for the Redeemer, shine for ever and ever.

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," sharply answered Will, and he ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a great many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said: "The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it he said. "I wish that lady knew." And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.

KIND-HEARTEDNESS.

THE famous English novelist and author, William Makepeace Thackeray, was devoted to his gifted children. He was a man of large sympathies, and took delight in helping others. Henrietta Corkran told this story:

"Once when Mr. Thackeray called, children were in bed. I was the only one not asleep.

"I had been listening to his pleasant voice talking to my father and mother in the salon, when our bedroom door was cautiously opened, and in marched Mr. Thackeray, my mother following him holding a candle.

"There were three little iron beds all in a row. I saw him smiling at us, and then putting his hand in his pocket, he murmured, 'Now for the distribution of medals,' and, chuckling, he deposited each of our pillows a bright five-franc piece, remarking: 'Precious little ones they will think the fairies have been here.'

"Mr. Thackeray often made us little ones laugh heartily with his droll stories and ways. One day he walked into the drawing-room with my crinoline round my neck.

"'I am prepared now!' he exclaimed. 'Imagine, my dears, that I have a crooked red head, blue eyes, and very big lunette. And forthwith he related to us wonderful adventures, making us laugh and cry, just as he wished.'

THINKING GOD'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN I was a little child, my father used to tell me I should think God's thoughts after him. I was too full of wonder to ask many questions, so for a long time I was puzzled over what he meant. One day I was out rambling and came in with an arm full of flowers. Coming to my father, I showed him them.

"Who made them?" he asked.

"God made them, but I think Mr. Mitre made them blow out, he loves them so."

Mr. Mitre was our minister. The children loved him so much we thought he could create.

"Mr. Mitre does love flowers; but he cannot make them blossom out. They are God's thoughts every one."

This was the beginning of a great delight. For many years I never looked at a flower but I thought of him who said: "Consider the lilies how they grow."

When you see the flowers about you, think that they are God's thoughts, and see how it will make you love him.