

and they resolved to watch the birdies sometime and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade, as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearth-stone.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1884.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

MAMMA, said my little Charley, "now I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?" His face wore a puzzled look for a little while, when a thought struck him. "Mamma, there's a chance to do something—real good, too. What's the use talking so much about a thing and never doing it?"

"What, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there's any boy I hate, it's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys. It never does any good to get cross, for that's just what he likes; but, better still, Sim does like a sled; and—well, may be it's foolish—but I've a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good. Mightn't it?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before.—*The Well-Spring.*

"I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentleman as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "O yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that then they are invariably carried out of the room." Naughtly gentleman!

### A SONG OF EASTER.

SING, children, sing!

And the lily sowers swing;  
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that  
Death no more is king.  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly  
brightening spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

Winter wild has taken wing.  
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the  
frosty echoes ring!  
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glitter-  
ing cling;  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright  
face to the sun,  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin  
to run;  
And the golden catkins swing  
In the warm airs of the spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

The lilies white you bring  
In the joyous Easter-morning for hope are  
blossoming;  
And as the earth her shroud of snow from  
off her breast doth fling,  
So may we cast our fetters off in God's  
eternal spring.  
So may we find release at last from sorrow  
and from pain,  
So may we find our childhood's calm,  
delicious dawn again.  
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look  
with smiling grace  
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the  
Future's face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful  
voices tell

That death is life, and God is good, and all  
things shall be well;  
That bitter days shall cease  
In warmth and light and peace—  
That winter yields to spring—

Sing, little children, sing!

—*St. Nicholas.*

### WHEN I'M A MAN.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"WHEN I'm a man I'll let the world  
know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-cheeked boy one day  
after reading the exploits of some noted  
general. I laughed from my seat by the  
window at the vain look and proud strut  
with which he accompanied these grand  
words. But my laugh soon died away, and  
sadness filled my heart as I thought that  
the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and

put his name into the mouth of the world  
without being either great, good, or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why he may do  
some shocking deed, and be tried, executed,  
and have his crime and his name printed  
all over the world. In that case would  
not "his name be in the mouth of the  
world," and yet he himself be neither  
great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do.  
Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you  
that the best thing you can aim at is to be  
good men. If you can be great as well as  
good, all right; but you must make sure of  
the goodness. (Great men are often greatly  
bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander,  
and many others of their sort. Of course,  
being without goodness they were without  
happiness, for you may make sure of this  
fact, HAPPINESS never occupies a house  
which is not owned by GOODNESS. Choose  
therefore, first of all, to be a good man.)  
Carry out your choice at once by asking  
God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace,  
That truly feeds on Christ within,  
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and  
girls, and though the big world may never  
speak your names the angels will, and God  
will write them on the golden roll with  
those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints  
who, if not known for mighty deeds, were  
prized by him for noble qualities.

### HELPING MOTHER.

Your hands may be small, but every day  
They can do something that's good as  
play;

They can help mother, and she'll be glad  
For all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day  
Of helping mother, as all of them may,  
They'd bring in water and wood, and do  
A dozen things she would like them to.

For though hands are small and the years  
few,

There's always something they can do  
To help the mothers and make them glad,  
Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers about their work;  
Don't wait for asking, don't try to shirk  
Do just the best you can, and she  
Will say, "What a help are my dears to  
me!"