

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL

When mamma was a little girl

(Or so they say to me)

She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree.

She always kept her hair in curl—

When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl

(It seems to her, you see)

She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.

She learned to knit "plain," "seam" and
"purl"—

When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—

"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!

Your mamma, dear, was just like you

When she was grandma's little girl."

—St. Nicholas

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COMMANDMENTS.

"I WISH I was a big man, so I wouldn't have to mind anybody," said little Charlie. But do you think the time would ever come when Charlie would not have to mind somebody? If he works for anybody, he will have to mind his employers; then there are the laws of the city, and state, and country; and always there will be the law of God. But it will not be hard to mind all these laws if our hearts are right. If we love mamma, papa, and learn to obey them while we are little, it will be easy to obey God's commandments when we are older. We will wish to obey them if we love him. And that is the way he wants us to feel.

God knew that nobody ever could keep the commandments all of themselves. He sent Jesus to the world to keep them, and to bear the punishment that would have been ours. Ought we not to love him for being so kind? If we do, we will want to mind him

"TAKE HER."

MISS SHARP, an American missionary working in West Africa, has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"Take her! take her!' exclaimed the children in chorus.

"But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I have now," I said.

They thought a while, and then the eldest said:

"If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her chop' (they will say chop).

"Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do," I said.

Another pause, and some talk in Kroc, and then one said:

"Mammy, take her, and we will all give her part off each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"Are you all willing to do this?" I asked.

"Yes,' was the answer. 'And,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out, and no more than they wanted themselves! Never as much meat any one time in their lives as they could eat"—*Exchange.*

DON'T TELL A LIE.

"LET's play ball," said Teddy.

"Yes, let's," said Dottie.

Teddy had a tennis-racquet; Dottie got a ball, and they had a fine game.

Crash! went a pane of glass in the window.

And then both the naughty little tots remembered that mamma had told them not to play ball in the dining-room.

"What shall we do?" said Teddy.

"Don't let anybody see it," said Dottie.

"And when they do, let's say we don't know."

They picked up the glass and threw it away. Then Teddy sat down before the broken place in the window. He grew very tired of sitting there. But he was afraid to get up for fear some one would see it.

At last it got dark and the shade was pulled down. Then Teddy got up.

But when Teddy and Dottie went to bed they both felt very sober.

Mamma heard them say their prayers. Then she kissed them and went down stairs. Then Teddy said, "Let's tell."

"Let's," said Dottie.

They called mamma and said to her, "Mamma, we broke the dining-room window."

"We played ball," said Dottie.

"And we thought we wouldn't tell," said Teddy.

"And then we thought we would," said Dottie.

"My dears," said mamma, "I am sorry you did not obey me about playing ball in the house. But I am very glad you did not make things worse by telling a lie. Our Saviour forgives our sins when we are sorry for them, but a lie leaves an ugly stain on a little heart and a little tongue."

When mamma was gone down Teddy said, "I'm glad we didn't tell a lie; for, don't you see, we couldn't ever untell it."

Dear little children, remember that you can never untell a lie. Be thankful if you can say, "I have never told a lie." And try with all your hearts always to be able to say so.

POOR FELLOW!

YES, and poor mother, poor sister! The burden, the heart-sache, God only knows, and he only knows what the end will be!

Harry J., a well-dressed, good-looking youth, stumbled into a little Gospel temperance meeting a few days ago. What brought him there who can tell? Twice, three times, he rose to leave, but each time a woman's hand was laid upon his arm, and a gentle voice whispered, "Don't go!" He did not go, but the sweet hymns, the tender prayers, the mother-love in the faces about, all proved too much, and before he knew it he was moaning out, "O, I have broken my mother's heart! I am so sick of my sin! Can't you help me somehow?"

Many and many a scene like that described above had Harry's mother witnessed, and it was true—her heart had broken at last!

Poor fellow! Yes, a thousand times poor! Broken in body, sick at heart, with a weakened will and a torturing conscience, what is left for him? Nothing, nothing, nothing, save the grace and power of the Lord Jesus. But the struggle must be a hard one, and many times he will think that he must go down!

Boys, beware of the first glass!