

A WARNING.

"Now do be careful, Johnny!
The garden path is narrow;
You'd better take this flower jar,
And let me wheel the barrow."
Up to my open window,
Clear comes the childish warning;
For sturdy John and prudent Bess
Are gardeners this morning.
"I know you'll tip it over!"
Still anxious Bess is fretting.
A crash! A silence—has it come,
The prophesied upsetting?
No! safe is Johnny's barrow;
But lo! 'mid fragments scattered,
Poor Bessie stands, and at her feet
Her flower-jar lies shattered:
"O anxious Bess!" I murmur,
"Life's garden paths are narrow:
Watch you your little jar, nor fret
About another's barrow!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1884.

GOD'S CHILDREN.

ONE day Nellie said, "I wish I was Mrs. Brown's little daughter. Mrs. Brown is rich, and her children can have everything they want." Nellie's mother was poor and sewed hard every day to make a living for herself and her children. Cousin Jane heard Nellie when she spoke. "Why, Nellie," said cousin Jane, "don't you remember that our lesson says we are God's children. And God is far richer than Mrs. Brown. All the world and all heaven are his. And if we love him he will after awhile give us a beautiful home in heaven." "I did not think of that," said Nellie; "and then my dear mamma loves me so much, and is so kind, that I will never wish again I was somebody else's daughter.

THE DIAMOND RING.

THE merchant, William, sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness. Many years after he returned home. When he landed, he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighbouring country-house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assembled, they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not rich. A young Moor whom he had brought with him was disgusted at their want of feeling, and said, "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relation after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper; "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold! all the faces brightened, and they pressed around dear cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honour of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said William, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"O you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, "it is not the ring that has bewitched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"—*Child's Own Magazine.*

KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE.

ROB never has any trouble with the boys. Everyone likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along well.

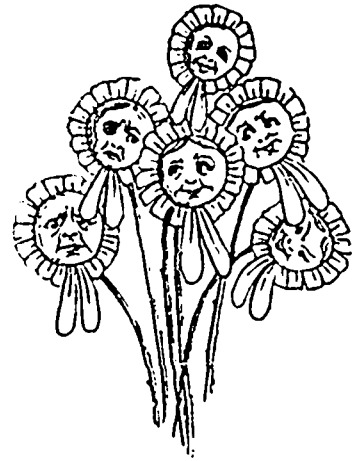
"Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him one day. "All the other boys do."

"O it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me, I just keep still."

"Not a bad plan, is it? Who will try Rob's plan?"

I LOVE MY SISTER.

LITTLE Gracie was hugging and kissing her baby sister. Her auntie said to her, "And you really think you love your little sister, do you?" Quick as a flash came Gracie's answer, "No, I don't think I love my little sister; I love her without thinking."



DAISY FACES.

BY AUNT MAY.

THE daisies are coming. They have been keeping house in a very quiet, secluded way underground all winter, and they have not been idle either. They have got their spring clothes ready, and are venturing out as fast as they dare. When the great sun smiles encouragingly they feel assured and show themselves, but a hint of the north-wind's presence makes them afraid; but they will get over that as soon as the sunshine gets warmer. They are the children of the sun, and resemble him in a small way, with their round golden faces and ray-like petals. Indeed, they are named for him—day's-eye—the "eye of Day" being the old name for the sun-god. On a bright July day you may see a whole field full of them, looking straight up at the sun with happy, confiding faces, just as pansies look up into our faces; and if there is something almost human in the face of a pansy, there is something more than that in the daisy, with its pure face turned heavenward.

"But what kind of daisies are these in the picture?" asks a perplexed little reader; "they have a human look, I am sure."

Yes, but they did not look like that once when they stood in the meadow looking up at the sky. They were gathered and brought into the house, and one who had skilful fingers and a busy brain tried her art upon them. I am glad they do not grow that way, but that you may amuse yourself and friends after some of your country rambles this summer I will tell you how to make "daisy-faces." You must evenly trim off the petals, (with the exception of two,) not closely, but leaving about a quarter of an inch to form the "snowy cap-frill." The two petals which are left entire form a pair of immaculate white ribbon-strings. Then—if you are good at making faces—with a pen and black ink you may trace the features on the solid yellow disk of the daisy, and give your little old lady whatever expression you please. A half dozen of happy faces, with two or three cross ones for a contrast, will make a bouquet that will be much admired for its quaintness, if not for its beauty.