

God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." And as David ran to meet the Philistine he threw a stone from his sling, which struck him in the forehead. The Philistine fell upon his face. David had no sword, but he ran and stood upon him, and cut off his head with his own sword. When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled; and David returned to receive the rewards of the king and the honours of his nation.

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**The Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1887.

**A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.**

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."  
John 10. 11.

"Jesus my Shepherd is:  
'Twas he that loved my soul,  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole."

AND why did he do all this for me? Not because I was good and lovable to be sure! No: he loved me, and I shall never know why, until he tells me himself!

The shepherd of the East lives with his sheep. He knows each one by name, and the little lambs are his tenderest care! He watches to see that each one has food and shelter and a place of refuge from danger. He does not forget any of his sheep, because he loves them, and least of all does he forget to provide for the sick and ailing and helpless ones. Perhaps one has a bad fault. It does not understand the shepherd's care, and so it tries to break away and be free; but the shepherd only bears with it patiently and tenderly, and watches it even more lovingly.

When the sheep stray away and get lost, he follows them into the wilderness, and seeks until he finds them.

Jesus uses this as a picture of his feeling

towards us. He calls himself the "Good Shepherd," and he tells us that he even lays down his life for the sheep! The care of the shepherd for his sheep is something wonderful, but far above and beyond all this is the loving care of Jesus for the least of his little ones!

He knows you by name, dear child, and never sees you straying away from him, that his heart is not filled with tenderest pity for you. He gave his life so that you might not be lost in the wilderness, and still he is seeking you. Maybe you think he doesn't notice a child like you. Never think that again. He gave his life for you. Isn't that answer enough?

Dear Shepherd, I will not let thee seek thy lamb in vain, but I will hear thy voice and follow thee, wherever thou dost go.

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**THE ORIOLE.**

[From *Our Little Men and Women* for July.]

LADY-LOCKET lost her pocket,  
Lost it out in the orchard grass;  
And a little fellow clad in yellow  
Found it as he chanced to pass.  
And he said, or sang it, 'Ho, I'll hang it"—  
These were his very sing-song words—  
"Where bloom comes quickest, and bloom  
is thickest,  
I'll hang it up for my baby birds!"

It looked so funny—a bag for money,  
A grass-cloth pocket so quaint and odd—  
With a woven shining silken lining  
Made from a broken milk-weed pod.  
Leaves were growing and buds were blowing,  
And he did his wisest and his best  
To try to hide it, but someone spied it,  
A boy, who cried, "A hang-bird's nest!"

"Oh, sister-locket, it is your pocket  
Swinging here in the apple-tree!  
If the tree were smaller and I were taller  
I'd get it for you again, maybe!"  
The wind grew merry over this, very,  
And laughed as he tossed the nest-hung  
bough,  
"If you don't mind falling and headlong  
sprawling,  
And bumps and bruises, try it now!"

**THE WORD IN SEASON.**

"WANT some grapes? There are lovely ones in the wood there. I'll pick you some if you do," said little Jennie Brown.

Mary Winters was on her way to school when she met Jennie close to the bars that led into Mr. Dow's lot. There was a wheat field on one side and woods on the other, and Mr. Dow never objected to anybody going in to get the huckle-berries and sassafras and wild grapes that grew there.

"No, thank you," said Mary, "I don't like wild grapes; but I'll tell you what, Jennie. You pick a lot and bring them to mamma, and I guess she'll buy them. Perhaps you can earn enough to get you a pair of boots this winter. Wouldn't you like that?"

Mary knew that Jennie's mother was poor and she had no father. There were three or four children besides, and it was hard for them to find enough to eat; and as for clothes and shoes, they had to depend for them on the good people of the town. Mary was a wise little girl to propose this to Jennie, who never had a thought that she could earn anything herself. And Jennie was much pleased.

"So I will, I will!" she said. "There are lots there."

And away she scampered to get a basket to put them in.

Now, Mary didn't do much. She only said a kind, helpful word. But it started Jennie in the way of earning money and so of helping her poor mother. That is what we might call a "word in season." The Bible says: "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"

**DISOBEDIENCE DOESN'T PAY.**

IN the pantry was a basket of delicious pears. Susie knew just how good they were, and she did want a few more so badly, but mamma had said before she went out, "Don't eat any more pears, Susie; you have had quite as many as are good for you." Susie knew very well that mamma knew best and her little girl ought to obey her, but she let Satan persuade her to do the wrong thing, and soon there were two pears less than when mamma went away. A few hours later, when Susie was so sick and had to take disagreeable medicine, and she had to stay at home next day, while mamma and little brother went to spend the day with auntie, she concluded disobedience didn't pay.

A MAN was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife; "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a bottle."