

## GOD'S BIRDS.

God's little birds! He knows them all;  
He will not let a sparrow fall  
From out his loving, watchful sight:  
He keeps his worlds by day and night.

His little birds fear not the storm;  
Their Father's breast is safe and warm;  
He feeds them from his bounty's store,  
And sends his sun when storms are o'er.

God's little birds! How wise are they!  
They do not question, but obey;  
God guides and feeds them while they sing  
Perpetual praises to their King.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1888.

## SET UP A FLAG FOR CHRIST.

A NATIVE Christian in India upon his death-bed left his whole property to establish, as he expressed it, "a flag for Christ." That flag became a mission-room or chapel near the native preacher's house. Is it not a beautiful thought—the setting up of a flag for Christ? Explorers in the arctic regions have all been ambitious to reach some point a little further north than any one had reached before, and there set up a staff with the flag of their country, and travellers in newly explored regions have, in thousands of instances, left a flag or some other memorial of their adventures. This is what we are trying to do all over the world with the banner of Christ. Our flag may be great or small. Every child can set up a little one. If you have helped by your pennies to establish a school up the side of Mount Lebanon, or are helping to support a native preacher among the mountains of Persia, or a Bible-reader in Japan, you are simply setting up your flag—the flag of your blessed Master—that under which you delight to

live, and which we hope will wave over the continents and all the islands of the sea. Be sure every month and every year and every week to help set up somewhere a little memorial of the truth.—*Foreign Missionary.*

## LITTLE LENG TSO.

POOR little Leng Tso! nobody loves her. When she was born the mother cried because she was not a boy, and the father would not even look at her. They only said, as many do when they have trouble, "We must try to bear it."

She was a dear little girl, however, and loved her brothers very much. They played together quite nicely, only when there was a little quarrel the mother never said, as your mothers do, "Boys, you must give up to your sister." No; the Chinese mother always said, "Leng Tso, give up to your brothers."

When she was five years old, her father said, "Leng Tso eats too much rice; we should have more for ourselves if she were not here." So she was sent away.

She was to live with her father's sister, who had seven boys and never a daughter at all, for she said Leng Tso could help her take care of her boys. There she had to work very hard.

By and by a missionary came that way, and his wife opened a school for girls. Leng Tso's aunt was tired of her by that time; the boys had grown up and gone away, and she didn't need her to work; so she consented to let the missionary take her. At the school she received a new name—Mercy.

The teacher taught the girls to read, write, study the Bible and sew. She talked to them of Jesus, but the poor Chinese girls couldn't understand. It was several years before the light came. But at last God's Holy Spirit touched Mercy's heart.

One morning the teacher was busy teaching the little ones to sew and the older girls were studying. Suddenly Mercy looked up from her book. "Teacher," she said, "do you think Jesus would save me now if I should ask him?"

What joy went through the teacher's heart! "Yes, yes, my child," she said; "let us ask him now."

They knelt and Mercy gave her heart to Jesus. In the course of a few weeks seven others had done the same. What happy, happy days were those!

Now Mercy is helping to teach others, and she thanks God she is a girl, that she may tell other little girls that there is somebody to love them, even Jesus.

## THE DRIVE.

WILLIE and Anna live in the country near the greenest woods you ever saw, in which grow loveliest flowers and softest mosses. The birds and squirrels lead a happy life there, for no one ever disturbs them. Their cousin Bennie had come to visit them and they had the nicest picnics in the woods, and after emptying their baskets of the good things they had brought out with them, they filled them with flowers, ferns and mosses to adorn their sitting-room at home.

One day when they were walking along, Bennie said, "If we only had a horse what a fine ride we could take."

"Yes," said Willie, "but we haven't any, so we shall have to make the best of it and walk."

"I know what we can do," said Anna; "let's play horse. Willie and I will be your horses, Bennie." "Just the thing," said Willie; "come, Bennie, get your reins."

So Bennie fastened one end of the reins to Anna's arm and the other to Willie's, and off they started, Fido running after them and enjoying the fun.

Willie and Anna are kind and unselfish towards their cousin, who was also their visitor, and Bennie was careful and gentle, and these are the reasons they all enjoyed their drive through the woods.

Are you always kind and unselfish in your play, little folks?

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"WILLIE, why were you gone so long for the water?" asked the teacher of a little boy:

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?