

## BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

God's hands has made each flower that  
springs,

Each leaf upon the tree;  
He guides the bird on gladsome wings,  
And little busy bee.

Much more his love and care provide  
For us who think and speak;  
For whom the blessed Saviour died,  
So gentle and so meek.

And those who in life's early spring  
Their hearts to Jesus give,  
Shall find it is a blessed thing  
Beneath his smile to live.

Jesus will guide them with his love  
Through all their days below,  
Then take them to the land above  
Where fadeless blossoms grow.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888.

## THE LOVE OF JESUS.

DEAR little friends, do you love the Lord  
Jesus?

He loves you very dearly. He loved  
you so much that he laid down his life to  
save you—so much that he suffered punish-  
ment for your sins. He loves you so  
very much still that there is not a moment  
in the day that he is not thinking of you,  
and caring for you; and he says, "Yes, I  
have loved thee with an everlasting love,"  
which means that he loved you from the  
very beginning, and will love you to the  
end.

Oh! what wonderful love!

"This same Jesus" now asks you the  
plain question, "Lovest thou me?" Is  
your answer to be "Yes" or "No?"

Oh! I trust it may be a hearty "Lord,

thou knowest all things: thou knowest that  
I love thee."

Not long ago, when walking down a  
street, I met a bright-eyed little girl, with  
whom I began to talk, and, after a little  
while, I said, "Then you love the Lord  
Jesus, don't you?"

"Well," she said, "I want to love him,  
and I am trying to, but it is awfully hard!"

I asked her, "Are you trying to love  
your mother?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I love mother  
dearly; I don't need to try."

"But how is that?"

"Why," she replied, "because she loves  
me, and she loved me long before I could  
love her."

"Well," I said, "it is just the same with  
Jesus—only he loves you far more than  
your mother does, and he loved you long  
before you ever thought of him; and I  
think, if you will repeat to yourself, over  
and over again, 'Jesus loves me,' you will  
very soon be able to say, 'I love Jesus,' for  
'We love him because he first loved us.'"

## A BOY WHO TEASED HIS SISTER

"Sis, if you can't play better than that,  
I am going to shut up my ears. I don't  
like your tune." Harry Lewis said this to  
his sister Carrie while she was very  
patiently practicing her scales.

"I shall never learn to play pretty  
pieces," said Carrie, "unless I learn to play  
the scales first. I think you had better go  
into another room."

"No, I won't. I came in here to listen  
to some music. I am going to stay here  
and make fun of you if you don't play  
better."

Carrie felt like saying something very  
cross, but she held her tongue between her  
teeth, so that she could not speak, and kept  
right on playing. She tried not to look at  
Harry, but kept her eyes on the notes  
before her.

Harry pushed his chair up close beside  
her, and held his hands over his ears. "I  
can hear it still. Don't play so loud, Sis."  
Then he got up from his chair and jumped  
about the room, and laughed and lalooed  
as loudly as he could.

Carrie could hardly hear herself play;  
but still she kept her tongue between her  
teeth, and did not say a word. Mrs. Lewis  
heard the noise, and came to see what was  
the matter. Carrie did not need to tell  
her. Harry's mother told him to come  
with her, and she sent him up into the  
attic to stay until she should call him  
down.

Boys, do not tease your sisters. They

cannot love you if you do. It will help to  
make you grow up to be mean men.  
Sisters, be patient with your brothers when  
they try to tease you. That is the quickest  
way to make them stop. Try to do just as  
Carrie Lewis did.

## TO THE POINT.

I ONCE heard a man affect an audience  
wonderfully by what he said. Dr. Rich-  
ardson would have put it in much better  
shape; but the man did a good work by  
his method of putting the point. He said:

"They tell us that alcohol gives strength  
and nourishment. Now, it does not; it  
gives stimulus."

"But," said his opponent, "there can be  
no stimulus without nourishment."

His reply was, "You sit down on a  
hornet's nest, and it is very quickening,  
but it is not nourishing."

When we do not understand the science  
of the question, we are forced to use com-  
mon illustrations. I give you another  
specimen: A man once said to a friend of  
mine, "You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey

has done a great deal of good. Why,  
whiskey has saved a great many lives."

My friend said, "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the man, "I mean that  
whiskey has saved a great many lives."

"Well," said my friend, "you remind  
me of a composition a boy wrote on the  
subject of a pin:

"A pin is a very queer sort of a thing.  
It has a round head and a sharp point; and  
if you stick pins into you, they hurt.  
Women use pins to pin on their cuffs and  
collars, and men use pins when the buttons  
is off. You can get pins for five cents a  
paper; but if you swallow them they will  
kill you; but they have saved thousands of  
lives."

"The teacher said, 'Why, Thomas, what  
do you mean by that?' Said the boy, 'By  
people not swallowin' of 'em.'"—*John B. Gough.*

## JESUS' LAMBS.

MARY and May were walking across a  
field from school one day, when they saw  
some sheep with red letters painted on their  
fleeces. "O see, May!" said Mary; "those  
sheep have some marks on them. I wonder  
what they are for." "That's the mark the  
farmer knows his lambs by. Don't you  
know what our teacher told us about Jesus  
having marks for his sheep?" "Yes; but  
Jesus doesn't have marks like that on his  
lambs." "No; Jesus puts his marks in us,  
on our souls, not on our bodies." Little  
Mary was right.