

JESUS DIED.

JESUS died upon the cross,
Full of tender love for us;
He can wash our sins away,
He can teach our hearts to pray.

Jesus watches all we do,
All we say, and think of, too;
When our friends we disobey—
When we're selfish at our play.

He the smallest effort sees
Of the child that tries to please;
Hears and answers every prayer
Of the child that seeks his care.

And he will our sins forgive—
His good Spirit to us give;
Fill our hearts with joy and love,
Take us soon to dwell above.

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THE WIDOW AND HER BIBLE.

A POOR widow was once asked by a city missionary if she had a Bible. "Thank God I have," she said. "What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my old age. It wounded me, and it healed me; it showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour! It has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me hope in death."

Children, do you love your Bible as this poor widow did hers? Do you read it often, and lay up its precious teachings in your hearts?

Love the blessed Saviour whom it tells you of; try to be like him, and you may then hope to be one of the holy, happy ones who will sing his praise forever.

JESUS WITH US ALWAYS.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

ROBBIE was spending a week at grand-ma's; what a good time he had. There was Frank's velocipede to ride, and grandpa's little dog to play with, besides all the treats that auntie and the dear grandparents were constantly getting up for him. Still, Robbie had his trials. Aunt Mary didn't enjoy being kicked all night long, and there was no folding-bed in his room, such as he had at home; so Robbie had to sleep alone.

The room was quite close to auntie's, so she could hear him if he called, but still he was alone, and he wasn't six years old. The little fellow had a habit of waking in the middle of the night, when he always said: "Mamma, you in bed yet?"

"Yes, dear," his mother would say, only half awake; when Robbie, quite satisfied, dropped to sleep again. But in this spare room there was no mamma, and he could not call out for auntie unless he were ill; so when Robbie woke he felt lonely and almost frightened.

There was just a little glimmer of gas—so little that it made the room seem full of strange shapes. Robbie felt as if he would scream in one moment more, but—just then he remembered.

That very day he had learned as his text: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." "It is Jesus that keeps me," thought Robbie. "I asked him to when I said: 'Now I lay me,' and he isn't asleep. I'll just ask him if he's here, and then I won't be so lonesome."

"Jesus," said the child's voice, "are you here? Mamma's home, and auntie couldn't have me sleep with her. Jesus, are you here?"

Coming softly up the stairs, passing the child's open door just at that moment was a young man who for years had forgotten about his Saviour. He heard the child's question, and both he and Robbie, in different ways, felt the Lord say: "Lo, I am with you."

Jesus was with the little child as his protector and friend, and the boy slept peacefully; but his uncle could not sleep—Jesus, his neglectful Saviour, was with him. He tried to forget, but it was of no use; that same Jesus whose presence was such a comfort to the child was like a sword in his heart to him.

It was no long, though, before Uncle Henry sought his Saviour's forgiveness, and then he, too, loved to remember that "He that keepeth thee shall not slumber."

Now it may be that some of the little ones who read or hear this story are timid

at night. Then remember Jesus is always with you, and ask him to keep you. If you are trying to please him all day, thinking of him and obeying him, you will never be afraid to be alone with him.—S. S. Times

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sun, good-night;
I've watched your purple and golden light
While you are sinking away;
And some one has just been telling me
You're making, over the shining sea,
Another beautiful day;
That, just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
At your face—beginning to say
"Good-morning!" just when I say "Good-night!"
Now, beautiful sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you'd say "Good-morning" for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

—St. Nicholas.

THE TAGGING SISTER.

CHILDREN, like grown up people, do not like to be encumbered or hindered in their enjoyment or pursuits, and especially, children do not like to be "tagged around" by those who are younger than themselves. So sometimes we see the elder children running away and hiding from those who are smaller, and leaving them to mourn and cry alone, and perhaps to get into trouble and danger.

We should remember that we have duties and obligations to those who are weak and young, and we cannot always consult our own pleasures in such matters. Sometimes we may do what is pleasant, but we must always do what is right. And doing what is right brings more pleasure at the last, than doing what is simply pleasant.

"I wish I could go out now and then by myself, without always having my little sister tagging after me."

It was a sweet-faced girl who said this, only the face for the moment was clouded and cross. Another girl came by. She had on a deep mourning dress. As she had heard what I did, I was not surprised to hear her say, "My little sister is dead!"

The child who had first spoken said nothing, but presently she took the chubby hand in hers, and seemed to be patient with the little "tagging" sister.

"I should always care for others.
Nor suppose myself the best;
For to love like friends and brothers,
'Twas the Saviour's last request."

—Little Christian.