

JESUS.

JESUS is our childhood's pattern :

Day by day like us he grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

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OVER THE FENCE.

"OVER the Fence is Out." Even the sports of childhood often contain lessons for the coming years, and prefigure the vicissitudes which the struggle of living brings to everyone. No life is so placid that it is devoid of trials, none so fortunate as to be destitute of discouragements. The great endeavour, then, should be to pursue the rugged pathway courageously, and to never yield to despair or apathy over disappointments. When we find ourselves over the fence and out in any worthy undertaking, let us, like the young folks in the picture, quickly scramble back again and begin the game anew.

FEAR God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

A WEE STORY WITH A BIG MORAL.

SOME time ago a gentleman walking along one of the Glasgow streets was thus accosted by a little happy-faced newspaper girl :

"Evenin' Citiz'n, sir, only a ha'penny." The gentleman took a paper and gave her a penny, when, seeing her distress at not having a halfpenny to give him back, he told her to give him a paper next day instead.

About six weeks after he happened to walk along the same street, and having forgotten all about the occurrence was surprised to hear behind him a voice calling out,

"Oh, here's the Citiz'n, sir; here's the Citiz'n."

"What Citiz'n, my girl," he inquired. "O, the Citiz'n I was owin' ye," she answered. "I could na see you the next day, and I have been looking for ye every day since, but ye were na to be fund!"

The gentleman remembered the circumstance, and was so pleased with the girl's honesty that he not only afterward bought his evening paper from her, but got his friends likewise to patronize the little honest newspaper girl.

This is the wee story; now what do you think is the big moral?—*J. S. M.*

EXHIBITION DAY.

ALICE and Eva lived in the country, a long way from the school-house. They were surprised one morning in the month of April to find snow all over the ground. They were not a bit glad, either, for that day was the last of the winter term, and they were going to have an exhibition. Both of these little girls had pieces to say, and of course they were very anxious to go.

Alice began to pout right off, and said she "thought it was mean." She didn't see why the hateful old snow could not have stayed away; that it just came to spoil their fun.

Eva said she did not think that was a nice way to speak; that God sent the snow and of course it was right.

About an hour before it was time to start, their father came into the house and said :

"Well, children, I guess I will have to go to your show. I thought I could not spare the time from my chopping, but this snow has put an end to that. Guess I will have to hitch up Bess and Bill to the sled and take you and mother over."

"Oh, goody, goody! I knew it would be all right," said Eva; "it's nicer now than if

it had not snowed, 'cause now we will have a sleigh-ride, and mother and father, too."

I like the way this little girl talked. She was sure God knew best, although she did not quite see why he sent the snow just then.

The exhibition went off very nicely, and I thought I never saw a happier face than Eva's, while she was "speaking" her "piece."

Alice was so in the habit of frowning that her face never looked very pleasant.

I always feel sorry when I see a little boy or girl with an ugly frown or look on his or her face, because I know it is sure to leave a print there; just as sure as stepping in the fresh snow or in the dust of the street leaves a mark of your shoe. Do you want an ugly mark on your face?

"THE EASIER TO CARRY ME."

IN a Chinese Christian family at Amoy a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young—that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply :

"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family—of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons, are members of the mission Church at Amoy.

A RICH GIFT.

THE teacher of a girls' school in Africa wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar—such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing. The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it.

There is One who watched and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all?"