

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The happiest, the holiest,
That o'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was!
Harmless and undefiled.
O dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

O is it not a blessed thought,
O children of human birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And lived upon the earth?

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The Sunbeam.

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HARDSHIPS.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

DID it ever occur to you, as you sit in a warm, well furnished and lighted Sunday-school room, that you have good reasons to be thankful for the privileges you enjoy and for the comforts that surround you? In Scotland not long ago it was found that two hundred and eleven schools met in private buildings. Here are some of the places they held their schools in: "Old thatched houses, very uncomfortable;" "kitchen;" "hall granted by coal-master;" there are several such; "farm

kitchens," there are a great many of these; "creamery hall;" "smithy;" "villago institute;" "barn," several of these; "barnloft;" "estate offices;" "agricultural missionary's house;" "hall of carpet factory;" "crofter's house." As I read this list over, and think of the hardships and privations that these people undergo in order to have religious service of any kind, I feel ashamed to confess that a small excuse sometimes is enough to keep us away from warm, comfortable churches and Sunday-schools.

THE FIGHT UNDER THE HILL.

"HAMILTON CROSS, your page of English has four mistakes in it; I shall mark you six. Frank Shellman, you have only one; I will mark you nine. That will do; the class may go back to their seats."

These two English exercises were the last of twenty that Miss Mary Ridgely had been correcting; she held them together in her hand until she made the marks in her book, and then gave them back to the scholars.

In another five minutes the bell had tapped, and Miss Ridgely's school was out for the day.

"I don't see where I have any four mistakes," said Hamilton Cross, knitting his brows together over his exercise. The rest of the scholars had tossed their papers into the towed desks and were already off, except Frank, who was hunting for his Geography. "I've a great mind to go after Miss Ridgely," said Hamilton, who was a careful scholar and did not like low marks.

"You'll have to hurry, then, old chap," said Frank, seizing his recovered book and making for the door; "Miss Specs is as far away as the stone fence already."

"Oh, bother, let it go!" exclaimed Hamilton fretfully, banging his desk-lid and hurrying off to join the baseball game that was organizing. Frank set out for home, but it was not till the school-yard gate clicked behind him that an uncomfortable thought startled him into an exclamation of surprise.

"I wonder, now," he said to himself, shifting his load of books uneasily from one arm to the other and looking bothered.

"Pshaw! it's not my business, anyhow," and whistling a brave tune Frank broke into a run which soon brought him to his father's gate. There Lance met him, and nearly licked the skin off his hands for joy.

Frank was rather quieter than usual at dinner.

"Frank, let's go fishing this afternoon," said his little sister.

"I don't care to go," answered Frank. "You can go with me to see the baseball game, Frank, if you choose," said his big brother Tom.

"No; I don't feel like it," answered the little boy. His mother looked at him anxiously, wondering if he was sick. No, his eyes were clear and bright, his cheeks rosy and full. Frank did not know himself why he felt so downhearted and did but he had his suspicions; he knew conscience was a terrible tease when a fellow was not doing exactly right, and he felt very cross with his conscience.

He slipped away after dinner with only Lance following, and went off to the grassy hillside that sloped down to the brook there he lay on his back, with straw hat tilted over his face, for a long, long time Lance wondered, as far as a shaggy little head like Lance's can wonder, what kept his young master idle so long that bright afternoon.

Ah, Lance! he was not idle by any means. He was fighting a battle—fighting a hard battle, though there was no guns heard, no shouts of victory, nothing but the humming of bees in the blossoms and the chirp of birds above in the trees.

Suddenly Frank whirled over on his elbows, with heels high in the air. "Lance!" he cried suddenly, and doggedly thinking something was expected of him at once assumed his most gentlemanly attitude—"Lance, its mighty easy to be mean things, old fellow! You needn't look sheepish, Lance. I don't mean you this time, though you did eat pussy breakfast this morning. I mean you humble servant, Master Frank D. Shellman. Come, Lance, let us go after Miss Mary this very minute, and tell her she got my exercise and Hampie's mixed up, and that I am six and he is nine."

I fancy the great white angel Trull walked along with Frank unseen, but crowned with laurels, having won the fight under the hill.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

"WILLIE," said a little orphan boy to his brother, now we are all alone in the world, father, and mother, and auntie are gone, and there is nobody to take care of us; what shall we do?"

"O, I am not afraid," said Willie; "don't you remember the verse that dear mamma taught us? 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"