

MY REFUGE.

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners, crucified,
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I knew he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I.
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

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IS GOD HERE?

A YOUNG man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago had he become victor, when the glaring evil was set before him by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as, laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?"

"Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face,

and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly:—

"Call him again, papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for past offences, and guidance for all his future life, thanking him in fervent spirit that he had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a little child shall lead them."

ALONE.

ARTHUR is all alone with his little white kitty. Mamma has gone out on an errand, and nurse is down stairs washing.

"Good-bye, Arthur," said Hannah. "J shn't be gone a great while; kitty'll take care of you."

And she doesn't feel uneasy, neither does mamma. Arthur is only five years old, but he can be trusted alone. Little Ned Crafts, who lives next door, would be afraid if he were left so. He cries the moment he looks around and can't see mamma. She can't take any comfort, because the child cries for her. And Will Moody can't be left alone a minute, he is so full of mischief. He gets at mamma's work-basket, and turns everything out on the floor. Then he goes to the bureau-drawers, and out comes everything from them; and when mamma or nurse comes back the floor is a sight to be seen, and some of the things are broken and spoiled.

But Arthur never meddles with mamma's work-basket, and never thinks of such a thing as opening one of her drawers unless she asks him to. He has been taught that it is wrong, and he minds. How beautiful it is to see a child ready to mind, and to mind just as well when mamma is away as when she is looking right at him! That's the right kind of obedience; that's the kind that pleases God.

Can such a little boy think about pleasing God? Yes indeed. Mary Lester is only three years old, and she loves God and thinks about pleasing him.

"Will this please Jesus?" she asked her mother one day.

"Yes, dear," said mamma.

"Then I'll do it."

"Supposing I had said no, what would my little Mary have done?"

"Said no too," was the child's answer.

I think Arthur loves God and tries to please him. That is what keeps him so quiet and good when he is left alone, so that mamma and nurse can always trust him.

LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE KITTENS.

"KITTY, you are a lazy little thing. You lie and sleep in the sunshine all the morning. Don't you wish you could do all the things I can do?"

"Let me tell you how much I have done: First, I read a chapter in the Bible to grandma. Then I held a skein of yarn on my hands for her to wind. Then I dusted the dining-room for mamma. Then I shelled some peas for dinner; these are the pods in my apron; I am going to carry them out for the little pigs to eat.

"Mamma says I have been a very busy little girl. Don't you think so too, Kitty?"

"But I am not going to scold you, you poor little thing. You would do things too if you could. But you don't know how to read, and you could not hold yarn or shell peas. How funny you would look trying to do such things with your cunning little round paws!"

"God made me to be a little girl, and you to be a little kitten. You are happy when you sleep in the sunshine, and I am happy when I am helping mamma and grandma.

"Come, Kitty, we'll go and roll marbles and toss the ball, and have a good frolic. We can both do that."

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

HESTER loved to do errands for her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head, with a bright look in her eyes, and said: "Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am his little errand-girl too."

"Yes, dear; he has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them, and a book written full to show us how. Every day we can tell him how we try to do them, and ask him to help us; so when he calls us we will run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the child said, nestling back to her comfortable seat. "I like to be God's little errand-girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine is to honour and obey you," said Hester, quickly. "I think he gives very pleasant errands to do."