

SAY, CAN YOU COUNT?

Say, can you count the clouds that fly
So swift across the dark blue sky?
Or tell how many a glittering star
There shines above our heads afar?
No, none but God can. He doth know
All things he made, above, below.

Say, can you count up every bird
Whose merry chirp in spring is heard?
Or fishes, as they swim, leap, play
Within the deep seas far away?
No; God can. He by name doth know
All things that breathe, above, below.

Say, can you count up every child
Who, watched by tender mother mild,
Lays down at night its little head,
To sleep within its soft, warm bed,
When said have been its simple prayers?
God can. He numbers all our hairs.

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TRUE COURAGE.

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is a story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was sitting in school one day with a large patch on the knee of one of his trousers. One of his school-mates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggle, if we hope to come out right.

THE BABY.

The poet Tupper has said, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of delight." Truer words were never uttered; there is something that appeals to all that is best in our natures in the guilelessness, and innocence, and winning ways of childhood. Small wonder that the loving Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them. He must have a cold, hard heart, who does not love the little children. There, angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Our cut is a very clever example of engraving. See how plainly the baby's face and the nurse's fingers show through the veil, and how delicately the embroidery is shown.

OFFERED IN THE BUD.

A GROUP of happy children had been gathering flowers when one suddenly exclaimed: "Here comes teacher! I'll take her my nose-gay."

Away ran the merry party, and surrounded a lady, who accepted the gifts with a pleasant smile and many words of thanks.

"How rich I am!" she said; "but, my dears, you are all poorer. I have all, you have none."

There was a shy silence amongst the little ones, until one stammered out:

"But we have your smiles!"

Dear child! she understood the pleasure of giving!

"I have only got this," said a tiny little fellow holding out one little bud of a briar rose, "but it is very sweet."

"Bless me, Charlie! would you like me to have it?"

Yes! Charlie would like it, so the lady took it.

"Now," she said, "I am going to sit down and give a very little pleasant talk about flowers, especially about buds."

So the lady took her seat on the mossy bank, and the children threw themselves in various attitudes around her. All eyes were fixed on the smiling countenance of "teacher." Charlie's bud was brought prominently forward, and the lady said:

"Sometime ago a gentleman was addressing a Sunday-school, and he said to the children: 'Most of you have gardens; if walking round them with a

friend you dearly loved, you came to a rose-tree on which were many roses—some full-bloom and ready to drop to pieces, and others beautiful little buds—would you offer your friend the falling blossom or the pretty, fragrant bud?' Of course they all said, 'The bud!' we would give the bud.' Then the gentlemen told them of that dear, good, kind Friend who had loved them so well and so much as to give his life for them; and now he wanted their young lives, their hearts' affections, 'in the bud,' my dear children. And there was some to whom this incident was told who decided to give to Jesus their youngest days. And now, my dear children," continued the lady, "tell me why buds are more acceptable than full-blown flowers?" There were sundry shy looks amongst the little ones, but at length came the answers:

"They last longer," said one.

"You can watch them open," said second.

"They may fade," said a thoughtful boy "but they never fall if they are gathered in the bud."

Then the lady let them learn to sing the following lines:

"When we devote our youth to God,

"Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice"

All now rose from the grass, and in few words, simple and child-like, the lady asked the dear Jesus to take all the "Buds" and give in return his smile. She went away caressing the bud of Charlie's briar rose.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boy. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "There is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him and if I see him look off his book I'll tell it. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master."

"Indeed," said he, "How did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched idle boys again.