

small-footed ladies, and say it is like "the waving of willow-boughs in a breeze."

Are you not thankful, dear girls, for your own loving mothers and happy homes? For your freedom to learn and play, to walk and run? Chinese girls are just as willing and as quick to learn as their Canadian sisters when the opportunity is given them. There are now some schools in China where girls are gathered together to learn from gentle, patient teachers, lessons more precious than heathen masters can teach their pupils. These are the Christian mission schools for girls.

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THE ALARM CLOCK.

I HAVE an alarm clock in my room which makes so much noise every morning at six o'clock that I am forced to open my eyes directly. It is an excellent means of awakening me early, and enabling me to gain the precious morning hours. It is so, however, only on one condition, and that is—that I rise at once whenever I hear the sound.

One morning, instead of getting out of bed at once at the call of the clock; I hesitated, felt lazy, turned round, and fell asleep again. Alas! the following morning I scarcely listened to the sound at all; and in a few days more, although the clock continued to sound at the usual hour, I did not even hear it.

That is strange, you will perhaps say; but strange or not, it is true. I ceased even to awake because I had neglected for some time to rise at the call of my alarm.

We have all an alarm clock within ourselves. It is our conscience. Conscience rouses us, warns us what we ought to do and what we ought to shun. But we must listen and obey at its very first call. We must stop at once when conscience says "Stop," and we must set to work at once when conscience says, "Go and be active." If we once refuse to listen, we shall refuse more easily the second time, and at length conscience will speak in vain; we shall not even hear its voice, and we shall go on unwarned from sin to sin. Of this the following is an example:

A young man, named Robert, had at one time listened faithfully to the voice of his conscience, but by degrees he began to turn away from the right path, and to become unfaithful in little things. In vain did his conscience say to him, "Robert, what you are going to do is evil, abstain from it!" He listened not to the warning. From neglect to neglect, from faults of omission to faults of commission, he proceeded onward in evil until at last he was so lost to all sense of right that he broke into a shop by night to steal the money from the till. He was discovered, arrested, tried, and imprisoned many years.

If we wish to hear the voice of conscience ever speaking clearly and distinctly to us, we must do these things: We must keep our alarm clock—that is our conscience—always in a good state, by the study of the Word of God, and by prayer; then when it speaks, we must listen attentively, and obey at once.

REBUKING A KING.

THE timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked:—

"I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go, for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.
"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him stand near him in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said: "Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and at his company of obsequious nobles the king severely remarked: "There, lords, is an honest man. He can really remind me of the great sin of swearing, but you can sit here and let me tell my soul by swearing, and not so much tell me of it!"—Exchange.

THE COMING MAN.

A PAIR of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose,
A pair of little chubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's coming man.

His eyes perchance will read the stars
And search their unknown ways,
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission sees
To pull all order down—
Who knows what giant strength may
Hidden within their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessing on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessing on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessing on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the coming man!

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, etc., and whose chief delight is in all these things; the other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the parlor, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Which will you strive to be?