

# THE SUNBEAM

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## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THESE little children  
 playing near  
 The great, deep precipice,  
 Feel they have little  
 cause for fear.  
 Their minds are quite  
 at rest,  
 They know their angel  
 standeth by,  
 And guards them with  
 his watchful eye.

Men think it strange that  
 little ones  
 May wander so at will,  
 That evil to them sel-  
 dom comes,  
 Though they are never  
 still.  
 They do not see the  
 angel nigh,  
 To guard them with his  
 watchful eye.

And so they pick the  
 pretty flowers,  
 And chase the but-  
 terfly,  
 Oh, happy are the child-  
 hood's hours,  
 Without a single sigh.  
 They know their angel  
 standeth by,  
 And guards them with  
 his watchful eye.

## IF MOTHER COULD HAVE SOME.

ONE of the most beau-  
 tiful charities of London  
 is the Children's Penny  
 Dinner Association. This  
 had its rise in a winter  
 of great severity, and in  
 an experience which  
 taught that hundreds of "little ones" die  
 simply from impaired vitality.

Underfed, they are unable to bear up  
 against the privations of winter, and the

churchyards are crowded "in" the dreary  
 winter months with childish bodies which,  
 under happier circumstances, would have  
 blossomed into maturity.

do her good."

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul, the  
 passions are the voice of the body.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The idea was conceived  
 that even one nourishing  
 dinner a week might  
 stay the terrible death  
 record, and results have  
 shown that even that  
 scanty allowance of solid,  
 well-cooked food is pro-  
 lific in good results. Such  
 touching instances too  
 occur of self-forgetful-  
 ness and self-denial on  
 the part of children.

One terrible bleak day  
 last winter, a little half-  
 frozen child presented  
 her ticket, value two  
 cents, which made her  
 the owner of a seat at  
 the dinner table. The  
 little one looked fam-  
 ished, weird, worn out,  
 one would have said with  
 starvation, but the plate  
 of appetizing roast mut-  
 ton remained untouched  
 before her.

Observing this, a lady  
 went up to her and asked,  
 in tones of kindly accent,  
 if she could not eat a  
 little.

"You look so hungry,  
 dear," she said, "don't  
 you like roast mutton?"

The little one raised a  
 pair of blue eyes to her  
 face, and said, "O yes  
 ma'am, but"—

"Well, dear, what?"

"But please, ma'am, the  
 new baby's come, and  
 mother's so dreadful  
 weak, and I"—

The child hesitated  
 then gathering confidence  
 from the kindly smile  
 that met her glance,  
 added,

"I thought it would