

NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see ;  
 He knows my name and nature too !  
 And all day long he looks at me,  
 And sees my actions through and  
 through.

He listens to the words I say ;  
 He knows the thoughts I have within  
 And, whether I'm at work or play,  
 He's sure to see me if I sin.

If some one great and good is near,  
 It makes us careful what we do ;  
 And how much ought we to fear,  
 The Lord who sees us through and  
 through.

Thus when inclined to do amiss,  
 However pleasant it may be,  
 I'll always try to think of this—  
 I'm not too young for God to see.

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THE LITTLE TRUANT.

TOM is a little truant. He does not love to go to school. Every chance he gets he runs away. This morning he hides his books under the fence opposite my window, and then glances all around to see if anybody is looking. He does not see me, for I am looking through the closed blinds; and he does not see God, who is looking at him with his searching eye out of heaven.

Now he runs as fast as he can run down through the lot to the river-side. He rolls up his trousers and wades in the water, and fancies he is having a nice time.

But whew! whew! the wind blows his hat away. There it goes sailing out into

the stream. He cannot get it. What is he to do? What will he tell his mother when he goes home? Down goes his heart like a lump of lead inside. He can't run now as gayly as he did in the morning. O no. He saunters back to the fence where he hid his books, and takes them under his arm, but he has forgotten to take down his trousers. He strolls down the street till the school-bell rings for the children to go home to dinner, and then he runs with the rest.

Is Tom happy? Should you be happy if you had done as he did? No, indeed. Tom has to face his mother. He must tell her where his hat is, why his trousers are rolled up, and she will be sure to ask him if he has been a good boy at school. Will he tell the truth? I fear not. The boy who plays truant is apt to tell lies, and such a boy is not happy. God frowns on him, and when God frowns all is dark.

SPEAK A KIND WORD.

"ROSA, look at that horrid drunken man sitting on the curb-stone; do come across the street, for I would not pass him for anything." And Mary ran away as fast as her feet could carry her. Now, Rosa was afraid, too; but the song she had been learning that day was still fresh in her memory. "Speak a kind word when you can," she had been singing, and the man before her looked so forlorn and wretched, so sadly in need of a kind word, that she went a little nearer and said timidly, "Poor man! I am sorry for you. Can I do anything to help you?"

He raised his head and looked at her in surprise, and his haggard face and his despairing eyes almost caused her to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have helped me already. I never expected to hear any again, for I am without a friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend, if you will ask him," said Rosa, softly, going still nearer, while Mary beckoned anxiously for her to come away. "Did you ever ask him?" continued Rosa.

"No; I've been sinning against him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man! Let God be your friend; he can do everything for you. I am your friend, but I cannot do anything but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word has saved me. Good-by."

And he held out his shaking hand. Rosa was not afraid now, and she placed her plump little hand in his, and as he

bent down and kissed it, two hot tears fell upon it. Then he went away and Rosa joined her companion.

"Oh, you queer creature! How could you let that awful-looking man take hold of your hand? I thought he was going to eat you up when he bent his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary, but I am so glad I spoke to him. Only think, he says my kind words have saved him."

"Well, he never would be saved if it depended on my kind words, for I always run away from such folks," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger, a noble, silver-headed old man, was addressing a Sunday-school, and telling the scholars to be kind to the friendless and distressed ones, especially the drunkard; "for when I was friendless, and sinful, and wretched," said he, "God sent a dear child to speak the kind word that saved me."

When the school closed the young girl held out her hand to him, and with tears in her eyes asked: "Sir, do you not know me?" He looked at her long and earnestly, and then taking both her hands in his, he said solemnly and slowly: "Yes, dear child, 'twas the kind word you spoke that saved me!" And Rosa wept for gladness.

Dear boys and girls, speak a kind word when you can.

LITTLE KATY.

KATY BLACK stood by the parlour window during a heavy thunder shower. Her Aunt Annie, who was greatly terrified by the sharp lightning, called to her: "Katy, come away from the window, dear; it is not safe for you to stand there. Come and sit by me on the sofa."

But Katy, with her thoughtful eyes still fixed upon the white sheet of hail and rain, said in her lisping way, for she could not yet speak very plainly: "No, aunty, if it funders, let it funder; it is God makes it funder and he'll take care of me!"

The same little one, coming unexpectedly into her elder sister's bed room one afternoon, found her in tears. "What's the matter, Lulie?" she cried in a tone of deep sympathy; "what's the matter? What makes you cry?"

"Because I'm wicked," replied Lucy sobbing.

"Don't you love God?" exclaimed Katy.

"No; I am afraid I don't."

"O do love God, Lulie!" And Katy's little arm clung around her sister's neck as she spoke, "O do love God, Lulie; don't be so stingy!"