

**YOUR FACES.**

I KNOW they are rosy, children,  
I know that your eyes are bright,  
That your cheeks have the cunningest  
dimples,  
And your brows are as fair as the light:  
But I know something else, my darlings,  
That maybe you have not heard,  
So listen, my pets, and remember  
A wise old grandmother's word:

Whenever you fret and quarrel,  
Whenever you frown or cry,  
There's a line on your faces that tells it,  
And will tell it by and bye,  
And when you would fain look pleasant,  
The tell-tale marks will say,  
"She or he may try to be pretty,  
But have been cross in their day."

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**PADDLING AND PRAYING.**

SAID Thomas Jones, an old coloured preacher: "When I was escaping from slavery, and found myself out on the ocean, I prayed God to help me, and he did help me. I found some boards and got on to them. Well, what did I do then? Did I stop praying, and think because I had got a few boards I could go along now and didn't need the Lord's help any more? No! I kept on praying, and held on to the boards. Well, what did I do then? Sit still, and expect the Lord to carry me safely through, and think that I had nothing to do? No! I took a stick for a paddle, and went to paddling and praying. I did not sit still, like those who have a name to live, and are dead; but I just went to paddling, and did not forget

to pray; and by paddling and praying I got through. So God expects us to pray and also to paddle, and not wait for him to do the work that he has set us to do."

There is sound philosophy in the old man's talk. Paddling is needful, as well as praying; and a more ancient teacher once declared, that "Faith without works is dead, being alone."

**A TOUCHING INCIDENT.**

MR. CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, who was a newspaper correspondent during the late American civil war between the North and South, was an eye-witness of many of the hardest-fought battles, where men distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery and valour, or courageously bore suffering and death. He saw them fall like the leaves of autumn, driven through with the bayonet or sword, blown to pieces by the bursting of the shell, or torn with the rifled cannon ball. He often passed over the contested field, and saw these brave fellows in every position, and condition, and with every expression upon their death-sealed features,—some of fear and hate, some of remorse and sorrow, and some of intense pain.

He tells of one young soldier who had fallen at the battle of Antietam. He had been standing with his comrades, near a dwelling-house, when he received a mortal wound. But before he expired, he had taken his pocket Bible, and opened to these beautiful words in the twenty-third psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." His Bible lay open upon his breast. What a touching, and, withal, inspiring sight! With the dead and the dying all around him, men and horses scattered promiscuously over the field; the artillery and musketry producing an almost deafening roar, so that the very earth and heavens trembled under its violence; men shouting, cheering, cursing, bleeding, groaning, dying,—that young soldier could find calm comfort with his God. In the valley and the shadow of death the angel of peace whispered words of consolation to his soul. He knew in whom he trusted, that nothing could separate him from the "love of God in Christ Jesus." Thus he had learned to live, thus he was prepared to die. A smile of calm resignation and trust rested upon his features, now forever cold in death. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."  
—*Instructor*

**GOOD-BY.**

GOOD-BY is a hard word to say sometimes. Mother had just said it to her dear beautiful Horace, and Horace had said it to the "best mother that ever lived."

Now mother stood by the window looking after her boy as he trudged down the path with his satchel in his hand, her eyes full of tears, and such tender feelings cannot be told.

And Horace walked straight on without looking back. "It's no use," he said to himself; "it will only make me feel worse. I'm going to do just as mother wants me to and be her good noble boy."

Those were the words he wrote in his first letter home. Mother wrote back, "I am glad, dear Horace; it rejoices my heart that you are resolved to do just what I want you to, but I hope you will go higher than that, and do always that which will please the Lord. Then you will be sure to please mother and you will be safe. I was reading this morning in Ruth 2. 12, 'The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.' That is it, dear Horace, come and trust under God's wings, and your life will be happy and successful."

How little the boys understand of mother-love! Thank God, dear boys, you have a good mother, one who prays for you and longs after you in the Lord. Mind what she says and do not grieve her by your wrong-doing. "Honour thy father and thy mother."

**A HELPING HAND OFFERED.**

A FEW years ago a lad of ten years while at play, jumped down into a newly dug cistern. It was a novel retreat, but he became tired, and commenced struggling to climb up the perpendicular walls. Time again he tried, and as often fell, until at last he became satisfied that was not the way to get out; so he stopped and called to his father, who was at work near by. The father came and, leaning over, reached down his hand, for the cistern was not deep: the lad took hold of it, and he lifted him out.

That's just the way God does when we have jumped down into some pit of sin because it seemed attractive; and when we have become satisfied that is not the place to stay, when we have tried again and again to liberate ourselves and have failed, when we stop and call to our Father, he comes, reaches down, and just lifts us up.