

colors in the solar spectrum, some of which vibrate much faster than others, and that though merging into each other, some are luminous, some are actinic, and some are thermal, so each ray has its own functions to perform in the divine economy even though we do not understand them all. So each one of us was created for some noble purpose, as a particular part of the divine plan.

A scene becomes much more beautiful if seen bathed in sunlight, than when seen by the pale light of the moon. In the first case all is animated and sparkling, for the sun illumines and brings out all the colors and beauties of every object that it touches; in the other case all is cold and quiet. There are a great many people all around us who are living sunbeams. They are lucifers or light-bearers, but the characters of their light differs as much as the characters of the light in the different colored rays of the spectrum. Let us see if we do not recognize some of our friends. The luminous rays were mentioned first. These remind us of our sun-shiny friends who come to cheer us when sick, mentally or physically, who relieve and comfort any one in distress. We are irresistibly attracted to cheerful persons and despondent ones repel us, while we pity them. We are always told to look on the bright side of things, though it is not always possible to see the "silver lining behind the clouds." Longfellow encourages us thus:

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But Bailey says:

"What happy things are youth and love and sunshine!  
How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!  
To know it is lighting up the rosy blood,  
And with all joyous feelings prism-hued,  
Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot,  
We walk among the sunbeams as with angels."

And would not the last line be as beautiful if the words were transposed so as to read, "Sunbeams walk among us as angels." All our blessings are sunbeams coming from above as the sunbeams come from the sun, and are as plentiful and unintermittent. There have been great lights in the world in every department of literature, science and art, but most of us fill our niche if simply

sunbeams. Only a few can be Newtons, Shakespeares or Raphaels.

The actinic or chemical rays of the sun—let us call these the medicine dispensers. It is not only physicians who administer medicine in this world. "There are diseases of the mind which no physician can cure," but which can only be relieved by kind friends and time, aided by treatment best known to our actinic friends. These rays of the sun are necessary to animal, and especially to vegetable life, for the building up of the tissues which compose them. They give health to the animal, and the beautiful tints to the flowers, and colour to the foliage.

Various have been the things which different people have regarded as sunbeams in their lives. The prisoner becomes attached to a mouse, a spider, or a plant which shares his loneliness, and he would rather part with his life than lose the object of his care and attention. Those who give us pleasure, our friends, or usually those who are nearer and dearer, throw most of the sunshine into our lives. A good education is now the enjoyment and delight of many. Nothing gives a person thirsting for knowledge more pleasure than to place the means for accomplishing his desire within his reach. Any gratifications of innocent desires are sunbeams to us.

Then we also have our thermal friends. How we enjoy the warm grasp of their hand, indicating a sincere and kindly heart; their words of welcome cheer us; their ready hospitality charms us. How we wish that all our friends had one of these rays in their nature.

The "great and glorious" sun is only a small part of the created universe. As it is the source of all our light and heat and energy, and the most prominent of the heavenly bodies, it has always had worshippers. Sunbeams are little things, and yet what good they accomplish. Kind actions, the outgrowth of a sunny nature, are among the greater duties of life; what joy they bring to the doer, and what pleasure to the receiver. The little things of life—how important they are. Man considers the cyclone great, God the dewdrop; man the earthquake, God the sunbeam. For

"With God 'tis one,  
To guide a sunbeam or create a sun;  
To rule ten thousand worlds or one."

AUGUSTA.