

EVENING PRAYER.

When the light is fading
 From the western sky,
 And the calm stars glisten
 In the heavens high,
 Then good-nights are spoken,
 Toys are laid away,
 And the little children,
 Kneeling, softly pray

Dearest Lord, we thank thee
 For thy care to-day;
 Make us good and gentle,
 Take our faults away:
 Bless the friends who love us;
 From us evil keep;
 Let thy holy angels
 Watch us while we sleep.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.
 The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine-Guardian and onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 20
Journal, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 75
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 50 copies	0 24
Over 50 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Seaman Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 30

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
 TORONTO.

J. W. COATES, 14 Murray Street, Montreal, Que.
 S. F. HURSTIE, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1892.

"JUST AS I AM."

LITTLE Mary was very bright and intelligent; but, dear children, she had a very naughty temper, which often caused her great trouble. If her mother corrected her faults she was much offended, or if the baby was cross, she would slap its little arms, and be such an unkind girl through her passionate anger.

Although she went to Sunday-school and heard of the meekness and forbearance of Jesus, she did not improve, but rather grew worse to outward appearances.

One Sunday her teacher pleaded earnestly with her scholars to accept the Saviour, who had died for the most sinful and vile, and was willing to save all who trusted him, however bad they were.

Mary was greatly moved by her teacher's words, and thought of all her sinful temper, and passionate outbursts of anger, and longed to be different, that she might come to Jesus; but she had heard it was—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me."

Her eyes were opening and she saw herself lost and sinful, but if she came to Jesus all could be cleansed by his blood. The solemnity of it overcame her so that great tears of repentance stole down her cheeks, and her kind teacher sought to comfort her with the blessed assurance that all who come to God and plead the name of Jesus for forgiveness shall be forgiven and have strength to resist temptation through him who died to save them.

Amid sobs she said she would trust him, and kneeling down asked to be forgiven for Jesus' sake, who she believed had died for her. So real was her conversion that her little sisters noticed it, and said: "Oh, mother, sister Mary's turning good, for she never beats us now, or gets in a temper." And it was so, through God's grace, who gave her strength to live for him. Her mother saw her little Bible was daily used, her dear girl changed from a passionate, self-willed child, to a little Christian, who sought to live first for Jesus, and then for those around, and her joy in believing was very great, for she felt that he was ever near her in times of temptation, and though she often failed to do his will, still though "faint, she was ever pursuing."

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed—suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again.

There are traps for children, and very

tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember, the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 16. 25.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of ours, "an incident of childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at those Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so trembling went into the sitting-room. To my great relief the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple with inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing-stock for my companions.

"I tell you, boys and girls, it would cost many dollars to have the memory of the event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."