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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

No. 25.

## 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  
 pratty 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

**WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.**

I'm a very little maid;  
I can't do much, 'tis true,  
Yet the mission I can aid  
This a little child can do.

I can run on busy foot,  
Work for mamma all day through  
What I do for her is sweet:  
This a little child can do.

I can talk to wicked boys,  
Tell them what is good and true;  
Make them love the Sunday-school  
This a little child can do.

Tracts on mission I can give;  
Send to heathen children, too;  
Teach them better ways to live:  
This a little child can do.

If "She hath done what she could,"  
Jesus should say to you,  
You'd be glad; I know you would;  
This a little child can do.

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**The Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1892.

**AS TO DRUNKENNESS.**

Do you know, children, that the most terrible evil in all the world is drunkenness; that it causes more woe and wickedness than all other evils combined! It ends in poverty, misery, shame and death. Yet its beginnings lie in the beautiful, sparkling wine, the innocent, apparently harmless, sweet cider. Wine has been compared to a serpent which glides so quietly through the grass that you never suspect its approach, nor fear its coming, until its deadly fang has stung you and there is no hope. Little children, as soon as they can write, should sign the pledge, for if they never touch cider, nor beer, nor wine, there is no danger of their ever becoming drunkards. A little boy happened to be near the gallows where a young man

was to be hung. As he stood there the sheriff said to the man who was to die. "You have only five minutes to live; if you have anything to say, speak now." The young man burst into tears and said, "I have to die! I had only one little brother, he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him, but one day I got drunk, and coming home found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause and killed him with one blow with the rake. Drink had done it. It has ruined me. I have but one word more to say—never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." The young man died, but the boy went home and signed the pledge.

**THE DYING MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.**

A LITTLE boy about five years of age entered the room where his mother lay on her death-bed. For awhile he stood silent and sad. At length the mother said feebly:

"My child, will you not ask me how I do?"

Said the boy: "I know how you do, mother; you are very sick."

She called him to her side, and he stood leaning upon the bed, looking into his mother's face, as she said; "Do I look as I used to when I was well, Charley?"

"No, mother, your eyes are sunken, and your face is pale and thin."

"Well, Charles, sometimes people who are very sick, as I am, do not get well. I may not get well."

"I know it, mother; my little brother, Frankie, who was sick last year, did not get well—he died. Do you wish to die, mother?"

"I should like to get well to take care of you, if it is the Lord's will; but if not I am willing to die. Do you wish me to get well, Charley?"

"Yes, mother, I want you to get well, but if the Saviour wants you to go and live with him, I am willing you should go, mother."

Then for awhile they looked at each other; he earnestly, thoughtfully; she with all a mother's fondness beaming from her eyes, feeling that she saw him for the last time on earth. She then took from her pillow a little Bible, soiled with much use, and told her boy how she prized it, and how precious were its promises, and bade him read and love it for her sake, for it told him of the Saviour and the way of life.

"And did the disciples write in this book all they knew of the Saviour?"

"Yes," said she, "all that God would have them write; it's all his Word."

The boy took the book, promising to read it and love it, but after a pause:

"Mother," said he, "this reminds me of the poetry I read the other day," and he repeated:

My mother's hand this Bible clasped,  
She dying, gave it me."  
The mother kissed her child, looked

mournfully on him for a few moments and thus they parted to meet no more on earth.

These lines, by the mother's request were written in the Bible she gave her child, and in coming years, should his life be spared, he will read them, and who will doubt the beneficial influence of that parting hour?

"This book is all that's left me now  
Tears will unbidden start;  
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,  
I press it to my heart.

"For many generations past,  
Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,  
She, dying, gave it me."

**A WISE LITTLE GIRL.**

THE Italians have a proverb that "some things, if not true, ought to be true." Perhaps the following dialogue between a Roman Catholic priest and a little girl is one of them. Being asked to attend the religious instruction of the priest, she said it was against her father's wishes. "You should obey me, not your father," said the priest. "Oh sir!" answered the little girl, "we are taught in the Bible, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.'" "You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest. "The Lord said, 'Search the Scriptures,'" was the answer. "That was to the Jews and not children; and you do not understand it," said the priest. "But, sir," replied the girl, "St. Paul said to Timothy, 'From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures.'" "Timothy," said the priest, "was being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church." "Oh, no!" says the little girl, "he was taught by his mother." Thereupon the priest left her, saying, she knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish; that is according to his idea of poison.

**UNSELFISH MEG.**

MEG had a lovely dolly that a friend had brought her, and she loved it dearly. She kept it nicely laid away, and played with it only now and then. One day baby was left in Meg's care while mother was out, and she began to fret, and at last to cry very hard. Meg tried to amuse her with books and toys, but she could not please her. At last she thought of her dolly. She knew baby would like that, but how could she give it to her? At last she made up her mind to be unselfish and make her little sister happy, and so Meg brought the dolly to her and let her kiss it. She threw up her little arms and laughed, and her little face was bright as if a tear had never been on it. So Meg sat beside the cradle and let baby look at the dear dolly until mother came, and then the dolly, not a bit harmed, was laid away again, after mother had kissed her unselfish little girl.

**WHAT A BOY CAN DO.**

THESE are some of the things that a boy can do;

He can whistle so loud that the air turns blue,

He can make all sounds of beast and bird, And a thousand noises never heard.

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped, and plain;

He can thunder by as a railway train, Stop at the station a breath and then Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command He can turn right into a full brass band With all the instruments ever played, And he makes himself a street parade.

You can tell a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and keeping still, But earth would be—God bless their noise!

A dull old place if there were no boys.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

Review.] **LESSON XII.** [Dec. 18.

**GOLDEN TEXTS.**

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

This woman was full of good works and alms deeds which she did.

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.

Through his name whoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.

A great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.

To you is the word of this salvation sent.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.

In his name shall the Gentiles trust.

Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.

**CHRISTMAS LESSON.**

A.D. 1.] **LESSON XIII.** [Dec. 25.

**THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.**

Luke 2. 8-20. Memory verses, 11-14

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke. 2. 10.

Where did Joseph and his wife, Mary, go from their home in Nazareth? To Bethlehem, in Judea.

Who were in the same country? Some shepherds, "keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Who came to the shepherds? The angel of the Lord.

And what did the angel say? [Repeat the Golden Text.]

What was this "good tidings?" Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

How would they know when they had found the Saviour? "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Who suddenly began to praise God with the angel? "A multitude of the heavenly host."

What did they say? "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

When the angels left them what did the shepherds do? They went to Bethlehem "and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

Can you tell who else found the babe and worshipped him? Tell the story of the star.

What did the shepherds do as they returned? They praised God "for all the things that they had heard and seen."

Do you remember to thank God for this Saviour as the shepherds did?

Do you remember to give and receive all your Christmas gifts in Jesus' name, because it is his birthday?

Will you pray this prayer to-day?

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend on us we pray;  
Cast out our sins and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel!"

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ? To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive his words, and to trust in him alone for salvation.

Can you do all this of yourself? I cannot repent and believe of myself; but God will help me by his Holy Spirit, if I ask it of him.

**MARY'S WISH.**

How I do wish I were Maud Johnson! "Why, Mary, would you like to be Maud Johnson?" asked her sister Fanny.

"Because Maud lives in such a beautiful house, and wears silk dresses, and rides in a handsome carriage, and does not have to go to school, but has a teacher for herself alone."

"Would you be willing to leave papa and mamma, Robbie and me, for all these things?"

"No; but I can't help wishing I were Maud."

"Did you know that Maud was lame?" asked Mary's mamma, "and that she is often sick, and sometimes very lonesome? for she has no brother or sister to play with."

"O no; I did not know that she was

lame, I have never seen her walk. Sometimes she sits at the window when we pass to school, and we often see her on our way home, riding in her carriage. Sarah Price told me her father gave her all the money she wanted, and that she could do just as she pleased with it. I thought it would be nice to have all these things. But if I should have to be lame, and to live without any brother or sister, I would rather be myself."

"God knows what is best for us," said mamma, "and he has given us each work to do which no one else can do for us. So it is foolish to wish to change places with any one else. We are where God placed us, and that we may be sure is the best place for us. Let us live to please him and then we shall always be contented and happy."

**ADVICE TO LITTLE ONES.**

DEAR children, perhaps you wonder what makes me talk about some of the things that I do in my advice to you, so I will tell you that as I go along the streets often about the time the children are going to and from school, I kept my eyes and ears open, too, to see and hear what they do and say that would be better not to do or say, and this is one of them. Many little folks seem to think that anything that they are not used to is "queer." One says, "Oh, my! what a queer hat. I never saw such a funny hat." Then all the girls look, and some say, "Aint it though?" making the little girl that has the hat on feel badly. Or a boy will say, "What a queer velocipede; never saw one like it. Mine aint like that. I wouldn't have yours." It is no sign that things are queer because you never saw anything like them before. There are plenty of things you have never seen. So if you go visiting and there is a cake, pie or pudding on the table, you never have had at your home, don't say, "What a funny pie," perhaps it is queer you never saw one like it before.

**A SURPRISE PARTY.**

WE were talking about giving a surprise party to a dear little girl, when our little visitor said: "Oh! I was at a surprise party once. Is it going to be a horse's surprise party this time?"

"What do you mean, dear?" I asked.

You know I went way out to Fort Dixy with mamma last winter, to see my papa. He's captain in the army, you know. Well, one day papa took me over to see Major Martin, and there were some more officers there, and they were having a kind of a party. Anyhow, they were in the dining room, and they had lots of good things to eat, and they gave me some. Pretty soon somebody opened the door, 'cause it was too warm, and Major Martin's horse walked right into the house, and up to the table. Everybody laughed except me. Major Martin said it was a surprise party."

We told her that our surprise party wouldn't have any horse in it, at which he seemed very glad.



GATHERING ORANGES.

## GATHERING ORANGES.

HERE is the picture of a woman who lives on an island, far, far away from here. This island has a very sweet-sounding name, Honolulu, and on this island grows a fruit that little boys and girls love to eat. Can you guess what it is that this woman is picking? It is oranges. You see, she is filling that odd-looking basket with the oranges, and then she will go to the canoe that she has left near the water's edge, and she will paddle away with her oranges to some place where she can sell them. Santa Claus may buy some and you may at Christmas time eat some of the oranges from Honolulu, though most of the oranges we get come from California and Florida. This poor woman and many of her friends living in Honolulu do not know anything about God, nor the Bible, that seems very sad to think of. If you have a penny once in a while that you want to spend in candy, don't you think it would be better and would make you feel really happier to save it and put it in missionary box, that you may be able to help in sending some one to teach these poor, ignorant people to tell them of Jesus?

## TOM AND NED.

TOM and Ned walked down the street together on their way to Sunday-school. Tom's face was as bright as the day itself, but Ned's wore a scowl.

"Father's never satisfied if I don't go to Sunday-school and church," he grumbled. "I think it's pretty hard on a fellow to keep him tied up so!"

"Why, don't you want to go?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes I don't, when it's a nice day like this, and I want to have a walk and a little fun with the boys. There's Will Lawson never goes to Sunday-school unless he's a mind to, and I don't see why my father is so particular."

"It's a pity that Will's father isn't more particular," said Tom, soberly. "You know what trouble Will got into a few Sundays ago."

"O! that was only a little sport!"

"But it's the kind of sport nobody likes to remember about a boy. And for my part I am glad that my father cares enough about me to want me to be in a safe place on Sunday."

And so the boys passed beyond hearing, but their words floated on the air, and

have dropped down into the SUNBEAM for our boys and girls to read and think about.

Sometimes father's and mother's desires to have you in the right place seems a little oppressive, doesn't it? Try and remember this, they know the dangers that wait for you far better than you possibly can, and it is because they care for you and love you very dearly that they try to shield you. It is not pleasant for a parent to deny a child what looks like great pleasure to the child, and you may be sure when it is done it always gives pain to the parent's heart. Do not make the pain greater by your unwillingness to yield to father's and mother's will in the matter! Remember, it is only love that watches over and tries to protect!

## A GENTLEMAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I KNEW him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play:  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street,  
Off came his little cap.  
My door was shut, he waited there  
Until I heard his rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along  
His voice is gently pitched;  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can;  
For, in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty 'tis the same:  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

## HOW DO YOU PLAY?

VERY little boys and girls may be Christians. A little Christian boy met a little Christian girl at the sea-shore, where both their mammas were staying. When Charlie came to tell his mother about his new playmate, he said: "She plays like a Christian, mamma." When Dotty was telling her mother about Charlie, she said: "I am sure he is a Christian. I know by the way he plays."

The mammas told each other about it afterwards, and were glad that their little ones had each such a nice playmate.  
How do you play, little people?