

## THE LORD IS RISEN.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath opened paradise!

Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Once he died our souls to save:  
Where thy victory, O Grave?

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## PURITY.

A LESSON FROM GOD'S WORD.

KEEP thyself pure.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.

Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.

And every man that hath this hope in him (the hope of heaven) purifieth himself even as he (Christ) is pure.

## TEMPTED BY DEGREES.

JOHN NEWTON says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a great temptation, or with a temptation to commit a great sin.

You bring a green log and candle together, and they are very safe neighbours; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this," "no great peril in that;" and so by these little chips we are at first easily lighted up, and at last the great log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.—*Anonymous.*

## THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE.

TRAVELLERS in the East have often confirmed the aptness of our Saviour's tender illustration of the shepherd and his sheep, his knowledge of them and their recognition of him while fleeing from the stranger's call. But so beautifully was this relation exemplified a little while since, near home, that I am certain the narrative will not be devoid of interest.

One of our farmers, Mr. C——, one morning missed his flock of thoroughbred Southdowns and knew not whether they had strayed or been stolen.

After some time, through inquiry and advertising, he was put upon their track, and traced them, step by step, to the market of a dealer in Buffalo, who had bought them, as he supposed, of their rightful owner. This man had sold the flock to a party in Penn Yan, and thither the owner hastened to claim his lost property. But though easily recognizing his sheep it was more difficult to convince their purchaser of his ownership.

At last he said to him, "If I cannot convince you by the sheep themselves that they are mine I will not claim them."

Whereupon they went together to the field. The purchaser entered first, but the flock, as if frightened at his voice and presence, fled from him. Then Mr. C—— went toward the timid sheep, quietly calling them as he was wont to do, and immediately they came crowding around him and licked his hand held out to them. It was enough, the sheep knew his voice, and they followed him. And though he had many miles to traverse, they came quietly along, never

once seeking to escape by cross-roads, until he brought them home.

Dear reader, may you and I so know our Shepherd's voice, so trust his loving care.

What is it to be a Christian but just to recognize and follow our rightful Master?—*N. Y. Observer.*

## LOOK UP, MY BOY.

THERE is hope in the world for you and me; There is joy in the thousand things that be; There is fruit to gather from every tree—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life; With temper and sorrow the world is rife, But no strength cometh without the strife;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There's a place in the land for you to fill; There is work to do with an iron will; The river comes from the tiny rill—  
Look up, my boy, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long, But a purpose in life will make you strong; Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right; And have the courage, as in God's sight, To do what your hands find with your might;  
Look up, my boy, look up!

## TAKE HEED HOW YOU HEAR.

A HEATHEN Indian woman once said to a Christian Indian, named Esther: "I often go to your meetings, and always hear something. One Sunday lately the minister exactly described the state of my heart. Indeed, I fully thought he would soon say, 'There sits a woman who is just what I have been saying.' Do tell me how the minister knows, and who is it that tells him?"

"O yes," said Esther, "I will tell you. The minister preaches the pure word of God, and that word speaks to our hearts. If we are willing to listen to it, God works in our hearts by his Spirit, and shows us that it is spoken to us. Then we see and hear what is our real state; and every one thinks, 'That was spoken to me!'"

The word of God is not a mere dead book—it is "living and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword;" and those who hear and heed it will find it the word of life and salvation to their souls.

I LOVE them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—*Prov. 8. 17.*