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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 10 1897.

[No. 8

EASTER JOY.

At Christmas as we sang:

"Joy to the world,
The Lord is come,"

we seemed almost to hear that glorious hymn of the heavenly choir that came upon the midnight clear: "Peace, goodwill to men, glory to God in the highest." So at Easter we find ourselves again listening to the angel's "Fear not, he is risen." And as we sing:

"Oh, joyful sound!
Oh, glorious hour!
When by his own
almighty power
He rose, and left the
grave!"

our hearts rejoice, for Christ hath won the victory, death is vanquished, and, made like unto him, we too shall rise. Yet we feel that our Easter rejoicing has in it a tenderer, deeper joy than that of Christmas. Our hearts have been touched by that life of sorrow and suffering lived through for us before "love's redeeming work was done."

Have you ever noticed how often the words "joy" and "rejoicing," "gladness" and "thanksgiving" occur in the Bible? The Psalmist, though often bowed down

with the weight of sin and sorrow, yet often his heart is so filled with joy and gratitude that from his lips burst the psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

St. Paul, "the sunny-hearted old prisoner of Jesus Christ," as some one has spoken of him, might also be called the

apostle of joy. His epistle to his beloved Philippians rings with joy, and his life was an exemplification of what he preached, "the fruit of the Spirit is joy." Wading through seas of trouble, yet ever rising above the sorrow, desiring to finish his course with joy, and looking for the

kind that he would not hurt you." "That is the reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me: yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

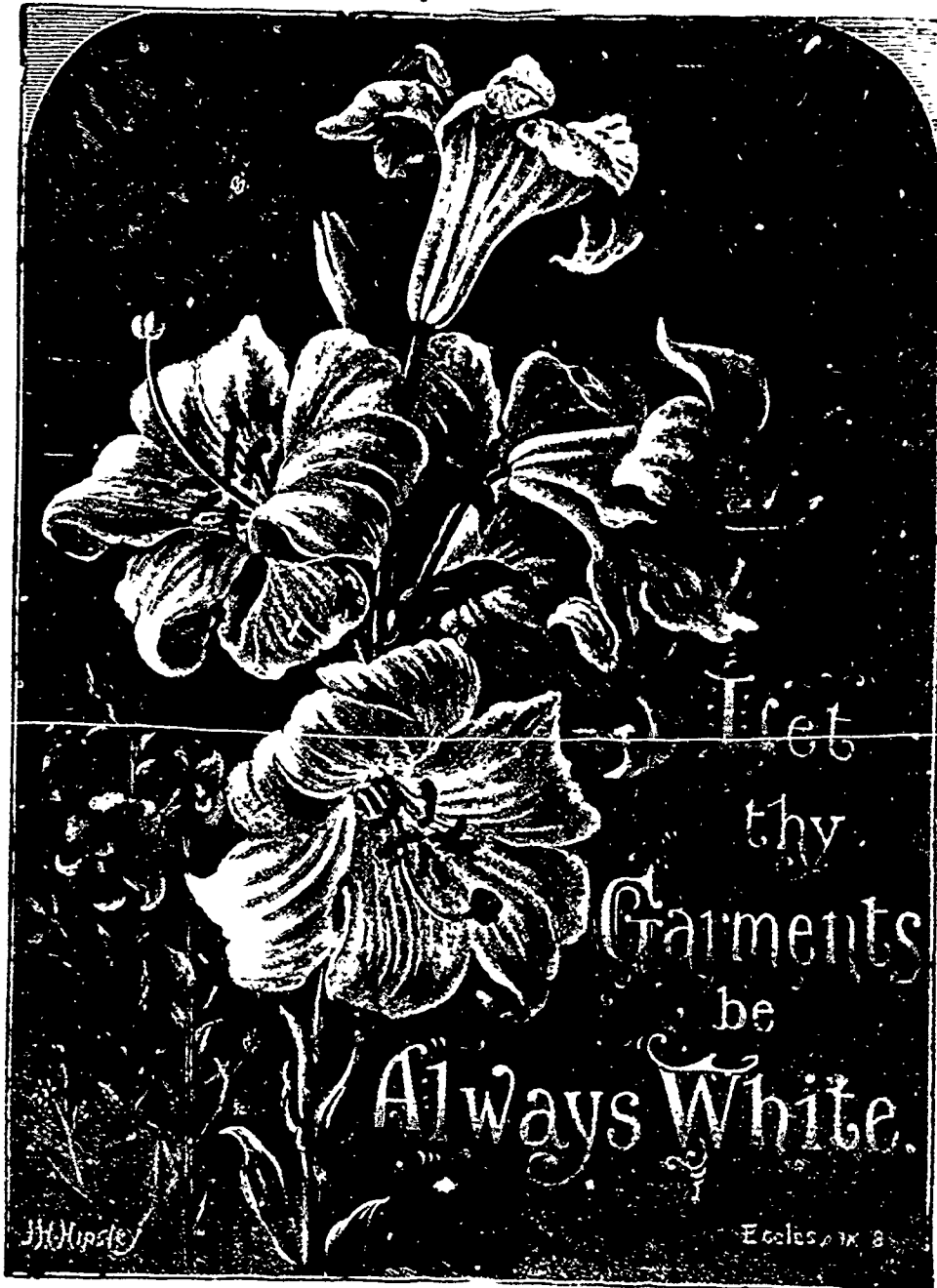
crown of joy that awaited him.

Joy is our birth-right by the new birth, and it should permeate our characters and manifest itself in every thought, word and act; it is a deep abiding emotion—"there is no time set apart for joy." "Shall yet praise him." Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that we shall "yet praise him" through life more and more for his goodness? Oh! wonderful help that the Lord Jesus is to his children.

The song of praise begun while on earth rises higher, passes through death's portals to the land of joy, there to continue through endless ages the song of praise to the Lamb who has bought us our pardon."

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

A BOY was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from the tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so



[SEE POETRY, NEXT PAGE.]

EASTER MORNING.

O LILIES sweet, O lilies rare,
Why stand ye here so tall and fair,
Breathing such fragrance on the air
Upon this Easter morning?
The earth is covered warm and deep
To keep all other flowers asleep;
It is not time for you to rise;
Did you fall out of paradise?

Not so, sweet child, our home is here.
We bloom for you through all the year,
To keep the breath of heaven near
Upon an Easter morning.
We are the sign of that sweet One,
Who when his life of pain was done
Gave us a home in heaven above,
Where all is peace, and light, and love.

The story's old, the story's new;
We bloom for you the whole year through,
To bring its lesson home to you
Upon an Easter morning.
Be sweet and pure, and lift your voice
With all who do this day rejoice,
For that new life that never dies,—
A life with Him in paradise.

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TORONTO, APRIL 10, 1897.

A PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

BY B. V. CHISHOLM.

CHARLIE HARPER'S father lived next door to Miss Jemima Nichols. His mother was on good terms with the spinster, at least as good as any of the neighbours, but Charlie had never ventured across the division fence. Miss Jemima did not like boys, and the boys did not like her, and sometimes they annoyed her very much by playing tricks upon her. Charlie never joined in their pranks. But one day when he was trying his new sling-shot the pebble flew wide of the mark and struck

Miss Jemima's cat, sleeping lazily in the sunshine of her own yard.

In his pity for the dumb animal, Charlie forgot his fear, and hopping over the line fence was by the suffering cat as soon as its mistress.

"You cruel, wicked boy," cried Miss Jemima, angrily. "You have killed my poor Tabby, and I want you to get out of my yard this very minute."

She would not listen to Charlie's explanation of the accident, and told him to carry the cat out of her sight, as it would die.

Glad to escape he took it home, and, with the help of his mother, bound up its broken leg.

A few days later he adopted another cat and four frisky kittens, saying he wanted them for Miss Jemima. No one objected, but when he went to present them, the crabbed spinster frightened him so badly by her rough manner that he began to cry.

Charlie wanted to tell her how he and his mother had tended Tabby, and how much improved the poor kitty was by all their kindness. But Miss Jemima's unkind words drove the thoughts out of his mind.

"Never mind," she said, more gently. "I am sure by the way the cats follow you that you are a gentle boy, but I could not find room for six cats. I will take old Tabby and one of the kittens, and you keep the rest. They are so fond of you, and you can harness them up and drive over to see my cats every day. If you were like other boys I would not invite you to come, but your kindness to my Tabby assures me that you are a perfect little gentleman, and there is room everywhere for such boys."

Then Miss Jemima did a very strange thing—for her!

She asked Charlie to "come in;" and he had a very pleasant call.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY ALICE H. RICH.

"SPEAK! speak! speak, I tell you," said James Anton to his dog Fido; but Fido would not speak. "Speak! speak, or I'll have to whip you," James continued.

Fido looked knowingly up into James' face, cocked his head a little to one side, half-opening his mouth as if to bark; then shut his teeth close together again.

"Please do speak, Fido; I can't tell a lie, and I'll have to whip you if you don't." James voice trembled, for he dearly loved his dog.

Fido shook his head, and James raised his whip, but before he could touch the dog, Fido was running as fast as his legs could carry him to the barn, where he hid, so James could not find him.

James went to his mother, and told her the story, and she said, "Well, dear, I don't think dogs are so very different from boys. Do you remember last week your teacher wanted you to speak a piece in school, and you came home and told me

that you would rather stay away from school than speak it? And what would that have been but running away, like Fido?"

"But that was different mamma; I had to speak before my teacher and the whole school, and the piece had four verses. I wanted Fido to give three short barks, and those only before me."

"Yes, dear; but you are a boy, and he is a dog," replied Mrs. Anton. "You know we expect more from boys than dogs."

"That's so, mamma; I'll try after this not to want to run away from things I don't like to do. I couldn't really run away from speaking the piece, because you would not let me. If it had not been for that, I might have done the same as Fido."

"And if you are patient with Fido, I think he will learn this lesson also," said mamma. "Patience tells with dogs, as well as with boys, my son."

EASTER.

WHEN in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight,
All dressed in dazzling white,
Who unto the women said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part;
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the self-same way
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb:
To you as to them was it said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, or the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! the angels aid,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

A QUEER NEST.

IN South Africa there is a peculiar variety of the bird known as the hornbill. This bird has peculiar nesting habits. The nest is built in the hollow limb of a tree, and the opening is closed with plaster, leaving a hole through which the male bird feeds the female. When the mother bird leaves the nest the plaster has to be broken away. She moults during nesting time and becomes almost naked, but gets very fat, the male bird feeds her so constantly.

SACRED HEAD.

O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
Thy sacred head surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown!
O Lamb of God, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine;
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call these mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying
sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine
forever:
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never,
never,
Outlive my love
to thee.

Be near me when
I'm dying,
O show thyself
to me!
And, for my suc-
cour flying,
Come, Lord, and
set me free;
These eyes new
faith receiving
From Jesus shall
not move;
For he who dies
believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

ROBBY'S TWO PICTURES.

ROBBY LAIRD was a bright, jolly little fellow, but he gave those who loved him best a great deal of trouble by insisting upon having his own way.

One morning he came to school cross and peevish, and although the teacher was very patient with him, he acted so naughty, that long before the forenoon was over, she was obliged to punish him by sending him to stand in the corner.

This made him very angry and he cried and stamped and frowned until he made such a disagreeable picture that the teacher pressed the button of her kodak, determined to let him see how he looked when in such a passion.

Robby understood her designs, and, stopping his crying, turned his face to the wall, and kept that position until the teacher told him to go to his seat.

But he had not been quick enough to prevent the kodak from catching an impression of his angry features, and the next day the teacher could scarcely make him believe that the repulsive picture she showed him was his own likeness. Placing a photograph of Robby's usually smiling, happy face by the side of the one taken yesterday, she explained:

"You see there are two Robby Lairds—the good, and the bad; and there is just as much difference in their actions as their looks."

"I'll choose the good," said Robby, frowning at the scowling face in the teacher's left hand.

"It is the thoughts and the actions that change the face, Robby," said the teacher, "and if you do not want your face to grow like this one, you must think and speak and act in a way to keep it sweet and sunshiny."



JESUS AT PILATE'S BAR.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON III. [April 18.]

GENTILES CONVERTED AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 11. 19-26. Memory verses, 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.—Acts 11. 18.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who found fault with Peter when he went to Jerusalem?

What for?

Why did they think he had done wrong? Because he had broken the law.

What is higher than Jewish law? God's law.

What followed Stephen's death?

What did many believers do?
How did the persecution do good? It was the means of spreading the good news.
What was one of the cities visited?
Who was sent there to teach and preach?
Whom did he get to come and help him?
How long did they both stay in Antioch?
What was the result of their teachings?
What name was given to believers in Antioch?

LEARN FROM THE LESSON—

To obey God rather than man.
To look for good to come out of evil.
To work earnestly and faithfully for God.

LESSON IV. [April 25.]

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Acts 12. 5-17. Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who was appointed to rule over Judea?
Was this the Herod who killed the babies? No; it was his grandson.

Whom did he put to death?

Whose brother was this?

Why did this please the Jews?

What did Herod think he would do next?

Why did he feel sure that Peter could not escape from prison?

What did he forget? Golden Text.

What were Peter's friends doing?

At whose house did they meet?

How did Peter sleep in his prison?

What happened in the night?

Where did Peter go?

What did his friends think when they saw him?

Who did he say delivered him?

REMEMBER—

God did not love Peter more than James. God cares as much for a child as for an apostle.

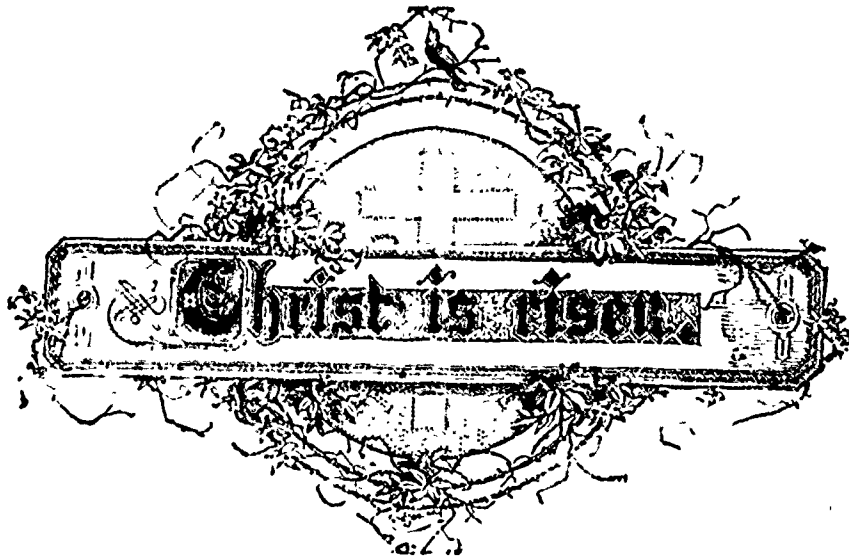
God hears every true prayer offered to him.

A COLD RIDE.

WHAT would you think of putting a sealskin garment, like a nightgown for cold weather that covers the feet, on your baby brother or sister, and over this slipping a bag of reindeer-skin that tied around the neck, a sealskin hood in which were little holes to allow the air to pass in, for the hood also covered the face, and then sending baby out for a ride?

This was the dress worn by a baby girl away up in Greenland. After these warm garments were put on her she was laid on a sledge covered by a bearskin rug, while over her was a jacket of feathers, and she was drawn by a pair of Eskimo dogs decorated with bells, her nurse walking by her side.

I think she must have been nice and warm even in that cold country.



AN EASTER CAROL.

Be glad for Easter Day!
The bells are ringing,
The children singing,
Let every mortal say,
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
The sun is shining,
The earth divining
A cause, makes holiday.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
The Life Immortal
Has burst the portal
Of Death, and soared away.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Let endless praises
Be His, who raises
All hearts to sing and pray.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Since he has risen,
And through the prison
Of Death has led the way.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Let Man and Nature
With every creature
In earth and heaven be gay.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, alway,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

JESUS says to his people, "Feed my lambs"—that is, "Take care of my little children." Good Christians obey Jesus, and love his little lambs. This is the reason why your teachers instruct you at Sunday-school; they love your souls.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

ONE other besides Marcia, Clarence and Amy was in the secret—and that was Marcia's Sunday-school teacher, Miss MacLean; a woman who meant to do good as she had the opportunity. Moreover Miss MacLean loved the children's mother, because they had been girl friends.

It wasn't likely she could see Mrs. Barrington go on in this way and try to do something. Not that Mrs. Barrington cried and "took on;" that would have been far better. She "dragged," rather, and seemed only to exist; going through necessary duties as if she were forced.

"Now, Marcia," Miss MacLean said, "here are verses for you and Clarence, and a short one for Amy. You can teach Amy's to her. When the dear, beautiful Easter Sunday comes, instead of repeating the Sunday-school lesson to your mamma before church, give these texts; it'll be a surprise; I think she'll like it."

Poor little Marcia was conscious that something clouded their happy home. Of course she knew what that something was, because just after the year came in, dear papa had gone out of the earthly home not to come back again—ever. Her mamma hadn't smiled since, and the cloud didn't grow lighter. It settled sadly on three little lives, this cloud of mamma's grief.

Miss MacLean prayed as hard as she worked, and that is the right way. She even asked her heavenly Father, if it was his pleasure, to send a bright, sunshiny Easter to help on the mission of the dear children. She knew that in April it might pour, even on the blessed Easter morning.

"Bring the lessons, children." Mrs. Barrington spoke in a rigid, hopeless tone. It was simply the habit of every Sunday morning, to hear this recitation; a habit begun in happier days, and continued mechanically.

At first she didn't even notice that it wasn't the lesson Marcia was saying,

though her eyes seemed glued to the page.

Then the words—"I am the resurrection and the life," struck her like a blow from which she recoiled. They were spoken at the funeral!

The sweet child-voice went on: "Christ—the first-fruits of them that are asleep."

Then Clarence took it up. "Our friend—is fallen asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." So ran Amy's healing message.

Scarcely a pause, and Marcia repeated:

The grave is dark, but there my Lord did lie;

Then rose a Sun upon the night of sorrow;

He lights up my horizon, and the sky

Grows radiant with the promise of to-morrow;

That morrow, when my dead and I shall meet,

With spirits clothed upon, and life complete.

Well! The children were almost frightened by their success. They didn't know what tears meant to one who couldn't cry. Now the drops chased each other faster and faster, every drop dissolving a link in the chain which had been so tight around her heart.

Mrs. Barrington put her arms around all three—mother's hug—how they had missed it!

"Forgive me, my darlings. Your lives shall be brighter. We will live as papa would like to have us live, hoping for the meeting." "Then do we with patience wait for it," she added to herself.

"And will you go to church with us once more?" Clarence asked.

"And wear a white rose for Easter Day?" said Marcia.

"I will go to church this morning. God pardon me that I have stayed away. And at dinner, little maid, I will wear the white rose. Then we will go to the place where papa sleeps, and give it to him."

It really didn't make much difference about the weather, it grew so sunshiny indoors; and so Miss MacLean's prayer was more than answered.

IS THERE?

Is there a little girl at your house, who teases to comb her mother's hair, though often the dear face will pucker with pain because of the snarling and pulling?

Is there a little boy at your house who not only gives poor mamma a headache, but a heartache because her little boy is thoughtless and selfish?

What a happy home yours is, if there is no such little girl or boy in it!

A NOBLE part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.