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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1891

No. 6

THE STORY OF AN EASTER EGG.

I WENT over to see
 a very one pleasant
 morning in April.
 He was alone, and
 was busy tucking her
 all in bed in the big
 chair—so busy that
 he scarcely looked
 round as I entered.
 "Bessie is sick; I've
 a plaster on her
 neck, and now she's
 going to sleep," she
 said.
 "Guess what I've
 got for you in my
 pocket," said I.
 She left her doll
 and came to my side,
 looking alluring.
 "An apple?"
 "No."
 "A cake?"
 "No. Put your hand
 on my neck, and feel; don't let
 me bite you."
 I laughed, and pres-
 ently she drew out a
 lovely Easter egg. It
 was a pink one, with
 a forget-me-not
 on it.
 "Is it for me?" she
 asked.
 "To be sure," said
 I, "and here is one
 in my coat-pocket for
 you to give away."
 She was pale blue with
 yellow buttercups.
 "Now what will my
 little girl do with it?"
 Kitsey thought of
 my Lesley, but she
 already had a sugar
 doll for her; so I
 suggested: "Suppose
 you take it to the little boy who cut his foot
 the other day. He has to lie still in bed,
 and gets so tired; he has no pretty
 dolls and toys such as you have."



EASTER LILIES.

She then showed me Bessie's plaster stuck on with pins.
 "Suppose your mother should stick one on you that way," said I.

Let
 thy
 Garments
 be
 Always White.

Eccles. ix. 8.

"Oh Bessie don't
 mind," said she.
 The next day we
 went to take the gay
 Easter egg to Joe, the
 little boy with the
 lame foot. Kitsey al-
 took one of her own
 oranges, although she
 loved them dearly
 herself; but the little
 boy looked so bright
 and pleased that I
 am sure she was glad
 she had not eaten it.
 Cannot you think
 of someone whose life
 you can brighten at
 this glad Easter-time
 by some little kind
 deed?—Observer.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE

A MAN was very busy
 looking over some
 papers on his desk.
 The door opened, and
 a stranger in poor,
 soiled soldier clothes,
 walked in. The soldier
 reached out his thin
 hand, and laid a dirty,
 pocket-worn letter on
 the table. "I have
 no time to read that,"
 said the man. He
 looked a little closer,
 and saw that the writ-
 ing was that of his
 only son, who was also
 in the army. Seizing
 it and eagerly tearing
 it open, he read: "Dear
 Father The bearer
 of this is a soldier. He
 was wounded in sav-
 ing my life. He is
 going home to die.
 Help him in any way that you can, for
 Charlie's sake." The man then forgot
 how busy he was, and he could not do
 enough for the weary soldier.

THAT DREADFUL CAT.

BY MRS. ADA D. WELLMAN

Who would have thought that handsome cat

Would do so mean a thing as that— Spring for the bird-cage on the wall? But ah, Sir Puss, you had a fall!

The door's unlocked. Quick, birdie, fly! He cannot catch you though he try. The cat—hal! see! his paws are caught! So that's the sort of game he got!

Well, well, my dear, 'tis sometimes so, That he who'd bring another low Gets caught himself, to his dismay, And sees his victim fly away.

Should any try to lower you From what is right, my dear, and true, Then quickly raise your thoughts like eagle wings, And fly away to better things.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1894.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN.

THE first Easter Sunday was almost nineteen hundred years ago. You have heard the story of it ever so many times, but it never grows old. The Jews killed Jesus by nailing him upon a wooden cross. About sunset on a Friday he died. The next day—Saturday—was the Sabbath of that country; so his friends took down his body and hastily buried it that same evening. They did not put it in a coffin and cover it with earth, but wound it in a fine linen sheet and laid it in a new tomb, hollowed out of the solid rock. After they had rolled a heavy stone against the door, the mourners went away, and Christ's enemies sealed the tomb door to keep anybody from breaking in, and set a guard of soldiers about the place. All day Saturday the spot was quiet; but toward sunrise of Sunday, the third day after the crucifixion,

two women came to the tomb, bringing sweet spices to anoint the body. They loved Jesus dearly, and were sorrowful to think of his awful death. As they drew near the place they wondered how they should open the heavy door; but they found the door wide open, and a young man dressed in white—a bright angel from heaven—sat there and told a wonderful tale. "Fear not," he said. "You are looking for Jesus. He is not here; he has risen, as he said. Go quickly and tell his friends." Then the two women—each was named Mary—ran to tell their friends and Christ's friends that he had come to life, and that they should see him for themselves. Let us thank God for Easter Day! —S. S. Advocate.

WHAT DOES UNSELFISH MEAN?

THREE little children—Johnny, Fred, and Louise—were sitting in the room one evening, while their mother was busy ironing. Johnny was nine years old, and he read aloud to his little brother and sister. Whenever they came to any hard word that they could not understand, their mother would tell them what it meant.

Louise held up her hand for attention. "I'd like to have mother tell us what 'unselfish' means. Maybe I know, but I want her to tell it her way," said the child.

"I will illustrate it by a little story when Johnny is through reading and I have done ironing," said their mother.

Then, after the space of a half-hour, she told this story: "Once upon a time there were three little children, and their mother told them that she would give each one a penny for every six eggs he brought into the house. The oldest child brought in six or eight eggs a day, but the younger ones couldn't find any. The nests were all low down in quiet places easily reached. The eldest of the three little ones thought of a plan that pleased him exceedingly, and he put it into execution. He would slyly peep into the other nests, and if there were no eggs in them, he would take those out of his nests and put them in theirs, and let his little brother and sister think that they had been laid there. That is what one calls an unselfish act. He was glad to give up his own pleasure to make his little brother and sister happy, though I believe his delight was greater than theirs. You should all seek to be unselfish. Study the comfort and happiness of others before your own. If there is anything good or enjoyable, try to help somebody else to get it. Never fear but you will be happy enough. An unselfish person is rarely unhappy."

Just here the mother's eye fell upon Johnny. Little fellow! he was appearing unspeakably full of some kind of emotion. His hands were thrust down into his pockets, and he looked right into the grate, just as though he thought the red flames were something wonderfully new and beautiful. His face was red too, but then the reflection of the glowing fire might

have made that. He twisted his head round uneasily when his mother's eye fell upon him.

"That boy in the story was our blue-eyed little brother Johnny, wasn't it, mother? Say, wasn't it, Fred? Say, all of you! Oh! I thought my hen pitied me, and laid lots of eggs just to please me, and there it was our Johnny all the time." Louise flew to the little hero, and pulled his head about and hugged him and kissed him; and there he sat looking just as ashamed as though he had stolen some body's hen's eggs, and been caught at it.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I HEARD a strange story of a little girl the other day; she has two faces. When she dressed up in her best clothes, when her friends are expected to come to tea, when she is going out with her mother to call upon some neighbours, she looks bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her.

When she is spoken to, she says, "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," when she ought to say "Thank you" very sweetly when anything is given her.

This is her company face. I am sure she has another, that she puts on when she is alone with her mother. If she cannot do what she likes, or do what she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry. Nobody would care to kiss her when she wears that home face.

There is another little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach. She would rather hear mother say, "My good little daughter!" than the proud ladies she meets say, "What a little darling!" She loves to help about the house, or carry flowers or fruit to a neighbour. She has good manners, and they seem to spring right out of her kind heart, and not to be "put on" at all.

Which is best, to be a girl with one face, or a girl with two faces?—Mantonagh Magazine.

OPENING THE HEART.

BY REV. J. G. CUNNINGHAM.

"I KNEW a little boy—he was my brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' My mother called to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, 'Robert, what would you say if any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?' He answered, 'I would say, 'Come in.' Next morning there was a brightness and a glow about Robert's face that made my father ask, 'What makes you so glad to-day?' He replied, 'I awoke in the night, and felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come, and I think he has come.' I feel happier this morning than I ever was before.' I could see that Jesus had come in by his obedience, by his countenance, and by the love he showed God's Word and to God's people."

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE MAN.

BY FANNY L. FANCHER.

I'm a little temperance man,
 Not very big or old;
 My mamma says she wouldn't sell
 Me for Australia's gold.

So dear and precious though I am,
 I might be ruined quite,
 If I should let old Satan tempt me
 From the path of right.

If I should smell or touch or taste
 His wicked, sinful bowl,
 Which spoils the body, we can see,
 And God's word says, the soul.

And old tobacco, too, so vile,
 Will ne'er taint my sweet breath,
 Or sap my strength; such poison bad
 Harms health and hastens death!

Then help, ye voters! shut saloons,
 Close up the wretched devil's den
 Which ruins now so many boys
 That would grow noble temperance men.

—Christian at Work.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REV. EW.
 March 25.

GOLDEN TEXT

I am the God of Abraham, and the God
 of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is
 not the God of the dead, but of the living.
 —Matt 22 23.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
 oughly studied.

- 1) The F. A. - - - So God created—
- 2) A. S. and G. G. - - For as in Adam—
- 3) C. and A. - - - By Faith Abel—
- 4) G. C. with N. - - I do set my—
- 5) B. of H. N. - - - I will bless—
- 6) G. C. with A. - - He believed in—
- 7) G. J. on S. - - - Shall not the—
- 8) T. of A.'s F. - - By Faith Abraham,
- 9) S. the B. - - - The life is—
- 10) J. at B. - - - Behold, I am—
- 11) W. a M. - - - Wine is—

SC 29] **LESSON XII.** [March 25.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.
 Mark 16. 1-8. Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.
 But now is Christ risen from the dead.
 —1 Cor. 15. 20.

- OUTLINE.**
- 1. The Visitors, v. 1, 2.
 - 2. The Stone, v. 3, 4.
 - 3. The Angel, v. 5-8.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

- Mon. Read lesson verses from the Bible.
- Tues. Read Luke's beautiful story. Luke 24. 1-10.
- Wed. Read what Matthew says about it. Matt. 28. 1-10.
- Thur. Read John's loving account John 20. 1-18.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn another Golden Word by Paul. Rom. 8. 34.
- Sun. Learn why we do not fear death. 1 Cor. 15. 57.

DO YOU KNOW—

On what day of the week was Jesus crucified? Who went to the tomb on Sunday morning? What did they carry? Why is Sunday called the Lord's day? Because he rose on that day. Why did not the women go on Saturday? What did they wonder as they went? What did they see as they came near? Whom did they find in the tomb? What did he say? Who was he? An angel of the Lord.

What did the women do? What hope was in their hearts? That Jesus was alive.

Who tells the story of the resurrection? Where shall we find other stories? What do these all make? One beautiful whole.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

- That Jesus died for my sins. Rom. 4. 25.
- That he was raised again for my justification.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What evil did they bring upon themselves thereby? They lost their favour of God, were condemned to pain and death, and were driven out of the garden.

Did their sin hurt any besides themselves? Yes: their sin hurt all mankind.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

R.O. 1739.] **LESSON I.** [April 1

JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

Gen. 32. 9-12, 24-30. Memory vers. 28 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. 32 26

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Evening Prayer, v. 9-12.
- 2. The Midnight Wrestle, v. 24 26
- 3. The Morning Victory, v. 27-30

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

- Mon. Find how many sons Jacob now had? Gen. 32. 22.
- Tues. Learn how Jacob tried to please Esau? Gen. 32. 13-20
- Wed. Read lesson verses from the Bible.
- Thur. Read the story in verse, from Methodist Hymnal, Hymns 737 738 739.
- Fri. Learn Golden Text.

- Sat. Learn why we have a right to pray John 1. 12
- Sun. Read about Jacob in Haran Gen 29.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jacob see a vision? Where was he going now? What was he taking home with him? What did his prosperity show? God's favour.

What did he hear when he came to Gilead? What he fear? Why was he afraid? Where was his only help? How long did he pray? Who wrestled with him? How was Jacob made lame? What did he say to the man?

What new name was given to Jacob? What does it mean? Who was the Strong One? What did Jacob name the name place? Why?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

- That God is very merciful Psalm 103 10, 11.
- That I may believe all his promises Num. 23. 19.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How did it hurt them? By causing them to be born in sin, so that they also suffer pain and death.

What do you mean by being born in sin? We are all born self-willed, and, but for the grace of God, inclined only to evil.

THE STUDIOUS BOY.

ALTHOUGH Arthur has vacation, he does not feel in regard to his books as a boy I once knew, who exclaimed, the last day of school, as he threw them on the table. "Now, good-bye to hateful books for some time, I am glad to get rid of you."

Was he not a foolish boy and, I fear, a wicked boy, to think so lightly of the privilege of going to school and having nice books to study, as well as health and strength, and time and eyesight to enable him to study them. I am afraid that the time will come when he will bitterly repent of his conduct.

Arthur does not think it a task to use his books, on the contrary, he is glad that his vacation gives him an opportunity for reading many books which he cannot read during school time, such as histories, biographies of prominent men, and real good boys' stories (not dime novels).

His vacation reading is done for pleasure and yet it is profitable, and he learns many things. I do not believe in a boy or girl never opening a book all through their vacation. Reading should not be a task, it ought to be a pleasure. How is it with you?

I know that none of my readers are like the boy who considered his books hateful but be careful what you read. Be sure that you read nothing hurtful to your body or soul, and above all never let a day pass without reading at least one verse in the Book of Books. Will you?



JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
On Easter morning early?
See, they bloom on all the hills,
Breaking through the tender green!
Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
Violets fringe the laughing rills,
Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
Dandelion's golden sheen
Wakens at the robin's voice
In the dawnlight pearly.
Ah! the sweet world surely knows
Christ, the Flower of earth, arose
On Easter morning early!

Why are little children glad
On Easter morning early!
When the first sweet morning light
Blushes through the shadowy gray,
Open myriad happy eyes;
Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
Like dew-laden lilies rise:
Hearts that harbour nothing sad,
Soaring, track his heavenly way
In the dawnlight pearly.
Sing, O children! all earth knows
Christ, the children's King, arose
On Easter morning early!

WHY JOHNNY STAYED AT HOME.

JOHN GRYMES, the carpenter, was hard at work in his shop, one bright winter day, when he heard a fumbling at the door.

"That's my man Johnny," said the carpenter with a smile, laying down his plane and going to turn the door-knob.

Sure enough, it was Johnny. "Father," said the small man, "mayn't I go to see the parade?"

"What parade, little man?"

"Why, the George Washington parade, father; didn't you know it was his birthday? And the soldiers are going to march on horses, and have drums and red sashes. Please, father, can't I go?"

"Look here, John Grymes No. 2," said the carpenter, "what does mother say about this parade?"

Johnny's face fell. "Mother was going to take me," he said; "but she's got sick, and can't go, and she says the horses will get scared at the drum, and march over me; but I know they won't, and please let me go father?"

"Come in the shop a while," said the carpenter; and he lifted Johnny up on the end of his work-bench, while he took up his plane again.

"I was reading about George Washington last night, Jack," said his father, "in a big book full of pictures. I think I'll give you that book to-day, because it's George Washington's birthday."

"All right," cried the boy, forgetting the parade for a minute. "Has it stories in it, father?"

"Lots of them. One story says that when George Washington was a boy, he wanted to be a sailor-soldier; and his big brother got him a place, and a sword, and a sash, and brass buttons on his coat, and put money in his pocket, and told he might go. But he didn't go."

"Why didn't he go?" demanded Johnny. "If I had a big brother, and a sash, and a sword, and brass buttons, I'd be a soldier right quick to-day."

"He didn't go," continued the carpenter, "because his mother didn't want him to go."

The shavings fell on the floor with a soft, rustling sound; but no other sound was heard, and when the carpenter stopped his work and looked up, Johnny was gone; but not to the parade.

LET JESUS IN.

LITTLE Charlie had listened very attentively while his father read at family worship the third chapter of Revelation; but when he repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry,—

"Father, did he get in?"

I would ask the same question of every child: Has the Saviour got into your heart? He has knocked again and again—is knocking now. Open your heart and bid him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.

THE WILLOW WHISTLE.

JIMMY was very much excited, for Uncle James had brought him a wonderful whistle that could play a little tune, if you knew how to put your fingers on the right holes.

Little Cousin Bertie stood for an hour listening to Jimmy playing on the wonderful whistle, and looking very wistful.

When he went home, he ran to his mother, and began to cry.

"Why, what is the matter with my Bertie?" asked she.

"Jimmy's got a new whistle that makes pretty music, and I haven't any at all. He wouldn't let me blow it a bit, 'cause he said I'd spoil it. I want one, I do."

"What's that?"

said brother Henry. "A whistle is wanted. Well, sir, if that's all, you shall have dozen whistles, if you like. I'm the fairy that can turn a willow wand into a whistle for you with a few waves of a jack-knife. Come on with me to Willow Brook, and see how fast brother can make whistles for you."

Bertie had great faith in his kind, big brother; so he dried his tears, smiled with pleasure, and trotted happily along with Henry to the brookside. He watched eagerly the skilful cuts that transformed willow stick into a whistle. At last Henry handed Bertie the finished whistle.

"Now, try that, little man, and see you can make a noise."

Bertie blew, and a soft, clear note ran out. Bertie's delight was pretty to see.

In a few minutes he was back at Cousin Jimmy's, whom he found crying over his broken toy.

"Never mind, Jimmy," said little Bertie, "you may have my whistle, 'cause my Henry will make me all I want. I tell you, it's splendid to have such a brother. He can do just everything 'most."

Henry did make both boys half a dozen whistles apiece, although he lost a base ball game to do it. The happy faces of the little boys fully paid him for his sacrifice.

NEVER neglect to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.



EASTER LILIES.