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SUNBEAM

ARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

No. 4.]

MISSIONARY VACATION

MAYNARD'S six girls promised her would do something for their money for their circle during their vacation. The bright soon passed away, the first Sunday in the children were in Sunday-school. Katie, Mollie, Susie, Annie and were all there. by one their short were told. Katie first. She said: "I gave me ten a week for getting for her, so I have sixty cents." Mollie's blue eye shone as she gave her silver dollar for it," she said, "for my 'gracious' month." Then Jennie said in her sweet voice: "A blind old lady gave me a gold dollar for reading the Bible to her on Sunday." When her turn came she was as rosy as her apples. Baldwin said: "I earned fifty cents for feeding the hens and fifty for picking up dishes when the girl was away." She, the youngest, gave her offering slowly. She said: "I got five cents for my cowling." She came last with



A JAPANESE FAMILY.

her seventy-five cents, which she had earned by selling "missionary sun-flowers," as she called her small garden of them. So these little girls began their fall work by putting four dollars and sixty cents into their treasury, the result of a missionary vacation.

A GOOD REPUTATION

"I DON'T know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief." "Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend on his word?" "O yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth even when it is against himself." "Then we can manage him," said the principal. "he will make a manly man." And he did.

A SIMPLE and innocent remark may have a queer sound, as when a lady wound up a letter by saying: "Now I must say good-bye, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold the pen."

MISSIONARY NUTS

'I'm going nutting,' said Johnnie,
And said Jane 'I'm going, too,
And with all the nuts I gather
This is the thing I'll do.
I shall sell them all for money,
And every penny bright
Will be for the 'Willing Workers,
'To send the Gospel light.'

So the nuts are falling, falling
On the grass and on the rocks,
And the pennies dropping dropping
In the missionary box
And the Gospel light is shining
In the darkness far away,
And the children both are happy
In their work and in their play

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

LITTLE HINDOO GIRLS AND THEIR DOLLS.

BY COUSIN HELEN.

I MUST tell the SUNBEAM readers of something I read not long ago about the little girls of India and their dolls

Once a year regularly the little Hindoo girls are expected to destroy their dolls. It is on a festival day when a great feast is made to one of the gods. Early in the morning the little girls dress themselves in their brightest colours. They then carry offerings of rice to the god. Coming back from the temple, they get their dolls and go marching through the streets in procession till they come to some one of the many country roads. There under the overhanging mango trees is a fountain which has generally been erected by some

pious Hindoo. Around the fountain is a great deep tank in which are feathery bamboos, beautiful swaying ferns, and tall, white lilies. Marble steps lead down to the water. Down the steps the little Hindoo girls go, and clasping their precious dolls to their hearts with a last goodbye, toss them, with misty eyes, into the water.

Now we may well believe that it is a struggle for these little girls to give up their dolls. But they think the god will bless them if they thus give him their dearest treasures. Even in this Christian land little girls may learn a lesson from these poor heathen children. How many of you, here in the midst of the bright light of the Gospel, have the spirit of these little Hindoo girls to give to God the best you have?

"BE GOD AFRAID?"

THE sun was shining brightly, when the fisherman kissed his wife Jean, and baby Jeannette, and set sail for a month's absence.

"I pray God bless and keep thee, wife," he said in husky tones.

"Me too, daddy?" said the little one, clinging to his knee.

"Ay, ay," he answered, lifting her tenderly, "ye too, my bonny wee lass: the Lord keep thee safe till daddy gets back."

"Is God way out on the big water too?" she asked.

"That's what he is," was the hearty answer, "else it would be a bad journey for me. God grant I may never go where I cannot find him."

And so Jeannette was left clinging to her mother's gown, while the great creaking swaying sail carried her father away out beyond her sight.

But as the day wore on, the sun hid his face behind black clouds; the wind came booming up across the waters, making the waves rear up their heads with angry white faces. Mother Jean's face grew white too, not with anger, but with fear, and little Jeannette, looking up from her play on the cabin floor, and where she had been dragging a small, white-rigged ship, grew sad.

She left the little craft lying on its ribs, while she crept up to the mother's side: "Mammy," she said, pulling down the apron, which the fisherman's wife had thrown over her head to hide her distress from the child, "Mammy, be you 'fraid 'cause the wind blow?"

Mother Jean only answered by bursting into tears, as the thunder now shook

the cabin, and the rain came down against its walls. Jeannette stood at the window watching the fierce power of the storm, then creeping back to her mother's arms, "Mammy," she whispered, "be you afraid too?"

"Child, no," answered the mother, "what storm can touch him?"

"But he is out on the water with daddy," said the little girl, "ye mind he said so. If God is not 'fr mammy, he'll keep daddy safe; sure he know he will," and back went the little truster to the wee ship on the floor.

And though the storm raged madly that night, Jeannette's mother held the little sleeper on her quiet bosom, saying over and over to herself, "God is not afraid and he is with Jem on the water."

I AM ALL NEW.

BY REV. W. TENDALL.

I SAW a little girl who was just ready to go to church one bright Sabbath morning a few days ago. Her mamma had bought her a new dress, new mantle, new shoes, a new hat, and as she looked at herself in the mirror she joyfully claimed, "Oh, ma, I am all new."

"No," I replied, "my little dear, you are not new. It is only the clothes that are new on you that are new. There is more of you than their clothes, which they can put on and take off at pleasure. There is the body, which needs food for nourishment; and then there is the soul, which will live when your body is dead. Your soul is not new. You were born a sinner, and the Bible calls the sinful soul 'the old man,' and God commands us 'put off the old man with his deeds,' which means that all little boys and girls, as well as men and women, must be born again—that is made new by the Holy Spirit.

I knew a little boy who felt that he was a great sinner. Well, he was very sorry for his sins, which means that he repented. He went alone and prayed to God to forgive him for Jesus' sake, who died for his sins. He believed that Jesus Christ saved him, and at once he was forgiven and made 'all new,' and was very happy. He ran around with delight. Everything he saw seemed new and bright with the glory of God, because his heart was made new. Let all who read this 'Create in me a clean heart and renew the right spirit within me,' and when God does this they will be able to say with a better meaning than the little girl referred to, 'I am all new.'

HELPS HIS MOTHER

I went down the street to-day
 saw a little lad
 whose face was just the kind of face
 to make a person glad,
 was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
 so cheerful and so bright,
 made me think of apple-time,
 and filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
 while blithe as blackbird's song
 a merry, mellow whistle rang
 in the pleasant street along.
 That's the kind of lad I like—
 I thought as I passed by,
 these busy, cheery, whistling boys
 make grand men by-and-by."

Just then a playmate came along,
 and leaned across the gate,
 a plan that promised lots of fun
 and frolic to relate.
 The boys are waiting for us now,
 so hurry up!" he cried.
 The little whistler shook his head,
 and "can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
 What hinders?" asked the other.
 "Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
 "I'm busy helping mother
 with her lots to do, and so I like
 to help her all I can;
 I've no time for fun just now,"
 said this dear little man.

"I'd like to hear you talk like that,"
 said the little lad;
 "help mother all you can, and make
 her kind heart light and glad."
 "Does me good to think of him,
 and knows that there are others
 who, like this manly little boy,
 take hold and help their mothers.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

C. 583.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.

JEREMIAH PERSECUTED.

Jer. 37. 11-21. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."—Jer. 1. 19.

Who were besieging Jerusalem? The Chaldean army.
 Why had they gone away for a while?

The Egyptians were marching against them.

What did Jeremiah try to do? He tried to go out of the city to his home.

Who met him? "A captain of the ward."

What did the captain say to him? "Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans."

What did Jeremiah say? "It is false."

What did the captain do? He took Jeremiah to the princes, who cast him into prison.

Why did they not let him go free? They were very angry with him because he had said the Chaldeans would destroy Jerusalem, and so they were ready to believe anything bad of him.

How long did Jeremiah stay in the dungeon? Many days.

Who then sent for him? King Zedekiah.

What did he ask him? "Is there any word from the Lord?"

What did Jeremiah answer? "There is . . . thou shalt be delivered into the hand of the king of Babylon."

Was not Jeremiah very brave to speak so boldly? Yes; for he must have thought that the king would be angry with him.

Did the king send Jeremiah back to the dungeon to die? No; he let him stay in the court of the prison and ordered food to be given him every day.

What promise was fulfilled to Jeremiah? "I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Adam? The first man that God made, and the father of us all.

Who was Eve? The first woman, and the mother of us all.

Who was Cain? Adam's eldest son, who killed his brother.

B.C. 586.] LESSON X. [March 6.

THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH.

Jer. 39. 1-10. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Behold your house is left unto you desolate."—Matt. 23. 38.

Who was the last king of Judah? Zedekiah.

Who led an army against Jerusalem, the capital of Judah? Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.

How long did he try before he could take the city? A year and a half.

What did King Zedekiah do when the city fell? He ran away.

What did Nebuchadnezzar's soldiers do?

They went after him and took him prisoner.

Where did they take him? To King Nebuchadnezzar.

What did he do? He put to death the two sons of Zedekiah, and then put out his eyes and carried him away to Babylon.

What happened to Jerusalem? The houses were burned and the walls broken down.

What became of the people? All the chief people were carried away as slaves to Babylon.

Why were the poorest people left? To take care of the vineyards and fields.

Who had said that all this would happen? God, through his prophets, had foretold it.

Could the people have helped it? Yes; God said he would save them if they would repent.

Why did they not forsake their sins? They did not really believe what the prophets said, and they loved their sins.

Did this captivity teach them a lesson which they never forgot? Yes, they never worshipped idols again after they came back from the captivity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Abel? Cain's righteous brother, whom he hated.

Who was Enoch? A man who pleased God, and who was taken up to heaven without dying.

Who was Noah? That good man who was saved in the ark when the world was drowned.

FLOSSIE'S TEARS.

Flossie was so big, but nobody knew why.

Big Uncle Will said, "I'd like to see a tear. I've got something in my pocket for a little girl that can show me one."

Flossie did not cry so loud.

Then Uncle Will added: "Its round and sweet!"

"O what is it? Give it to me!" cried Flossie, climbing up into Uncle Will's lap.

"Well, where's the tear?" said Uncle Will. But Flossie couldn't find one.

"I thought so," said Uncle Will.

HELP JOHNNY FIRST.

A DEAR little girl was caught by the heavy timbers of a Kansas City school-house when it was blown down by a storm. When some men came to help her out, she said: "Don't mind me; help Johnny out first. he is only five years old." Don't you think that was noble in the little girl in that time of danger and trouble?



"ROUGH PLAY."

HERE is the picture of some boys at play in China. But it seems to be a rough sort of play, doesn't it? Why, it seems they have fallen out with each other! Just see how that ugly fellow with his pig-tail flying out behind is pulling away at the hair of the other one! I really believe he means to pull it off. But, any how, boys ought not to be rough when they play, whether they are in heathen China or in this Christian land of ours. Yet, I am sorry to say, they will do it. I have seen it myself—seen them bite and scratch and pinch and slap each other just like they were wild animals from the woods. What a shame it is!—*Little Worker.*

"ONCE A DAY."

THIRTY years ago, one of the most famous elephants that travelled in this country was "Old Columbus." During one of his summer trips through Virginia, he stopped at the town of D—. In the neighbouring town of H—, a boy familiarly called "Dave," and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at "Old Columbus's" expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable, Dave gave him, first, candy, then cake, and finally cried, "Now, boys!" and slipped a piece of tobacco into his proboscis, intending to get out of danger, and enjoy "Old Columbus's" disgust and anger.

But before he could move, Columbus seized him, and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Unhurt by his unexpected "rise," Dave dropped on the hay mow. The other boys below, supposing this to be the "trick" promised them, cried out in admiration.

"Dave, Dave, do that again!"

Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered:

"No, boys! I only do that trick once a day!"

ORDERLY.

"WHERE'S my hat?"

"Who's seen my knife?"

"Who's slung my coat under the couch?"

There you go, my boy. When you came into the house last evening you flung your hat across the room, jumped out of your shoes and kicked them

right and left, wriggled out of your coat and gave it a toss, and now you are annoyed because each article hasn't gathered itself into a chair to be ready for you when you dress in the morning.

Who cut those shoe-strings? You did it, to save one minute's time in untying them! Your knife is under the bed, where it rolled when you hopped, skipped and jumped out of your trousers.

Your collar is down behind the drawers, one of your socks on the foot of the bed, and your vest may be in the kitchen wood-box for all you know.

Now, then, my way has always been the easiest way. I had rather fling my hat down than hang it up; I'd rather kick my boots under the sofa than place them in the hall; I'd rather run the risk of spoiling a new coat than change it.

I own to being reckless and slovenly, but, ah me! haven't I had to pay for it ten times over! Now, set your foot right down and determine to have order. It is a trait that can be acquired.

An orderly man can make two suits of clothes last longer and look better than a slovenly man can do with four.

An orderly man will be an accurate man. If he is a carpenter, every joint will fit; if he is a turner his goods will look neat; if he is a merchant, his books will show neither blots nor errors. An orderly man is usually an economical man, and always a prudent one. If you should ask me how to become rich, I should answer: "Be orderly; be accurate."

A SELFISH BOY.

JAMIE took the largest banana on the dish the other day when the fruit was passed to him. He did this before his grandma had been helped. He looked ashamed when he saw her take the small one, but he was glad that his was so big.

But when he took off the skin, the fruit was black, and unfit to eat. His papa's eyes twinkled, and he said.

"The largest isn't always the best, is it, Jamie?"

And his mamma said, "Selfish boys often lose what they want to get."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea,
Beside one heap a little lad,

With serious eyes and all intent
Upon his work, with patience had
Moulded a mound, and as I went
Past him I wondered what it meant
"A pie?" I asked. "A fort," said he

Beside the other pile of sand
There sat a tiny gold-haired maid
She patted with her baby hand
The warm, white hillock, and I said
"That is a noble fort you've made"
"No, 'tis a pie," she answered me.

We grown folks hardly understand
The happy fancies children have.
Busy amid the sea-beach sand,
That is washed white by many a wave
That boy would be a patriot brave
A housewife would hiss sister be.

Two little sand heaps by the sea,
As much alike as pea and pea.

BERTHA'S FAULT.

"MAMMA, please give me something to do," said Bertha one morning. "I was so busy."

Mamma said, "Yes, Bertha, you are enough now to feed and water the chickens all yourself, and you may do it, night and morning."

Bertha jumped up and down. "That will be such fun," she said.

"It is not just for fun you are to do," said mamma, "and remember dear, I don't tell you each time. You must remember it all yourself."

"I will," promised Bertha, "and I'll go now the first thing."

For a week the chickens were well watered, and then, one sad time, Bertha forgot! It was a very hot day indeed, and there were some new little bit chicks that needed food and water very much. Poor little things, to be starved day and all night in their little coops! The morning some of the weakest were dead. Mamma found them. "How sorry Bertha was!"

"You are not faithful," said mamma, "I trusted you, but you were not fit to be trusted."

Bertha took her big bowl, and with a sober face went out to feed the chickens that were too fat and too old to be starved in one day. She gave them three times as much as they needed, but this did not make the little dead ones alive again.