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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1889.

[No. 5.]

SNAP AND TABBIE.

SNAP has been taught to sit up on his hind feet and hold an apple on his nose. He will stand there very patiently and still until his master takes it off or tells him he may drop it. Sometimes his master puts a

Tabbie looks on gravely, and wonders how much longer Snap must stand up there holding that apple. Tabbie's tricks are to jump over a string held above her, and to play dead. She can do these as well as Snap can hold an apple. And there are

and hoops, and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in. "Come on," said one, "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented, but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No



PUSS AND HER KITTENS.

piece of bread or meat on his nose, and then he tosses it up in the air and catches it again to eat. It is great fun to see him do this. I think he would laugh himself, if he only could. At any rate, he wags his tail and comes as near to it as a dog can when his master pats him on the head and says: "Good doggie! Good old Snap!"

some other things Tabbie can do that Snap cannot.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out of doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rang. Many of them dropped their kites

I mustn't." "Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

Was not that a noble answer? Think about it, children, when you are asked to do wrong.

LITTLE THINGS.

"A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know,
Much care and help I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good and useful too.

"But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk, and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

"One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1889.

TO WHAT DOES THAT LEAD ?

WE are speaking to young people who are just forming their habits of life. The road on which you are is a well-beaten one. Thousands of feet have pressed it before yours, and thousands will after your feet are cold in death. You will pass over the road but once, and every step will be new until the end is reached.

You may be facing the wrong way. In that case there is no real honour or happiness before you. These are behind you because God is behind you. It is not wise to travel away from the place you wish to reach at last. And then the road may not be as long as you expect. All roads lead to some place, and the one you are on is not an exception. You may be tempted to leave the Sunday-school, but had better think a

moment as to where that will lead. You may be nearer right and heaven than you ever will be again if you leave the Sunday-school and drift down into the world with others who have left this place of good people.

LAZY ANNIE.

If there was one thing Annie disliked more than another it was to get up early in the morning. The little birds would sing their sweet songs in her window, and her pet pigeons would coax her with their soft, cooing voices, but Annie would not stir until mamma would compel her to do so. She said one day: "Mamma, I don't see why you always make me go to bed when I am not sleepy and get up when I am;" for next to getting up Annie disliked going to bed.

This fault of Annie's worried mamma a great deal, for it was very trying every evening to say, "Come, Annie, it is time for you to go up stairs; come, no more playing or reading to-night," and to hear Annie say fretfully, "Oh mamma! can't I stay up just a little while longer? Why, must I go now?" etc. It grieved mamma very much, and she wondered what she should do to cure her little girl of this evil habit.

One day she took her to see a lady who had been an invalid for years, unable to lie down or sit up with any comfort on account of the pain which she endured. During the course of conversation she said to Annie, "Oh, my dear little girl, if I was only like you what would I give! I look back now and think how I used to complain every night when my dear mother wanted me to go to bed, and grumbled every morning about getting up. I would be thankful enough now if I could only go to bed as I did then, instead of being obliged to sit up all night in this chair; and glad enough would I be were I able to get up at sunrise and take a walk in the early morning when the birds are singing in all the trees and everything was glistening with dew; but that can never be again. My dear mother is in heaven, but I always reproach myself when I think how I worried her about such a foolish thing. I am sure you would not treat your mother so." Seeing Annie's face look very sober, she said, "This is too sober a subject for a little girl like you, we will talk of something more cheerful."

Annie said nothing until she and her mother were on their homeward way; then she asked, "Mamma, did you tell Mrs. Gray about me?"

"No, my dear," said mamma.

That night Annie went cheerfully to bed,

and in the morning everyone was astonished to see her walking about the garden long before breakfast. Some said, "Whatever has got over Annie to take such a turn? It won't last, however." But it did last, and Annie became a healthier and happier little girl, and gave pleasure to all around her. The first thing her eyes rested upon every morning was this text, beautifully illuminated, which hung upon the wall opposite her, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girl. She missed mamma; and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him, while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and, one day, noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said: "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study, she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

A PROMISE.

NELLIE had a habit of saying, "Promise me." One day she had asked mamma if she might have a birthday party. When mamma said yes, Nellie said, "Please promise me, mamma."

"Why, Nellie," said mamma, "yes is a promise."

"I know it," said Nellie; "but when you say 'I promise' it makes me feel so sure!"

Do any of our little folks know a promise of Jesus which begins, "Verily?" Ask some one what that means, and see how many promises you can find which begin in this way. Never forget that a promise is a very solemn thing, and when you make one be sure that you keep it.

FAIRY FINGERS.

HARK! I hear soft music stealing
Through the balmy evening air.
Can you guess whose fairy fingers
On the keys so lightly bear?

Listen closely: hear the mellow
Strains that a'most die away,
Then come flutt'ring back like zephyrs
Playing in the moon's bright ray.

Listen again: now loftier tones
Forth are sounding loud and clear—
Ringing, swelling, soft'ning, dwelling
With delight upon the ear.

Who is it so soul-inspiring—
Touching gently, deep or grand,
Blending sweet chords of harmony?
'Tis a slender childish hand.

I will tell you, though you'll doubt me;
For to me 'tis strange indeed
That an infant can the science
Of such music plainly read.

'Tis my daughter: have you seen her?
Scarce eight years have passed away
Since the little dimpled darling
On my breast a baby lay.

Hear you now how soft and solemn
O'er the heart that hymn doth roll,
While her childish voice is singing
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI. [March 17

CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG

Mark 10. 13-22. Commit to mem. vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Young Children, v. 13-16.
2. The Young Man, v. 17-22.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who were brought to Jesus by their friends? Some little children.

Where was Jesus? In Perea.

Why did the disciples try to send them away? They did not want Jesus to be troubled.

How did Jesus feel? He was displeased with the disciples.

What did he say? "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

What did he do? He took the little ones in his arms and blessed them.

Who only can enter the kingdom of God? Those who have child-like hearts.

Who came running to meet Jesus? A rich young ruler.

What did he ask him? What he should do to get eternal life.

What did Jesus then tell him? To keep the commandments.

What did the young man say? That he had done so.

Why did Jesus then tell him to give away all his goods? Because he saw that he loved money.

Why did the young man go away grieved? Because he loved money more than God.

What can we never do? Buy eternal life.

What will true love do? Give up all things for Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Our Jesus

Loves to have little children with him,
Loves to lay his hands in blessing upon them,
Loves to see them trying to please him.

But

He is grieved to see a heart that loves money or pleasure better than it loves God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

24. *Who was Dorcas?* A good woman who made clothes for the poor, and who was raised from death.

A.D. 30] LESSON XII. [March 24

BLIND BARTIMEUS

Mark 10. 46-52. Commit to mem. vs. 51, 52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou Son of David, have mercy on me. Mark 10. 48.

OUTLINE.

1. A Beggar, v. 46.
2. A Believer, v. 47-50.
3. A Blessing, v. 51, 52.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Toward what city was Jesus travelling? Toward Jerusalem.

Who were with him? His disciples, and many other people.

Who sat by the road-side at Jericho? The beggar Bartimeus.

What did he hear? That Jesus was passing.

Why did he need help? He was blind.

What did he say to Jesus? "Have mercy on me."

What was he told? To be still.

What did he do? He cried the louder.

What did Jesus do? He stopped and waited.

What was said to the blind man? "He calleth thee."

What did the beggar do? He hurried to Jesus.

What did Jesus ask? "What wilt thou?"

What did the blind man ask? To have his sight.

What did Jesus say? "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

What followed? His blind eyes were opened.

What can Jesus cure now? Spiritual blindness.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What does this lesson teach?

That Jesus hears a real cry for help.

* That he is quick to answer it.

That he can open the eyes of the soul.

That all we need is faith in Jesus.

"Be of good comfort: he calleth thee."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of David.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. *Who was Cornelius?* A devout Gentile soldier, to whom St. Peter was sent to preach the gospel.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

BIRDIE was only four years old, but she had already been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day there was a very heavy thunder-storm, and Birdie's sisters and mamma even laid by their sewing, and drew their chairs to the middle of the room, pale and trembling with fear. But Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with bright eyes.

"O mamma! ain't that bu'ful!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled over their heads.

"It is God's voice, Birdie," said mamma, and her own voice trembled.

"He talks velly loud, don't he, mamma? S'pose it's so as deaf Betsy c n hear, and the uver deaf folks."

"O Birdie! dear, come straight away from that window," said one of her sisters, whose cheeks were blanched with fear.

"What for?" asked Birdie.

"Oh! because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."

But Birdie shook her head, and looking over her shoulder with a happy smile on her face, lisped out:

"If it funder, let it funder! 'Tis God makes it funder, and he'll take care of me. I ain't a bit afraid to hear God talk, Maizy."

Was not Birdie's faith beautiful? Mamma and sisters did not soon forget the lesson.



THE BABY.

THE BABY.

DEAREST little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven,
Our glad hearts to dower.
Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star-like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.
Dearest little baby,
Darling little boy,
God himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
While the Virgin Mother
Loves thee tenderly.
And on earth the flowers
Put on colours gay,
For the little baby
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth;
All things dark must vanish
By your baby mirth.
Love beyond description,
Love beyond compare;
No one else can rival
Baby anywhere.

MOTHER SPECKLE'S LESSON.

"How unpleasant it is to be sure, to be shut up in this coop!" said a young hen to her chickens one afternoon.

"Just when I could be taking you round, and showing you the world, that tiresome poultryman goes and stuffs us in here! And as though even that were not enough, he must needs cover us with a net beside, to make it closer still. It is too bad! Oh, dear! Could I but tear the cage to pieces, I would do it this minute, and set myself free, and you, too, my little pets."

But all the while Mother Speckle was grumbling away, she could not see far up in the sky, a tiny speck, which, however, grew larger and larger each moment, and at last began to swoop downward in wide circles. It was a great hungry hawk, looking for prey for himself and for Mrs. Hawk and for the little Hawks in the nest at home.

Down he came swiftly, for he knew there was something good in that coop—something that would make a dainty meal for his family.

A shriek of despair came from Mother Speckle as she felt the dull thud that was made by the great bird as he alighted upon the coop.

"Alas!" she cried, "these wretched bars close us in, so that we cannot run anywhere for safety! Farewell, my chickens; we shall be gobbled up in a few moments by this terrible creature!"

"I'll have you! I'll have you all in a

trice!" yelled the hawk, in response. And he tore at the netting with his powerful claws, to reach the coop that sheltered his prey. But the more he tore the netting the more entangled he became; and soon, worn out with his struggles, he hung there quite helpless and weak, till the poultryman came and took him away, and punished him for all his evil deeds.

"I hope, Mrs. Speckle, you won't grumble again at a coop and net;" said a wise old guinea-fowl that was walking around the yard with measured steps. "What you called your prison has been to you a refuge, a shelter from death. Learn, my dear, to know the difference between being kindly protected, and cruelly imprisoned; and remember that those in whose charge God has placed us, know better than we do, what are our needs, and what are our dangers."

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

"I DON'T see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little. But I have been brought up better than that; he won't hurt me. I should think you would trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, clear water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

"O, mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so!"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put a drop of clear water into it, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of his evil nature to mingle with your purity."

A SNOW PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in she said: "Mamma, I could not help praying when I was out at play."

"That was right, my darling. What did you pray?"

"I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I once learned in Sunday-school. 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The Bible says: "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb."