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# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899.

[No. 8.]

## THREADING MOTHER'S NEEDLE.

Little Jennie is not very old, but she is a great help to her mother in many ways. She is trying to help by threading her needle.

Her mother is busy sewing, and she likes to have Jennie learn how to help. There is always a great deal of sewing to do, and it takes so much time to stop every little while to thread a needle, that mother is very glad to have Jennie within easy reach, so that she can call her whenever she wants her help.

There is another reason why mother likes to have Jennie thread her needle, and it is this: because Jennie's eyes are sharp and she can easily find the right place for the thread to go, whereas mother's eyes are not so bright as they were once, and sometimes it is hard work for her to



find the eye of the needle.

Threading the needle is Jennie's first step towards learning to sew. She is anxious to learn, so that she may know how to make clothes for her dolls. And when she grows older, she will make her own dresses, and she will be able to sew pretty gifts for her friends, as well as to make clothes for the poor people who are in want of them.

There is a beautiful story told in the New Testament of a woman named Dorcas. She was a woman who loved Jesus and used to sew for the poor people of those days. She was loved by all, and when she died, God restored her again to life by the hand of Peter. Sewing societies are often called Dorcas societies, after the name of that good woman.

Perhaps when Jennie grows up to be a woman, she will have a Dorcas society which will be a great help to many poor people.

THE ANGEL, GUARDIAN.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## AWAKE AT NIGHT.

In the dark and silent night,  
Little child, you need not fear,  
Just as much as in the light  
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,  
Though no moon be shining clear,  
You may say in truthful tone,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start  
At some sudden sound you hear,  
Keep this thought within your heart,  
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with his arm,  
He is your own Father dear;  
He will keep you safe from harm—  
God is near you—God is near!

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1899.

## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.

I read a pretty legend not long ago about three women who were trying to decide which had the most beautiful hand. One reddened hers with berries, and said that the beautiful colour made her hand the most beautiful. Another put her hand in a mountain brook, and said that the bright, clear, sparkling water made her hand the most beautiful. The third plucked some lovely flowers from the road-side, and said the bloom of the flowers made her hand the most beautiful.

While they were talking a poor old woman appeared on the scene and asked for alms, and another woman who did not claim that her hand was the most beautiful, gave her what she sorely needed.

Then all the women decided to ask this beggar-woman the question as to whose hand was the most beautiful, and she answered: "The most beautiful hand of

them all is the one that gave relief to my needs;" and as she said these words, her wrinkles and her rags and her feebleness seemed to disappear, and there stood the Christ, who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money, and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by, and said: "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then, if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money. So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "Oh that I might go in there and eat! but, alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out." So she passed on.

And so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by, and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me too. I'll go in!" And in he went: and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed, and given a beautiful home in which he should be forever happy.

## DON'T CRY, TOMMY.

Tommy is in sad trouble. His book is all torn and he can't keep back the tears. It is only a few days since his teacher gave him a new book, telling him to take good care of it, and now, though how it happened Tommy can hardly tell, his nice new book is in pieces and Tommy does not know what to do.

Tommy's little sister Emily feels very sorry for him, and is trying to comfort him as best she can. She is telling him not to mind, for he did not mean to tear the book, and she is sure the teacher will excuse him this time.

I think Emily is right, for Tommy means to be a good boy, and I am sure that, after this, he will be more careful with his new books, so that they will not get torn.

## ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe; "a cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take a broom and sweep it, and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings-bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think that I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

## THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

"For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

"They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

## WANTED.

We very often see this sign upon stores or offices, and every day we find it printed in the newspapers. All kinds of people and things are wanted. Sometimes it is a man wanted to attend to a garden or a woman is wanted to do sewing. Sometimes a teacher is wanted in school, and sometimes scholars are wanted to fill up the classes.

Did you ever think that boys and girls are wanted all the time by God, our loving, heavenly Father? Somebody has put this thought into these beautiful words:

"Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus leads the way,  
Into the fields where harvest  
Is ripening day by day;  
Now, while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air;  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
Oh! follow Jesus there!"

"Wanted! young hands to labour;  
The fields are broad and wide,  
The harvest waits the reaper  
Around on every side;  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.

"Wanted! young ears to listen;  
Wanted! young eyes to see;  
Wanted! young hearts to answer  
With a throb of sympathy,  
While on the wild waves' sighing,  
The strange, sad tale is borne  
Of lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn."

"God's in his heaven;  
All's right with the world."

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

There is a little saying,  
Which you'll find is always true,  
My little boy, my little girl,  
A saying that's for you.  
'Tis this, my darling little one,  
With eyes so clear and bright.  
"No child in all this careless world  
Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,  
Or city's crowded way,  
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum  
Entice your feet to stray,  
Some One is always watching you;  
And, whether wrong or right,  
No child in all this busy world  
Is ever out of sight.

Some One is always watching you,  
And marking what you do,  
To see if all your childhood's acts  
Are honest, brave, and true;  
And watchers of the heavenly world,  
God's angels, pure and white,  
In joy or sorrow at your course  
Are keeping out of sight.

Bear this in mind, my little one,  
And let your aim be high;  
You do whatever you may do  
Beneath some seeing eye,  
Remember this, my darling one,  
And keep your good name bright:  
No child who lives upon the earth  
Is ever out of sight.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON V. [April 30.]

THE COMFORTER PROMISED.

John 14. 15-27. Memory verses, 25, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.

DO YOU KNOW?

What did Jesus say the Father would send to the disciples after death? Golden Text. What if Jesus had stayed here himself? Would that have been the best for the disciples (and us)? Why not? What other name did Jesus give to the Comforter? The Spirit of truth. Where did Jesus say this Spirit should dwell? What did Jesus say the Comforter would do? Teach us all things. What will he help us to remember? All that Jesus taught when he was here. Who keep the sayings of Jesus? Those who love him. What beautiful possession did Jesus leave with the disciples? Peace. Do you know any of the last words of Jesus? Would you like to learn some of them?

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses slowly and thoughtfully. John 14 15-27.
- Tues. Learn why it was better that Jesus should go away. Golden Text.
- Wed. Learn about the work of the Comforter. John 16. 8-11.
- Thur. Read about the coming of this great Gift. Acts 2. 1-4.
- Fri. Learn the true meaning of this Gift. Acts 2. 8.
- Sat. Learn this last word of Jesus about peace. John 14. 27.
- Sun. Read (and learn, as many of the lesson verses as you can which have the word "love" in them.

LESSON VI. [May 7.]

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

John 15. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the vine; ye are the branches.—John 15. 5.

DO YOU KNOW?

What is a vineyard? Where are vineyards most commonly found? What is most prized on grapevines, the leaves or the fruit? Who are the husbandmen in a vineyard? Do they sometimes cut off the branches? Do they cut off the branches which bear fruit? What becomes of a branch when it is cut off? Do you understand why it dies? What does Jesus call himself? The Vine. What does he call us? The branches. Where do we get our life? From Jesus, who is the Life. What happens if we let sin cut us off from Jesus? We die. What are some of the fruits which good branches may bear? How may we abide in Jesus? By loving him and obeying his words.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. John 15. 1-11.
- Tues. Learn how you may be a fruit-bearing branch. John 15. 4.
- Wed. Find what kind of fruits even a child may bear. Gal. 5. 22, 23.
- Thur. Find as many places as you can in the Bible where grapes are mentioned.
- Fri. Learn the great secret of fruit-bearing. Verse 10.
- Sat. Learn how God knows trees (and people). Matt. 7. 20.
- Sun. Read the psalm which tells how to bear fruit. Psalm 1.

BREAKING A WISHBONE.

"Will you break this wishbone with me, mamma?" said the little girl, as she held up the well-dried bone of the fowl left from the dinner the day before.

Mamma broke the bone with her little daughter after they had both made their wishes in silence. The little girl got the wish.

"What was your wish, dear?" asked mamma.

"I don't like to tell," replied the little one.

"As long as you have the wish, it does not matter if you tell it, dear."

With some hesitancy, the child said, "I wished that papa would go to church with you to-night."

The mother was astonished. She supposed, of course, that the child had wished for something specially for herself. A short time before, in the child's presence, the mother had been asking her husband to go to church with her that evening, and he had slightly demurred. Lying on the couch in the next room, the father heard the conversation about the wishbone, and was as much surprised at the wish his child had made as the mother was.

After the little girl had told her wish, she said: "Now, mamma, we will see for sure if chicken wishbone wishes come true."

The wish did come true. Papa went to church that night with mamma.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A number of boys were playing "hide and seek" on the streets of a city. A large joint sewer-pipe lay above ground. One of the little urchins was looking for a hiding-place. He came up to the pipe, looked in, and thought a moment. It was dark and deep. "What a splendid place to hide!" he whispered to himself. He tried to drag himself in out of sight. The pipe seemed small, but on he went. The middle was reached. There he lay, still as death. His playmates were searching for Johnnie, but the boy could not be found. He thought it time to bestir himself, but in neither direction could he move. He began to yell most loudly. His companions heard him, but none of them could go in for him. Then they brought a rope, and threw it in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom.

He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad books, using bad words—get caught in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friend pull you out. Christ alone can help you.

A PET COW.

We have all heard of pet dogs and pet cats and pet birds, but I read of a cow, not long ago, that was really a pet. She looked just like an ordinary black cow, it is said, but she behaved in the strangest way, for she followed her owner's children around like a dog, and would not be separated from them, if she could possibly help it. When the children were at home, the cow would stay quietly in the pasture, but when the children went out, she would leave the pasture and follow behind them, even jumping over fences so that she might be with them.



SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

## SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

A young gentleman bought a hunting-mare from a farmer at Malton, in England, and took her with him to Whitby, a distance of nearly sixty miles. One Wednesday morning the mare was missing from the field where her owner had placed her. A search was made for her, but with no success.

The next day the search was renewed. The owner and his groom went some ten miles, and were told that the mare had crossed the railway the morning before. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high-road to her old home at Malton.

Six men had tried, but in vain, to stop her. At a place called Pickering, she jumped the railway gates, and then, finding herself in her old hunting country, made a bee-line for home. In doing this, she had to swim two rivers, and cross a railway.

She was found at her old home, rather lame, and with one shoe off, but otherwise no worse for her gallop of nearly sixty miles across the country—all done in one day; for her old owner found her on Wednesday night, standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for two previous years. Was she not a pretty clever horse?

## IT ALWAYS PAYS.

Ralph could hardly put his mind on his lessons, he was thinking so much of the new suit of clothes that would be his after school.

New suits did not fall to Ralph's lot

very often. His father had been dead several years, and his mother had to support her boy and herself by taking in sewing.

Sometimes the brave boy felt as though things were not quite right when he saw the good clothing of the other boys, and looked at his own shabby clothes, or watched his playmates' mothers as they read or entertained, and remembered his own mother sewing hard at home.

Ralph was such a merry, good-hearted boy that the wealthier boys preferred his company to others of their own rank.

Miss Dale, the teacher, looked uneasily at the corner where Ralph and his friends sat. They were all such mis-

chievous boys, and yet they generally recited their lessons fairly well.

"I forbid any whispering or communication whatever this afternoon," she said, as they took out their books.

The boys looked disappointed. Ralph put his head down and prepared to study.

"Say, Ralph, can you come up after tea to-night?" whispered one boy, after a silence of a few minutes.

Ralph had forgotten the teacher's injunction. "I guess so. What are you going to do?" he whispered back.

"O, it's a kind of surprise; mother won't tell us anything about it."

"I'll be on hand, if mother doesn't need me," Ralph said, as he turned back to his lesson.

Miss Dale had been watching that particular corner all the afternoon. She had seen who whispered and who did not. The school bell rang out clearly at half after three o'clock.

Every boy and girl sat in readiness to rise at the three taps of the bell on Miss Dale's desk. Miss Dale rose and stood before them. "All who have communicated with their classmates this afternoon may stand," she said.

That meant a whole hour after school of sitting quietly with one's arms folded. To Ralph it meant waiting two or three weeks longer for his suit, for his mother could not leave her work again very soon; but it also meant a falsehood if he did not stand.

"I'd rather wait a year for it than do that!" Ralph thought bravely, although it was hard work to keep the tears back.

"Keep your seat, Ralph; she'll never

know the difference. We are not going to stand," the boys whispered as he half rose in his seat.

But Ralph stood erect. Not another boy or girl was standing.

"I am sorry if you made all that disturbance, Ralph," Miss Dale said, gravely, but Ralph never flinched.

"Tom Bailey, Ed. Sampson, Taylor Horton, and Sam Finch may remain after the rest have passed out. The school is dismissed," and Miss Dale tapped her bell and smiled at Ralph.

Ralph hurried home. "I'd never tell a lie, mother, for such a little thing. I hope I'll never tell one," he said, after telling the incident to his mother.

"I hope you will not, my boy. Even if one is not rewarded here as you have been, one will surely gain a better reward above," his mother said.

Ralph quite agreed with her.

## A NOBLE BOY.

Off the coast of the State of Maine is a rocky island called Saddleback Ledge, on which is a lighthouse. There is a story told about this lighthouse that is well worth repeating, for it shows the bravery of a boy who was only fifteen years old.

One day he was left in charge of the lighthouse, while his father went ashore to buy the food that was needed. A storm sprang up, and the sea was so rough for the next three weeks that the father could not return. Meanwhile the boy in the lighthouse away on that lonely rock kept the light burning brightly every night, but it was hard work, and when at last the storm had ceased and his father was able to return, he found his boy so weak that he could hardly speak. Yet it was a proud father and a happy boy that met that day on the rocky ledge of Saddleback, for the boy had done his duty and the father knew that his son could always be trusted, even in the midst of storm and danger.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show  
Like crystal panes where earth-fire glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may  
guess.