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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

[No. 8.

YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "my heart goes tick, tick all the time, just like papa's watch. Have you got wheels inside of it?"

"No, dear Lucy, but you are more wonderful than any watch ever made."

Then mamma took her little girl on her lap and told her how that what she ate made warm blood, and how the heart sent this warm blood all through her little body, to make flesh and bones, and to keep her well and strong.

She told her that God set her heart beating, and that he will some day say to it, "Stop, little heart," and it will stop. She told her to watch it while it goes beat, and keep it full of good, kind

thoughts, and warm with love to God. And when Lucy wanted to know what would become of her when it would stop beating, her mamma told her that her soul, her real self, would still live on. She told her that those who trust in Jesus will be forever happy with him.



DOUBLE SEEING.

If any one should say to a boy or girl having bright eyes, open to light and darkness, that they were blind, they would surely say: "Why, no! I see everything around me." But very many of you do not. I've seen bright-eyed girls step on their own saccos lying on the floor, and when they were told of it, say, "O! I did not see it." And I have seen them while hunting for things pull every thing about on bureau and table and declare the book or the thimble or the handkerchief was not there, and some one else would look right after them and find it, and they would say, "I really did not see it." Boys will almost fall over the hoe in the path, and yet, when the father comes home and points to it, the

HUSH, my babe, lie still and slumber,—
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Ever be about thy head.

WITH God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

boy did not see it before, though he may have walked past it and over it twenty times. What is the matter? Well, I think the mind did not see and remember. These children did not pay attention, and it is very unfortunate that they do not. Sometimes this habit of inattention and

carelessness becomes so fixed that it causes trouble as long as they live; it wastes hours of time, and is an annoyance to everybody with whom they live.—*Christian Union*.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LITTLE children, love each other—
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule—
If a sister or a brother,
If at home, or if at school.

We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above.
Shall we quarrel? No, much rather
Would we dwell, like him, in love.

He has placed us here together
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

All we have we share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words;
Thus we live as sisters, brothers,
Seeking still to be the Lord's.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 21, 1888.

A KINGDOM OF PEACE.

"MAMMA," said Roy, with flashing eye and crimson cheek, "I felt just like fighting when he said that." He had heard one of the boys speak insultingly of the Saviour he had been taught to kneel to and love. "That would have been a brave thing to do," said mamma, "if Jesus wants you to do it. But if he wanted Jack Hill struck, why could he not send the lightning or paralysis to do it? I hope my little boy would not be a Peter." Roy began to hang his head. "Why, brother," chimed in Alice, "suppose you had knocked Jack over and hurt him, it would have been just

like Jesus to pick him up and cure his hurt; don't you remember how he made the ear grow on, that Peter cut off?" "And don't you remember," asked mamma, "that he told Pilate, 'if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight?'" "I'm glad now that I didn't strike him, 'cause Jesus wouldn't want me to."

THE WHIPPING.

CARRIE BARNES had a very bad habit, which is quite common among children, of frequently contradicting people. Mother talked to her a great deal about it, but it seemed to do no good.

At last her mother said, "Carrie, I am going to try a new plan to cure you of this habit; I shall whip you every time you do it. I shall keep this ruler on my table, and the first time you contradict any one I shall give you three smart raps on your hand. The second time I shall give you four, the third five, and so on.

Mrs. Barnes was very calm and deliberate in saying this. She only desired the good of the child, and Carrie knew it. They talked the matter over very pleasantly together.

"I shan't like it a bit," said the little girl, "it will hurt awfully. I don't believe I shall hold my hand out straight."

"You need something to quicken your memory," said her mother, "and I'm pretty sure the smart of the rod will do it."

It was not long before the promised punishment came; then the second time and the third.

"I've been looking over your writing exercise," said her mother one day, "and I notice you have written *that* instead of *the* on one line."

"O mother," began Carrie, "I am sure—" She was going to say, "I didn't," in flat contradiction of her mother, but she checked herself. "I thought I wrote it right," she said; "may I go and see?"

"Yes, my dear; it is possible I may be mistaken. Bring your slate."

The slate was brought, and it was found that Carrie was right.

Mother smiled. "I am glad it was I who was wrong," she said, "and I am pleased, too, that you remembered not to contradict."

"I remembered it in time to save my whipping," said Carrie, laughing.

She never needed it again. Her mother's plan had broken up the habit and changed Carrie from a rude, disagreeable child into a pleasant, ladylike companion.—*The Morning Light*.

GOOD BOYS.

ARE tidy. They never come to the table with soiled hands and crumpled hair.

ARE orderly. They have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

ARE neat. They endeavour to keep their shoes blacked and their coats and hats brushed.

ARE polite. They speak low and gently. They apologize for mistakes. They are as kind to mother and sister as they are to strangers.

ARE patient. They do not grumble if meals are late or things go wrong.

ARE helpful. They run on errands, or do little acts of kindness pleasantly when asked.

ARE cheerful. They enter the breakfast room with a pleasant "Good morning." They bear disappointment bravely and cheerily.

ARE independent. They sew on their own buttons, and take care of their own traps.

ARE temperate. They never smoke, nor chew, nor drink anything that intoxicates.

ARE prayerful. They kneel night and morning, and ask God's blessing upon themselves and their friends.

ARE you a good boy? Will you try to be?

BETTER THAN WISHING.

"How happy I should be if I could only have what I want by wishing for it!" Such is the thought of many a boy who has been reading the adventures of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp," or pouring over some modern fairy tale. Stop a moment, my boy, and try to picture such a life for yourself. Just see how, shorn of all need for effort, it would soon pall and lose its interest. In this human life of ours, the necessity for toil adds to the delight of possession. A bunch of crisp radishes gathered for the tea-table from your own garden-plot, upon which you have bestowed much labour, possesses for you an interest beyond any other radishes. The little doll-chair fashioned by you for sister's new doll may be much clumsier than the elaborate toys furnished by the shops; but the interest of making it, and the pleasure with which brothers and sisters watched its progress, have given it a value in your eyes far beyond that of any "boughten" toys. When next you are inclined to wish for any good, thank God that you have the power of labouring for it, and remember that "it is only good for God to create without toil."

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.
I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks.
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.
He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.
No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON V. [April 29.

THE TALENTS.

Mat. 25. 14-30. Commit to memory vs. 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. Faithful.
2. Slothful.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What is the parable of the talents about?
A lord and his servants.
Where did the lord wish to go? Away, into a far country.
Why did he call his servants together?
To give them charge over his money and property.
How did he divide it among them? To one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one.
What did he expect them to do? To take good care of all that he left with them during his absence.
What did the faithful servants do? They worked honestly, and doubled the number of their talents.
What did the unfaithful servant do? He buried his talent in the ground and was idle.
What did the lord do when he came home? He called his servants together to account for what he had left with them.
What did he say to the faithful ones? "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

How did he punish the unfaithful servant? He took away his one talent and cast him into outer darkness.

Who is our Lord and Master? Jesus Christ.

Why is he our Master? Because he bought us with his precious blood.

Where has he gone? To heaven.

What has he given us? Gifts, great and small.

How does he expect us to use them? For his glory, not our own.

When will he call us to account for all he has left in our care? When he comes on the judgment day.

What will he say to us if we have been faithful? "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

How will he reward those who have only been faithful in little things? As abundantly as those who have been faithful in great things.

What will become of the unfaithful? They will be cast out of the kingdom of heaven.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

You are only a little Sunday-school boy or girl, but you have something to do for Jesus.

It may be small things now, but if you are faithful it will be great things by and by.

Do not complain or find fault with any thing he gives you to do.

Work cheerfully and unselfishly and thoroughly, so you will be among the faithful when he comes to reward them.

"Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nature of rewards.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

May children have the blessing of the Lord Jesus? When children were brought to him, he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VI. [May 6.

THE JUDGMENT

Mat. 25. 31-46. Commit to mem. vs. 37-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal. Mat. 25. 46.

OUTLINE.

1. The Judge.
2. The Blessed.
3. The Cursed.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

When did Jesus say he should come to earth again? On the great judgment day.

How will he come? With all his holy angels, as King of heaven and earth.

Who will be gathered together before his throne? All people, good and evil.

For what purpose? To be judged according to their lives upon earth.

What will Christ do on that awful day? Separate them, one from another.

Whom will he place at his right hand? The righteous.

Whom will he place at his left hand? The wicked.

What will he say to the good? "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

What will he acknowledge before every one? All that they have done for him.

How does Jesus say we may love and serve him? By helping and loving the poor, the sick, and the hungry ones.

What does he promise to give us on the judgment day for such love and service? Great reward.

What will he say to the wicked? "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

What will he tell them? That they have not loved and served him.

What will be the final end of the righteous and the wicked? (Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.)

Do we know when the judgment day is coming? Jesus tells us, "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man."

What did he command us? To be ready, and watch for it, NOW.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

If Jesus was here, seated upon his throne, how would you feel when he gave you some work to do for him?

He is not here to talk to you face to face, but he has promised that every time you love and help others he will count it as done for him.

He asks you to feed the hungry and care for the poor. To visit the sick and help others to do right. To be loving and patient at home, and kind and gentle at school.

He will see it all, and give you a great reward.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does the Lord Jesus listen to children? He was pleased with the children who cried Hosanna in the temple.

It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to the statement she heard made that our Saviour was never seen to smile. "Didn't he say 'Suffer little children to come unto me?' And they would not have come unless he had smiled."



HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

THERE was once a little girl living in the fresh green country, whose name was Kate. Kate's father was a farmer. He liked to have his little daughter with him while he was at work; for he knew the fresh air would do her good. She was glad to be waked early; for she was always ready to ride horseback, and liked, above all things, to help her father.

So she sprang up quickly, and found a bowl of nice bread and milk all ready for her breakfast. By that time her father came up, leading old Nell, who was all harnessed, and ready to be hitched on to the cultivator.

And now, for fear that you don't know what a cultivator is, I must tell you. It is a large three-cornered tool, shaped like an A. Under its frame it has big spreading teeth, which go tearing along between rows of corn or potatoes, heaping the earth around their roots. It has handles like a plow; but, as the person who holds them must be far from the horse, it is much easier for him if some one is riding and driving.

Now, this is the way in which Kate was to help her father. When they reached the field where the cultivator was, he hitched Nell to the traces, and left Kate to drive. She knew very well how to keep Nell's heavy feet off the hills of corn. But sometimes, while Kate was looking at the bobolinks, and listening to their songs, Nell would turn clumsily around, and down would go two or three of the little green hills. This made Kate more careful, and her father praised her for a famous little horse-woman.

Several times that morning she heard the notes of what her father called the planting-bird, singing, "Put in, put in! Cover up, cover up! Quick, quick, quick!"

In a few hours the field was cultivated; and her father said, "Now, would you like a canter home, Kate?"

"Of course I would, papa," answered Kate. Nell's pace was as easy as a cradle. They galloped on to the open door of the stable. Kate bobbed her head, and in they went, both tired, yet glad after their day's work.

A WRONG TURNING.

"I SHALL take my chance!"

The two boys had started at early morn to visit a distant village. They were cousins, and their homes lay in the same pleasant valley. At noon they had reached their destination. They were about to return immediately when their attention was attracted by a travelling circus, and in one way or another the time slipped by until the sun was rapidly declining. Then they hastened towards home.

"Let's try another road," said the elder lad. "It will be pleasanter than returning by the way we came."

His younger and wiser companion endeavoured to dissuade him, but he was obstinate, and declared that he knew the road perfectly. On they went; and now the sun had disappeared, night was creeping on quickly. Presently it got quite dark, and the boys halted, for the elder had to admit that they had lost their way. Before them the road branched off to the right and left.

"I shall take my chance!" said the foolish lad, and he went off to the left.

The other waited until a countryman passed, who informed him that the proper way was that to the right. He reached home in safety, while his companion was found next morning, exhausted and weary, lying under a haystack.

Two paths lie before us, dear children—the broad road that Christ tells us leads to destruction, and the narrow road to life eternal. Let us not say, "I will take my chance, and follow my own blind impulses," or take the road that seems pleasantest; but let us rather ask God to lead us, and to be our guide. The narrow path with Jesus is always the happiest path.

TWO SUNBEAMS.

STRAIGHT through a casement, open wide,
A sunbeam found its way,
And down upon a cottage floor
A shaft of brightness lay.

Sent from the gay, outer world,
A messenger apart,
It glorified the humble room,
And cheered the matron's heart.

It coaxed the little one from play,
And mocked, with true delight,
The vain attempts of baby hands
To grasp the lance of light.

"Catch if you can," it seems to say;
"I'd willing captive be,"
And danced before the wondering eyes
To the tune of baby's glee.

Bright shone the little golden head
As it flitted here and there,
As though the sun itself had lent
Of its shining store—a share.

And mother caught her darling up,
In the midst of his fruitless chase,
And showered kisses, warm and soft,
On the pretty baby face.

"You cannot catch the sunshine,
Tho' you followed the wide world thro';
You're mother's little sunbeam, dear,
And she has caught you, too!"

"Two sunbeams have I in my home;
Dark would it be, and drear,
Without the bright ray on the floor
And the bright face shining here!"

"God owns the sunlight, but he gave
This precious beam to mother.
Content am I to call *one* mine
And entertain the other."

Straight through the casement, open wide,
The sunbeam crept away,
And twilight shadows, stealing through,
Foretold the end of day.

The outer world in darkness lay,
But mother's heart is light,
For a golden head and a baby face
Kept home forever bright.

—Ella Randall.