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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1897.

No. 7.

FAST FRIENDS.

It is difficult from the picture to say which of the two appears most interested in the book before them—the dog or his little mistress. There they are, both sitting over the open book, and one of them, at least, absorbed in its contents.

It is very sure that the collie dog, with his handsome face, cares very little for the contents of the book so long as he can be in the presence of the little girl.

He is evidently an unselfish dog, for he is willing to give up his romp in the open air because of his love for her.

But it will not be long before the chapter will be finished and his mistress will then get up and go out for a run in the fields, and the faithful animal will be thoroughly rewarded for his patience, and in his joy will forget all about the dull moments he spent over a book he could not understand.

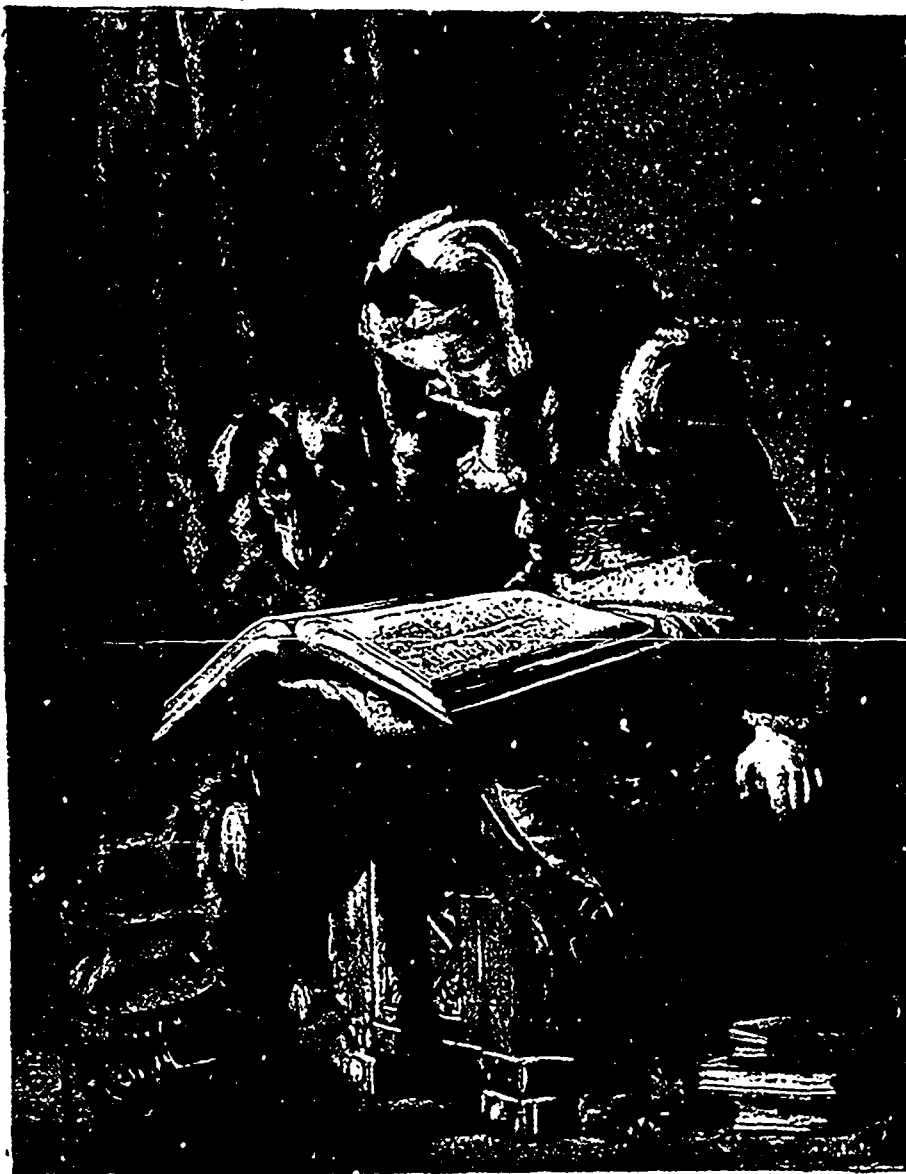
What a good example of a true and unselfish friendship.

THE EGG GIRL.

EVERYBODY likes to hear stories that tell of courage, whether in men and women or boys and girls. People generally suppose that boys are more likely to be brave, but sometimes a little girl shows as much courage as anybody.

Miss Eliza S. Quincy has recently told a very interesting story of a brave little girl who showed her courage in the time of the Revolutionary War.

Colonel Tallmadge commanded a detachment of dragoons in 1777, and was stationed halfway between Philadelphia, the British headquarters, and Valley Forge,



FAST FRIENDS.

where General Washington was encamped with the American army. He received orders one day to go to a little tavern just outside of the British line, where a young girl, who had been in the enemy's camp, would meet him and give him valuable papers.

Colonel Tallmadge and a few men rode to the tavern. He alighted, and, going up to the porch, was met by a smiling, pretty little country girl of fifteen, in a sunbonnet, carrying a basket of eggs,

The bullets whizzed around the little egg-seller, who clung closer to the sword belt, gasping out,

"Don't mind me. Fire again."

She escaped unharmed. Colonel Tallmadge rode with her that day to Germantown, and left her in her own home, which I suspect she was very glad to see again.

We all need courage in this world, and life is often compared to a battle. The Bible says we shall all of us have to fight the good fight of faith, and there will be

which she offered to him for sale. He saw the papers beneath the eggs, and, pretending to joke with her, managed to secure them unseen. At that moment one of his men dashed into the house shouting,

"The British! The British!"

Tallmadge ran out, to see a large body of the enemy's mounted troops coming at full speed. He leaped upon his horse, calling to his men to fly, when the poor little spy fell upon her knees, crying,

"They will kill me! They know I did it! Don't leave me!"

"They will kill me if I stay here," shouted the colonel, but he held his horse still a moment. "Can you ride?" he said.

"Yes; an ox—anything, to get away," she replied,

"Jump up behind me. Hold by my sword," said the colonel.

She scrambled up, and he put spurs to his horse and followed his men. The British gained on them, and fired volley after volley, which Tallmadge and his troop of dragoons would return, wheeling and firing, and then letting their horses run again as fast as they could.

many times when we shall need some strong place to fly to for safety. The best place we can go to in a time like that, when we are tempted and the devil's arrows fly about us, is to God, who has promised to take care of us. Solomon says, "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1897.

THREE FRIENDS.

"I LIKE to play with Edwin," said Frank; "he knows how to do everything."

"Yes," said Mary, "and he isn't a bit cross."

"He can swim," said Frank, "and he can milk the cows, and he knows the names of all the trees—"

"And just where to find the ripe blackberries," said Mary.

While Frank and Mary were talking Edwin came around the corner of the house, and they ran to meet him.

Frank and Mary lived in a large city, but they had been taken by their parents to pass some time in the beautiful little village of Plane. Edwin was the son of a farmer who lived in Plane. All his life he had been familiar with the trees and brooks, the birds and squirrels, and the city children were eager to hear about these things.

"Where are you going?" called Frank as he ran towards Edwin.

"Down to the blacksmith's," said Edwin. "Come along."

"Come, Mary," said Frank, and taking his sister's hand they walked along by Edwin's side.

Edwin paid the blacksmith for some work which he had done for his father, and then the children started to walk back. When they reached the brook Edwin jumped up on the stone wall which

was built between the brook and the road, and easily walked on it. He knew just how to balance himself, for he had done it many times. Frank followed him, but he could not go as fast as Edwin, for his shoes slipped and he did not feel confident, and when he looked back and saw Mary climbing up he called out,

"Mary'll fall into the water if she gets up here; won't she, Edwin?"

"To be sure she will," said Edwin, jumping down into the road, where the others followed him.

He picked up a pebble and threw it into the brook. Frank also threw one in. "What pretty circles it makes!" said he. "See, they're getting wider and wider!"

Frank was quite right. The pebble made only a little ripple when it struck the water, but this was followed by another somewhat wider, and this by a third still larger, till the motion extended quite across the brook.

Just so it is with your actions. They do not end as soon as they are performed, but go on in ever-widening circles, influencing your friends and playmates. When you speak a wrong word the boy who hears it may take it up, and so the boy who hears him, until your one word may make a hundred. And good words grow just in the same way. Do not forget this.

"I like this place," said Frank as they reached the house where they were staying.

"Oh, how I should like to see the city," said Edwin; "the trolley cars, and the electric lights, and all those things!"

"Come and see us," said Frank, "and we will show them all to you."

"Yes, I will," said Edwin, "if I can."

ELSIE'S ADVICE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Now, Maude Anna Belinda," said Elsie, "I want you to sit up straight and listen to me. I have something to say to you; something you should be glad to hear."

It was hardly worth while to ask Maud Anna Belinda to sit up straight, for she was already sitting up very straight indeed, with her hands hanging down stiffly at her sides, and her eyes staring right out in front of her.

"I've got some good advice to give you," Elsie went on, "for your manners. There's company manners and there's home-folks manners. Some people have very fine company manners, but their home-folks manners are horrid. They make all their smiles in company, and just have frowns and pouts and frets for the family; which, of course, you know is very unfair, and not nice at all. Some people don't divide theirs up; they just have manners that are just the same all the time. And this is a much better way, especially if they are of a pleasant kind, my dear."

"Some people get their manners at Paris, and some people's mothers tell them to them when they are young. But my dear Maud Anna Belinda, if you want

yours to be good and lovely through and through, you must have a good and lovely heart that's full of kindness and best wishes to everybody. Those are the sort they have in heaven, and heaven's a better place to get them from than Paris, I guess, or anywhere else.

"So now I'm done. And I will give you a kiss to remember it by."

If Maud Anna Belinda did not need Elsie's advice, that is not saying that some of us may not.

APRIL FOOL.

WHAT are the children all about?

Mischief is certainly brewing:
When four little heads are in a bunch,
I know there'll be something doing.

Hark! what a merry, noisy shout,
As away they suddenly scatter!
Papa has sweetened his tea with salt,
And doesn't know what is the matter.

Mother, who says, "You can't catch me!"
Her breakfast just ready to swallow,
Finds that the egg she likes so well
(How strange!) is perfectly hollow.

Bridget, with dish-cloth pinned behind
By fingers that stealthily handle,
Is patiently trying, with all her might,
To light—a potato-candle!

But, ah, you rogues! though you had
your fun,

The fun was not all for you;
And you found, before the day was done,
We could have our nonsense too.

For Dick, who thinks maple-sugar nice,
Took a bit of soap so yellow!
Tom tasted a doughnut of cotton-wool,
And got laughed at well, poor fellow!

And when mother sent to the thread-store
near,

The little ones, Kate and Willie,
For a skein of sky-blue scarlet silk,
They came back looking quite silly.

Our jokes were only innocent fun:
And now let me give you a rule:
Don't ever be vulgar or rude or unkind
In playing at April Fool.

BUYING THE TRUTH.

"Buy the truth and sell it not; buy the truth and sell it not; buy, buy, buy!"—Allan stopped and shouted, "Say, mamma, what's it mean to buy the truth?"

"Truth is such a good thing, my boy, that we must have it, and be willing to part with anything to get it. When Johnny Lee learned that it was wrong to sell papers on Sunday, and gave it up, he bought the truth."

"I see," said Allan; "it cost him something to do right."

If you wish to be loved, be unselfish, thoughtful, and kind, always looking for good in those about you.

AN EASTER CAROL.

ALL hail to the morning!
The clouds flee away,
The morning is ended,
Joy cometh to-day;
By the cross and the grave-side our sad
watch is done,
For the Saviour is risen, his victory won.

O earth, give him greeting,
And hail him as king!
O friends, in your gladness,
Sweet offerings bring!
The dawn of his Easter all sorrow uplifts,
Then lay on his altar the fairest of gifts.

Bring roses for love,
And for victory palms;
Upraise in his honour
The grandest of psalms;
Bring smilax and lilies the cross to adorn,
And sing hallelujahs this glad Easter
morn.

O Christ of the manger!
O Christ of the cross!
Whose love bought so dearly
Our gain by thy loss,
Thou hast wrested from death his proud
sceptre and crown.
He has laid at thy feet his brief victory
down.

O flowers, bloom in beauty!
And sing, young and old!
Though the joy of the Easter
Can never be told.
But sing and rejoice, with your banners
unturled,
For the Christ that was slain is the Life
of the world.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [April 4.]

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memory verses, 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9. 34.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who besides Saul took journeys to preach the Gospel?
Was the young church still persecuted?
To what village did Peter go?
Where was Lydda?
What sick man was there?
How far away was Joppa?
What sad thing had just taken place there?
Why did the people mourn so much for Tabitha?
What did they do when they heard of the cure of Eneas?

Had Peter power to raise the dead?
No, but Christ had.
What had he given to the disciples?
Power to do miracles in his name.
How did Peter call Tabitha back to life?
What did this miracle cause?
Where did Peter stay for a while?
With whom?

LESSONS FOR ME.

There is power to cure sick bodies and sick souls.
There is power to give life to those who are dead in sin.
"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

LESSON II. [April 11.]

CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.

Acts 10. 30-44. Memory verses, 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10. 43.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What did the Jews think about Gentiles?
Who are Gentiles? All who are not Jews.
How did God teach Peter that he loved all alike?
To whom had he sent a vision just before?
Who was Cornelius?
What kind of a man was he?
What did he want to learn? More about God.
What does God do when he sees this desire in a heart? Sends help and teaching.
Where did Peter go?
Who went with him?
What shows that Cornelius was not selfish?
What great truth did Peter declare? Verse 34.
What joyful message did he bring? Golden Text.
What fell upon the Gentiles then?
What did they do?
What was done to show that they belonged to God's family? They were baptized.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL.

God loves everybody.
God wants sinners to come to him.
God wants us to tell the good news to all.

PRUE'S EASTER NEST.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

PERSIS had talked about so much about the Easter custom of her own country that Rena and Harold wished they could make ever so many nests—enough for all the scholars in their Sunday-school classes—and, having filled each one with Easter

eggs, hide them somewhere, to be found Easter morning.

"But there's no less than forty children come to both your classes," said Persis; "your little gray Bunny'll never be able to lay eggs enough to fill so many nests for Easter."

"Little gray Bunny," laughed Harold; "lie on you!"

The German children have a pretty Easter custom. They prepare nests, and, filling them with beautifully decorated Easter eggs, hide them near their houses, in places where stray fowls would most likely make their nests, only the German children say the little gray Bunny—the rabbit—lays these Easter Eggs. Their fathers and their mothers used to do the same way. It is a German custom.

Different countries have different Easter customs, but in all of them alike the Easter egg plays a prominent part.

"You might fix up a nest for that poor little sick Prue," Persis told the children.

"There," exclaimed they in a satisfied tone.

"I'm afraid Prue isn't long for for this world," Persis sighed when she said this. Prue's parents were so poor! Too poor to call in the best doctors, and she knew it. "Every night this week Prue ended her prayers something like this: 'Please, dear Jesus, I'd like to stay here till Easter's come and gone.'"

"Yes, Persis," said Rena and Harold, "we want to do the German way. Where'll we hide the nest?"

"In among the bedclothes somewhere, or under the pillow. You fix up the eggs, and I'll see to the nest," said Persis.

Day before Easter Persis brought Prue's Easter nest.

"We'll have to tell her 'bout hunting for 't," said the children.

"Your pa and ma's going to do better than that," declared Persis. "Look at the lining."

"Bank notes! Two of them!" cried the excited children.

"One apiece," said pleased Persis, showing Harold and Rena how best to place inside the Easter eggs.

On their way home from Sunday-school, Easter, a number of children ran in to see Prue, and carry her some of their flowers.

Prue showed them her nest, and told them the big doctor was coming to see her next morning. "Maybe he'll make me well," said Prue.

The nest pleased the children. They were amused to think the little German should say Bunny laid the eggs. But they liked the idea of searching for the nests.

It made them think of that first Easter morning, when so many were searching for the risen Lord.

Then they read the verse that Harold and Rena together had written on the paper that was laid across the top of the nest:

Easter eggs, Easter eggs! isn't it funny
To say these were laid by little gray Bunny?
Pink, and yellow, and white ones, too,
Placed in this nest, dear Prue, for you.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

"I," SAID the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on;
They make a cunning, three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud. Quack, quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I;
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree-toad at his gray bark
door;

"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I am perfectly weatherproof."

Sang the brook: "I laugh at every drop,
And wish they never need to stop,
Till a big river I grew to be,
And could find my way to the sea."

A TOOTH AND A SERMON.

ROBBIE BURTON thought that he should
be the happiest boy alive, if only he were
rid of his one trouble.

It was a very small thing that caused all the mischief; but small as it was, it was quite able, at any time, to interfere with any particularly delightful plan, and to turn what had been expected to be the brightest of days into the most forlorn and miserable that one could imagine. It had kept him wretched at home on the very Saturday afternoon, of all others, when the whole school were going to have a holiday; it had utterly spoiled for him his brother Harry's birthday party, to which both the boys had looked anxiously forward for weeks before; it had quite taken the taste out of all the delicious sweetmeats that Uncle Fred sent from the city; worst of all, as Robbie thought, it had been his miserable, unwelcome companion through many long sleepless hours, when he sat up in bed with a handkerchief knotted about his head, his night-light burning dimly. A glance at his troubled face would have told you already the source of his affliction—an aching tooth!

Yet, strange as it may seem, the single sure remedy which papa, mamma, Uncle Ben, and all his other friends urged over and over again, was the very one of which Robbie persistently refused to avail himself.

"I can't have it out, papa—indeed I can't!" he would answer in so piteous a tone that, whether wisely or not, Mr. Burton could not bring himself to insist upon the little visit to the dentist which would so soon have put an end to the trouble.

But the day came when the pain had grown absolutely unbearable, and after some tears, many misgivings and quick throbbings of the heart, Robbie was at last seated in one of the great reclining chairs which suggest such a sad irony of comfort. His papa stood on one side, holding his hand, with a firm yet sympathetic face; the skilful dentist selected an instrument as hastily as possible, lest Robbie's good resolutions should cool by delay; there was a single instant of horrible anticipation as the cold steel settled to its hold, one dreadful, crashing wrench—and Robbie beheld with grim and triumphant satisfaction the offending bit of bone, the cause of such long anguish, held aloft in the glittering forceps.

He flew home, as if on wings, and bursting into the parlour to tell the good news of his deliverance, he saw Uncle Ben reading in an easy chair before the grate.

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Ben, clapping his hands, while his newspaper fell upon the carpet. "I was sure that my boy was

ing of yours meant, 'Get rid of the tooth that is making soreness and inflammation.'

"Now there is another kind of trouble very much worse than anything that can happen to your body. It is the mischief that sin makes. Every wrong act done, every evil habit indulged in, hurts. And the hurt means, 'Get rid of the wrong; pluck it up by the roots!' It is tough work sometimes, my boy. To loosen the hold of a wicked habit is a great deal harder than tooth-pulling, but it pays a thousand times better. And nobody need try alone. You know who it is that will help."

WITHOUT PAY.

JANIE was a poor little beggar girl. She did not want to beg, but her mother was dead, and her father was a bad man, who drove his child out to get money and food, so that he might live without working.

Sometimes she was not able to get much money to take home, and then her father would beat her or make her go to bed without any supper. Poor Janie often went hungry, and a hard life she led.

One day as she was going down the street, she saw a number of boys and girls about her own age going into a large building. They belonged to a mission school, and Janie watched them until they all went in, wishing that she might go in too and see what the children were doing.

A gentleman who belonged to the mission school saw Janie as she stood looking

so wistfully up at the house, and said to her, "Would you like to go in and get a nice dinner with the other children?"

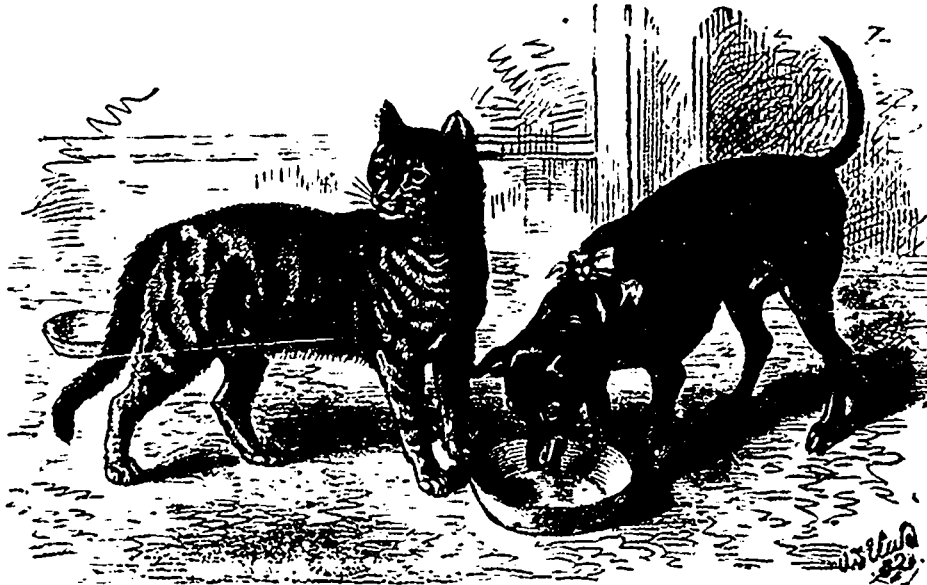
"I have no money, sir," she answered.

"You do not need money. The dinner is free, and you can eat all you want," said the gentleman.

"I will go then, sir;" and her eyes sparkled as she thought of the nice warm dinner she should have.

Just as Janie was invited to eat the dinner without paying for it, so Jesus invites us to come to him without money and get eternal life. He only wishes us to come and give ourselves to him, and he will save us from sin and death, and give us a body at last that will live forever. When upon earth, he bade the children come to him. He loves children now as much as he did then.

One great duty of life is not to give pain



GOOD FRIENDS.

something better than a coward—afraid of a moment's suffering. Aren't you paid for it already, my boy?"

"Yes, indeed, uncle. I don't know how I could have been so silly."

"Silly or not, you were not alone in it. There are a great many things worse than the toothache that people—grown-up people, too—are even slower to get rid of."

"What are they?" asked Rob.

"I'll tell you after a bit, my boy. But first, let me ask you a question: I suppose no sort of pain seems a very good thing to you, does it?"

"Why, no, uncle. Does it to anybody?"

"That depends on whether one understands what pain really means. Pain is only a warning—a danger-signal. It says something is wrong. Something must be put out of the way. If you thrust your hand into the fire, pain cries, 'Take it away!' If there is a thorn in your finger, pain says, 'Pull it out!' All this suffer-