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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

No. 5



MY BABY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE FROST CURTAINS.

"OH, mamma, see how beautiful the windows are. Here are the most lovely curtains of lace. But, mamma, they cling close to the windows; I cannot turn them back." All this Robbie said in an excited

way to his mother. And just so it was. The night had been severely cold. And in the morning there was the most beautiful tracery of frost on the window panes, just like the loveliest curtains of lace. Robbie's mamma explained to him that it was all

the work of the frost. She told him that the light vapour in the room, so thin that nobody can see it, is taken up by the cold window panes, and made into this beautiful work. And then she told Robbie, too, that this is the wonderful work of God

MY BABY.

JUST four months old she is, my baby,
And what does it matter how old am I
All the world is for me, my baby,
Down on the pillow where you lie.

What does it matter how wide the world is,
Or who has gold, or who has lands?
I have my world on baby's pillow,
And she has hers in her dimpled hands.

Just four months old she is, my baby,
And ah, how swiftly the years go by!
God keep her happy and good, my baby,
When she is grown as old as I!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1894.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PRAYER

LITTLE Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lane lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

For a time Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers, but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says: 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'"

Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so [shutting her mouth very tightly and keeping very still for a moment] till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands of angels, and all praising him with their golden harps, and yet, through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He

must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of the prayer of a little child; but he never does. There is never too much singing nor too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to him much more and much oftener than they do?

A NEW WAY.

"Oh, mamma," cried Lily, as she ran in from kindergarten, "how many more days before my birthday? Edith had her birthday to-day, and she has such lots of presents."

"Why, Lily, you will be six years old next Thursday, and I have just been thinking about it. I want to talk with you, and see what you are going to do."

"Well, mamma, what do you think would be nice?" asked Lily.

"How would you like to prepare some little gift for each one in the home here?" said Mrs. Lane. "Try to make us all happy on your birthday."

"But, mamma, what could I make?"

"Well, you know Margaret would enjoy a new scrap-book like the one you made Dorothy. Herbert would delight in a set of harness made of that heavy braid."

"And I could dress Elsie's doll again for her, and string some spools for baby Arthur. Oh, how nice! But what could I make for papa?"

"I think he would be very glad to have a new pocket-pincushion; and I want a lavender sachet for my linen closet," said mother Lane. "Then for Mary and Bridget?"

"Yes, mamma, I know I could make Mary a pincushion for her basket, and Bridget a hair-receiver, from my kindergarten mats."

"Well, now, we must set to work in earnest, as we have only four more days to work. To-morrow is Saturday; so we can buy all we need, and get everything started."

Then Lily and her mother took paper and pencil, made out their list, and found they had almost everything they should want in the house.

With considerable help here and there from mamma, by Wednesday night the little gifts were all ready.

Lily wrapped up each little article separately and marked them before going to bed, entirely happy in the consciousness of having a surprise for each one in the house. The other children were excited at the secrecy, and little Margaret said, "Why, mamma, it's just like Christmas when we can't see things."

Bright and early the next morning, Lily awoke, and was more than surprised to see by her bedside a beautiful new doll with complete sets of clothes. She soon remembered her bundles though, and ran from room to room with her own birthday gifts. Each one had a kiss and best wishes for her, and they were all so pleased that Lily herself was aglow with pleasure.

She then ran back to her beautiful dolls and other presents. The whole day was one of delight, and Mrs. Lane was so pleased with the success of her plan, that she determined to try it on every succeeding birthday.

JOE'S FIRST PARTY.

"I KNOW I won't det'seepy. P'ease let me 'tay up, cause I never saw a birfday with tandles in it."

Mamma could not resist the appeal of her little boy as he threw his arms around her neck and begged of her to let him stay up to sister May's party.

So little Joe was arrayed in his daintiest white dress, and his eyes were as bright as two buttons as he watched the happy children sitting about from room to room.

When the supper hour came he clapped his hands with delight as he saw the lovely birthday cake with ten lighted tapers in it burning so brightly; but as soon as supper was over, little Joe's eyes began to look heavy, and when mamma came to look for her little boy, he could not be found. She peeped about in every corner, and at last found him curled up in a big arm-chair fast asleep. She took him up carefully and undressed him, and put him in his little bed, and when the sun had been up for hours the next morning, little Joe opened his eyes and said: "Mamma, where is I? I fought I went to May's party."

TWO SURPRISES.

AUNT CARRIE was writing at her desk by the window, when Clay-boy placed a square envelope before her and said, "Aunt Carrie, will you please address this to my teacher?"

He did not notice that there was another envelope on the desk almost like this one, and Aunt Carrie said,

"Oh, you are going to send Miss Phebe a valentine, are you? I suppose it's very lovely;" but she did not look in the envelope, and Clay-boy was very glad of this. He knew very well if she did that dreadful looking thing would never reach Miss Phebe.

But that other envelope contained a valentine for Clay-boy, and by mistake Aunt Carrie directed the pretty one to Miss Phebe and the ugly one to Clay-boy.

Valentine's Day Miss Phebe was so surprised and pleased, and Clay-boy was still more surprised, but not one bit pleased.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS.

THOSE who are kind to animals are the kindest to human beings. The man who is cruel to his horses is likely to be unkind to his wife and children. The boy who is cruel to dogs and cats, or other animals will likely grow up to be cruel not only to animals, but to men as well. All the fowls and sheep and birds belong to God, and we have no right to abuse them. We should not forget that for the sin of cruelty to animals we will have to give an account at the bar of God. He notes even a sparrow's fall.

THE FUN OF IT.

How doth the little busy boy
Delight in snowy weather!
With merry mates, and shouts of joy,
Climbing the hill together.

And does it pay, up hill to run,
In spite of wind and weather?"
O yes, indeed! It is such fun
To ride down hill together."

They roam the fields for berries sweet,
(The summer sunshine scorning,
Tall nut trees climb with nimble feet,
Nor fear the frosty morning.

And does it pay, my little son,
To work so hard for pleasure?"
Why, yes! You know we call it fun,
And boys don't stint the measure."

They seek a spot the fire to make,
Then roast the chestnuts fragrant;
With sooty hands; the feast partake,
With clothes like any vagrant!

And does it pay to burn your skin,
To wear your clothes in tatters?"
Why, to be sure! When boys have fun,
Those are but minor matters."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 1760] LESSON X. [March 11.

JACOB AT BETH-EL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold I am with thee and will keep thee.—Gen. 28. 15.

OUTLINE.

- 1 The Vision, v 10-12
- 2 The Voice, v. 13-15.
- 3 The Vow, v. 16-22

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Find why Esau hated Jacob. Gen. 27. 41-45.

Tues. Read about Jacob's dream. Gen. 28. 10-22.

Wed. Learn the Golden Text,
Thur. Learn how we should feel in God's house. Verse 17.

Fri. Read hymn 724, in the Hymnal.

Sat. Find out why Jesus was named "Immanuel."

Sun. Is God with you when you are lonely and sorry?

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was Jacob going? How far was it from his home? Why was Esau angry with Jacob? What did Rebekah, his mother, fear? Where did Jacob sleep at night? What was his pillow? What did he see in his dream? Who spoke to him?

What great promise was given Jacob? How did Jacob feel when he awoke? What did he name the place? What did he set up there? What vow did he make? What is a vow? A solemn promise Who is our way to heaven? Jesus.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God is close by when I do not know it. Ver. 16.

That if I obey God I need fear nothing. Josh. 1. 9.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did our first parents continue holy and happy? No: they sinned against God and fell into misery.

What is sin? Sin is not obeying the commands of God.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON XI. [March 18

WINE A MOCKER.

Prov. 20. 1-7. Memory verses, 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Folly, v 1-4.
2. Wisdom, v. 5-7

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses very carefully.

Tues. Learn the Golden Text.

Wed. Find what comes of evil-doing. Prov. 16. 25.

Thur. Learn the effect of wine-drinking. Prov. 23. 29, 30.

Fri. Learn a good Bible pledge. Jer. 35. 6.

Sat. Find what the water of life does. John 4 14

Sun. Find what drunkenness does. 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10

DO YOU KNOW—

Who was a very wise man? Who gave him his wisdom? What did he write? How long before Christ did he live? What caused great trouble even then?

What does Solomon say of wine? How is it a mocker? What is said of strong drink?

Who are deceived by wine? Where do we not find good company?

What does the faithful man do? What is said of the just man? Can a man be faithful and just and disobey God?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That it is not wise to look upon the wine Prov. 23. 31.

That God tells me what it will do. Prov 23. 32.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What command did God give our first parents in the garden of Eden? He commanded them not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Did they keep this command? No: they did eat of the tree.

THE MONKEY AND THE SUGAR

I REMEMBER once in India giving a tame monkey a lump of sugar inside a corked bottle. The monkey was of an inquiring mind, and it nearly killed him. Sometimes in an impulse of disgust, he would throw the bottle away out of his own reach, and then be distracted until it was given back to him. At other times he would sit with a countenance of the most intense dejection, contemplating the bottled sugar, and then, as if pulling himself together for another effort at solution, would sternly take up the problem afresh and gaze into the bottle. He would tilt it up one way and try to drink the sugar out of the neck, and then, suddenly reversing it, try to catch it as it fell out at the bottom.

Under the impression that he could capture the sugar by surprise, he kept rasping his teeth against the glass in futile bites, and, warming to the pursuit of the revolving lump, used to tie himself into regular knots round the bottle. Fits of the most ludicrous melancholy would alternate with spasms of delight as a new idea seemed to suggest itself, followed by a fresh series of experiments.

Nothing availed, however, until one day a light was shed upon the problem by a jar containing bananas falling from the table with a crash, and the fruit rolling about in all directions. His monkeyship contemplated the catastrophe, and reasoned upon it with the intelligence of a Humboldt. Lifting the bottle high in his paws he brought it down upon the floor with a tremendous noise, smashing the glass into fragments, after which he calmly transferred the sugar to his mouth and munched it with much satisfaction.—Anon.

MUST AND WON'T

A LITTLE boy once said to his mother, when he found himself getting into close quarters about something which they disagreed over: "Don't make me do it, mamma, let me do it."

It is easier to do a thing when they will let us do it, than it is when they undertake to make us do it.

Little four-year-old Bud was playing with his older sister, Ethel when some plaything was wanted from below.

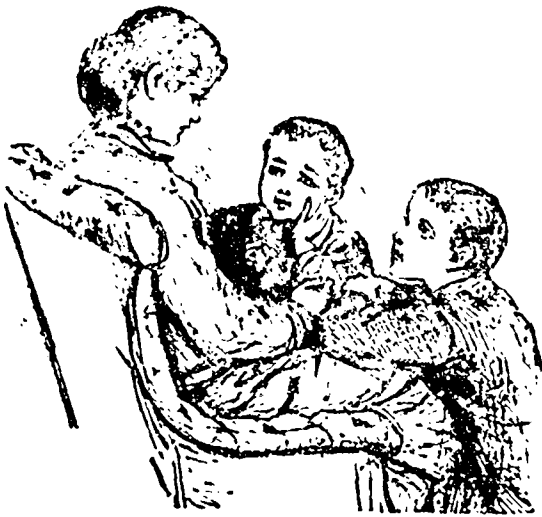
"Bud, you go downstairs and get it."

The young man hesitated, and looked as if he were thinking, "You might have said 'please.'"

"But, Bud, you must I am the mother, and I am the oldest"

The little chap straightened up, stamped his foot, and said "Well, Ethel, if I must, I won't"

Bud had a great deal of human nature, and Ethel was slightly lacking in tact. If the older brothers and sisters will put on fewer airs and less authority, they will get on much better managing their little brothers and sisters than they do when they try to show off their dignity. Patience and meekness help much about managing little ones.



WHICH WOULD THEY CHOOSE?

MOTHER had come back from her trip down town, and Arthur and Joe were glad of it, somehow the house always seemed lonesome when mother was away. Both little boys hung around until they saw the long pins come out of her bonnet, her best gloves folded up and the plush coat hung up in the wardrobe. Now they were ready for a good time.

"Well?" said Arthur, leaning his elbow on mother's lap. Joe came and leaned his elbow on her other knee.

"Well, rowdies," said mother, smiling. "I haven't been to a circus, what do you expect me to tell you?"

"Tell us what you saw, muz," said Arthur.

"Did you see any little boys?" prompted Joe.

"Oh, yes, I saw little boys. There are little boys everywhere. I saw one little boy selling matches; his clothes were dirty and ragged, his eyes were sharp, his face was pinched. He didn't look as if anybody was kind to him, nor as if he had any good times. I bought some of his matches and asked him to come to our Sunday-school, so maybe you will see that little boy yourself next Sunday."

This sober tale made Arthur and Joe look very grave indeed. But mother was not through:

"Afterward I saw a handsome, well-dressed boy, about as big as you two put together, riding on a bicycle. He was ro-y and well kept, he looked as if he had kind friends to care and provide for him, and I was just thinking, There goes a happy boy, when accidentally my poor little match-boy got in his way, and the well-dressed boy swore a dreadful oath at him. Oh, no, my fine fellow," said I, "you are not a happy boy if you can take your dear heavenly Father's name in vain that way."

And the two little listeners looked grave.

"Then, said mamma, I saw two little boys; they were lugging a bucket of coal up from the cellar to make mother's fire burn brighter. Presently they spilled some. Did they say anything ugly? Oh, no, they! 'Hello, Mr. Coal,' said one,

'mind your business.' 'It don't matter,' said the other; 'I'll come back and pick it up.' Now, rowdies, which of these boys would you rather be?"

"Why, mother," they cried, laughing aloud, "we can't choose; we have to be the last ones, 'cause that was us—you know it was, mother."

"Yes," said mother, "I thank God that he chose for me, and gave me the last little boys for mine."

AH, TOM!

"Tom, I want old Mooley to eat the grass on the lawn. I want you to watch her, and see that she doesn't go near the flower borders."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Tom.

Tom watched very carefully for awhile, driving patient old Mooley away whenever she went near the borders. But at length he heard a voice:

"Tom, come and play marbles."

"I can't," said Tom. "I've got to watch this old cow."

"Just come outside the fence. You can watch her from there."

Tom knew he ought to stay inside, but he wanted very much to play marbles, so he said:

"I'll just come for a few minutes," and before the few minutes were passed he had forgotten all about old Mooley.

The fresh green grass was surely good enough for a cow. But perhaps she wanted something for desert, for very soon she was taking a taste of pansies and geraniums.

After awhile Tom saw his papa coming, and ran in to see half the beautiful flowers spoiled.

"Ho! get out there, you mean old cow!" he cried. He took a stick and drove her to the barn.

Papa looked at the flowers, then at the naughty boy.

"I only left her a little while," whimpered Tom.

"But if you had been faithful to your duty for that little while the mischief would not have been done."

I hope Tom will learn to be "faithful in a few things."

TOMMY'S RESOLUTIONS.

A GOOD resolution made, and kept for a single week, will do its maker and keeper some good. The objection to making good resolutions, and not keeping them lies in the fact that the first failure makes it easy to fail again and again. A boy of our acquaintance became very good on New Year's Day. He withdrew to his room, and appeared after an hour or two, with a sheet of foolscap paper held up before him. At the top of the sheet was written, "Good Resolutions for 1922." Then came the following somewhat amusing preamble and resolves:

I, Tommy Dean, knowing that I am not as good as I ought to be, and thinking that I should try to be better, on account of my friends, do agree to keep the follow-

ing resolutions for one year, at the very least:

I will get up when called at once, instead of after I've been called four times.

I will keep the back of my hair combed and tidy.

I will run on errands, even if I don't get anything for it.

I will surprise my teacher at school by studying hard 'most all of the time, and not whisper half as much as I did last year.

I will brush my clothes every day to save ma from scolding, for it is wicked to scold.

I will never be late at the table, and save pa from saying things that hurt my feelings.

I will not be saucy, and won't quarrel with any of the boys.

If I break any of these resolutions, will draw a blue mark over it and I'm sorry.

TWO LITTLE BOYS AND TWO LITTLE SLEDS.

Two little boys had two little sleds,
But neither enjoyed his treasure
For each one thought that his brother's
sled
Would be much more to his pleasure.

They exchanged their sleds, changed back
again,
And quarrelled for days together,
Till on Christmas morning the sleds were
gone—
And all in the snowiest weather.

Then the two little boys grow grave and
sad,
When papa said, "I have sent them,
By Santa Claus, to some boys so good
That the simplest things content them."

The lesson was hard but they learned it
well,
And Santa Claus brings a present,
This year, of two fine sleds to the boys
Who have grown to be kind and pleasant.

THE BLIND INDIAN MISSIONARY.

A BLIND Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said: "I want a bell and a hymn book and a God book." When asked why he wished them he said: "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends, they will, perhaps believe what I tell them they contain, and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me."

He went away, and after a while a message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tall of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the "old, old story" as well as he could. Some of the hearers believed, and they wished to know more of Jesus.