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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

No. 3.

TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

We give in this number pictures of the Children's Hospital in Toronto. A more fully described ward of January 2nd *Pleasant Hours.*

The kind nurse in the ward is telling the old, old story—so old, yet ever new—the story of the little child born in a manger at Bethlehem. She is telling how he grew to be a good boy, obedient to his parents, working in Joseph's shop with hammer and plane and saw. She is telling how he became the best of all men going out everywhere doing good; how he made the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. She is telling them how he healed the sick, even if they did but touch the hem of his garment, and how he restored the bereaved and weep-widow her lost and only son. And she is telling them how he ever loved the children, that he was so thoughtful of them, that it was his beautiful

example men have sought to follow since—the example of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And when she goes to the place where she tells how he crucified this loyal lover of children, how he thought only of others in his last hour, their faces are wet with tears.



TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The following are incidents from real life in the hospital. Our young friends who are full of health and strength cannot do a nicer thing than send some little love gift to those poor sick children.

At 8 a.m. breakfast is served to the children in the wards. The patients, unless those who are very ill, look forward

with eagerness to the serving of the meals. It is touching to see a little fellow, with spoon firmly grasped in his hand, ready to commence operations, and eyes, which ought to be reverently closed, winking and blinking in order to get at least a glimpse of the viands, singing very earnestly—and quickly, the usual blessing—

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of God sent down from Heaven."

Wednesday afternoon is "Mother's Day," and those who have mothers look longingly for their coming. But for some of our little sick ones there is no "mother's day," the mothers have gone to the far-off land, or they have deserted their offspring and left them to the care of strangers. Thank God that the love of Jesus in the soul prompts strangers to give to these neglected ones a

mother's care.

The daily life in our wards is very full of amusing incidents; at least there is about them a pathetic kind of amusement. Little M—, our deaf and dumb child, who is quite a mimic, visits the bedsides of the very sick ones every morning, and with great solemnity feels their pulses and

they will let her, puts a slate pencil under their tongues, or arms, in order to take (as she has seen the doctors do) their temperature.

Our children are taught the lessons of faith and truth we daily learn ourselves. Sometimes at the evening hour the children, led by "Joey," our senior patient, who is quite a musician, have a little song service all by themselves, and when it is ended, little hands are folded and before the weary eyelids close for the night many little lips whisper reverently, "Our Father," or,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity;
Help me, Lord, to come to thee."

Our Hospital is in every respect like a well managed Christian household. Superintendent, assistant, nurses and domestics are all servants of the Lord Jesus, and the influence is sweet and hopeful. We are greatly blessed in our Superintendent and assistant. Their hearts are wholly at work, and with faithfulness and tenderness they discharge their varied and onerous duties.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

A BOY'S SCHOOL IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY in India writes of a boys' school. He says that the boys learn their lessons well and quickly. The children sit on the floor, their feet crossed under them. Those who are learning the alphabet, or easy lessons, hold in their hands a little black-painted wooden slate upon which are printed the letters or the words. Each boy studies aloud, and as he studies

rocks backward and forward. The older boys have books, but they study aloud just as do the younger pupils. The teacher sits upon a mat and calls his pupils to him when he wishes them to recite their tasks.

HOW THEY HELPED THE HEN.

JACK and HESSIE and JOE were in a state of the wildest excitement. The old hen had been sitting on her nest full of eggs for three weeks, and Jack was sure that he had heard a chicken peep when he went out to feed the other hens. He rushed in to tell Joe and HESSIE, and all three children dashed down stairs and out to the barn, although HESSIE had just put on her little white night-gown to go to bed.

"Hush!" whispered Jack as they crept up to Mrs. Hen's hidden nest. "Keep still and you will hear them peep."

Sure enough! "Peep, pee-cep," came faintly from the nest.

"Oh! I must see," cried HESSIE.

Jack gently lifted the old hen and took out from under her one, two, three, poor, weak, wet little chickens.

"The little darlings! Give them to me till I dry them and love them," begged HESSIE.

"How many are there?" asked JOE.

Jack lifted Mrs. Hen right off her nest.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed all three children.

"Just see those poor little chickies trying to get out of their shells. Why doesn't the old hen help them?"

"Maybe she don't know how, as these are her first babies," said Jack.

"Let us help her," suggested JOE.

So all three were soon busily picking the shells off from the half-hatched chickens.

"Jack!" said HESSIE, "I'm 'fraid we aren't doing right. The chickens look so queer."

"Doing right!" exclaimed their father behind them. "You are killing them. They were not ready to come out of their shells."

"Oh, dear!" wailed the children, "we meant to help the hen. We thought she didn't know how to get them out."

"Well, another time you trust the mother to know what is good for her chickens and her children too. Your mother says it is bedtime for you, and she knows best. You had better tell her about the chickens you've killed, I reckon."

Three little folks were very sad that night, but they concluded that mothers of all sorts know what is best for their babies.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

GOD can see me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I sit and only think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad;
When I pluck the scented rose
That in my neat garden grows;
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light
When the stars are twinkling bright
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church, at prayer,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But he had sold all his papers, he would not have money to spare; his mother needed it and she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting also. He sold a good many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go and work again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said:

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him a share of it, and as they were eating it he said:

"I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.—*Child's Hour.*

"JUST LIKE A GIRL."

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

WHAT a beautiful garden it's going to be!"

Said Faith, as she planted her pansy bed;

With morning glories to cover that tree,
And dozens of roses, yellow and red.

And, may be," she added, the earnest thought

Illuming the face that was sweet and fair,

We can make little nosegays of every sort,

For the hotel ladies to buy and to wear."

That is just like a girl!" said indolent Joe,

As he spilled his sister's begonia seeds;

But the worms will ruin the roses, I know;

And the garden will be overrun with weeds.

When the tenderest seeds decay or bake,

And the others are all by the Leg-horns scratched,

You will find you have made a silly mistake

In counting your chickens before they are hatched."

What dire prediction," said Faith, with a laugh;

"Don't prophesy further, I beg, I beg!

For I'd rather count my chickens by half,

Than to kill them all off while yet in the egg."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Q. 586.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.

THE NEW COVENANT.

Jer. 31. 27-37. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."—Jer. 31. 34.

Who was Jeremiah? A great prophet.

When did he live? About seventy years after Isaiah.

What did he write? The book of the bible called Jeremiah.

What message to the people did God

give him? God sent him to tell the people that they must be carried into captivity as a punishment for their sins.

What sins had they committed? They had forsaken God and worshipped idols.

What does God promise, through Jeremiah, in this lesson? He promises that he will watch over them always, and will make a new nation of them.

What does he say he will do? Make a new covenant with them.

Where will he write his law? In their hearts.

What will he be to them? He says, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

What shall the people no more teach? To "know the Lord."

Why? "For they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them."

What shows God's great goodness? He says, "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

How sure does he say his promise is? As sure as the sun and the moon.

Will he forgive our sins as he did those of the Jews? Yes, he has promised to forgive all who forsake their sins and turn to him.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

B.C. 598.] LESSON VIII [Feb. 21.

JEHOIAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.

Jer. 36. 19-31. Memory verses, 22, 23

GOLDEN TEXT.

"To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3. 15.

What did God tell Jeremiah to do? To write out in a roll all the words which he had spoken against Israel.

Why? "That they may return every man from his evil way."

What did Jeremiah send Baruch to do? To read this roll or book in the temple, on a fast day, before all the people.

Who sent for Baruch? The princes of the kingdom.

After they had heard his words, what did they tell Baruch to do? To go and hide himself and Jeremiah.

Where did the princes go? To the king, Jehoiakim, to tell him of Jeremiah's words.

What did they do with the roll? They

hid it because they were afraid the king would try to destroy it.

What did the king do? He sent for the roll and commanded to have it read

After a little of it had been read, what did he do? He cut the roll up and threw it into the fire.

What else did the king try to do? He tried to take Jeremiah and Baruch prisoners, "but the Lord hid them."

What message did God send to Jehoiakim? He told him that he should be punished for his wickedness, and that great evil should come upon him and the people of Jerusalem.

If he had listened to the words of the roll and repented, would he have been saved? Yes; God said he wanted to forgive the sins of the people

When should we listen to God's words? [Repeat Golden Text.]

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

BABIES IN CHINA.

A GENTLEMAN who made a tour through China on a bicycle tells us of some curious things he saw in out-of-the-way districts which travellers do not usually visit. One of these was a company of babies picketed out in a field like so many goats or calves. Each baby had a belt about the waist; into this belt behind was tied a string about ten feet long, the other end of which was fastened to stake. The stakes were set so far apart that there was no danger of the strings getting angled up as the babies crept or ran about. Some of them were creeping on all fours, some of them were making their first attempt at standing by balancing against the stakes, while older ones were running or playing in the grass. All seemed good natured and happy, and though they gazed at the queer-looking stranger and his wheels with an expression of surprise, they did not cry or seem in the least frightened. Nobody seemed paying any attention to the babies, but as the mothers were seen working in a rice-field a little way off, they would of course have come to them had there been any need. The babies had plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and were perhaps as well off as some more petted ones at home.



GROUP IN SICK WARD.

BOBBIE'S FLYING STARS.

BOBBIE MARTIN went to the country last summer, and the first night after he reached the farm he begged to sit up "just a little while to see the stars tum out." So grandma said he might.

He went out on the porch after tea, and watched the sun set. Slowly it grew dark and darker.

"By-and-by the stars will come out, then Bobbie must go to bed," said grandma.

"To-whit-to-who!" came a voice from a tree near by.

"What's that?" asked Bobbie.

"Only an owl. There he sits on that dead branch."

"What are those black birdies flying round for?"

"Those are bats, dearie, they are a kind of mice that can fly."

"Oh, my! Gwan'ma, see 'em stars, they're all come down out of 'e sky. See 'em! Dey're up in 'e twees, and down in 'e gwass. I never see 'em flying down before, gwan'ma," shouted Bobbie.

"Bless his little heart! those are not stars, Bobbie. They are little fire-flies.

See! the stars are up in the sky, and these little sparks are flying all around," answered grandma.

"Come, little man. We will go out in the grass and catch one."

Bobbie was so pleased with his little flying stars, as he liked to call them, that every evening he begged to come out and catch "just one," before he went to bed.

PUT SOME SALT IN IT.

"MOTHER, what makes you put salt in everything you cook? Everything you make, you put in a little salt."

So spoke observing little Annie, as she stood looking on.

"Well, Annie, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without any salt, and see if you can find it out."

"Oh, mother, it doesn't taste a bit nice," said she, after she had tasted the bread.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"You didn't put any salt in it."

"Mother," said Annie, a day or two afterwards. "Jane Wells is the worst girl I ever saw, she slaps her little brother

Johnny, and pulls his hair, and acts hateful. When I told her it was na to do so, and if she would be kind to brother he would be kind to her, she spoke roughly to me and hit him. Why won't she take my advice?"

"Perhaps you didn't put any salt. Season your words with kindness to a child. Ask help of God in all you do, and your words spoken in the spirit of Christ will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in, or else it won't be good."

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"JAMIE, you must eat your crusts, mamma, as the little boy carefully laid the crusts of his bread around the edge of his plate.

"Don't like 'em, mamma!" snapped the boy.

"That makes no difference," said mamma.

Jamie pouted. "They're hard."

"You have good teeth, my boy."

Jamie wanted another good slice of bread and butter, but there were no more. He gave up. He knew mother would give him nothing more till those crusts were eaten. He sat still a few moments, then, as if a new thought had come to him, he broke out, half laughing, half crying. "Did you eat crusts, mamma, when you were as big as me?"

Mamma smiled at the "big as me," and very good-naturedly answered: "Yes, my boy, I had to. I remember that once I tucked all my crusts carefully under the edge of my plate, on the side opposite my mother, so that she could not see them. But when I came to the table the next time, there was all my crusts in a little pile on my clean plate. I made a sad face, and was just going to turn them over the plate, when my mother, who had been watching me, said quickly: 'No, my little lady; you can have no dinner till you finish your breakfast.' There was nothing for me to do but to munch up those crusts. After that I thought it the best way to eat them as I went along."

By this time Jamie's crusts had disappeared. He had learned the lesson his mother wished him to.

"The crust is the best part of the bread," my mother said; the very sweetest part. If we throw our crusts away, we waste a large portion of our bread. It is not to be wasted. What we waste now we sorely want some time. If we save our bread fragments we shall have the means to help the poor."