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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

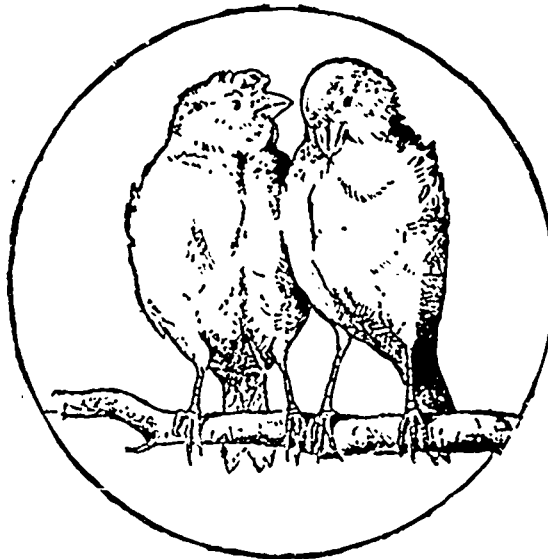
[No. 4.]

THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

"I've come again, mamma," said little Lillie White, quietly peeping into the chamber where her mother was writing, "Lillie couldn't help it, mamma."

"And what's the matter with my little girl this time!" said her mother, laying down her pen. "You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?"

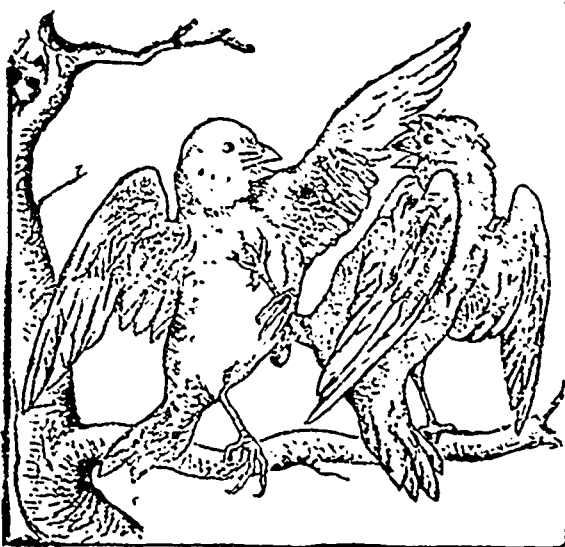
"No, mamma; the finger is well now; but there is something stinging me here in my bosom. You needn't unfasten my dress, mamma. You couldn't see it,—it's deep. I know what it is: it's wrong feeling there. I hate Carrie Marsh, mamma. She is



Ask him to forgive you for giving way to a wrong feeling, and to take away the sting from your heart."

The little girl slipped away from her mother's arms and went to her own room. After a while she was seen walking in the garden, talking to her poor soiled dolly, and kissing its face as lovely as Carrie Marsh could have done with her fine, new one. By-and-by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and, seeing her mother looking down, she said,—

"It's all right now, mamma. Jesus has taken away the thistle from my heart just as you took away the one from my finger."



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS—A QUARREL AND ITS RESULTS.

never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the prettiest things you ever saw. Now she has sent her a blue dress, and a doll all dressed in pink and white. She brought 'em to me to look at, and said, 'You can't have such pretty things, Lillie White.' That made me hate her. I know it is wrong to have this feeling,

and it stings in my heart worse than the thistle did in my finger. 'Won't you take this out too, mamma?'"

"Only Jesus can take out a sting like this," said her mother, putting her arms very gently around her darling's neck. "Go to your room, my dear child, and kneel down and tell Jesus all about your trouble."

A STUDIOUS LAD.

CHARLIE is very fond of his books. He goes to school, never missing a day. He studies so well that he always recites a good lesson. Sometimes when he goes on an errand he takes a book with him and studies a lesson by the way. I think Charlie will some day become a fine scholar

THE RAIN-DROPS' RIDE.

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But O! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1899.

DO NOT BEGIN THE DAY WRONG.

SOON he climbed down from the rail and walked slowly toward school. Before he reached there he met another boy who ought to have been in school. He was walking on stilts. He said "Don't let's go to school; let's have some fun." They played together and with some other boys, all the morning. These other boys were rough and bad. Andy knew he had done wrong, and was unhappy. After a while they began to quarrel, and might have hurt each other if they had not been separated. Andy was very unhappy when he went home. He tried to act as usual, and as if he had been at school all day. When his mother asked if he had known all his lessons, he said: "Yes, ma'am," but then something choked him in his throat, and he went right out of the room. His supper

did not taste good, and soon he went upstairs to bed. He could not sleep. Then he told his mother, and asked God to forgive him. I do not think he will spend another such day. You see that Andy began the day wrong, and kept on doing wrong. He could not be happy, of course, until he had humbly confessed his sin and was forgiven.

"HEAPIN' COAL."

"HARRY, you're cheatin'."

"I don't care."

"I won't play."

"Don't, then." And Harry Chester picked up his marbles, and those that belonged to his playmate, and ran away.

Willie, his little friend, who was two years younger than he, and only six years old, went in to his mother.

His face was very red, and his hands were clinched, and he had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Mamma," he said, "Harry has stolen my marbles, and the next time I see him, won't I give him a pounding!"

His mother caught his little hands in hers, and, looking down into his flashing eyes, said sadly, "Is that the kind of a little boy you are? Then you don't love your mother."

"No that is not the kind of a little boy, I am, and I do love you; but I'll find some big boy, and I'll get him to pound him."

Then his mother took her angry boy by the hand and told him the story of our Saviour—how cruel men nailed him to the cross, and put a crown of thorns on his head, and struck him, and pierced him, and spat on him, and taunted him; and how, when Jesus might have called thousands of angels to come and punish them, he only prayed to his Heavenly Father, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Why didn't he send for the angels, mamma? I would."

"Because he loved his enemies, and wanted to save them; and he could not unless he suffered for them."

"What did he do, mamma?"

"He died, and rose again the third day, and went to prepare a place for us. What does my little son think now about pounding Harry?"

"I wouldn't do it myself, mamma; but I'd like to get the boy."

"Willie, we read in the Bible, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"What is an enemy, mamma?"

"A little boy who steals your marbles."

"And what is heapin' coals on his head?"

"Heaping coals of fire on his head is being as kind as possible to him the very first chance you get."

"I believe I'll do it, mamma."

Then his mother kissed him, and called him her good little boy; and the bell rang, and they went down to supper.

It rained for two days, and Willie did not go out to play; but the third day about noon he came running in to his mother, and exclaimed,

"Get me a penny out my box. Harry's mother gave him two pennies to buy a kite, and he's lost one, and he's crying, and I want to heap coals—quick!"

His mother gave him the penny, and joyfully he ran to Harry with it.

"What makes you give it to me?" Harry asked.

"'Cause you're my enemy, and I'm heapin' coals."

"I don't know nothing about your coals, but I know I was awful mean to take your marbles the other day. Here, I'll give you all these," he added, drawing a handful of marbles from his pocket and presenting them to his playmate.

Then Harry and Willie were friends again.

Don't you think "heapin' coals" was much better than Willie finding a big boy to pound Harry?

A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang—down the street clattered an old tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had out-distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length he spied, at the corner of a cross-street not far away, a large friendly-looking Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and an imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to the Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the can; and then, lifting it in the air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of his troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

We have not passed this way before,
And we shall not pass again;
Make the most of time, the most of life,
And mind not the mingled pain.

If the path is bright and flower-strewn,
Take in all the fragrance sweet;
Thank God for the joy that comes to you,
In paths marked out for your feet.

If round the hearth an unbroken band.
Make up the circle of home,
Oh, love them to-day, and love them well,
Ere the angel of death shall come.

You will not pass this way again;
Be sure that you pass not by
The old and tired, the sick and weak,
And those not ready to die.

You will pass this way but once,
You'll not live this day again;
Take in the rapidly passing hours,
Lest you long for them in vain.

Look out for flowers along the way,
And heed not the stinging thorn;
There are stars above the darkest night,
And sure is the coming morn.

And if the gathering storm is heard,
And waves beat wild and high,
Look up for help to the far-off hills,
And watch for the rifted sky.

Look up through tears, for on beyond
Is the gleaming, golden shore;
We can bravely bear a little while,
For we pass this way no more.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 29.] **LESSON IX.** [March 3

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

Mark 8. 27-33; 9. 1. Commit to mem. vs. 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. Mark 8. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christ, v. 27-30.
2. The Cross, v. 31-37.
3. The Kingdom, v. 38; 9. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus and the disciples go to teach? Into the towns of Cesarea Philippi.
What question did he ask his disciples?
"Whom do men say that I am?"
What did they tell him? That some

said John the Baptist, others Elias, and others one of the prophets.

What did he then ask? "But whom say ye that I am?"

What did Peter answer? "Thou art the Christ."

What did Jesus then tell the disciples? That he must suffer and die.

Who began to rebuke him? Peter.

Why could not Peter believe this? He thought Jesus would be an earthly king.

Why did Jesus rebuke Peter? Because he was not acting like a disciple.

What are all true disciples? Meek and lowly like Jesus.

What must all followers of Jesus do? Deny self, and bear the cross.

What is worth more than all other things? The soul.

Who will save the life of his soul? He who is willing to deny self.

Of whom will Jesus be ashamed one day? Of those who are ashamed of him here.

How can we show ourselves true followers of Jesus? By keeping his words.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

To save life	To lose life
Try to please self. Be careless about others.	Think about others. Try to please and help them.
Do and have what you want.	Forget self in helping somebody.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The crucified Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. *Who was St. Stephen?* The first who was put to death for Christ's sake.

A.D. 29.] **LESSON X.** [March 10

THE CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.

Mark. 9. 33-42. Commit to mem. vs. 36. 37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. Mark 10. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. True Greatness, v. 33-37.
2. True Loyalty, v. 38-40.
3. True Service, v. 41, 42.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What had Jesus told his disciples? That he must suffer and die.

Did they believe it? No; they still thought he would be King.

Through what country did they pass? Through Galilee.

What did the disciples dispute about as they walked? About who should have the best places in the kingdom.

To whose house did they go in Capernaum? Probably to Peter's house.

What did Jesus ask his disciples? What they had disputed about.

Why did they not answer? They were ashamed.

What did Jesus know? All that was in their hearts.

What did he tell them? That the servant of all should be the greatest.

Whom did he call to show what true greatness is? A little child.

What makes true greatness? Humility and obedience.

Who are on the side of Jesus? Those who work in his name.

What will not be forgotten? The least service done for Jesus' sake.

Against whom is a woe pronounced? Against one who offends a little one.

What is meant by a little one? A humble believer in Jesus.

Who are tenderly cared for by Jesus? Little believers.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

MY PRAYER.

One of "these little ones" I would be,
Giving "a cup of cold water" to Thee,
Doing the little things as thou dost call,
Following Jesus, a "servant of all."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Humility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. *Who was St. Paul?* The apostle who was first a persecutor, but afterwards the great preacher of the Gospel to the Gentiles.

THE WHITE RABBITS.

Nellie, Fay, and Bert are very fond of their pet white rabbits. Uncle Bert brought them for a present, and told them they must be very kind and never hurt them. They feed them every day, and stroke them, and sometimes cuddle them in their arms; but are very careful not to hurt them at all, or even to frighten them.

The rabbits are very gentle—and why shouldn't they be when they are so tenderly cared for, and every one of their wants provided for?

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A LITTLE girl was directed to open the door for General Washington, as he was leaving a house where he had been visiting. Turning to her, he said:

"I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she sweetly replied, "it was to let you in."

When Jesus knocks at the door of your hearts, will you not as gladly open to him as this little girl would have opened the door to the brave General?



A STRANGE ANIMAL WHAT IS IT?

MOTHER IS "GOAL"

BY MARY B. BRUCE.

The weather is cross, the children say,
Or else forgets it's a holiday.
Down in torrents the cold rain pours,
No chick or child may peep out of doors.

Good little scholars, the whole week through,
On Saturday pant for something to do.
And when the fun begins to flag,
What is so fine as a game of tag?

Over the carpets go nimble feet,
Boyish laughter peals loud and sweet.
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry.
To mother in turn the racers fly.

Dear little sons, in life's real race,
When hardest you struggle to win your place,
Press'd by pursuers that mean you ill,
"Mother is goal," be your watchword still.

SWEET ALLIE IN GOD'S COUNTRY.

ALLIE WAYNE is quite a little girl, but she has been taught that God gives her every good thing that she has. She is just learning to talk, and if "practice makes perfect," it will not be long before she is a perfect talker, for it is nothing but "jabber" with her from morning till night.

Not long since, Allie was taken to spend a few days with her grandma in the country. She had always been used to city sights, and the strange beauties of the country made her the happiest little girl you ever saw.

When sweet Allie, as her parrot always called her, was first taken out into the fields, the sweet scent of the clover and the flowers, and the bright, rich clothes of the trees, astonished her greatly, and she said, "Oh! oh! oh! mamma! mamma! 't is so sweet—so nice—so good! Ain't 'is Dod's tountry?"

THE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice from above him said, "Little boy with the straw hat, look up!" A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my

little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat.

KEPT FROM FALLING.

ONE day I watched some little children coming back from a long walk. The road was rough, and the poor tired little feet stumbled; whilst all the time their nurse kept calling out, "Mind you don't fall." But she gave them no help; she did not even try to uphold the little trembling steps.

As I looked at them, I thought of Jesus and how differently he dealt with his tired children, as they walk with him along life's rough road. The Bible says of him that he is "able to keep us from falling" (that means sinning); and when he sees his little ones weak and weary, he just stoops down and lifts them up in his arms. "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Oh, what a beautiful thought, the little tired children nestled in Jesus' bosom, and thus kept safe from falling into sin.

Dear little friends, are not you often doing naughty things, and then saying, "I'm tired of trying to be good?" I think you are; and I want you to go and tell Jesus all about it, and ask him to carry you; and then you will not be tired any more.

This Friend who is "able to keep you from

falling," is so strong, so kind, so tender. He loves you with a love that "passed knowledge."

"The love of Jesus—what it is
None but his loved ones know."

Do you know the love of Jesus? Have you tested its sweetness? If not, then do go to him and say, "Dear Lord Jesus, send the Holy Spirit to teach me to understand thy great love for me, and to make me love thee."

And the next time that you are going to do anything wrong, remember that he is "able to keep you from falling," and will "carry" you safe through the temptation if only you will "ask" him. He is always so close to you that the very softest whisper will reach his loving ear.

TRUE HEROISM.

A FEW years since, in Illinois, a German boy, a Sabbath-school scholar, was urged by his companions to join them in an act of theft. He refused. They persisted. At length, finding it impossible to allure him into their thievish designs, they tried threatening. They dragged him into the water, and after plunging him in and holding him under as long as they dared, they raised him up and asked him if he would join them. His reply was, "No." Down he went again. This was repeated several times until, with life almost gone, he declared: "Boys, you may kill me, but I will not steal."

The heroism of this boy was greater than that of the world-renowned Imperial Guard of Napoleon, who, after the defeat at Waterloo, when commanded to lay down their arms, replied: "The Old Guard can die, but they never surrender."

DOING THESE THINGS.

"WHAT is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to a friend.

"Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the other. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face. "Began to-day? What do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, by God's help, and so grow to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood; and it is in the power of every boy to reach that. Every boy cannot be rich; every boy cannot be a king; every boy cannot be a lord; but God asks you all to Christian manhood.