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SUNBEAM

VOL. XX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 8, 1899.

[No. 7.

LOTS OF FUN.

Here is what you little folks would doubtless call a jolly good time in earnest. Well, there is enough turning of things upside down and hubbub about it, anyway. Of course, all little people like plenty of this sort of thing in all their sports, and they have a right, too, to a full share. Older persons are wont to forget, at times, the rights and needs of children in this respect. There is much complaint and remonstrance against the noise and disorder in the plays of the little ones. There is something to be said here on both sides. Children must romp to be healthful, but they should endeavour not to interfere thereby with the health or comfort of those who have outgrown childish sports. When you want to have a grand frolic, such as the party in our picture are engaged in, see to it that no one reasonably objects, and that full permission is given.



LOTS OF FUN.

HEAVEN.

Where is heaven? I suppose every one has at some time in his life asked that question, but no one has ever received a perfectly satisfactory answer. Some have thought that heaven might be all around us, and is unperceived only because our spiritual eyes are not keen enough to see it. Others have thought that heaven was the very centre of the universe, and round it revolved all the starry worlds. Jesus says, "the kingdom of heaven is within you," and these words contain a truth which very many, I think, quite overlook.

They labour under the impression that if they are allowed to enter the place called heaven, they will be happy. Now, if you wait a moment, you will see that no matter how beautiful the place is that we are in, we cannot be happy unless our minds are at ease and our bodies in health. What comfort do beautiful pictures, soft carpets, luxurious food, and other things of that nature, impart to one who is tortured by a burning fever? Or, what delight is to be derived from living in the most beautiful

garden that ever was formed, if one's conscience is continually tormenting him with the remembrance of a sin he has committed? There can be no pleasure under such circumstances.

"This teaches us that happiness must begin within us before we can enjoy anything outside of us. Those who have sinful hearts will be in misery wherever they go. In "Paradise Lost," Milton represents Satan as saying to himself, while standing in the midst of the garden of Eden, where he vainly hoped to find rest:

"Which way I turn is hell,
Myself am hell."

He carried his misery with him wherever he went, whether in Eden or in the world of the damned, it was all the same.

Only those whose hearts have been made clean of all sin, can ever be happy in heaven, and only those who with repentance turn to the Lord can ever have their sins washed away.

LOST WILLIE.

A poor boy, employed in Scotland to keep sheep, was overtaken in the hills by a severe snow-storm. Long and bravely he kept up, and tried to drive his flock toward home by taking note of the landmarks he knew. All in vain; the snow fell, and before night all traces of road and paths were lost, and poor Willie found himself alone in the hills with his sheep.

As the night wore on, the fatal drowsiness began to creep over him beyond h

power to resist, and without a scrap of shelter, he laid himself down among his sheep to sleep and die, for he was sure he would never more wake on earth. With a smothered prayer for help he fell asleep, and, as he lay there, more sheep came and huddled around him. Strange indeed as it may seem, the warmth from their bodies kept him from being frozen to death. A party from home went in search of him, and they found him surrounded by a dozen old sheep, whose instinct saved his life. In keeping themselves warm they had kept warmth and life in him. And he lived many years to tell this anecdote of his boyhood's peril

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TORONTO APRIL 8, 1899.

SEEK YE FIRST.

I am glad dear children, to know that there are so many "Little Workers" in the missionary cause; glad, too, that you have a paper all your own; and that you are learning not on'y of the work and its needs, but how to carry it on. These privileges were denied us who are older. We who are mothers and housekeepers have had to inform ourselves on the great subject of missions amidst the cares and responsibilities of life. You are being trained to the work, and thus you will be saved the embarrassment consequent upon ignorance. I would be glad to know that every little missionary worker was truly converted.

While you are sending the Gospel to others, have you each one accepted it for yourself? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." "They that seek me early shall find me." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven." All these admonitions are found in the Bible.

We need Jesus every step of the way in this life, as our Guide, Protector, Comforter, our ever-present Help.

ESTIE'S GHOST.

They had not intended to stay out in the Short Hills so long, but the spring sunshine was bright and warm, and the first thing they knew, down went Mr. Sun behind a high hill-top, and lo! right away it was twilight.

"Ho' forward, march!" cried Heinrich. He was the tallest of the five children, and mother had put him in command of the party. "We must get out of this," said Captain Heinrich, and he put them all in line of march, single file.

But before they came in sight of the village Estie stopped short and hung back.

"I see a ghost," she whispered.

"A ghost indeed!" said Heinrich, laughing; "there aren't any ghosts, baby."

"But what is that old white thing?" asked Estie, her two feet planted firmly in her tracks.

Nobody could say just what it was, but Jonathan, who was a whole year younger than Estie, started boldly ahead. "I'm doin' home," he answered, "an' if I sees a dhost, I'll dive him some flowers, an' den he won't hurt me."

They couldn't let Johnny go home alone, so they all followed, even Estie, hanging back and hiding her eyes.

It wasn't a ghost of course, because, you know, there are no ghosts: it was only a white cow lying across the path chewing her cud."

But mamma said, when they all got home, that Johnny's plan was a very fine one, and that all along the path of life, if we would give flowers and gentle words and kindness to the bugbears we met, they would be very likely to prove as peaceful as Farmer Clark's old white cow.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

The Sabbath-school teacher should not feel as though he had done his whole duty by simply going through his routine of work during the Sabbath-school hour. It is certainly necessary and beneficial to do this faithfully and well; but unless it is followed up by earnest personal effort with individual members of the class during the week, a great blessing will be lost.

Become acquainted with your scholars, and show an interest in their welfare. If one or more of them are absent from the school, make it a point to find out the reason for it before next Sabbath. They may, perhaps, be sick, and a friendly visit from the teacher may do much good and be highly appreciated. Or they may have become much discouraged from some reason or other, and your visit to them may be the means of bringing them light, hope, and joy.

Perhaps some of your class are becoming careless and indifferent; they are not very punctual in their attendance, and

their lessons are not well learned. A visit to them is certainly in place, and you may succeed in arousing their interest anew in their work. Still better it would be under such circumstances to meet with the whole class some evening to look over the lesson with them, and to show them how to study and become interested in the word of God.

What opportunities for good such occasions present. Teacher and scholars become acquainted with, and learn to feel an interest for, each other. An interest is created in the study of the Bible, and the teacher finds opportune moments when a word spoken for Christ may lead some unconverted one to God.

Let us then watch for opportunities to do good, and improve them. If we work with the spirit of Christ and with a love for souls, the Master will bless our efforts to the good of those around us, our own souls will be watered, and we shall reap a rich reward in the kingdom of God.

WHAT IF YOU ARE LITTLE?

Little people and little things have often been used to do great good. This big world is made up of little grains of sand; the great sea is composed of small drops of water; the little bee, which you no doubt have watched humming about the flowers in your garden, little by little gathers much honey.

So do not be discouraged, children, because you are little, nor talk only of doing this or that when you are big. A little star shines brightly away up in the sky on a dark night, and yet it may be the means of saving many seamen from shipwreck; and little Christians may do a great deal of good in the world if they try.

Baxter became a Christian when a mere child; Polycarp was converted at nine, Matthew Henry at eleven, Robert Hall at twelve: Spurgeon joined the church at fifteen, was preaching at seventeen, and he testified that of the multitude of children he had received into the church none had become backsliders.

TRAINING CHILDREN IN BENEVOLENCE.

Parents have a mighty responsibility in this direction. The work cannot be done by making a child merely the bearer of a contribution to the Sabbath-school treasury; nor yet by teaching the child that if he will do a certain thing or yield a certain privilege, he can give a certain sum to a certain object. Children should be taught the duty and privilege of giving, and the responsibility should be on them early of denying themselves for the performance of this duty and the attainment of this privilege, that out of their allowance or possessions of gifts or earnings they may give unto the Lord that which they before counted their own, and for the use of which they must finally be answerable.

THE RAINBOW.

BY A. P. S.

Look up to the sky, little sister!
Do you see the rainbow, set
With orange and blue and yellow,
With green and with violet?

Do you think when the dear, dear Father
Put the shining bow up there,
He made it in beautiful colours
To show us how heaven is fair?

The streets of the city are yellow,
And the tree of life is green,
And the light is as clear as crystal
That shines through a golden sheen.

And in purple and blue and crimson
The wonderful walls uprise,
While through pearly gates like the clouds
are,
We shall enter into the skies.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON III. [April 16.]

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

John 13. 1-17. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have given you an example.—John
13. 15.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who tells the story of the passover supper in the New Testament? Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. How many disciples ate the supper with Jesus? Twelve. Which one went out after supper? Judas. What did Jesus know? Why did Jesus wash the feet of the disciples? It was the custom for a servant to wash the feet of guests at a feast. Jesus did this to show that he was willing to serve in the lowliest ways. Which disciple objected to having Jesus wash his feet? What did Jesus tell him? What did Jesus want the disciples to learn from this? To be willing to do anything to help another. Who is our example? Jesus. How may we find what he wants us to do? By studying his life.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses thoughtfully.
John 13. 1-17.
Tues. Read Luke's story of the supper.
Luke 22. 7-13.
Wed. Find why Moses told the people to keep the passover. Exod. 13. 3-10.
Thur. Read the sad story of Judas. John 13. 21, 25-30.
Fri. Learn a good reason why we should be ready to serve. John 13. 14.
Sat. Try to tell some one the whole story in your own words.
Sun. Learn the Golden Text verse.

LESSON IV. [April 23.]

JESUS, THE WAY AND THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life. —John 14. 6.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus now? In Jerusalem. When did he speak these words to his disciples? At the time of the passover supper. Why were the disciples troubled? Because Jesus told them that he was going away. What did he say he would prepare for them? What beautiful promise did he give them? Did the disciples know where Jesus was going? Yes, if they believed that he was the Son of God. What question did Thomas ask? How did Jesus answer him. Golden Text. What did Philip say? What did both Thomas and Philip show by their words? That they had not really understood Jesus. How may we understand Jesus? Ask him to give understanding hearts. Verse 14.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses from your own Bible. John 14. 1-14.
Tues. Learn a beautiful and comforting promise. John 14. 18.
Wed. Learn how Thomas again showed his unbelief. John 20. 24-28.
Thur. Learn a promise of heavenly teaching. John 14. 26.
Fri. Find a promise that Jesus will come again. Acts 1. 11.
Sat. Learn verses 2-6.
Sun. Read very thoughtfully some comforting words. John 14. 15-21.

THE SAME BOY.

Some years ago, in a farming district, a middle-aged man was looking about in search of employment. He called at the house of a respectable farmer, and told his errand.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"John Wilson," was the reply.

"John Wilson—the same that lived near here when a boy?"

"The same, sir."

"Then I do not want you."

Poor John, surprised at such a reply, passed on to the house of the next farmer, and there a similar reply was given. And he found no one in the neighbourhood where his earlier years had been spent who was willing to employ him.

Passing on, he soon came in sight of the old school-house. "Ah," said he, "I understand it now. I was a school-boy there years ago; but what kind of a schoolboy? Lazy, disobedient, often in mischief, and once caught in deliberate lying; and though since I have been trying to reform, they all think me the same kind of a man that I was as a boy. Oh, that I had done

as I ought when at school, then people would have confidence in me now."

So it is, and school-boys and school-girls should remember it, that character follows us, and is remembered, and that those who have known us in our early days will be very apt to look upon us in later years as they did in our youth. A lazy boy generally makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. And so a shiftless, careless, mischievous, untruthful boy is likely to have the same character as he grows up to manhood. And even if he has changed, it is hard to make people believe it; for, as some one has said. "If the crack has been mended, people will always be looking where it was."

The great mass of idlers, thieves, paupers, vagabonds, and criminals that fill our prisons and alms-houses have come to be what they are from wrong conduct and wrong habits in youth; as, on the other hand, those who make the great and useful men of the community are those who began right courses in their early days. As the general rule, we expect to see the traits of youth continued into manhood, and confirmed and strengthened, rather than weakened by years. And even where the character is really reformed, one often suffers for a life-time for the errors and sins of youth, as the father told his son: "You may draw out the nails you have driven, but the holes in the posts will remain!"

Let all the young remember it, that character is early formed, and that it follows us wherever we go.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

A horse was standing quite still on a very busy street. His master was nearly beside himself. Every new driver or motorman who came in sight called, "Get out of the way there!" He was in a hurry, too, to get the load of stone to the end of its journey. Ah, the load of stone was all the trouble! It was very heavy. Poor Bones, all given out, had stopped to rest a minute, and then his master's blows and hard words had made him not much care whether he went again or not. Just how long he would have stood, quietly keeping all these busy people at a standstill, nobody knows, for presently a little girl came to everybody's help. "Please let me try to make him go," she said timidly to the cross driver. She only patted the horse on the head, and called him "Poor fellow!" "Nice old horse!" and gave him a handful of grass, and an apple she was eating, and walked a few steps coaxing him, when, sure enough, on again the old horse moved.

The new invention for reducing the noise on elevated railroads is called iron felt. It is placed between the rails and sleepers, and not only deadens the sounds and reduces shocks, but materially diminishes the wear and tear.



A CHINESE STREET BARBER.

Here is a very earnest-looking fellow. He seems to mean business and to be waiting earnestly for his next customer. I dare say the customer will not be long in coming, for in 'China, I am told, the street barbers drive a most thriving trade. For, do you see, the Chinese are a great people to have their heads shaved. Why, some of the men go almost every day to the barber to have their crowns closely scraped.

This barber seems to be pretty well fixed up, only that stool of his must be rather an uncomfortable seat without any back. And there is a glass too, very conspicuously displayed. I dare say that is for the dandies. But then other people besides the dandies like to see themselves in a glass. I believe that it is that way in civilized America as well as heathen China. What do you think about it?

HOW MARION GOT READY.

BY E. P. A.

"What was all that noise I heard in the hall, Marion? I thought the ears must have run away from the conductor and broken into our house."

"Oh, that was just me and Frank and Benoir, playing war, mother. didn't we make a great row, though?"

"Yes; war is a sort of out-door game, don't you think?"

"But it's raining out of doors, and you see I was in a hurry to practise."

"What was your hurry?" laughed his mother.

"Why," said this big-eared little pitcher,

for you," cried the delighted father; "I wish it was the other one too."

"I'll get head in that one next week," said the boy resolutely. "Do you think I'm getting ready, father?"

"Ready?" asked his father.

"For the war with Chili, you know."

"Oh, for the war. Yes, my boy, you are getting ready to be a hero in the biggest fight there is; but not with spunky little Chili. We call it the Battle of Life."

HOW TWO BOYS SHOWED THEY WERE SORRY.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

It was Saturday, and Max and Don were hard at work in their shop in the attic. Three weeks before, their father had given them a box of tools—not toy ones, but of fine steel, like carpenters' tools. Then their mother gave them the attic room for their shop.

"What makes you look so solemn, Max?" asked Don at last.

"It's about Jean," said Max. "Mother feels so badly about our teasing her so much. I just told her I was sorry, but she says we say that every time and then turn right around and tease Jean again. She thinks we don't love her a bit."

"But we do," said Don; "she's the best sister to us. She's nicer than any other boy's sister I know. She'd give us anything."

"Yes, but we do treat her worse than we would any other girl," Max went on. "We must do something. I'd like to buy

her a new doll, but we haven't enough money for that, even between us."

"Oh!" said Don, with a bright idea, "we can make her a house for her dolls anyway. I know father would help us make both it and the furniture—"

"After we finish our boat. We must sail it next Saturday," Don said quickly. "And we haven't even made the sails yet. Mother cut them out for us last week, but we've never finished them. And then there's the rigging not half done, and then the boat has to be painted, and the name put on in big letters. We have lots to do, and—"

"No, we're going to work for Jean, this very day," Max said decidedly. "The boat will have to wait."

It is another Saturday and the boys are finishing their work. The house is done; their mother made curtains for the windows, and their father showed them how to make furniture. Right after tea Jean will be shown her new present. The boys' hands are sore and black and blue in spots, their boat is not done yet, but they feel very happy.

"I know what she'll say," said Don excitedly: "she'll open her big brown eyes and say, 'Oh, oh, I'm so surprised!'"

And that is just what Jean did say, only she added, "You're the best brothers a girl ever had." And that made the boys feel quite ashamed.

A ROOM FULL OF SPARKS.

Gussie and Fan and little Sam had a most beautiful playhouse built in the yard, and furnished with toys enough for a world's fair. It was such a fine place that visitors came to Rose Glen just to see it. Perhaps you think these three little people were always to be found there? No; I looked there for them yesterday, but the playhouse was empty: the dolls stood in lonely silence against the wall, except those that were lying flat on their faces; the hobby-horse stood still in his stall, the cooking-stove was cold and black. At last I found them on the gardener's bench, delighted with what they had found to play with. It was an old newspaper, torn across the middle!

Gussie, who did not know A from Z, was reading the news aloud. "Once there was a little girl," I heard her say, "and every time she opened her mouth, a whole lot of sparks flew out and burnt people up."

"Where did they come from?" questioned Sam, never doubting the truth of the story.

"From her ugly temper," said I, coming up behind so softly that Fan tumbled off the bench with surprise. "When a little girl gets angry and says cross things, they are just like sparks,—sure to burn somebody."

That newspaper reading proved a useful one. After that, when my little people began to quarrel, I would cry out, "Oh, the room's getting full of sparks!" and you would be surprised to see how quiet they would all get to be.