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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1887.

[No. 9.]

THE REINDEER.

Is not this a fine way of travelling? What magnificent branching horns the reindeer has! and what a cosy, comfortable-looking sleigh! Wrapped in his warm furs, Mr. Laplander skims over the frozen snow. The reindeer has been known to travel nine-

who have shared their humble lodges, many of the Laps have been converted to Christianity.

DOWN IN THE GLEN.

THE rocks are high and rugged, the valley between is quite narrow, and a stream of

to go in early spring-time and gather those beautiful symbols of hope and love.

Frank is but nine years old, and his little sister Ellie is but four. It is her first visit to the glen, and she is perfectly delighted with everything she sees. The brook is not only a charm of beauty in



THE REINDEER.

teen miles in a single hour, and a hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours, drawing 250 or 300 pounds weight. During the long Arctic night, by the light of the full moon or of the Northern Lights, the Laps make long journeys and really enjoy life far better than we would think it possible in their severe climate. Under the preaching and teaching of Moravian missionaries,

sparkling water, clear and beautiful, winds through the glen. Tall trees grow on either side, and their long, leafy boughs are kept in almost constant motion by the fresh breezes that draw up the valley.

Wild flowers of surprising fragrance and beauty are growing in great number and variety, and the children who live near this glen count it one of their veriest pleasures

itself, but is filled with great numbers of most beautiful little fishes. Ellie has never seen so many of these little creatures before. She is perfectly delighted, and Frank is pleased to witness her pleasure at seeing the timid little things glide through the water. They have dropped their baskets and forgotten their flowers. Oh, but she will be delighted to tell her mamma about what she has seen in the glen!

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

ERE you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favour,
As a shield to-day?

When you met with great temptations,
Did you think to pray?
By his dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

Oh, how praying rests the weary!
Prayer will change the night to-day;
So when life seems dark and dreary,
Lift thy heart to him who'll hear thee,
Don't forget pray.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1887.

"O LORD JESUS CHRIST, PLEASE MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN."

THIS was the prayer of a poor Hindoo boy who had asked the Missionary to make him a Christian.

"It is impossible my dear boy," said the missionary. "It is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him."

It was not long after this advice had been given that the dear boy, with a sweet face and sweet voice, came again to the missionary and said—

"The Lord Jesus Christ has come and taken his place in my heart."

"How is that?" asked the missionary.

The boy replied, "I prayed and said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian,' and he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

THE STORY OF LITTLE JOHNNIE TWOBOYS.

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good; the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other. When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want it washed; it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long, but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnnie would promise to try and do better just before he said his prayer.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it too," said Johnnie's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it too," cried Baby again.

"Well, I won't give it to you; it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried. "It's mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnnie, stamping his foot.

"That's right," said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your neck and hugged you just now," said Good. Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face peeped in the nursery, and two little rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.—*The May-flower.*

HEARING THE SERMON.

A LITTLE girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to her minister; she knew that he would tell her about Christmas, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said, "Mother, I can tell you a little of Mr. H's sermon. E. said, 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said, "Then, if Mr. H.

said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled and answered, "Oh, mother, I know very well what he meant. It was not that."

"What did he mean?" asked the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child; "and it is all the same as if he had told us, 'You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any things that are bad and wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing, mother."

SLUMBER SONG.

RUN, little brooks, from the uplands brown,
Run, run to the sea!
Fly, little birds, when the sun goes down,
Back to the greenwood tree!

Beat little wave, on the rocky shore,
Sing on the pebbly beach!
And teach us the sweet truths o'er and o'er
That you always used to teach.

Crowd, little birdies, 'neath mother's wings,
The night is dark and cold;
Hide, white moon, from all earthly things,
The month is growing old.

Nestle closer, oh, baby head,
To the tender, snowwhite breast!
Soundly sleep on thy drowsy bed,
Sleep, sleep and rest.

For the years come and the years go,
Hearts of youth grow cold;
The roses bloom, but soon the snow,
The world grows old.

"THINKING OURSELVES OVER."

"PLEASE tell me, mother, what is self-examination?" said a child. "Our superintendent said something about it, and he told us to spend a little while every Sunday practising it. Practising what, mother?"

"Self-examination is thinking ourselves over," answered the mother. "You know how apt we are to forget ourselves, what we did and thought yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. Now, it is by calling to mind our past conduct that we can truly see it as it is, and improve upon it."

Self-forgetfulness is a virtue in the common acceptance of the phrase, but it is not safe for one to always forget one's self. A bad man never likes to "think himself over." It is only those who aim at self-improvement who are willing to review the past and to profit by its lessons. If we would become truly good and successful, we must "think ourselves over."

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IN THE LIONS' DEN.

WHAT a strange scene is this! How peacefully the good prophet sleeps with his head pillowed on the lion's neck! And how fierce the other lions look! And see the skulls and bones of the victims they have previously devoured. What is the secret of the prophet's peace and calm? It is his trust in God. He did not fear the King's command, but prayed three times a day, with his window open to the east; and then, when he was thrown into the lions' den, God sent his angels and shut the lions' mouths, that they harmed him not. "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found on him, because he believed in his God." You will find the whole story in the sixth chapter of Daniel. So, dear boys and girls, let us put our trust in God, and he will protect and deliver us in all time of our need.

THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.

"WELL, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbour's son.
 "Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by."
 "Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man; "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

LITTLE ALLIE.

"WHAT helpless little hands they are," said mother musingly, as she looked at the chubby, rosy fingers she had just made nice and clean. "They could not provide themselves a meal, they could not make a dress or an apron, or even put it on. Indeed it is a very helpless little girl," said mother as she cuddled her in her arms and rocked back and forth in the little rocker. "If Allie was left alone down in the village, she could not even find her way home. Why doesn't she cry when she goes there?"

"You are a funny mamma," said the child. "What should I cry for, when my papa is with me?"

"But how do you know there will be any supper for you tonight? and where are the little new shoes to come from to cover the little toes just peeping out of these?"

"Papa always gets me shoes, and mamma will give me some supper, I know. I have a good darling papa and mamma. They get me everything."

"You believe in papa and mamma, don't you, darling? This is just the way you must trust your heavenly Father all your life. He will do far more and better for you than ever we can, much as we love you. He has all power and we have but very little. Indeed what we have comes straight from him, or else we could never provide for our little girl."

SEE WHAT "I'LL TRY" WILL DO.

"CHILDREN, those of you who will bring new scholars to school shall be rewarded with some nice books," said the superintendent of a little Sunday-school in Kentucky to his scholars one fine Sunday morning.

"I can't get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves.

"I'll try what I can do," said one little boy. He went home to his father, and said: "Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?"

"I can't read, my son," said the father, with a look of shame.

"Our teachers will teach you, dear father," said he, in a respectful and affectionate manner.

"Well, I'll go," said the father. He went. He learned to read. He became a Christian. Then he felt so much

interested in the Sunday-school cause that he engaged himself as a Sunday-school colporteur; and in four years that man had established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children had been gathered. Only think of all this amount of good resulting from the one effort of that little boy, when he said, "I'll try." God paid him back again more than a hundred-fold.

How many of our young readers will go and do likewise?—*Anon.*

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

SLEEP, my darling, sweetly sleep—
 You would grieve to see me weep—
 Sleep, while mother fondly prays
 That in all the coming days
 Thy young feet may never stray
 From the "straight" and "narrow" way.

Oh! I know that all around
 Squares and pitfalls still abound
 To ensnare thy tender feet;
 That on every lane and street
 Gorgeous palaces of sin
 Lure the unwary footsteps in.

Hear me, Father, while I pray:
 Keep my darlings in the way
 Leading to the pearly gate,
 Where the angels watch and wait.
 May they ever safely rest
 On the loving Saviour's breast!

Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND.

OUR MILLY.

SUE isn't cross; she is "finking." Sue has studied and studied, and she can't "fink" of her verse. It is a hard verse for little Milly to remember. Yet she always has her lessons, and is distressed about it. "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." That is the verse, all full of Ss, and try as she will, Milly's tongue trips. At last papa explained the meaning of each word, and Milly's face brightened; she believed she could remember it.

Sunday came, and Milly went to church; the teacher was passing down the aisle; very soon she would be at Milly's seat. The older sister waited in anxiety to see how her little darling would fare, and grew redder-checked than ever as Milly, half turning away her face to hide her embarrassment, hurriedly said, "If you see a man tending to his work, he shall stand wiv kings."

It was a great relief when Milly was pronounced by the teacher to have a very good lesson. She had not only recited it, but explained it.—*The Pansy.*

OUR JOHNNY.

OUR Johnny is a chubby boy,
A sturdy four-year old,
With dark blue eyes and rosy cheeks,
And hair like fine-spun gold;

With dimples all across his hands,
And dimples in his cheeks,
And just the busiest little tongue
That lisps when'er he speaks.

All winter, on the snowy slope,
Has Johnny's tiny sled
Shone out in colours blue and gold,
With stripes of brilliant red.

No mittens on his hands, no scarf
About his neck was wound,
And yet he's been the merriest chap
On all the coasting-ground.

The summer-time will soon be here—
The long, bright summer days—
When Johnny will find time for all
His works as well as plays.

Small hoes, fire-shovels, hoops, and tops
Will trip us as we go;
And trumpet, drum, and whistle shrill
Their music will bestow.

THE BITE SIDE DOWN.

A STAGE-COACH stopped at grandpa's door. It brought Allen and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here," said their mother. Allen was a stout boy; but something was always the matter with Nellie.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother, when they had been a week at grandpa's, and Nellie was paler every day.

Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allen was never hit. Of course not—the boy that minded mother.

And nobody saw sly little Nellie pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, though, when Dinah, the nurse-girl, came out of the porch door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet. Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody.

"Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must take that pear and show it to your mamma!"

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie. "Then I shall hold it the bite side down."

"No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah, looking like a minister, with her white tie and cap; "when one has been doing wrong, 'the bite side' always comes up."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1580.] LESSON V. [May 1.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1. 6-14.

Commit to memory vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He increased his people greatly; and made them stronger than their enemies. Psa. 105. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. A Growing People.
2. A Cruel King.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did God prosper the children of Israel? He made of them a great multitude.

What did they possess while Joseph lived? Great power and riches.

What happened after Joseph died? A new king reigned in Israel.

How did he feel toward the children of Israel? He hated and scorned them.

What did he observe? That they were more numerous than the Egyptians.

Of what was he afraid? That they would rise up and overwhelm him.

What did he plan to do? To afflict and degrade them.

What did he make them? His slaves.

What were they obliged to do? To work for him.

What did he compel them to build? Fortified cities.

What did he set over them? Hard task-masters.

How was God with them in their trouble? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

How did the Egyptians look upon them when they saw this? With fear and jealousy.

Where did they compel them to work? Out in the open fields.

What did they put upon them? Still heavier burdens.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Satan is more cruel than the Egyptian task-masters.

He will make you work hard for him without pay.

He will try to degrade and ruin you.

He will do his best to keep you out of the heavenly Canaan.

Only God can keep you safe from his power.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Bondage in sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Did his soul come from the dust? No: for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

B.C. 1571.] LESSON VI. [May 8.

THE CHILD MOSES.

Exod. 2. 1-10.

Commit to memory vs. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper. Psa. 121. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mother.
2. The Child.
3. The Princess.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did the king of Egypt try to do? To kill the boy babies of the Israelites.

Who hid her boy baby for three months? A daughter of Levi.

Why did she hide him? She saw he was very beautiful.

Of what was beauty a sign in her time? Of divine blessing and favour.

What was she and her husband led to believe? That God would save their boy.

What did the mother make? A little ark of rushes covered with pitch.

What did she do with it? She put the baby in and laid it on the river bank.

Whom did she set to watch it, near by? The baby's sister, Miriam.

Who first saw the ark? Pharaoh's daughter.

What did she do? She sent her maid to go and get it.

How did she feel when she saw the baby? She loved him and took him for her own son.

Whom did she hire as his nurse? The baby's mother.

What name did she give him? The name of Moses.

Whose hand do we see in all these wonderful events? The hand of God. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Whose hand is ever mighty to save us in time of danger? The hand of our Father.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God is the same "yesterday, to-day, and forever."

As he cared for the baby in the ark, so will he care for you.

Love him, and trust him, and he "shall preserve thee from all evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The work of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why did God make man? God made man that he might know him and love him and serve him, and be happy with him forever.