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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1886.

[No. 3.

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

OUR picture shows one of the most pathetic incidents in the story of Joseph. After his brethren had dipped his coat of many colours in the blood of a kid, to make their father think he was killed, they sold him to a company of travelling merchants going down into Egypt. How pitifully the poor boy stretches out his arms to his hard-hearted brethren, while one of them receives the money for which the lad was sold. Yet God intended this for good—the good of both Joseph and his brethren. The event is a type of the sale of our Lord into the hands of wicked men, and by his suffering on the cross salvation was purchased for all mankind. Get your fathers or mothers to read from the Bible or you the touching story of Joseph.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"PLEASE buy some matches, sir," asked a poor, shivering, hungry boy, of a gentleman who was entering his own house. The man did not need the matches, but he felt so sorry for the boy, that he searched in his pockets for some change. He had nothing



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

less than a silver half-dollar. "I'll bring you change, if you'll trust me," said the boy. The man laughed at that; but he felt so sorry for the boy, and the little brother and sister of whom he told, that he took ten

cents' worth of matches and handed him the half-dollar, saying to himself: "I'll never see the change from that."

But he was mistaken. Late that night a boy smaller than the one who sold the matches, came and brought the change. "Why, who are you?" the gentleman asked. "I'm Jack's brother. Jack fell and hurt his leg as he was going to get the change for you, and could not come back with it. So he sent me, so you would know he kept his word."

The gentleman was sorry he mis-judged him so, but he made up for it by seeing that he had every comfort while he was sick, and when he was well enough, he took him into his store, and is making a merchant of him. It is not only right to be honest, but it pays too, you see.

A KIND HEART.

ROSE has a kind heart, and loves to make others happy. One day she was told that she might carry a basket of

fruit to some poor children. Harry Lee met her and when he found where she was going, he said, "Why don't you keep it for yourself. Come, let's hide it, and every day we can get some and eat it." Ah, what a selfish heart Harry has!

THE LITTLE BAKER.

MUD pies! mud pies!

Please, now, won't you buy 'em?
You will find 'em very nice,
If you'll only try 'em.

Made of? Why they're made of dust,
Baked 'em in my hat, ma'am;
Must be good? Of course they must;
I am made of that, ma'am.

I'm 'most good enough to eat,
Don't you often say, ma'am?
Yes, I know it's 'cause I'm sweet.
Won't you please to buy, ma'am?

Won't you please to buy me out?
I have more a-making.
Thank you, ma'am; I'll fly about
And do another baking.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1886.

GOD'S VEILS.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at papa's feet. It was just at sunset, and a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure. "Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?" "No; what do you think of, Mary?" "I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papa, to hide him from us?" "True enough, little one," thought I; "the clouds that veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth." Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's? And does it not remind you of the time when the veils shall be parted and he shall come with clouds, and every eye shall see him?

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"LITTLE boy, you don't know Jesus, do you?" asked Elma Byington of a little bare-footed boy, with a checked apron, who lived in a house on the way to Aunt Jennie's.

Elma had sat down on a log to rest, for her new shoes hurt her feet, and while sitting there, heard this little boy saying some very naughty words, because he could not make an old cabbage stalk, which he was trying to plant in the dust, stand up straight.

"No, I don't know as I do," said the boy. "Who is he?"

"He is the Son of God, who came to die for you and all the other people in the world; and he don't like to hear you talk that way," said Elma.

"Don't he?" asked the boy with surprise. "I didn't ever know anything about him."

"Can't you come to our school Sunday afternoons?" said Elma. "You can hear about him there. My teacher tells us lots of things about him. Just wash your hands and face clean, and comb your hair nicely, and I'll come by this way and stop for you. They have picture-cards and everything at our school," said Elma.

"Give 'em away?" asked the boy.

"Yes, they give them to you for being good and learning; our lessons," replied Elma.

"I'll be there," said the boy.

And this is the way it happened that Elma took a new scholar to Sunday-school the next Sunday.

Could not you, every one, find at least one new scholar for your class or school? Try. You can not tell how much good may be done in this way. God says, they that turn many to righteousness shall be "as the stars for ever and ever."

A JESUS-CHILD.

"How can I be like Jesus?" asked Harry of himself as he went from church, where the minister had talked about taking Christ for our example. "How can I be like Jesus, when he was a big man and I am only a little boy?" "How can you be like Uncle Phil then? yet the other day when you had on your soldier hat and wore your sword in a belt, you said you were a soldier like Uncle Phil." "I just meant that I was a boy soldier, not a real big soldier." "Well, and do you think Mr. Smithson meant more than you should be a boy Christian, not a grown-up one? Jesus was once a child himself, but he was just as truly Jesus then as when a man." Harry thought the matter over, and then said, "O, I see! I can be a Jesus-child now, and a Jesus-man by-and-bye." That is it, and that is just what Jesus wants of every child—to be a Jesus-child now.



A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

ALL the world seems full of pleasure;
Every one is bright and gay;
Children's voices too are calling,
"Why does Alice so delay?"

Alice, sitting where the sunlight
Falls upon her golden hair,
Scarcely heeds the passing bustle,
Cons her task in silence there.

With her lessons all unfinished
She cannot enjoy her play;
Business first and pleasure after
Is the motto of the day.

When her study-hour is over
She will join the merry throng,
And in all their sports will lead them
With her joyous laugh and song.

If you would have true enjoyment,
Wait until your work is done;
Then among the pleasure-seekers
You may be the happiest one.

A HERO.

THERE is a boy in Florida, fourteen years old, named Judson Blount, who saved many lives the other day. He discovered a place on a railroad where the rains had undermined the roadbed, and ran a mile and a half up the road to warn a passenger train. As with its precious freight it came thundering down the grade, the boy waved his hat. The engineer only looked wonderingly at him, and he then took off his coat and waved that. Of course it was all done in a moment; but the engineer realized that something was wrong, and stopped his train in time to escape a fatal catastrophe.

"WORK, work, with all your might,
Whenever work's begun;
Play, play, with all your might,
Whenever work is done."



OUR BABY.

OUR baby boy sat on the floor,
His big blue eyes were full of wonder;
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder!

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,
Lay side by side, then softly said:
"I can't get out; can you come in?"

BERTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BERTIE LAMBERT was a little boy just six years old. His mamma wanted to give him a pleasant surprise on his birthday, so she sent him to the store for a little bundle. "You must not open it, Bertie," she said. As soon as Bertie had gone, his two little cousins, May and Lulu, ran out from where they had been hiding, and began to arrange the table for a tea-party.

When all was ready they watched and waited for Bertie, but he did not come. What had happened to him?

Ah! he thought, as he was on his way home from the store, he would take "just one peep" into the bundle he was carrying.

"No! no!" said Conscience, but he would not listen.

It was full of candy! Then of course, he wanted to taste the candy.

"No! no!" said Conscience again.

Did he obey? Not till there was very little of the candy left.

Poor Bertie! when he got home he was so ashamed of himself that he crept in at the laundry window, and went and hid in a clothes-basket that was standing in the empty room. I think next time he will obey Conscience and have a happier birthday.—*Our Lamb.*

YOUR HEART.

"MAMMA," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time, like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No indeed, dear," said mamma, "but you are more wonderful than any watch that was ever made." Then she took her little girl on her lap and told her how what she ate went to make warm, bright blood, and how the beating of the heart sent this warm bright blood all over her little body to make flesh and bones fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her, "and some day he will say: 'Stop, little heart,' and it will stop; but while it beats Lucy must keep it full of good, kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops, what then?"

"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ and trying to please him, you will be forever happy with him."

CHILDREN AT WORSHIP.

THE question is often asked, how shall we get the masses to attend public worship? The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood.

On the mantle shelf of my grandmother's best parlor, among other marvels, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled the body of the bottle; and my wondering inquiry was, how could it have been got into its place?

By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass throughout the length of the vial. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was said of that other wonder, the source of the Nile,

"Nature well knows, no mystery remains,"

so was it here. Walking in the garden I saw a vial placed on a tree, bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal. Now I saw it all. The apple was put into the bottle while it was little and it grew there.

Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church, for alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.—*Spurgeon.*

KEEP AT IT.

ONE step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort,
Have been patiently achieved.

Then, do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through,
But just endeavour, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon, the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain!

JESUS SHINING IN.

A VISITOR went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! What a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated, and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at those windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*American Messenger.*

IT STICKS SO.

GEORGE had been very stubborn and sulky one day, and his mother had to punish him severely. That night he prayed, "O Lord, do bless Georgie, and give him a new heart. Don't let him be naughty again, no never. For you know when he is naughty he sticks to it so. Help him to give up easy and make him a good boy, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

I AM a little child!
Yet, Lord, thou callest me,
Therefore confidently,
I come to thee.

Only a little child!
And though I sinful be,
Thou, Lord, forgivest me!
I come to thee!

Only a little child!
Looking up, loving thee,
Because thou lovest me,
I come to thee!

Only a little child!
Brightly and cheerfully,
Swiftly, obediently,
I come to thee!

Only a little child!
Thou wilt my father be,
Till in eternity
I dwell with thee.

PEACE-MAKERS.

"You are a bad girl. I hate you!" said Ellen.

"O please don't say so! I don't want you to say so. I want you to love me," replied Agnes, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked at her angry playmate.

Ellen's conscience troubled her, but she said nothing, and went away.

She could not forget what Agnes had said, however. She thought of it all day; she dreamed of it all night.

The next day she overtook Agnes as she was going to school. Her voice trembled as she said, "Please forgive me for my angry words yesterday. I am sorry that I was cross and spoke as I did."

"Dear Ellen," replied Agnes, "I am so glad that you love me. Do let us always be kind to each other."

Was not that a pleasant way for two little girls to speak to each other. That was Christ's way; his teaching is that of love and tenderness—returning good for evil. O my children, you must do that if you would be Christ-like.—*Exchange.*

TRUST IN GOD'S CARE.

ONE winter a poor little orphan boy of six or eight years, begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little. "Are you never afraid you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked perplexed, and said, "Don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him and does the best he can?"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 580.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 7.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

Jer. 7, 16-28. Commit to memory verses 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace. Dan. 3, 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Faithful Three, v. 16-18.
2. The Fiery Furnace, v. 19-23.
3. The Form of the Fourth, v. 24, 25.
4. The Triumph of Faith, v. 26-28.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Nebuchadnezzar make? An image of gold.

What did he command? That every one bow down and worship it.

Who refused to do this? Daniel's three companions, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah.

What heathen names had been given them? Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

Why did they stand, when all the people fell down before the image? They only bowed down to Jehovah, the living God.

What did the king threaten to do? To cast them into the fiery furnace.

What was their reply? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did they tell the king? "We will not serve your gods."

What order did the king give? To heat the furnace seven times hotter than ever before.

Who bound and cast them into the furnace? The strong soldiers of the army?

What happened? The fire killed the soldiers.

What did Nebuchadnezzar see in the flames? Four men walking about.

What was one like? The Son of God.

Whom did the king call to come out? Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

What did the king and his chief men see? That they were unharmed by the fire.

Of what was he sure? That their God was greater than the golden image.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Would you be willing to be blamed or hated or punished or laughed at if you knew you were doing right? Are you willing to bear trouble for Jesus' sake?

The path of duty sometimes leads God's children into fiery trials in these days, but nothing can harm them with such a blessed GOLDEN TEXT to trust in.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of God,

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Simon Peter? The apostle whom our Lord blessed for his good confession; who afterwards denied his Lord wept bitterly, and was forgiven; and who preached the first sermon on the day of Pentecost.

Who was the apostle John? The disciple whom Jesus loved, and who leaned on his bosom at the Last Supper.

B.C. 538.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5, 1-12, & 25-28. Commit to memory vs. 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Dan. 5, 27.

OUTLINE.

1. A King's Feast, v. 1-4.
2. A King's Fear, v. 5-9.
3. A Queen's Counsel, v. 10-12.
4. A Prophet's Warning, v. 25-28.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What king made a great feast for his lords? Belshazzar.

For what did he send to hold the wine? The gold and silver vessels of the temple of God.

To whom did they all offer praise? To their gods.

What was seen the same hour? A handwriting on the wall.

How was the king affected? He trembled with fear.

For whom did he send? For all the wise men of the land.

What did he want them to do? To read and explain the strange words.

Who was then sent for? Daniel.

What were the words he read? "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

What did he tell Belshazzar? That he had dishonoured God.

Whose hand did he say had written these words? The hand of the living God.

What did they mean? That God had taken his kingdom from him.

For what reason? Because he had lived in sin and idolatry. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What is sure to lead people into trouble? Sin, because it leads them away from God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Found wanting.	Found not wanting.
A king who was Proud,	A little child who is Humble,
Wilful,	Humble,
Forgetful of God,	Obedient,
Careless,	True to God,
Profane,	Careful,
Intemperate,	Holy,
Slain.	Temperate,
	Saved.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipresent God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was St. Thomas? An apostle, who at first did not believe that the Lord had risen.

Who was Judas? The wicked apostle who betrayed the Lord with a kiss.