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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1892.

No. 8

SEALING THE STONE.

"As ye will," the governor said: "Bring forth the imperial seal; let wax and the parchment strip be spread, and make ye sure that nothing lacks to hold secure the crucified, on now your Jewish hate and pride fear no more. Do ye your ways; wash my hands of all this day's justice to a wronged man—let mine the deed, but yours alone. Be fast the watch as best ye can, seal the stone."



SEALING THE STONE.

USE BEFORE BEAUTY.

"HEN, a goose, and peacock lived in a together that was in charge of Rover, watch-dog. One day the hen was scratching for her breakfast; the goose standing by, while the peacock was lying in the shade of the wall, sleeping on. Just then the proud peacock came along, and flying to the limb of the tree, spread out its tail that the morning sun might shine on it and make it more beautiful.

and taken care of and admired."

"No," said the hen, "I do not wish to be a peacock. There is something that our mistress prizes more than beauty, and that is usefulness. I think she would rather have my fresh eggs than your fine feathers."

"That's my view," said the goose. "If I were not a goose I would like to be a hen I wouldn't—no, not for the world, be a lazy peacock."

"She is quite right," said Rover, "you are beautiful indeed to look at, Mr. Peacock, but that is all you are good for. Take comfort in your fine feathers, but don't boast."

Now, it so happens that there are some boys and girls—mostly girls, perhaps,—who are like this peacock, very beautiful to look at, but of no great use in the world. They admire their fine feathers, fine dresses and hats, and expect other people to do the same.

"Ah," said the peacock to the hen, "do you not wish that you were as handsome as I am? Then you would never have to scratch for your food, but would be fed but are no good for useful work. Little ones, don't be peacocks.

HAVE courage to be ignorant of evil.

A SONG FOR EASTER MORNING.

Why do all the flowers rejoice
 On Easter morning early?
 See, they bloom on all the hills,
 Breaking through the tender green!
 Windflowers shake their bells of snow,
 Violets fringe the laughing rills,
 Bloodroot peeps where soft winds blow,
 Dandelion's golden sheen
 'Wakens at the robin's voice
 In the dawnlight pearly,
 Ah! the sweet world surely knows
 Christ, the flower of earth, arose
 On Easter morning early?

Why are little children glad
 On Easter morning early?
 When the first sweet morning light
 Blushes through the shadowy gray,
 Open myriad happy eyes;
 Flower-like faces, fresh and bright,
 Like dew-laden lilies rise;
 Hearts that harbour nothing sad,
 Soaring, track his heavenly way,
 In the dawnlight pearly.
 Sing, O children! all earth knows
 Christ, the children's king, arose
 On Easter morning early.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1892.

A WORD TO CHILDREN

DEAR children, listen while I tell you something which deeply concerns your welfare. The subject is the shape of your bodies. God knew the shape best. He created us upright, in his own image. None of the inferior animals walk upright. God fitted the great vital organs in your body to an erect spine. Do your shoulders ever stoop forward? If they do, so do the

lungs, heart, liver, and stomach fall down out of their natural places. Of course they can't do their work well. To show you how this is, I will tell you that when you bend forward you can only take about half as much air into the lungs as you can when you stand up straight. As I have said God has so arranged the great organs in the body that they can't do their duty well except when the body is straight. Oh, how it distresses me to see the dear children, who I love so much, bending over their school desks, and walking with head and shoulders drooping! My dear children, if you would have a strong spine and vigorous lungs, heart, liver, and stomach, you must, now while you are young, learn to walk erect. If a boy were about to leave this country for Japan, never to return, and come to me and ask for rules to preserve health, I should say: "I am glad to see you, and will give you four rules, which, carefully observed, will be pretty sure to preserve your health."

He might say to me, "Four are too many. I fear I may forget some of them; give me one, the most important one, and I promise not to forget it." I should reply: "Well, my dear boy, if I can give you but one. it is this:

"Keep yourself straight, that is, sit up straight; walk straight; and, when in bed at night, don't put two or three pillows under your head, as though intent on watching your toes all night; and I believe that in this I should give you the most important rule which can be given for the preservation of health and long life."

My dear children, don't forget it.—*Dio Lewis.*

THE PENITENT THIEF.

ON a heap of chips and shavings in a garret a Christian man, visiting among the poor of London, found a boy about ten years old. He was pale, but with a very sweet face.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" he asked.

"Hush! hush! I'm hiding."

"Hiding? What for?" The poor boy rolled up his ragged shirt sleeve and showed his thin white arm all black and blue with bruises.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Don't tell—but my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father gets drunk, and beats me, because I won't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, once I used to steal."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the Sunday-school and there I learned about the God of heaven, and his law says,

"Thou shalt not steal,' I will never steal any more, even if father kills me."

SHE WILL NEED THEM NO MORE

SOME days since a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some bright bouquets from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown into an alley.

"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the man.

"Nothing," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"That's hardly your business," was a somewhat impudent reply.

"O, certainly not, but you cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"

"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil."

"O, Lil is your sweetheart, I see."

"No, Lil is not my sweetheart; she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "I've been sick for a long time, and lately I talk of nothing but flowers and birds. My mother told me this morning that I would die b-b-before the flowers and birds came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's," said a gentleman, "and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bound for home with his treasure. Next day he appeared and said: "I come to thank you, sir, for Lil. The bouquet did her so much good. She hugged and hugged it till she set herself a coughing again. She says she'll come by-and-by and work for you soon's she gets well."

An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every alternate day a bouquet of Lil.

It was only the day before yesterday that the bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said: "Thank you, sir, but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't—need the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brother who had told the story. Lil won't need the flowers any more, for she is gone where they are always blooming, and every day on earth they will grow above her mouldering form, and the birds will sing around her grave.

EASTER LILIES.

Oh, where are the sweet lilies,
Stately and fair and tall?
And why don't they grow for Easter,
Down by our garden wall?

Dear, in the bare, brown garden,
Their roots lie hidden deep,
And the life is pulsing through them,
Although they seem asleep.

And the gardener's eye can see them
In germs that buried lie,
Shine in the spotless beauty
That will clothe them by-and-by.

So may Christ see in us growing
The lilies he loves best—
The faith, the trust, the patience
He planted in the breast.

Not yet their crown of blossom,
But he sees their coming prime,
As they will smile to meet him,
In earth's glad Easter time.

The love that striveth toward him,
Through earthly gloom and chill;
The faithful, meek obedience,
In darkness following still—

These are the Easter lilies,
Spotless fair and sweet,
We should bring to the risen Saviour,
And lay at his blessed feet.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

Q. 1035.] LESSON IV. [April 24.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Ps. 23. 1-6. Memory verses, 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."—Psa. 23. 1.

What does David say of God? "The Lord is my shepherd."

How is God like a shepherd? He protects and cares for and guides his people, as the shepherd does his sheep.

Of what can you be sure if God is your shepherd? "I shall not want."

Repeat the second verse.

What do the green pastures and still waters mean? Rest and food and all the pleasant things of our lives.

In what paths does God lead us if we will follow him? "In the paths of righteousness."

For whose sake? "For his name's sake;" for his glory and honour.

Do we need to fear even death if we love God? "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me."

What does David mean by "my cup runneth over?" His heart was full of joy and peace because God had been so good to him.

Has God been good to you too?

How many blessings can you think of?

What can all who love God be sure of?

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Where shall we dwell always? "I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Prophets? Holy men whom God taught to foretell things to come, and make known his mind to the world.

Who was Samuel? The prophet who was called by the Lord when he was a little child.

B.C. 1034.] LESSON V [May 1

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

Ps. 51. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—Psa. 51. 10.

What is this fifty-first Psalm called? The prayer of the penitent.

How does it begin? With a humble, earnest prayer for God's mercy and forgiveness.

Is God always ready to forgive those who come to him for pardon? Yes, this verse speaks of his "lovingkindness" and his "tender mercies."

Can you repeat the whole verse?

What did David wish God to do?

"Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin."

Against whom had he sinned? Against his fellowmen, but so much more against God that he says, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned."

Is every sin a sin against God? Yes, every cross word or unkind thought or disobedient act is a sin against God.

What does God desire? "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts."

What shall we ask him to do for us?

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

What more do we need? "Create in me

a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

How shall we feel if we have this clean heart? We shall be very happy; we shall have the "joy" of his "salvation."

What shall we do? We shall try to tell other people about God's goodness.

What pleases God more than sacrifices or good works? The gift of a loving, repentant heart.

Will you give your heart to God?

If you have given your heart to God, will you not try to please him in all you do and say?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was David? The sweet Psalmist of Israel, who was raised from a shepherd to be a king.

Who was Absalom? David's wicked son, who rebelled against his father and was killed as he hung on a tree.

KITTY DID IT.

WHEN Grandma Foster went out to call on a sick neighbour, she left her little granddaughter, Kitty Mayhew, at home in the sitting room. She gave her some pretty picture books to read, and told her to finish her little task of sewing, but be careful not to get into any mischief. Kitty promised, and for a while she kept her promise well. But then she became tired of the books grandma had lent her, and thought there was plenty of time in the afternoon to do the sewing. Then she thought she would like to look at the pictures in the big Bible. She had been told never to take this unless some one was near, but she did not think of that now. After a while by a very careless accident, she spilled grandpa's bottle of ink all over the beautiful book, and the table cover and down on the floor. Just then she heard grandma coming. She picked up the cat and said: "See what kittie did!" Grandma was sorry but did not think the little girl would tell a story so through pussy Kitty was sent out of the room. Girl Kitty was not questioned. But she was not happy. She was glad when her visit to grandma was over. No one can be happy who does wrong and deceives. Kitty did not tell a lie in words, but she made her grandma believe that which was not true; and that is just as bad. Sometimes we do the same without even speaking a word. God looks at the heart, and not at the words we speak. The Bible says "The way of the transgressor is hard," and every one who has tried it knows that it is true.



THE WHITE, OR EASTER LILY—(*Lilium Candidum*.)

THE EASTER LILY.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THROUGH all the winter chilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,
To soft expanding leaf;
Though scant the sunshine that it felt
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bosom,
And that its one green calyx-sheath
Did tenderly unfold
A snow-white flower, upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold

We watched, and ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt;
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out?

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white;
And thus our question had reply,
Our doubts became delight.

Out from its folded prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair,
As Christ himself arose.

A KIND HEART.

ONE sharp, freezing day in winter the door-bell rang. A group of rough-looking boys stood on the walk in front of the house; and one, a tall, uncombed, half-clad boy, stood on the steps holding in his dirty hand a poor little bird, half dead from cold and exposure.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but I found this little thing on the ground, and it's like to die. I thought a lady would know what to do with it."

There was a look of real sweetness on the grimy face as he spoke, and when he was told that the bird should be tenderly cared for, he said, "Thank you, ma'am," and hastened away with a really relieved air.

Who could help looking after the rough, ill-mannered lad with respect? He had a kind heart, and "kind hearts are more than coronets."

He loved the little, the weak, the suffering creatures, and wanted to help them. He knew that the little bird would stand a poor chance in his wretched home, and he was afraid to trust it to the boys. So he did the best thing he could think of—put it into the hands of a lady.

All honour to the boy who cares for God's creatures! It is unmanly to hurt or annoy them.

I'LL SAY MY PRAYERS.

HER name is neither Effa, Etta, nor Ella, but plain, honest Julia, and she lives in a town, not a large one, but a pleasant one in Berkshire. She is a bright child, and as a rule good, though sometimes this little Julia was a very naughty girl, as I will tell you.

She was a naughty girl one day, and so her mother told her she must go out into the dining-room and stay there until she was a good girl. She went out crying very hard, but in a little while said she would be good, so her mother told her to come in, but she didn't look just right. There was no smile on her face, and very soon she had to be sent out again, and again she came in with the promise to be good, but her mother had to send her out for the third time. Now Julia, although she was only four years old, got very angry, and made a great noise for a few minutes

Pretty soon the noise ceased, and her mother went close to the door and listened to see she could hear anything. Sure enough, she heard her saying the little prayer she had been taught: "Dear Jesus, bless papa and mamma, and Julia, and sister, and make me a good girl, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Her mother opened the door very softly, and there she was on her knees; she got up with a very sweet smile and said, "Thank you, a good girl now, mamma. I was a naughty and felt so dreadful bad, I said to myself, I'll say my prayers and maybe Jesus will help me to be a good girl. And sure enough, she was just the best girl you ever saw. Now this is a true story, every word of it, and her whole name is Julia Allen Tucker.

A NOBLE YOUNG SOUL.

A boy about nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water, and began to sink. His elder brother saw him, and ran to save him, but lacking strength and skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the nine-year-old boy acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength and cried to his brother on shore: "Don't come in, or father will loose all his boys at once!"

Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command and was spared to comfort his father when his two dead sons were taken from the river, clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way; but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

A GOOD man lay dying. He took no notice of those around him, but kept repeating verses and even whole chapters from the Bible. His daughter listened with wonder.

"Father," she said, "I didn't think you knew so much of the Bible; when did you learn it?"

With a smile he answered, "When I was a boy. I thought I had forgotten it, but it comes to me now as fresh as if I had just learned it."