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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

[No. 10.]

## AN EASY PLACE

A LAD once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have strength enough to be out late at nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate them; they have strength enough to waste on wine or beer or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do.



READY FOR A RIDE.

Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease, and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so, when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.

THERE was a great parade of soldiers, and little Mary went to the door with her pet dog, Gyp, to see the procession move by. Gyp was saucy, and began to bark. Mary ran up stairs to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mamma, come down stairs, I'm afraid Gyp will bite the army!"

### THE HARD LESSON.

Mr little brother, do not cry,  
Be good, pick up your slate and try;  
It only wastes your time, you know,  
To sulk about a lesson so.

Just let me whisper in your ear  
What I do with my lessons, dear:  
When one's so very hard to get  
I think I cannot master it,

I take it to the Lord in prayer,  
For mamma says that he will care  
For everything that troubles me;  
And so he helps me, don't you see?

He helps me to be still and good,  
And study earnest as I should;  
Then when I try with all my might,  
I'm very sure to get it right.

Now dry your tears, my little man,  
And try and try, hard as you can;  
Ask Jesus' help, and I am sure  
You'll not be troubled any more.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

### I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE DANCING SCHOOL.

A SWEET young miss of ten summers whose mother had foolishly sent her to a dancing-school was led one happy day to give her heart to Christ. After that she went round the house singing about Jesus all the time. Her mother, who did not love the blessed Saviour, brought home a pattern for a new dress, and said:

"May, dear, isn't this a pretty pattern? How should you like it for a ball dress?"

"It is lovely, mamma," replied May, "but I don't want it. I don't want to go to dancing-school any more."

Sweet young May! She had more wis-

dom than her mother, because she had taken Jesus for her teacher. He was teaching her that she could not enjoy a ball dress and still keep the robe of righteousness with which he had clothed her new-born soul. She felt that the pride and vanity and envy of the ball-room would soil that robe, and as she preferred his pure white robe to the gay ball-dress, she wanted to give up the dancing-school and all that belonged to it. I am sure Jesus loved the charming child very dearly for making that choice.

### ABOUT BEING THE CAPTAIN.

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. They had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play base-ball, to have regular military drill, and I don't know what else, which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organise the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks; and, as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captain, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead, one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage, or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way, will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you can rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done, and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing; and when a boy is Rex, or King, on the play-ground

or at the picnic, or in the schoolroom, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.

### OUR TREASURES.

The wise may bring their learning,

The rich may bring their wealth;  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health,  
We too would bring our treasures,  
To offer to the King;  
We have no wealth or learning,  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,  
We'll bring him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that ever  
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please him,  
At home, at school, at play.  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King,  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring.

### A WISE CAPTAIN.

A NANTUCKET steamboat captain was once asked by a passenger on his boat how much ardent spirits he used.

He replied, "I never drank a teaspoonful of rum, brandy, gin, cider, wine, or beer, I never smoked or took snuff, and I never drank tea or coffee."

"But," said the passenger, "what do you drink for your breakfast?"

"Cold water," was the answer.

"And what with your dinner?"

"Cold water."

"Well," said the passenger, "but what do you take when you are sick?"

"I never was sick in my life," was the ready and glad reply.

He was a wise captain. He was accustomed to exposure in all sorts of bad weather, wind, and storm, and never believed in the foolish notion that he must take a drop of spirits to "keep out the cold."

Cold water was the drink of Adam in paradise. Cold water was the drink of the children of Israel in the wilderness. It was also the drink of Samson, and of Daniel, and of John the Baptist. It is the best drink for you.

**THE DREAM PEDDLER.**

Up the streets of Slumber-town  
Comes the crier with his bell;  
Calling softly up and down:  
"Dreams to sell! Dreams to sell!  
Will the children choose to buy?  
Such a world of them have I!

"Here are dreams for merry spring,  
Fashioned where the blossoms wake;  
Where the fields and meadows ring  
With the songs the breezes make;  
Dreams! dreams! come and buy;  
Who has merrier dreams than I?

"Here are dreams for summer sleep;  
Fancies light as thistle-spray,  
Woven where the fairies keep  
Carnival and holiday;  
Dreams! dreams! buy and try;  
Who has daintier dreams than I?

"Dreams to sell in Slumber-town!  
Sure you'll buy these glowing dreams!  
Warp and woof of red and brown  
Chosen from the autumn gleams!  
Al, no peddler, far or nigh,  
Sells such gorgeous dreams as I?

"Here's a dream that winter brought  
From his palaces of snow;  
Well his frozen fingers wrought  
All its wonders, long ago,  
When the stars shone, pure and bright,  
On your blessed Christmas night!"

On the streets of Slumber-town  
Ever sounds a silver bell,  
As the crier wanders down  
With his curious wares to sell,  
Crying softly: "Come and buy!  
Who has sweeter dreams than I?"

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER**

**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON VIII.** [May 26

**JESUS BETRAYED.**

Mark 14. 43-54. Commit to mem. vs. 48-50.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? Luke 22. 48.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Betrayed, v. 43-49.
2. Deserted, v. 50-54.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

Where did Jesus and his disciples go after the supper? To the Mount of Olives.  
What garden did they enter? The garden of Gethsemane.

Who came into the garden? Judas and a band of soldiers  
What had Judas done? He had betrayed Jesus.

To whom did he betray him? To the chief priests.

How did Judas betray him? With a kiss.

Did Jesus try to save himself? No; he let them take him.

What did one of his disciples do? He drew his sword.

Which disciple was this? Peter.

Did Jesus want his friends to fight? No; he told Peter to put up his sword.

Did the disciples stay by Jesus? "They all forsook him and fled."

To whom was Jesus led? To the high-priest.

Who were gathered together? All the chief priests and elders and scribes.

Who followed afar off? Peter.

Where did he stay? Among the servants in the high-priest's palace.

Why did he not stay with Jesus? He was afraid.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

**Never Forget**

That Jesus let himself be taken by these wicked men for your sake.

That one may seem a friend to Jesus, and yet betray him to his enemies.

That one may seem to be very bold, and yet run away in time of danger.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Human sinfulness.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

8. Does God love you? Yes, God loves everything which he has made.

9. What has God made? God made everything in heaven and earth; and, last of all, he made man.

A.D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [June 2

**JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.**

Mark 14. 55-65. Commit to mem. vs. 55, 56.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

They hated me without a cause. John 15. 25.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The False Witnesses, v. 55-59
2. The True Witness, v. 60-62
3. The Cruel Sentence, v. 63-65.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

To whom was Jesus taken by the soldiers? To the high-priest, Caiaphas.

Who were gathered at his palace? The members of the Jewish council.

What did they try to find? Some charge against Jesus.

Why could nothing be found against him? Because he was without sin.

Who were found at last to testify against Jesus? False witnesses.

What did they tell? Things that were not true.

Why did not their witness condemn him? No two were agreed.

What did the Jewish law require? That two witnesses should agree.

What charge was finally made by two men? That Jesus said he could build a temple in three days.

What did the high-priest ask Jesus to do? To answer this charge.

What did Jesus do? He answered nothing.

What did the high-priest then ask him? "Art thou the Christ?"

What did Jesus reply? "I am."

What did the high-priest call this? Blasphemy.

What did the council declare? That Jesus was guilty of death.

How did the people treat him? Shamefully and cruelly.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

**Answer to Yourself.**

Do you ever think or say things about Jesus that are not true?

Do you join with those who are not his friends, even by being found among them?

Do you make him suffer by your unkind, or careless, or scornful words about him or his truth?

Remember: "He that is not for me is against me."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Second coming of Christ.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

10. How did God make man? God made the body of man out of the dust of the earth.

**A TRUE LADY.**

I WAS once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Read the account of this in St. Luke ix. 28-36.

### GOD'S VOICE IN THE HEART.

THESE is a mother's voice of love  
To hush her little child;  
There is a father's voice of praise,  
So earnest and so mild;  
But there is yet another voice  
That speaks in gentlest tone—  
I think that we can hear it best  
When we are quite alone.

It is a still, small, holy voice,  
The voice of God most high,  
That whispers always in our hearts,  
And says that he is by.  
That voice will blame us when we're wrong,  
And praise us when we're right;  
We hear it in the light of day,  
And in the quiet night.

And even they whose ears are deaf  
To every other sound,  
When they have listened in their hearts,  
This still, small voice have found;  
And they have felt that God is good,  
And thanked him for the voice  
That told them what was right and true,  
And made their hearts rejoice.

### POLITENESS OF GREAT MEN.

TRULY great men are polite by instinct to their inferiors. It is one element of their greatness to be thoughtful for others.

The greatest men in the world have been noted for their politeness. Indeed, many have owed their greatness mainly to their popular manners, which induced the people, whom they pleased, to give them an opportunity to show their power.

Many years ago the errand boy employed by a publishing house in Boston was sent to procure from Edward Everett the proof-

sheets of a book he had been examining. The boy entered the vast library, lined from floor to ceiling with books, in fear and trembling. He stood in awe of this famous man, and dreaded to meet him. But Mr. Everett, turning from the desk where he was writing, received the lad with reassuring courtesy, bade him sit down, chatted kindly as he looked for the proof-sheets, and asked:

"Shall I put a paper round them for you?" as politely as if his visitor were the president.

The boy departed in a very comfortable frame of mind. He had been raised in his own esteem by Mr. Everett's kindness, and he has never forgotten the lesson it taught him.

### COLIE'S FRIEND.

I READ a very pretty story not long since about a little cripple boy. His name was Nicholas, but they called him Colie. He suffered very much, but bore all his pain cheerfully. "Jesus is my Friend," said he, "and he will not send me too much to bear."

A neighbor's son, a little older than Colie, was playing ball on Sunday, and the child was very much grieved.

"Mamma," said he, "I wish Sam would not play ball to-day, for God will not like it. I wish I could speak to him about it." But he was bashful and hesitated.

One day, not long after, he was carried out in his little carriage to take the air, and when he was brought back, he looked very bright and happy.

"I've done it, mamma, I've done it."

"Done what, Colie?"

"O mamma, I've told Sam that he was

hurting my Friend, playing on Sunday; and he said, 'Colie, then I will not do so again.'"  
This little boy must love this hymn,

"I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!  
He bled, he died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But his own self he gave me.  
Naught that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver;  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are his, and his forever."

### A TEASE.

WHEN I was a boy I was often in the woods. There I saw the squirrels play among the branches of the trees, sometimes running up and sometimes down, and sometimes leaping from a branch of one tree across to a branch of another tree. Once I saw a squirrel make a long leap. It missed its hold, and instead of getting across to the next tree it fell all the way down to the ground.

Sometimes when I have been in the woods I have seen certain birds tease the squirrels. They would fly around them, and at them, and peck them. The squirrels tried to run away, but the birds flew after them to annoy them. They were like some boys and girls I have seen who are always teasing somebody else. It is a bad fault, and nobody loves the children who do it.

### A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for service at church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet. A B C D and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes saw the little fellow kneeling, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying A B C.

"What are you doing my little man?"

The lad looked up.

"Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will; when the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

The prayer that goes to heaven comes from the heart.