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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1888.

[No. 6.]

THE SEALED TOMB.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

Our illustration represents well the Roman manner of sealing. The seal might be applied to any door, and when bearing the official stamp of the governor a violation of it by breaking it open was defiance against the authority and power of the Roman government. The seal was not a lock, but consisted simply of a string or cord taken across the door, and fastened at the ends with sealing-wax. Upon the wax while it was yet warm and soft the seal was impressed.

It was in this manner that the tomb in which Jesus lay was sealed. The Jews, pretending to fear that the disciples would come by night and steal away the body of Jesus, asked that a guard be ordered for the tomb, and that the door be sealed. Pilate gave commandment as they requested, and "they went, and made the sepulchresure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

But how vain were the seal, and the guard of Roman soldiers, when the Lord shook the place, and the brightness of the



THE SEALED TOMB.

angelic presence flushed upon them. For "Behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone

found an empty grave, and a shining angel, dressed in white, said: "He is not here; he is risen." Rising from the grave is called a resurrection.

from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men."

Jesus the crucified Lord and Saviour arose from the dead, and came forth from the grave alive. "Fear not ye," said the angel to the women who came to the tomb, "for he is risen, as he said, Come and see the place where the Lord lay." On this Easter-day we look again into the empty grave. And we look up also into heaven, and we see Jesus "sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high."

RESURRECTION

Jesus once had a body like ours, which was often tired and weak. He died, and his body was laid in the grave. But he was stronger than death, and no grave could hold him. So, on the third day, when some loving women came to look for his body, they

CHRIST TRIUMPHANT.

COME, ye saints! behold and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst the bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises—
Praises to the victor's name.

Jesus triumphant! Countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon 'in yonder blessed regions
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1888.

GOD WILL KNOW YOU.

ONE evening last Christmas a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto, with apparently no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion, in front of a fruit-stand: "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into the store, he loaded them down with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" queried the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarcely daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you anyhow."

"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

A CIVIL word is the cheapest thing in the world, yet it is a thing which the young and happy rarely give to their inferiors. See the effect of being civil on a rough little street-boy. A young lady was walking down a street, and, as she sharply turned the corner, ran very hard against a boy who was small and ragged. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon." The small, ragged boy looked at her with amazement, then taking off his cap he bowed very low, and answered: "You can have my parding, an' welcome, miss; an' you may run agin me an' knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady had passed on, he said to a comrade: "I never had any one to ask my parding before, an' it kind o' took me off my feet."

QUITE A FRIGHT.

BEHIND Uncle John's house there is a high, rocky hill, covered with clumps of bushes, and very steep. Bennie and Charlie and Ray had been to "grove-meeting" with Aunt Abbie, and they thought it would be fine fun to have a grove-meeting of their own on the hill. "I know where there's the nicest rock for a pulpit, and I'll be the preacher," said Bennie, leading the way. Charlie and Ray were content to be the choir, and their voices were strong if not musical. Bennie began to tell the story of the naughty children and the forty bears. "An' perhaps a bear'll get you, if you ain't good boys," he said, solemnly. "An' if we take doughnuts out the cellar window," suggested Charlie. "Or wiggle through the grass after gooseberries," added Ray. "I guess you had your share," retorted Bennie, who liked doughnuts and gooseberries, and sometimes forgot to ask for them. "An' I didn't never do it many times, but I'll be good—O boys! look!"

Up above them, on the side of the hill nearest the woods, a great black bear stood on a large rock. Probably it had only come to look for a mutton supper, but they didn't think so. With a wild bound the preacher and choir went tumbling down the hill amidst a shower of dirt and stones. It made no difference to them whether they went on their feet or their head, as long as they got there; and then they ran—O how they ran!—to see which would reach the orchard fence first.

"I tell you what, boys, I think we'd better go to the big folks' meeting after this," said the preacher; and the choir thought so, too.—*Companion.*

EASTER SONG.

CLEAR in the soft warm sunshine,
The Easter hymns are ringing,
The low note of a spring bird
Chimes with the children's singing.
"To Thee
The praise."

The lilies, snowy whiteness,
Shines out to grace the day;
May the children's hearts be always
As pure and fair as they.
"To Thee
The praise."

GRANDPA'S STAR.

GRANDPA was sick, and little Fannie loved to be with him, and to read to him. She would sit down by his bedside and say, "Shall I read my story, grandpa?"

And the story to which she referred was that in the New Testament which begins with, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem." She called it "my story," because she liked it so much, and she never got tired of reading it. One day, when she had finished reading, she said—

"Grandpa, you are a wise man, but you didn't have to take a long journey to find Jesus, like the wise men I was reading about, did you?"

"What makes you think I didn't?" asked grandpa, with a trembling voice.

"Because, grandpa, Jesus stays right by us, all the time; so we've only got to whisper to him and he hears us."

The days went on, and one evening, not long after this, all the family gathered round grandpa's bed to say "goodbye" to him before he died.

When he came to speak to little Fannie, he laid his hand gently on her head, and said, "Good-bye, my darling. When I get to heaven, the beautiful city, I will tell the blessed Saviour that you were my star."

"Oh, grandpa, why?" asked Fannie, as the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Because, darling, you led me to Jesus, just as the star you have often read about led the wise men to him. And your light shone so steadily that I could not lose my way." And here we see how remembering her Creator in the days of her youth made little Fannie a blessing to her grandpa.

"WHAT is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

EASTER MORNING.

LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet.

CHORUS.

O, sing the blessed story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Ring all ye bells in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again,
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON I.** [April 1.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Matt. 22. 1-14. Commit to memory vs. 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. Rev. 19. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Feast.
2. The Guests.
3. The Garment.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did Jesus often speak to the people? In parables.

What is a parable? A story that makes clear and plain the truths of God.

What is the parable of this lesson? The story of the prince's wedding.

To what did Jesus compare the kingdom of heaven? To a royal wedding-feast.

Who refused to come to the wedding? Those who were first invited.

How did they treat the king's servants who bade them come? With coldness and indifference.

What did some do? They persecuted them and killed them.

What did the king do when he heard of it? He destroyed them in his wrath.

What did he tell his servants? That those whom he had asked were not worthy.

What did he command them? To invite all they could find in the highways, both good and bad.

How did they receive the king's invitation? They accepted it, and came to the wedding.

Who came in to see the guests? The king

Whom did he see at the table? A guest without the wedding-garment.

What was the wedding-garment? A dress given by the king to every guest.

What did the king ask this guest? "Friend, how camest thou in without the wedding-garment?"

Why did he not reply? He could give no excuse.

What did the king say to his servants? "Bind him, and cast him into outer darkness."

What did Jesus wish to show the Jews by this parable? How they had treated God's Son, whom he sent first to them.

What did he wish to teach the whole world? That every one is invited to be saved and taste the joys of heaven. (Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.)

What does he offer to all? The wedding-robe of righteousness.

What must we do with it? Put it on and wear it.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

How would you treat the invitation of a real king, asking you to his son's wedding?

The King of kings invites you to the marriage feast of HIS Son.

He offers you a stainless and beautiful wedding-garment to wear.

How have you received his invitation—the offer of his gift; with coldness and contempt, or with joy and acceptance?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The grace of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does the Saviour care for children? Yes; for he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

A. D. 30.] **LESSON II.** [April 8.

CHRIST'S LAST WARNING.

Matt. 23. 27-39. Commit to mem. vs. 27-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right Spirit within me. Psa. 51. 10

OUTLINE.

1. The Final Warning.
2. The Final Woe.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who were the scribes and Pharisees? Great and learned members of the Jewish church,

What did Jesus pronounce upon them? Woe, or sorrow and punishment.

For what reason? Because they were hypocrites.

What is a hypocrite? One who pretends to be what he is not.

What did the scribes and Pharisees pretend to be? Righteous and without sin.

What did Jesus know? That their hearts were full of pride and selfishness.

What had they forgotten? That God looks upon the heart.

Whom did the Pharisees pretend to love and honor? The prophets of God who had been slain and persecuted.

What did they do to show the people their great respect? They rebuilt and beautified the tombs of the dead prophets.

What did Jesus tell them? That they had the same spirit as their fathers, who murdered them.

Why did he speak so to them? He knew that they were seeking to kill him, their promised Messiah.

What did he declare unto them? That they would persecute and murder the prophets he sent to them.

To whom did he refer? To his apostles and followers.

What did Jesus say should surely come upon them? Most awful punishment.

Why did Jesus weep over the holy city, Jerusalem? Because he loved it.

How did he say the Jews would some day acknowledge him? With gladness, shouting, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

A hypocrite is one who is not true and cannot be trusted.

One who goes to church and Sunday-school not to please God, but to make others think well of him.

One who is very sweet and pleasant when visiting, but cross and selfish at home.

One who talks much and does little.

If Jesus should come to you to-day, what would he say: "Woe, hypocrite," or, "Well done, good and faithful servant?"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fulfilment of prophecy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Was he once a child himself? Yes, and we read about his infancy in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke.

PLUCK, pains, prayer, are three potential P's in Sunday-school work. Do not get discouraged easily; do not slight your duties, do not forget to pray, and you will prove their power.



MONKEY-SHINES.

OUR little readers have often heard about "monkey-shines"—the funny and mischievous tricks monkeys are always playing.

In the picture we have Mrs Monkey playing the mother or nurse. She has stolen Lily's beautiful wax doll, and, seated on the limb of this huge tree, she was tending it in a most motherly way. How carefully she holds it, and how daintily she toys with the belt-ribbon of the dress.

Now this monkey knows well enough that she is playing a monkey-shine, that she has no business with Lily's doll.

But we must remember that this is monkey-nature, that there is much more excuse for such a trick than there would be for a mischievous boy or girl to run away with a sister's doll, or to play any of those monkey-shines upon others.

POLITENESS.

THE following good story is told of the celebrated Dean Swift. One day he was seated quietly in his study reading when the door was pushed open, and a young fellow came in with some game, and without saying "By your leave" or "With your leave" he walks over and flops them across the dean's knees, saying:

"There's some game my father sent you."

"Oh, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure; but I'd be more obliged if you had shown better manners."

"Well, I wish I knew how."

"Sit down here, and I'll show you how to behave."

He took the game in his hand and went outside and shut the door. Then he tapped, and heard the young fellow cry out with a loud voice "Come in!" and what should he see but the young fellow seated in the arm-chair and pretending to read a book!

"Please, Your Reverence," says the Dean, with a bow, "my father will be much obliged by your acceptance of this game, which he has just taken."

"Your father is a most respectable man," says the lad, "and I'm sure you're a good boy; here's half a crown for you. Take the game down to the kitchen, and tell the cook she's to give you a good dinner."

He then got up and relieved the dean of the game, who was so tickled at the lad's witty impudence that he at once gave him half a crown.

EASTER EGGS.

EASTER, as most of our little readers know, is an annual religious festival, appointed to celebrate the resurrection of Christ. It occurs in the spring, when nature seems to be awakening to a new life, and in all Christian countries it is the season of various ceremonies and sports. Among the best known of these is the custom of making presents of coloured eggs, which are sometimes beautifully ornamented.

A gentleman who once lived in Germany says: "The parents of the family in which I boarded hid the Easter eggs, and the children had to hunt for them. Out in the garden, from under the gooseberry-bushes, from among the ivy-vines, from out the long grass at the foot of the apple-trees, would come the glad cry, '*Ich habe eins!*'—'I have one!' If the weather is rainy, the eggs are found in the house; but to look for them outdoors is what the children like best.

"It is a pretty sight, which I wish some of our children could have seen too; and the pleasure of watching the dear, happy round faces, all aglow with admiration of their prizes, and with cheeks rosy from the 'hunting,' is one of the brightest memories which I carried away with me from my trip to Germany."

TRIALS are medicines which the great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust in his skill, and thank him for his preparation.—*Newton.*

A SONG OF EASTER.

SING, children, sing! and the lily cease
swing;

Sing that life and joy are waking, and that
death no more is king.

Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly
brightening spring;

Sing, little children, sing.

Sing, children, sing! Winter wind has
taken wing,

Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the
frosty echoes ring;

Along the eaves the icicles no longer glit-
tering cling;

And the crocus in the garden lifts its
bright face to the sun,

And in the meadows softly the brooks
begin to run;

And the golden catkins swing in the warm
airs of spring;

Sing, little children, sing.

Sing, children, sing! The lilies white you
bring

In the joyous Easter morning for hope are
blossoming;

And as the earth her shroud of snow from
off her breast doth fling,

So may we cast our fetters off in God's
eternal spring;

So may we find release at last from sorrow
and from pain,

So may we find our childhood's calm deli-
cious dawn again.

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look
with smiling grace,

Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the
future's face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful
voices tell

That death is life, and God is good, and all
things shall be well:

That bitter day shall cease

In warmth and light and peace

That winter yields to spring,

Sing, little children, sing!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

A NOBLE REPLY.

A BOY was once tempted by his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you." "For that very reason," replied the boy, "I ought not to touch them; for though my father may not hurt me, my disobedience would hurt my father."