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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1887.

[No. 2.]

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said his voice in whom we trust,

When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

HABIT.

THERE was once a horse, that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without

anyone to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk at and in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it.

It was the force of habit
And the boy who forms a habit
or good habits in his youth
will be led by them when he
becomes old, and will be
miserable or happy accord-
ingly.—*Christian Observer.*

WHY SHE WAS DIS- SATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking," said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart," Bessie said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."—*Sunday-School Messenger.*

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING in the night-time,
Falling all the day;
Crystal-winged and voiceless,
On their downward way.

Falling through the darkness,
Falling through the light,
Covering with beauty
Vale and mountain height.

Never summer blossom,
Dwelt so fair as these;
Never lay like glory
On the fields and trees.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1887.

WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Williams, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

"Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie a great deal beneath them, because she was poor, and her school-bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible, and read to me these words; 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Then I saw my great mistake."

Ah! little readers, never ask what this and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—*Selected.*

ANNIE'S RESOLUTIONS.

IT was New Year's morning; and as soon as little Annie awoke she thought of her New Year's resolutions. As soon as she was dressed, she sat down at the table and wrote the following:

"Resolved,—That I will try and not get cross at baby, or disobey mamma. That I will get my lessons perfectly, and help mamma a lot. Last of all, I mean to be a real good girl."

When she had finished, she went down to breakfast.

"Annie, I wish you would take care of the baby a little before school."

"You're just a cross, hateful baby, Maud; but, come along, if you must," said Annie.

Annie's lessons were very imperfect that day, and she was cross at one of her little playmates. When night came, she said:

"I made some good resolutions this morning, mamma; but I don't believe I've kept one of them."

Then she showed them to her mother, who said: "I fear you did not ask Jesus to help you."

"Oh, mamma, I forgot it; but I won't again—no, never." And she never did.

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy standing idly in front of a store, who jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke and would have walked quietly on, but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much a week?"

Something in the tone made Alfred stop.

"I am paid every day, and every hour, and really every minute," he replied.

"Come now, no fooling."

"I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously; "and I invest capital in a place where it is safe. I can never lose it."

The boy's attempt at raillery fell before Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he listened with something more of respect than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred continued, "I am not paid in dollars and cents; they won't last forever, you know. My pay is the trust of my friends, the knowledge that no honest deed ever dies, and the promise that the pure in heart shall see God."

It was only a seed by the wayside; but who shall say that it was lost?

"If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart."



A QUEER HORSE.

UNCLE TOM was a great favourite with his little nephews and nieces. He knew so many games and ways of amusing them. In the picture we see how he and the children's father make a sort of horse of themselves, Uncle Tom being the body and hind legs, and father the head and fore legs. Didn't the children have fun, and I guess Uncle Tom enjoyed it as much as any one.

LITTLE BOYS MAKE MEN.

SOME people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help the missionary thunder
Roll all the big world through.
I'd have them look behind them
When they were small—and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men.

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree;
The minutes make the hour,
'Tis just the same with me;
I'm small, but I'm growing
As quickly as I can.
And a missionary boy like me
Is bound to make a missionary man.

—Exchange.

BRAGGING.

HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose, not by the dream of doing, and then we will compute your future for you.

Make an effort. Even if you fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter who come to grief. Patience and perseverance have accomplished wonders.



THE BOOT-BLACK.

THE BOOT-BLACK.

THIS little boot-black seems to be listening to something very nice that the gentleman is telling him. I wonder if it is about the dear Saviour who loved boot-blacks just as much as any one else, and died to save them also. Perhaps he has no mother, and no home; but how glad he would be to hear about a beautiful home in heaven, where there shall be no cold, no hunger; only love, and peace, and joy forever.

SENDING THE LIGHT AWAY.

ONE day Willie was very naughty. His mamma sent him upstairs to think over his bad conduct. When it grew dark, she sent his sister Katie with a light to bring him down to supper. But he still felt ugly and cross, and told Katie to go away. "Mamma told me to show you down, because the hall is dark," said Katie.

"I don't want to go down," said Willie, crossly. And Katie went away with the light, leaving him in the dark.

But now he had nothing to do but to think. He saw what a bad boy he had been, and was glad to see his mother when she came in with a light. He told her he was very sorry for what he had done, and would try to be a good boy, if she would forgive him for being so naughty.

Dear children, Jesus comes to show you how to live good lives, and find the way to heaven. When you are unkind, selfish, and disobedient, you drive him away. If you wish him to stay with you, you must give up your bad ways, and try to please him. One of these days he will want to take you away with him, and then if you are not ready to live with him in heaven, he will send you away to be punished forever.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Ten thousand children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there?

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sins;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK.

THE little ones were playing happily in the nursery one evening all by themselves, but they were not afraid, for the room was brightly lighted. It looked just like daylight in there. By and by Albert wished for a toy he had left down stairs, but was afraid to go after it. There were those long stairs and a dark hall to go through, and he could not bring up his courage to run such a "risk." It would have been hard to tell what he was afraid of in that quiet, orderly house, but I suppose it was just the "dark." Did you ever hear of the dark hurting any one?

Albert would not go, but he kept on wishing for the toy more than all the other things he had.

"I'll go," said three-year-old Louie bravely; "I'll get it, Albert."

So he stepped out resolutely into the hall, and the children listened at the door to the patter of his little feet as he trotted down the steps, and they heard him say softly over and over again: "Lord, are you there? Lord, are you there?" He came back through the silent hall with the treasure, and said sweetly: "I wasn't afraid, for the Lord was there." That was the way Louie kept up his courage. If he had been sixty years old he could not have done better.—*Child's Paper.*

WORKING FOR JESUS.

"MAMMA," said little Clarence, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now." "Why, my darling?" "Because I could have done something for him." "But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you have done for the Saviour?" The child thought a moment, then looked up, and said: "Why, I could have run on all his errands for him." "So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are some oranges and a glass of jelly I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant; but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour."

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl, about five years old, a picture representing Jesus holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children toward him. "There, Carrie!" said her mother, "This is what I would have done with you if I had been there." "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus," said little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness; "I'd go without pushing."

GONE TO SCHOOL.

WHERE is our merry-hearted baby?
How strange the silence seems!
Where is he—in the land of mischief
Or in the land of dreams?
Trying the reins on patient Rover?
Coaxing puss with a spool?
Ah, me! how slowly we remember
Baby has gone to school.

Here at home he began his letters,
Finished with x, y, z,
And conquered the multiplication table
As far as the "three times three."
Then papa laughed, and suggested shyly,
"Mamma forgets one rule,
Babies must learn to be more than babies,
And so they must go to school."

Well we recall the September morning
When our sturdy little man
Kissed good-bye in the pleasant sunshine,
And the growing up began.
Looking back, he cheerily shouted,
As we watched from the doorway cool:
"Good-bye, folkses! I'll come and see you
By'm'by, after school."

Many a tale he finds to tell us,
Mingled with smiles and tears;
Bravely his heart goes out to the future,
Untouched by doubts and fears.
Yet we know life holds harder lessons
Than those from book or tool,
Ah, time! deal gently with us and baby,
Till we are all home from school.

"ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

JOSEPHA was not in very good humour that Sunday, though it was her birthday, her tenth birthday.

In the first place, a Sunday birthday was a dull sort of thing, she thought; and then baby Fritz had been so sick that mamma had not had a chance to get any little present for her. It is true, that was only put off—the present was to come; but still Josepha felt out of sorts.

And when mamma called her to get her Bible verses, she broke into a regular pout, and grumbled out that it was a hard case she couldn't have any fun at all on her birthday, not even a holiday from her Bible verses.

Mamma at once shut the Bible and laid it on the table.

"I can't let you learn your verses while you are in a bad humour," she said, so I will preach you a sermon instead.

"Once there was a little boy who used to beg his father every morning to keep him away from the bees; but instead of helping his father to keep him, he went

straight out and played with their hives, and of course they stung him again."

"Well, what next?" asked the little listener.

"That's all," said mamma.

"All! Why I don't call that a sermon."

"Yes, it is a sermon," answered mamma; "but it is a short one, and it has my little daughter for a text."

"Now mamma, you know I never do anything like that!" exclaimed Josepha.

"I think I can show you that you do something very much like that every morning. When you are repeating the Lord's prayer, what do you say after 'Thy kingdom come?'"

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," repeated the little girl briskly.

"That is, you ask God to make you do his will just as the angels do in. How do you suppose the angels do God's will?"

"I don't know," said the listener slowly.

"Of course we don't know exactly, but of some things we feel confident; I am sure that they do it promptly; they do it cheerfully; I am sure they do it perfectly."

"The angels know just what God's will is, but I don't," answered Josepha, who felt as if she needed somehow to defend herself.

Her mother pointed to an illuminated text hanging on the nursery wall: "Children, obey your parents."

There was a long, quiet time then, in which mamma drew her little girl to her knee and kissed her tenderly.

"I won't give you any verses to get today," she said gently, "but I give you this little sermon to 'learn by heart.' Every time you say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' remember that you are asking God to make you do what you are told—and then you must help the Lord to answer that prayer."—*The Churchman.*

IT PAYS TO BEGIN NOW.

Do you ever imagine that, some way, the thief, or prize-fighter, or gambler, or pirate, or circus clown, who is suddenly converted and becomes very active in trying to get others converted, or save drunkards, must be a very valuable man to the Church and the Master—more so than the pure-minded, straightforward men who have been Christians since they were boys? Don't you believe it! In one way they are, just as the thief on the cross was, to show that Jesus is able to save the very lowest. But so far as their actual worth and services as Christians are concerned, a boy who gives his heart to Christ at his mother's knee and grows straight up without crooks or knots, is worth a hundred such. You might as

well try to prove that punched coins are worth more than whole ones. You might as well claim that your old spelling-book with half the leaves torn out is better than a new one. You might as well think that Farmer Brown's old brier and thistle patch will raise more corn than his bottom meadow. The question is not how much good may such a man do, but how much more good might he have done had he begun in childhood to form the right kind of habits instead of the wrong kind, so that now all he would have to do would be to throw all his energy into the work of Christ, instead of having to reserve half of it to gain self-control and dig up the roots of evil habits. Begin to build your lives on Christ now, so that you may not have to spend half of them tearing down the works of Satan.—*Morning Guide.*

TALKING TO HEAVEN.

A MOTHER living not very far from the post office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a few moments the other day for a few seconds' rest. She heard the voice of her little four-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a moment at the half open door. She saw the little thing had pulled a chair up in front of the telephone, and stood upon it, with the ear piece pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in a playful mood, and this was the conversation the mother heard, while the tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!"

"Well, who's there?"

"Is God there?"

"Yes."

"Is Jesus there?"

"Yes."

"Tell Jesus I want to speak to him."

"Well?"

"Is that you Jesus!"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Our baby is sick and we want you to let it get well. Won't you now?"

"No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by

"Yes."

The little one hung the ear piece back on its hook, clambered down from the chair and with a radiant face, went for mother who caught her in her arm.

The baby, whose life had been despairing, began to mend that day, and got better.

—*Elmira Free Press.*