

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Lasthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		

THE SUNBEAM

ROLAND C. SMITH 'C'

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.] TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1891. No. 3.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Johnnie lay burning with yellow fever, and, becoming very hungry, said, "Aunt Kate, can I have a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said, "No, darling; the doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and was met with the same plaintive cry, "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of bread."

Tears came into the eyes of both ladies, as Aunt Alice said, "No."

In a little while someone else came—probably the mother—only to hear the same pitiful cry.

The little boy finding that his case was hopeless, went to another source of comfort. He, like many boys and girls of larger growth, found that "man's exegemity is God's opportunity. Like grown people, when human help failed, he turned to God. His parents and teachers had taught him to pray, and the evening incense of prayer and praise went up lightly from the little boy's heart. Now, in his hunger, he remembered the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." With hungry lips and weak voice, laying his little hands on his breast, he said earnestly, "Dear Jesus, your poor little boy is starving for a piece of bread, please give it to him. He is so hungry."

Of course, mamma and aunties all began to cry, but, wonderful to relate, grandma

came in, and seeing the state of affairs, said, "Girls, don't you remember the doctor said if Johnnie wanted to eat, we could give him some milk?"

Everyone ran to get it. Tender hands raised Johnnie's head, and held the

cup to his lips, and never did milk go gurgling down a more grateful throat.

Instead of lying down immediately, the child raised his beautiful eyes, and said, "Thank you, dear Jesus. It went to the part what hurted."

Johnnie is not a story book boy, made up for this occasion, but a great fellow in his teens now. When he was about six years o'd, or, maybe, eight. He was as good a boy as ever delighted the heart of a Sunday-school teacher.

Children, bear in mind the last part of this story—the "Thank you, Jesus" Any of us can beg for a thing; but do we, like Johnnie, always give thanks when the blessing sent goes to "the part what hurted"?

Like little Johnnie, let us go to God with all our wants; and when he answers our prayers, let us be thankful.



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

JACK'S NEW SLED.

WHY, here is Jack with a new sled! How do you think Jack got his new sled? He earned it himself. This is the way he earned it: He saved every bit of old iron he could find, and sold it; he saved the daily papers and all the pamphlets and old books he could get, and sold them; he did errands, and saved the pennies he earned, and so, by waiting and working and saving, Jack was able to buy his sled the first day the snow fell this winter. How proud he is of it! And well he may be

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. J. E. KETTERIDGE

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;

God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls:

God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,

That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 60
Macazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 10
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 34
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Reform Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 60

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 38 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Biscuit Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

A NOBLE JAPANESE.

A JAPANESE who had become a Christian and learned to read the Bible was so grateful and so anxious that others of his people should have the precious knowledge too, that every morning when he went out of his house to go to work he left his door open with this notice on it:

"If any one wants to come in here while I am gone and read my Bible he may do it."

Now, wasn't that beautiful of him? He had learned the way, and Oh he was anxious that others should learn it too, that others should read the Book that had proven so precious to him.

What a sweet trait is this, dear little workers, just the very sweetest in a Christian's character—unselfishness. Indeed, I

doubt if any one can be a real Christian without it.

Now we have this precious Book. We read it every day, or, that is, we can read it if we choose. How anxious are we to send it to the many millions over the seas who perish without it? So anxious that we would deny ourselves something to do it? How I hope so!

THE ESQUIMAUX.

BY LOUISE DERICK.

It had been snowing all day and Johnny could not go out to play. To amuse him his mother gave him a book of pictures to look at. At last he came to something very funny, he could not imagine what it was. He looked up and said:

"Mamma, can you tell me what this is?"
Mamma put down her sewing, looked at the picture and said:

"That is the picture of an Esquimaux village, and those little round things are houses."

"Oh, please tell me about them."
"The Esquimaux live in a very cold country where they have ice and snow all of the time. For nearly six months at a time they never see the sun. How would you like such a country as that, Johnny?"

"I don't think I would like it at all. What is the little hole near the ground?"
"That little opening is the door; the other small hole is the window. It has no glass in it, only something which was taken from the inside of the seal and stretched over the hole to keep out the cold. The house has only one room, which is warmed and lighted by a sort of lamp with long wicks of moss, and plenty of fat to burn. They do not have good things to eat, Johnny. They have nothing but meat and sometimes the milk of the reindeer."

"What do the little girls and boys have to play with, mamma?"

"Oh! they have great fun with their sleds, which are not like yours. I will show you a picture of one. No trees grow in this cold country, so of course there is no wood to make sleds; so they take the bones of the walrus and whale, and bind them together with strips of sealskin. It has a back to lean against, so that the little girls will not fall off. The girls play with queer-looking dolls, which they dress in soft deer-skins. Don't you think they would be surprised to see the lovely dolls little girls in this country have?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; I would like to send them some. What do the boys play with?"

"They play with balls which are sometimes as large as a boy's head. Each boy carries a crooked stick, and with these play bat and ball. When the sun comes back the people are very glad to see it, they know it will stay with them for months. The girls and boys play out just as much as they can; they sit out and listen to stories, for they have no written stories and even if they had they could not read them."

"Well, mamma, I think I would much

rather live here; we have a great deal more fun."

By this time it had stopped snowing, so mamma said Johnny might go out and play with his sled for half an hour.—*The Child's Hour.*

THE JAM TART.

ALICE and Hubert used to feed the swans every morning, and so long as they took them bits of bread everything went well, and they and the swans were the best friends possible; but one morning, Hubert took it into his head to offer the swan a bite of raspberry jam tart which Aunt Eliza had made for him that morning. Now Hubert, naturally did not wish to give all the tart to the swan, and the swan had never been taught to sit up with a bib on and take small bites, so when it saw a nice jam tart held out to it, it took all of it, and Hubert was left without even a bite for himself.

"You greedy thing!" he cried, and caught hold of the swan to try and get back the tart. But the tart was eaten, and the swan was very much offended.

"For," it said to itself, "it's anything but good manners to try to take a thing back when you've once given it."

But little Hubert hung on to the swan, and the swan flapped its wings at Hubert, and Alice cried and tried to pull Hubert off; and the end of it was that they all rolled into the water together. The swan went off chuckling, and the children were pulled out by the under-gardener, and put to bed by the nurse. And then Hubert went to sleep and dreamed that a great frog, as big as a horse, was teaching all the chickens and ducks and swans in the world in small classes. He taught them out of a big book, and the name of the book was "manners."

"BUSY AS A BEE"

I HEARD a little girl say once that she did wish she was a bee, so that she would have nothing to do but to fly about from flower to flower and get all the sweets she could.

Now I wonder if she really thought that was all a bee had to do! Why, a bee is always at work. This is why we so often hear the expression, "as busy as a bee." It isn't such fun as this little girl thought to fly from flower to flower as the bee does. It is back and forth, back and forth, from the flower to the hive, carrying the sweets with which to make the honey, till I am sure the little creature must often and often be very tired.

How many of our little missionary folks will be like busy bees, real workers, flitting here and there, getting all the sweets they can, yet turning them into precious stores to be of use to others? Little pennies, bright wee nickels, silver dimes, Oh the good they can accomplish when gathered and given by brave little hands! And Oh the sweets the little gatherers may get out of the pleasure of doing!

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

THESE are some of the things that a boy can do:

He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck
As well a rooster, hen or duck;
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a
cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-o-r."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and
plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still;
But earth would be—God bless their
noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 1898.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 11.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

Gen. 17. 1-9. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He believed in the Lord; and he counted
it to him for righteousness.—Gen. 15. 6

OUTLINE.

1. A New Covenant, v. 1, 2
2. A New Name, v. 3-5.
3. A New Promise, v. 6-9.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about Abram's kindness to
Lot. Gen. 13. 5-12.

Tues. Read the story of God's covenant
with Abram. Gen. 15. 1-6.

Wed. Read the lesson very thoughtfully.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn about the heavenly Canaan.
Heb. 11. 16.

Sat. Tell some one all you have learned
about Abram.

Sun. Learn how Abraham's blessing
comes to us. Gal. 3. 14.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was Abram now living? In
what city did he live? Where was He-
bron?

How old was Abram when the Lord
came to him? What did the Lord first
say? What did Abram do? How did

God tell Abram to walk? What did he
mean? What did he say he would make
with Abram? To what did he change his
name? What does the new name mean?

What did God say should spring from
Abram? What was given to him for a
possession? What had Abraham to give
in return? Why was Abraham so blessed
by God? Because he believed God.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I may be blessed, as Abraham was.
Gal. 3. 9.

That faith makes me God's dear child.
Gal. 3. 26.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

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

What has God made? God made every-
thing in heaven and earth, and, last of all,
he made man.

B.C. 1898.] LESSON VII [Feb. 18.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM

Gen. 18. 22-23. Memory verses, 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Shall not the judge of all the earth do
right?—Gen. 18. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Prayer, v. 22-26.
2. Persistence, v. 27-33.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the story of the angel's visit.
Gen. 18. 1-8.

Tues. Learn why the Lord told Abra-
ham what he would do. Gen. 18. 17-19.

Wed. Learn why Sodom was not a safe
place to live in. Gen. 13. 13.

Thur. Read lesson verses slowly and
thoughtfully.

Fri. Find why the Lord spared Sodom.
James 5. 16.

Sat. See if you can tell some one ten
things about Abraham.

Sun. Learn who may pray. Psa. 65. 2.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who loved God truly? What did this
cause him to do? Who came to Abra-
ham's tent door one day? How did he
treat the strangers? What did they tell
him?

What did Abraham know? What did
he fear? Who lived in wicked Sodom?
What could Abraham do to help? What
did he ask the Lord to do? For whose
sake did the Lord say he would spare the
city? What did Abraham fear? What
did the Lord at last promise? Was
Abraham's prayer a selfish one? Whose
prayers will the Lord hear and answer?
The prayers of the righteous.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus is my advocate with God. 1
John 2. 1.

That if I love God I will love others. 1
John 4. 21.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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

Did his soul come from the dust? No,
for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils
the breath of life, and man became a liv-
ing soul.

WISE WILLIS.

BY R. M. WILBUR.

"WHERE'S DAN?"

"Where?" sure enough! A question
more easily asked than answered, for the
faithful beast had been left in the pasture
over night. But who ever knew Willis to
hesitate over a difficulty?

"I'll find him, papa, in a jiffy." And he
was off, as usual, with Eunice at his side,
and Dot coming up behind.

But it was much more than a "jiffy"
before Dan was found, and then there was
shouting and laughter; and then dismay;
for there was the enterprising beast, with
head and tail erect, daintily but slowly
picking his way over the railway bridge.

"And the train is almost due!" ex-
claimed Eunice.

"And if we hurry Dan, he'll get into the
river!" said Willis. "I'll tell you! I've
got some matches, and we'll build a fire!
Help me, girls! Quick, now!"

Quickly, indeed, was it done; and not
satisfied with that, Willis, with his jacket
on a pole, and Eunice and Dot with some-
thing else, marched bravely toward the
coming train.

When the engineer saw the smoke and
the fire, and then the little company with
their signals flying proudly in the air,
he was perplexed, but putting on his air
brakes, he soon had his train at a stand-
still, and on inquiring what it all meant,
Willis told him. They received the thanks
of the engineer for what they had done,
for besides saving the beast they probably
had prevented serious accident to the pas-
sengers on the train.

The mother was proud of her children,
though she trembled a bit at their story.
And Dan? He would have thanked them,
if he could.

JESUS WHISPERING.

"WHAT is conscience?" said a Sunday-
school teacher, one day, to the little flock
that gathered around to learn the words of
life.

Several of the children answered—some
saying one thing, and another, another,—
until a little timid child spoke out,—

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Does Jesus whisper in your heart?
When you do right, does he approve?
When you do wrong, does he rebuke?
Does he make your heart sad when you
have sinned, and happy when you have
done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this;
and remember always to heed the Saviour's
whisper, and then you will, be safely
guided to his heavenly home at last.



DAINTY FLO.

WHAT a laughing rogue,
In Dainty Flo you see,
Yet, I know, you'll say,
"She's sweet as she can be."

GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

GRANDMA has come! O mamma, grandma has come!" cried Gracie joyfully, as she skipped to the door. Dick ran after her, shouting, "Good, now we'll have a merry time."

Little Neddie had forgotten all about the dear old grandma, so he stood very still and looked at her soberly, as she entered the room.

"Has Neddie forgotten grandma?" was her question as she took the little fellow in her arms, and covered his face with kisses.

"I forgot once, but I shan't never again," answered Neddie, as he slipped from her arms, and shyly watched her as she tried to unfasten her bonnet.

"Let me help you, grandma," said Gracie, and her nimble fingers soon untied the strings.

"Thank you, dear. My old fingers are cold and stiff. Yours are better. By-and-bye they may open my basket." She did not see roguish Dick peep into it.

"Yes, grandma, but I'll carry your things away first," and her willing feet tripped away with the wrappings.

When the last thing was put away, grandma said, "Now open my basket, Gracie."

"Oh, what a nice dolly!" cried Gracie, as soon as she saw the pretty thing folded so nicely in its dainty white blanket.

"I knew 't was there before you saw it," said Dick. "But dolls ain't much. What have you got for me, grandma?"

"Dick," said his mother, "Be patient. I think Neddie will have his present first, to-day."

"O Neddie, see this nice horse on wheels," exclaimed Gracie. She was almost as much delighted as Neddie with the pretty toy. His sparkling eyes shined with delight, although he said nothing then.

"Here, my boy," said grandma at last; "here is yours at the very bottom of the basket," and she handed Dick a handsome white-handled knife.

"Thank you; it's just what I wanted. You are the best grandmother alive."

"Is it worth waiting for?" asked grandma, with a quiet smile.

"I guess it is. I'll remember to be patient next time, I'm sure I will. The best often comes last."

After the presents had been sufficiently examined and praised, and grandma had eaten a good warm dinner prepared by her kind daughter, papa came home from his work, and the entire family gathered around the large,

old-fashioned fire-place for an evening's talk. Grandma then told them all about her home, and about her long and tiresome journey. Thus the evening passed very pleasantly away, and all felt that the presence of grandmother had brought additional sunshine and happiness to the household. Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honour her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

THE CADDIS WORM AND FLY.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

SOME queer little houses I am going to tell you about. They are built at the bottom of the river. But how are they made? And who makes them?

Only a worm that was at first a tiny green egg, fastened to some stem of a weed. But no sooner is the egg hatched, small as it is, than out comes the worm, and begins to build. He would be gobbled up by the fishes if he didn't.

Every one of the family builds double houses, and no two alike. Some are of dead leaves glued together, and very safe; some are of grass cut off and put together like a bundle of straw; a prettier one is made of shells stuck together.

As soon as the house is ready, our caddis worm moves in and hangs himself up by his tail. When he goes for his food he takes his house with him. When he has eaten his fill, he then makes a little silk door, and hides from everything. This door is a queer thing, a curious network all interwoven and fastened securely on every side.

What he does shut up in the dark nobody knows; but after a while he comes out of his little prison-house a beautiful fly with four beautiful wings.

His home is now in the air, and he has

forgotten he ever lived in the water. No more eating now, and his life is a short one, for he soon dies.

BESSIE'S OPINION.

BY M. HELEN FRASER LOVETT.

BESSIE went to church that day;
She had never been before,
"But she's old enough," said mamma;
"Three years old, and almost four."

She had promised to be quiet;
"No, indeed, she wouldn't cry!"
Holding tight to papa's finger,
Off she went with sparkling eye.

Wonderingly she saw the people,
Saw the flowers and the rest,
Gazed up at the lofty arches,
But the music pleased her best.

When it ceased, and came the sermon,
Bessie frowned and fidgeted;
"Sh, be quiet, Bess!" said mamma;
But she shook her little head.

Stood upon the red pew cushion,
Waved her hand in queenly way—
Toward the preacher—toward the organ—
"Man, be quiet! Band, you play!"

Bessie may have been a little out of order, but she seemed to like what all little people do—music, better than preaching. All right, let the young folk bring along plenty of music and the Band won't be dull, and the Superintendent won't go to preaching.

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A BOY came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not wish for some blackberries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind; the one who does a wrong always gets the worst of it.

THE childhood shows the man as the morning shows the day.