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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892

No. 1

THE SLIDE.

... is out, and
... are on their
... some, but are
... all in a hurry,
... see. These
... our particular
... who live near
... ther in a vil-
... about a mile
... half from the
... That sounds
... pretty long
... ut these boys
... ng and sturdy,
... ould not have
... lk a step less,
... lly on this
... ulfrosty after-
... hen the little
... n the woods
... h which they
... found to be
... solid. They
... ng to have a
... half hour on
... e they have
... Take care,
... you will have
... efore you get
... the slide.



NOT ALL.

... UNT RUTH.
...," said Wil-
... have given
... kel to' the
... and I guess
... ll they want
... Willie boy."
... unt Carrie

... voice so very earnest that Willie
... head to look her straight in the

... "Why, auntie, I thought it was just the
... money they wanted and nothing else.
... What else could there be?"

"Little folks can give," said auntie even more earnestly than before while her arm stole around Willie, "and they can pray, too"

"Why, auntie, what could I pray, a little boy like me? I wouldn't know a word to say," and Willie hung his head in some confusion.

"There is the very line in the prayer the dear Lord himself has made for little boys and girls: 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'"

"O auntie, I never thought of that before!"

"But you will think of it now, Willie; and when you come to it put all your heart and soul into it, and beg God hard to help the poor heathen understand, and to let his kingdom soon come on earth."

How many of our young missionary workers will pray that line in our Lord's [prayer as Willie boy's auntie

told him to pray it? It is not only the gifts, but the prayers of the children, that are to conquer this world for Jesus.

THE SLIDE.

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR JESUS?"

WHAT can we do for Jesus?
His work needs many hands;
New doors are opening daily
In distant heathen lands,
And eager eyes are watching,
The light of life to see,
While plaintive voices call us
To homes of misery.

What can we do for Jesus?
We'll help to send his light
To cheer the weary watchers
And chase away their night.
We'll answer those who call us:
"The Christ whom we adore
Belongs to every nation,
Our King forevermore."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

THERE is no form of Church service or instruction which deserves greater commendation than the Sunday-school. Its home-like manner of unfolding those truths which are the most important elements in the composition of the moral character to mankind renders it the foundation of all true greatness and goodness; hence it is, boys and girls, that if you desire to become great, good, and useful in the world, you should go to the Sunday-school. Its teachings will enable you to withstand the terrible temptations to which you are daily exposed. It will give your minds employment upon the Sunday while your bodies are resting from the labours of the week.

Boys and girls, especially those without homes, are more apt to fall into sin upon

the Sunday than upon any other day of the week, for business being suspended, they are without their ordinary employment and are more easily led into temptation, for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Then, boys and girls, as you all desire to become men and women of moral strength and purity, do not spend your Sundays in wandering about, but go to the Sunday-school, and there, surrounded by its sacred influence, you will learn those principles of the true, grand and noble, which will make you men and women of usefulness and power.

EDDIE'S PUNISHMENT.

"Now, Eddie," said Mrs. Langdon, as she was about to go away for a little while, "you must not go out of this room. Remember your throat has been very sore, and you should not breathe the damp air. You will remember?"

"Yes, mamma," said Eddie.

"Stay in this room, and play or read," added his mamma. "And above all things, Eddie, do not touch the fire. If it requires poking, ring for Jane; but mind that you do not go near it yourself."

"I won't, mamma," said Eddie.

Mrs. Landon then went out. And for a while Eddie played and looked at pictures and amused himself nicely; but, after a time, he grew tired, and, looking around, he saw that the fire was low.

"Now there's no use to call Jane, if mamma did say so," he thought. "I will just poke it a little, and it will burn all right."

He went over to the grate, and began gently to stir the coals.

Just then his sister Grace passed through the room. "Eddie, mamma does not allow you to touch the fire," said she.

"Well, I'm going to leave off now," said Eddie. But, when Grace went out, he did not give over poking. Instead, he kept poking and watching the sparks fly, and making them fly higher and thicker, until, at last, a coal fell out and lodged on his pinafore.

Eddie did not see it until his pinafore began to blaze. Then he was frightened and ran into the hall screaming for Jane. But before Jane could reach him he was severely burned, and had to lie in bed, in great suffering, for many days. I do not think anyone pitied him very much, for he had brought his own punishment on himself by disobeying his good mamma. Perhaps next time he will mind her better.

WASH ME AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW.

OVER there in the corner sits my boy singing,

"Whiter than snow,
Yes, whiter than snow."

"Harry, dear!" I call. "Come to window." The ground is covered with new-fallen snow, and I point, and say:

"You were just singing, 'Whiter than snow.' Did you ever see anything whiter than snow? Lay your little soiled hand against this soft drift on the window. Yes, I know you have been handling it. But if you wash your hand ever so often you cannot make it 'whiter than snow.' The stain of an untruth is on your hand. Would you like to wash it off?"

A sob answers me.

"Then go back and sing that song meaning every word of it, and Jesus will wash the stain away, and make your hand 'whiter than snow.'"

The tears choke the song now, but and-bye it rings out softer, sweeter than before, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

A LESSON OF TRUST.

SOME time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent but sick. A man who had feeling and kindness strongly developed went to him what he was doing there.

"Waiting for God to come for me," said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of answer and the condition of the boy whose bright eye and flushed face bore the evidence of fever.

"God sent for father and mother little brother," said he, "and took them away up to his home in the sky, mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no body to give me anything, and so I stay out here, and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, coming with emotion. "He has sent me to take care of you."

You should have seen his eye flash with the smile of triumph break over his face as he said. "Mother never told me a lie; but you have been so long on the way!"

What a lesson of trust!

A LITTLE WORD LOST.

A very little word
 Only the other day;
 A very naughty little word
 Had not meant to say,
 Only it were really lost,
 Should not mind a bit;
 Think I should deserve a prize
 For really losing it.
 If no one could ever find
 Again that little word,
 That no more from any lips
 Could it be ever heard,
 I assure we all of us should say
 That it was something fine
 With such completeness to have lost
 That naughty word of mine.
 Then it wasn't really lost
 When from my lips it flew;
 My little brother picked it up,
 And now he says it too.
 My mamma said that the worst would be
 Could not get it back;
 The worst of it now seems to me
 Is always on its track.
 My mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;
 Johnny has said it twice;
 Of course it is no use for me
 To tell him it's not nice.
 When you lose other things, they're lost;
 But lose a naughty word,
 And for every time 'twas heard before
 Now twenty times 'tis heard.
 It were only really lost,
 Then I should be glad
 That it fell so carelessly
 The day that I got mad.
 For other things, you never seem
 To come upon their track;
 But lose a naughty little word,
 It's always coming back.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 700.] **LESSON III.** [Jan. 17.]

OVERCOME WITH WINE.

28 1-13. **Memory verses, 5-7.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is
 raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby
 is not wise."

Who was marching against the king-
 dom of Israel? The king of Syria, with a
 great army.

What did the people do? They paid no
 attention to the danger, but kept right
 on with their feasting and drinking

What did Isaiah say would come to
 them? "Woe;" that is, sorrow and
 trouble.

What would become of their beautiful
 city? It would be all destroyed.

Did this really happen? Yes; in about
 three years Samaria was destroyed, and
 the people were carried off as slaves.

What is one of the great enemies of our
 country? Intemperance.

What will it do if it is not conquered?
 It will destroy our homes and ruin us.

How can we fight against it? By sign-
 ing the pledge and keeping it.

What else can we do? We can try to
 get others to sign it.

Does every one who drinks a little be-
 come a drunkard? No, but every drunkard
 begins by drinking only a little.

What is the only safe way? "Touch
 not, taste not, handle not."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

By what sign is it shown that the Lord
 is the Saviour of children? Children
 are baptized into the name of the Father,
 and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

What is "the Name of the Father, and
 of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?" The
 name of One God in Three Persons, blessed
 for evermore.

B.C. 700.] **LESSON IV.** [Jan. 24.]

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE

Isa. 37. 14-21; 33-38. **Memory vs., 15-17.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The righteous cry and the Lord hear-
 eth, and delivereth them."—Psa. 34. 17.

Who was Hezekiah? The King of
 Judah.

Who sent him a letter? Sennacherib,
 the king of Assyria.

What did Sennacherib say in his letter?
 He said that Hezekiah might as well give
 up to him, for God could not save him.

What did he say he had done to the
 gods of other nations? Overthrown them
 and cast them into the fire.

What did Hezekiah do? He went up
 to God's house, and told God all about it.

Should we take "everything to God in
 prayer?"

What did Hezekiah ask God? To save
 his people from Sennacherib.

Why did he especially want God to save
 them? So that every one might know
 that the God of Israel was the only God.

Did God answer him? Yes, he sent his
 prophet Isaiah with a message to him.

Does God always hear his children when
 they pray to him? [Repeat the Golden
 Text.]

What did God promise Hezekiah? "The
 king of Assyria . . . shall not come into
 this city."

How did God keep his promise? He
 sent his angel that night, and destroyed
 almost 200,000 of the Assyrian army.

What did king Sennacherib do? He
 went back to his own country, and never
 made war against Judah again.

What became of him at last? He was
 killed by his own sons.

Did the children of Israel ever forget
 God again? Yes, but not for a long time.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How must you remember your baptism?
 By seeking grace that I may become a
 true Christian and serve God and my
 Saviour all the days of my life.

Let me hear you repeat the Lord's
 Prayer? Our father which art in heaven,
 hallowed by thy name. Thy kingdom
 come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in
 heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
 give them that trespass against us. And
 lead us not into temptation; but deliver
 us from evil. For thine is the kingdom,
 and the power, and the glory, for ever and
 ever. Amen.

PERSIAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

In Persia boys and girls never play to-
 gether; even at home the inferiority of
 the girls is insisted on just as much by
 the mother as by the father. The little
 girls have to invite playmates of their
 own sex, but their games are never lively
 ones. They generally prefer to sit by
 themselves under the shade of mulberry
 or pomegranate trees in the garden, which
 is usually laid out in the court yard, sur-
 rounded on all sides by houses or high
 walls, and listen to fairy-tales which their
 mothers and nurses can tell very interest-
 ingly indeed. While there is very little
 companionship or love between brothers
 and sisters, there is no quarrelling and no
 fighting, either, between them; and the
 boys, while thinking themselves above the
 girls, show them many little kindnesses.
 But with all this, how much better it is to
 be an Canadian boy or girl like our
 readers, so free and happy in their home
 life, than even the most favoured child of
 Persia.



CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

CHILDREN in China are just as fond of fun as they are anywhere. While the majority of the people are very poor, yet parents are very fond of their children and do a great deal to make them happy. The boys and girls are very fond of flying kites, of which they have a great variety, and of setting off fire-crackers. Both men and boys are very fond of this amusement, and on certain holidays, notably on the New Year's day, everybody seems engaged in this sport. It is very sad to think of these millions of boys and girls growing up without any knowledge of God or Jesus Christ.

TIM'S DOVE.

ONE day when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost at the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat, but all at once he thought of the dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbour going by the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbour brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again.

"You will have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbour could speak, there was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

YOUNG HEEDLESS.

YOUNG Heedless is a boy
Who lives in every town.
His name? 'Tis sometimes John
Smith,
And sometimes Tommy Brown.

Young Heedless goes to school
When he can find his hat;
At home he loves to play at ball
When he can find his bat.

Of mittens, one is gone,
Of rubbers, two or more;
And on the very coldest day
He never shuts the door.

The hammer's always lost.
The saw left on the ground;
And when he wants his button-hook
It never can be found.

To buy a piece of beef
You send him to the shop;
He loses all the change he had,
And brings you mutton-chop.

For all these careless things,
And more than I could name,
Young Heedless always feels quite sure
He never is to blame.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

NOT to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room; put it in the pleasantest place and forgive to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.
To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that these are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a man without bad habits.

To observe all these rules and they are sure to be gentlemen.