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# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899

[No. 1.

## OUT IN THE COLD.

BY E. P. ALLAN.

"This is to be a very charming affair, Mrs. Gilbert—quite stylish, I assure you—and I hope you will let Essie and Frank attend."

"Is it to be a pay affair?" asked Essie's and Frank's mother.

"Oh, dear, yes; I am afraid you will be alarmed by the expense of it: each child subscribes ten dollars, or fifteen dollars for two. But"—seeing Mrs. Gilbert's look of surprise—"you have no idea of what a costly thing a fancy ball is, even for children. There are the lights, you know, that must be as bright as day, and the flowers for decorations, and the favours, besides the supper."

"Yes, I see," answered Mrs. Gilbert, "and you must excuse me from putting down my children's names; I do not feel able to afford the expense."

"You? Oh, Mrs. Gilbert!" cried the disappointed visitor. "Why, we counted on you. Nobody in our circle of acquaintance is so well able to take part in this affair as you are."

"I do not mean that I have not the money," answered the lady, "but that I do not

think it right to spend so much on the mere entertainment of our children, even at this Christmas season, while so many poor little ones are left out in the cold. No, Miss Carrie, do not insist, for my mind is quite made up: I am sorry to disappoint you, but neither Essie nor Frank can take part in your fancy ball."



OUT IN THE COLD.

While this visitor was saying good-bye, another was announced; so little Elsie, whose face was all in a pucker to cry, had to run back to the library sofa, and stick her little head down there, where the tears could be hid. Frank did not care much; he would have liked to go, of course, but there were plenty of things that Frank

to be, and snowy, as Christmas weather ought to be, too. They hurried along until they came in sight of a great house that looked like a palace, the windows fairly blazed with light, and Essie did not wonder that so much money was needed for them. Through these windows they could see masses of rich blooms, and delightful

thought jollier than a ball, and he went back to "Strange Stories of Adventure," after hearing his mother's refusal, without a sigh.

But Essie was keenly disappointed. She had hung upon Miss Carrie's glowing accounts of what it was to be like. She had not for one moment doubted that mamma would say yes, mamma, who was always so ready to give money when people were getting up things.

And what could mother have meant by the little children out in the cold, where were any little children out in the cold? While Essie's brain was working away at this question, Frank came into the room, and she saw with surprise that he was dressed for a party.

"Why, Frank," she cried, "where are you going?"

"To the fancy ball, of course," he answered. "Come along."

Then she saw, and wondered how it had happened, that she herself had on a fine dress, coat and cap, and that her fur tippet and muff lay on the sofa beside her. She took her brother's hand, and they sallied out into the street. It was cold, as Christmas weather ought

music floated out to their ears. They were just about to go up the wide marble steps, when Essie stopped suddenly with an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, Frank, there is one of the babies out in the cold!"

And there, sure enough, on the balustrade, with the light falling full on him, with snow on his uncovered head, was a little undressed baby.

"What makes you stay out here in the cold?" asked Essie, eagerly. "Why don't you come in?"

"I have no clothes to wear," answered the child.

"Oh, you can have my coat," said Essie, quickly taking off the little softly-lined wrap. The baby came down to the lower step and allowed Essie to put him into her coat; and then the three children went in together.

Nobody seemed to notice that the baby's feet were bare, or that his golden curls were covered with snow. Every child seemed to be bent on enjoying himself, without much thought of others.

"What great lights!" exclaimed the baby; "as many as the stars; where did they come from?"

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But why don't they take some of them down to the poor homes, where the children go to bed this Christmas Eve in the dark," asked the child.

"I don't know," answered Essie, doubtfully.

"How did they find so many flowers?" asked the child again.

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But," cried the baby, "those little children I tell you of have no money to buy beds or blankets; they lie and shiver this Christmas time."

Essie was silent.

"And can these children eat all that?" continued the strange child, pointing to the loaded tables; "there are little children that I know who are crying for bread; one bit of all this might save their lives. Come away; would you dare to stay and help to waste all this, while all those little ones of my Heavenly Father perish with cold and hunger?"

And Essie turned and followed him out into the darkness. She dared not ask the name of this strange, strange child, but she felt by the light in his eyes that it must be the Christmas babe, the Christ child, and, oh, how sorry she was that he should come and find them doing all for themselves, doing nothing for those little ones for whom he had come to die.

"Essie! Essie! wake up for dinner," said her mother, giving her a gentle shake to rouse her up from the library sofa. The guests were gone from the parlour, mother had changed her dress, papa had come in, dinner was ready—and all the rest was a dream!

But the dream made Essie very eager about getting clothes, and food, and blankets for those little babies out in the cold, and the mother gave each child the

ten dollars that would have gone to the ball, to spend in that way.

As long as she lives, Essie will remember the grieved and surprised look of that dream baby, when he found so many little ones taking their own ease and pleasure, with no thought for the little ones out in the cold.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

### ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE MINISTERS.

One night when a family were all gathered around the fire a little girl looked up and asked: "Papa, why does everybody like Eva, our neighbour's little girl? She has got a weak back, and can't play like the rest of us, and isn't often at school, and yet everybody likes her. How's that?"

"Why," said her father, "look at that lamp; it is a very frail thing, and doesn't make any noise, yet it makes this room very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light, and little Eva gives love; and that is why people love her."

Yes, that was it; Eva was always "ministering before the Lord," for they who love do always that. Won't you try, each of you, to be one of God's little ministers?

### INSTINCT OF AN OLD RAT.

On a very warm day in early summer, I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighbouring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently

placed before the chicken-coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, who immediately started towards it.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother raised herself on her haunches, and bit and scratched her offspring so severely whenever they attempted to reach the water that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behaviour of their mother. When the little ones were at a safe distance, the reasons for her extraordinary behaviour began to be revealed at once in the intelligent action of the old mother rat. She first whetted her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Does not this look very like reason?

### THE GRANDMOTHER.

A letter to one of her friends from a lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, says:

The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door, and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in the house?" I asked of my landlord.

"Ach Nein!" he said. "We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday!"

The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers.

PUSSY WILLOW

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,  
The maple sap is running,  
And on the highest elm a crow  
His coal black wing is sunning.  
A close green bud the Mayflower lies  
Upon its mossy pillow;  
And sweet and low the south wind blows  
And through the brown fields calling goes,  
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!  
Within your close brown wrapper, stir,  
Come out and show your silver fur!  
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,  
The bluebirds will be singing,  
And yellow tassels in the breeze  
Be from the poplars swinging.  
And rosy will the Mayflower be  
Upon its mossy pillow.  
But you must come the first of all—  
"Come, Pussy!" is the south wind's call,  
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!  
A fairy gift to children dear,  
The downy firstling of the year,  
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON X. [March 5.

CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN.

John 8. 12, 31-36. Memory verses, 34-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.—John 8. 36.

DO YOU KNOW?

What name does Jesus give to himself in this lesson? Where may we learn about the bread of life? [See Wednesday's Help.] Where are some beautiful words about the water of life? [See Thursday's Help.] What made the Pharisees angry? To have Jesus call himself by such titles. If Jesus is the light of the world, what is our only safe way? To follow him? What is it to "continue in the word"? To keep on obeying Jesus. What will this bring? Freedom. What is it "to know the truth"? To know and do what God bids us do. Who is the real slave? One who commits sin. Who is the sinner's master? Satan. Who only can deliver from him? Jesus. Why did the Jews want to kill Jesus? Because they loved sin and chose to serve Satan. What is the kind of obedience that pleases God? The obedience of love.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 8. 12, 31-36.
- Tues. Learn this beautiful verse. John 8. 12.
- Wed. Read about the true bread. John 6. 31-35.

Thur. Find an invitation to the heavenly water. Rev. 22. 17.

Fri. Learn what true freedom is. Golden Text.

Sat. Learn what Jesus will help us to be. John 1. 12.

Sun. Think—earnestly and seriously. "Am I a slave, or am I free?"

LESSON XI. [March 12.

CHRIST HEALING THE BLIND MAN.

John 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see. John 9. 25.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus still preaching and teaching? In and around Jerusalem. Whom did he see one day in the city street? A blind beggar. What did the man want? Money. What did he not know? That Jesus had something better to give him. What did he do for the blind man? What did he let the blind man do for himself? Did the clay cure him? Did washing in Siloam cure him? What will cure blind eyes now? Faith and obedience. What is the worst kind of blindness? The blindness of sin. Who is the Light of the world? When will that light shine upon us? When we look to Jesus. What was the blind man ready to do as soon as he was able to see? Tell others how he was cured. What does his story teach us? To come to Jesus for sight and when we have seen Jesus to tell others about him.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses. John 9. 1-11.
- Tues. Read about the blind man and the Pharisees. John 9. 14-17.
- Wed. Learn a brave answer to a question. Golden Text.
- Thur. Read about a second meeting with Jesus. John 9. 35-38.
- Fri. Read how another blind man was healed. Mark 8. 22-26.
- Sat. Learn a beautiful verse about light. Isa. 60. 1.
- Sun. Learn two things about light which all should know. 1 John 2. 10, 11.

HOW TEDDY WON THE BATTLE.

BY KATHRYN VERNON.

Teddy had had a severe cold for a week and had been looking forward to the next week when he could go out and coast on the hill with the other boys.

He read his Sunday-school lesson on Sunday with mother and sat a long time looking quite solemnly out of the window.

Monday morning dawned clear and bright, but Teddy awoke with a cough which sounded like croup.

"No coasting to-day," father said, and father was a doctor and knew what was best for little boys.

Teddy stood in the hall, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets.

"No coasting!" he exclaimed, and tears of disappointment shone in his black eyes.

"Not to-day," father replied as he went out.

Not a sound came from the hall after that, and mother turned at length, wondering if her son were crying his sorrows out alone, for he always came to her for comfort.

"You just keep still, you old Satan. You needn't think you're going to beat Jesus. I guess not! You tempted Jesus once and he wouldn't yield. And I'm trying to be like him and I'm not to yield, either! I will not sneak out and take a ride. Mamma would look so sorry, and she'd always 'member how I disobeyed father. No, sir! I'm not going to listen, so hush up."

This is what mother heard as she reached the hall door and she slipped quietly away.

The next day Teddy had his longed-for coat, and his black eyes shone with delight as he thought that besides having honest fun he had won a battle the day before and conquered Satan.

ROSIE'S PRAYER.

"I'd wuvver not," said Rosie.

A lovely little head nodded two or three times and two white bare feet started for the door.

Mamma sat very still.

In less than half a minute the feet pattered back again. This time a bright, roguish face looked into mamma's.

"I thought I'd make 'oo a visit."

No answer. Only a sorrowful look met Rosie's eyes.

"I'll det 'oo some pitty fowers. I'se dot some."

No answer.

"Nice mamma." Two tiny soft hands patted mamma's cheeks and a sweet mouth sought the kiss that was never denied. Still Rosie did all the talking, and slowly a grieved look answered the tears in mamma's eyes. "I—fink 'oo might 'peak to Wowie."

Then mamma's lips opened.

"Doesn't my darling want the dear God to take of her to-night?"

"'Oo'll take care of me."

"I can watch over you, but only God can keep away the danger and the sickness. He has been so kind to us all day and you haven't even said, 'Thank you.'"

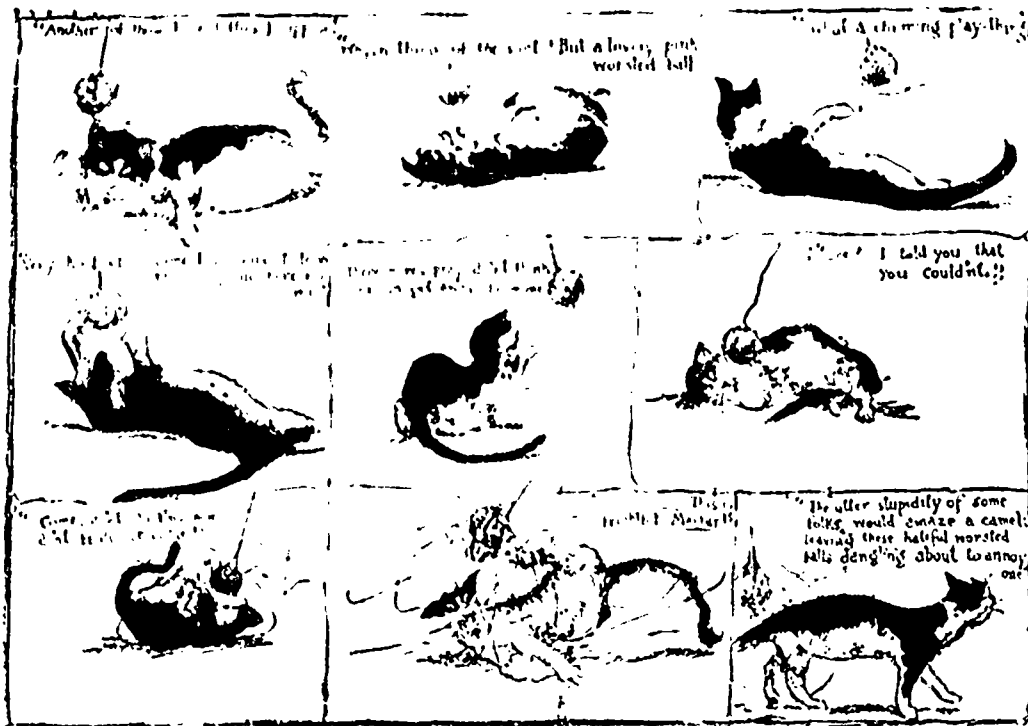
A long silence—Rosie pouted—leaned hard on mamma's knee—played with mamma's hands—nearly tumbled over—dug her toes into mamma's dress—and looked up with a face like a rainbow.

"I'll do it!" she said.

Very soft and tender was the little prayer Rosie repeated after mamma.

"I fink I wuvver would say my pwayers, every night," nestling into the soft pillows.

"God keep my little lamb always," whispered mamma.



PUSSY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE BALL OF YARN.

## A MORNING PRAYER.

Father, we thank thee for the night  
 And for the pleasant morning light,  
 For rest and food and loving care,  
 And all that makes the day so fair.  
 Help me to do the things I should,  
 To be to others kind and good,  
 In all I do in work or play  
 To grow more loving every day.

## THE SAME OLD TREE.

"Mamma," Joe cried, running in from school one morning, "you know the old elm Uncle Fred had cut down last summer, because he thought it was too near the house? Well, there is a new little tree growing in the very same place, and its leaves look just like the old ones."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried mamma, "for I did love that elm. You know my father planted it the day I was born, and I was so sorry when it was cut down. I wonder who planted the new tree?"

Papa looked up from his paper.

"Let's go and see it," he said; "I've an idea it planted it-elf."

So they all three went to look, and there, sure enough, was a beautiful strong little elm tree growing bravely in the sunlight and holding up its green leaves, each one as beautiful as those that had grown on the old tree.

"Where did it come from?" asked Joe.

"It's the very same old tree, Joe, in a new form," his father answered. "The root of the old elm was hidden in the ground, and now it is sending up this little tree, which may grow to be a much handsomer one than the other."

"This makes me think of something," said mamma, softly. "Long years ago was a country, and an enemy came and carried all the people away; and they

thought they never would have a country any more, but God had sent them a story to comfort them. He said just as a tree would grow from an old root, so a new people would come from them, and a new country, and when it came it would be the happiest to live in that ever was."

"What would be so happy about it, mamma?" Joe asked.

"Oh, every one would be so kind and loving and gentle, for a wonderful King was to come, and even the animals would forget to be cross. I remember one thing was that wolves and lambs would live together, and fierce, wild leopards and little kids would go to sleep side by side, and a little child could lead them, and the earth would be full of the knowledge of the Lord."

"And did it ever come true, mamma?"

"Not yet, dear, but it is coming true some day, when our dear Lord Jesus is King of all the earth, for it was his country the story told about."

## BEN'S BLACK DAY.

It was Ben Hardy's "black day." All the family knew it the moment he came to the breakfast table. There was that ugly frown, his mouth drooped, his eyes had no merry look in them as they so often had.

He had quarrelled with his brother all the time they were dressing. John was an easy, good-natured boy and kept his temper very well. This only seemed to enrage Ben the more. He seized John's comb and threw it with all his might down on the marble hearth. It broke, and Ben looked scared, but he flung himself out of the room and banged the door. His sister Lucy was in the hall holding her doll. Ben tried to throw it on the floor, but Lucy saved it. Bidy, the waitress,

had her share of Ben's temper. At last Ben's mother sent the boy upstairs to his room. Hours after Ben crept downstairs to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "my temper gets worse all the time, and Bidy says"—here Ben sobbed—"that I'll be an awful bad man some day!"

Mother drew her little boy very close to her.

"It is a heavy burden on you, dear," she said, "and you never can bear it alone, but God has promised to help you if you ask him. But he has told us that we must do our part, too."

"Oh, I'll do most anything!" Ben said.

"He has said that if we confess our sins he will not only forgive us, but make our hearts clean. Now, I think that, besides confessing to God, the least my boy can do is to confess to those he has treated so badly to-day."

Ben gave a great sigh. "Oh, I hoped it was being shut up—must I 'fess my sin to Bidy, too?" he asked.

His mother said, "What do you think, Ben?"

A little later Ben came running in: "I feel lots better, mother; I 'fessed up to everybody." Then he came close to his mother: "And I asked God awful hard to help me," he said softly.

## THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit out of all the money he made, and then always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give your grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing, he would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, which never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.