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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1884.

[No. 7.

EASTERN HOUSE-TOPS.

As the green herb, as the grass on the housetops.—King xix. 26.
 What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops.—Matt. x. 27
 They went upon the housetop.—Luke v. 19.
 Shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.—Luke xii. 3.

The rooms in the houses of Jerusalem have generally roofs of stone, built as a dome: this makes the chamber cool, as the thickness of the stone keeps out the heat of the sun. Besides this, wooden rafters would be very expensive, as wood is so scarce. Many of these domes are seen on the outside of the building, as the main walls are not carried up so high as the arch. In others, the outside walls being carried up higher, they are made level with the dome by a mass of stone work, so that the whole forms a perfectly flat roof, which is sometimes cemented, but more generally paved with slabs of stone, forming a yard, which such a roof may not improperly be called. Some of the parapets around these are of stone, others of pieces of rough pottery, something like draining tiles, open at both ends. These are built up with mortar, the ends being placed outward and inward. The holes of



EASTERN HOUSE-TOP.

and mother of the family sitting on the roof, and perhaps the children playing games, racing in and out along the domes. Flowers in pots are often placed upon the parapets. In the picture a woman is seen watering her flowers upon the housetop. These flat roofs explain the verses quoted above.

SAFE LITTLE EFFIE.

Suz came bounding down the steps ready for school.

"Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses.

"I can't come across the street," said Effie. "till the horses pass."

"O, pooh!" said Johnnie "clip across. You'll have time, the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!"

Down sat Effie plump on the stone step.

"I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "My mamma said never to

cross the street alone if there is a horse to be seen, and I'm not going to."

Just then the horses that a man was trying to manage became frightened at a kite some boys were playing with, and

some of them are then covered with plastering, and others left uncovered, so as to form a pattern or design. The wind can pass through the open part, and yet make a shade. At sunset you can see the father

broke from him. Away they went, right over the very crossing that Ellie would have taken. Ellie's mamma ran to the door, pale and trembling. She had seen those dreadful horses fly by!

"O my darling," she said, putting her arms around Ellie, "what danger you have been in!"

"Why, mamma!" Ellie said, looking up at her mother, with her eyes full of wonder; "I don't think I was in a speck of danger. You told me not to cross the street when I saw horses, and of course I wouldn't. So how could they hurt me?"
—*Leafy Fern.*

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1884.

A KIND HEART.

ONE sharp, freezing day in winter the door-bell rung. A group of rough-looking boys stood on the walk in front of the house, and one, a tall, uncombed, half-clad boy stood on the steps holding a poor little bird, half dead from cold and exposure, in his dirty hand.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but I found this little thing on the ground, and it's like to die. I thought a lady would know what to do with it."

There was a look of real sweetness on the grimy face as he spoke, and when he was told that the bird should be tenderly cared for, he said, "Thank you, ma'am," and hastened away with a really relieved air.

Who could help looking after the rough, ill-mannered lad with respect? He had a kind heart, and

"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

He loved the little, the weak, the suffering creatures, and wanted to help them. He knew that the little bird would stand a

poor chance in his wretched home, and he was afraid to trust it to the boys. So he did the best thing he could think of—put it into the hands of a lady.

All honour to the boy who cares for God's creatures! It is unmanly to hurt and annoy!

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

I AM but a little child,
Weak, and easily beguiled;
Foes without, and strifes within,
Tempt my little heart to sin.
Look in pity, Lord, on me,
Let me trust alone in Thee;
Let me on Thy bosom rest,
Clasp me to Thy loving breast.

Daily as I older grow,
May I more of Jesus know;
Meekly learning at His feet,
Wisdom's lessons pure and sweet.
Let me have His blessed mind;
Make me gentle, meek, and kind;
Let my words and actions tell
That I love my Saviour well.

With a meek and patient mind—
With a loving heart, and kind—
With a temper sweet and mild,
Though I'm "but a little child,"
Christ will be my constant friend,
He will keep me to the end;
He will take me when I die,
To my home beyond the sky.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SENT TO CHINA.

Buzz and Bess were at the seashore for the summer. All day-long they played and played until the sun went down. Buzz liked to play with the little girls; Bess was his sister.

One day they found a boat on the beach. They thought it would be nice to send it to China. They had heard something about China being across the sea. Their Sunday-school teacher told them of poor little children, also, who lived over the sea.

"Of course they all live in China," said Bess.

"Yes, there isn't any more over the sea but China," said Flossie.

"Let us borrow this boat and send them something nice."

"So we will," said Buzz, "something good to eat." "Something to keep forever and ever," added Flossie.

The children all went home to get something for the poor China children. Flossie brought a doll and some peaches. Bess

had her little arms full of blocks and books. Buzz brought two old tops, a Chinese puzzle and some doughnuts.

"Won't they be pleased!" said Flossie clapping her hands.

"We must send them a letter," said Bess.

"And write our names," added Buzz.

Bess ran for some paper.

"You must write, Flossie, for you make the best letters." So Flossie wrote:—

Dear China Children.—We are sorry for u and send u sum of our things. We live in Boston.

Bessie Parker,
Buzz Parker,
Flossie May.

The children put the letter where it would keep dry. They pinned it in the doll's dress. Then they pushed the boat away from the shore and saw it float off.

"It's most to China now," said Bess, so let's go and play church."

"It's only out to Egg Rock," said Flossie. But they played church and soon forgot the China children.

The next morning while the little friends slept an old fisherman found the boat. It was drifting out to sea. He laughed when he saw the toys. He carried them home to his children.

His little girl found the letter. When the fisherman's wife read it she said: "Bless their dear little hearts! They have made my children just as happy as any China children could be."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESU'S Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
Oh, that in my whole behavior
He my pattern still my be!

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature,
Guide me by Thy Word of Truth,
Condescend to be my teacher
Through my childhood and my youth.

Two boys were conversing about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one, "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" "No!" was the reply—"no, if God drove!"



BEHOLD THE MAN.

THIS picture shows our blessed Lord after He was mocked, and scourged, and crowned with thorns. Pilate brought Him forth and presented Him to the Jews, saying, Behold the man. We may indeed look upon Him whom our sins have pierced and be touched to repentance by His infinite compassion and everlasting love. How meek, how patient, how loving He was. Dear children, give Him your hearts, love Him with all your soul, and serve Him with all your powers.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

"WHEN I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, 'Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!'"
 "I often used to cease crying at this, and stand wondering to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry, too, to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one. One day I said, 'Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often.' He smiled, and said,
 "'Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that make

you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes. and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and have for bait good resolutidus and firmness.'"

"But, mother," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolutions away after a while?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandfather first told me, for I was such a very little girl, but I knew it was told for me in some way, and after a while I began to find out what he meant. He told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.
 "Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.—*Early Days.*

"ALL THE WAY."

BUT a youthful pilgrim, I,
 My journey's just begun;
 They say I'll meet with sorrow
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials too, they say,
 But I will follow Jesus
 All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it, joy or sorrow—
 And lay at Jesus' feet;
 He'll comfort me in trouble,
 He'll wipe my tears away;
 With joy I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,
 And pain I need not fear;
 For when I'm close by Jesus,
 Grief cannot come too near;
 Not even death can harm me,
 When death I meet one day;
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus
 All the way.

TEN LITTLE TOES

BABY is clad in his nightgown white,
 Pussy-cat purrs a soft good night,
 And somebody tells, for somebody knows
 The terrible tale of ten little toes

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
 Into the cupboard after the jam
 This little toe said, "Oh, no ' no '"
 This little toe was anxious to go;
 This little toe said, "Tisn't quite right."
 This little tiny toe curled out of sight

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed,
 This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
 This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
 This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
 Down came a jar with a loud slam ' slam '
 This little tiny toe got all the jam'

SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

DID you know that all the silk in the world is made by very little worms? These creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with silk. Men take them to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silkworm's. It is made up of a great many threads, just like a rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope, that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibres of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle.

When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making our paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the world.

This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but very little time to build a nest.

A FRENCHMAN is teaching a donkey how to talk. What we want in this country is a man to teach donkeys not to talk.

"OCK OF AGES, TEFT FOR ME."

BY REV. D. N. HOWE.

Up before the fire is made,
Nor of dark nor cold afraid,
Earliest of all the boys,
Busiest with childish toys,
Sarcely quiet during prayers,
Freest from all grievous cares—
Sings my little boy of three,
" 'Ock of ages, teft for me."

Cutting paper on the floor,
Cracking nuts about the door,
Running in and running out,
Leaving mud-tracks all about,
Making dirt for ma to clean,
(Never wishing to, I ween,)
Still he sings in boyish glee,
" 'Ock of ages, teft for me."

Riding on his "locipede,"
Whipping "hobby" to full speed,
Feeding chicks or "fassy" dog
From the wood-pile's top-most log,
Sings he still his favourite strain
Both as hymn and glad refrain,
Merry as the birds we see—
" 'Ock of ages, teft for me."

Now floats through my study door
Sweetest song of now or yore,
Sung at play, unconsciously,
" 'Ock of ages, teft for me."
Faster beats the father's heart,
Tears of joy do freely start;
And this prayer goes up from me:
" Let him hide himself in Thee."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 54.] LESSON I. [April 6.

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 18. 23-25, and 19. 1-7. Commit to memory verses 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them. Acts 19. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Apollos at Ephesus, v. 25-28.
2. Paul at Ephesus, v. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Paul go on his third missionary voyage? Through Galatia and Phrygia. What was his chief work? Encouraging and strengthening the disciples.

Who came to Ephesus in Galatia? Apollos, a learned Jew.

Of whom did he speak in the synagogue? Of Jesus, the coming Messiah.

How did Priscilla and Aquila help him? They taught him more about Jesus.

To whom did the brethren introduce him? To the Christians in Achaia.

In what city did Apollos publicly dispute with the Jews? In Corinth, the capital of Achaia.

What did he prove to them? That Jesus was the Messiah.

How did he prove this? By the Holy Scriptures which they believed.

Where was Paul at this time? In Ephesus.

Whom did he find there? Certain disciples.

What did Paul ask them? If they had received the Holy Spirit.

What was their reply? That they had not heard of the Holy Spirit.

What did Paul do? He baptized them, and laid his hands upon them in the name of Jesus.

What followed? The Holy Spirit came upon them.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

When will the Holy Spirit come into our hearts?

When we are ready to hear about him.

When we believe God's word about him.

When we open our hearts to him.

When we are willing to let sin go, that he may abide.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian baptism.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

May children receive the Holy Ghost? Yes: for God has promised to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh, and His blessing upon the offspring of His people.

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."

A.D. 54.] LESSON II. [April 13.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 8-22. Commit to memory verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deed. Acts 19. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Kingdom of God, v. 8-12.
2. The Kingdom of Satan, v. 13-22.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How long did Paul preach in the synagogue at Ephesus? Three months.

Where did he then teach daily? In the school of Tyrannus.

Who was Tyrannus? A teacher of knowledge.

How long was Paul in Asia? About three years.

Who heard him preach during that time? All the people, both Jews and Greeks.

How did God bless Paul's work? He gave him power to work great miracles.

Who tried to cast out evil spirits? Some vagabond Jews.

How did they imitate Paul? By using the name of Jesus.

Who were some of these Jews? The sons of Sceva, the high-priest.

What did the evil spirits answer? "Who are ye?"

What did the evil spirit cause the man to do? To drive them from the house, naked and wounded.

How did this affect the people? Fear fell upon all.

Why? They saw how great was the power of Jesus.

What did many of the believers do? [Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.]

How did some show their belief? They burned their wicked books.

What does this show us? That we cannot believe in Christ and continue to do evil.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Answer thoughtfully—

Can you love Jesus, and not let any one know it?

Can you love him, and not be ashamed of sin in your heart?

Can you love him, and not stop living an evil life?

"The face of the Lord is against them that do evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of Jesus' name.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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 forevermore.

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.

Two little eyes to look to God;
Two little ears to hear his word;
Two little feet to walk his ways;
Two hands to work for him all my days;
One little tongue to speak his truth;
One little heart for him in my youth,
Take them, dear Jesus, and let them be,
Always obedient and true to thee.