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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1892.

No. 7.

THE PET LAMB.

A LAMB is one of the nicest pets a child can have, for, until it grows too big, it is as gentle and pretty a creature as one could wish to see. In our cut the poor little lamb seems to have been hurt in some way or other that is beyond the powers of the old sheep to remedy, so this kind girl has picked it up in her arms and is soothing it, while the real mother looks up with grateful eyes as much as to say "thank you, I know that you will do what is best for my poor little injured child."

PAPA'S BOOK.

THERE are many wonderful sayings of little children well worth recording as evidences of their minds may be early brought under the enlightening influences of the Holy Spirit, in no other way can utterances so far beyond the grasp of their undeveloped intellects be accounted for.

Here is one of the brightest of these gems, which, coming from a four-year-old Baltimore youngster, gives it additional interest for our readers, as we have good authority for saying that it was uttered just as we report it.

The little fellow has a brother two years junior. A few mornings since he came running to his grandma, who was seated in a separate room from where the little boys were playing, and with his countenance showing that he was greatly distressed and excited, he cried out, "Grandmother! brother has papa's book."

"What book?" asked grandma quietly. "Papa's book." "Well, what book is it?" "Why the Kingdom, and the Power and the Glory."

He could not think of the name of the Book of books, but he knew it was the



THE PET LAMB.

Book which should not be handled for amusement or in play, for it was in that Book that he was taught of God as "our Father in Heaven," to whom belongs the Kingdom, and the Power and the Glory. Of course, like Timothy, little Rozzel has a mother and a grandmother by whom he is taught the Scriptures.

NELLIE'S ERRAND FOR JESUS.

COME, Nellie," said Mary, "with me to see Florence and spend the afternoon. She has lots of playthings, and we will have a beautiful time."

"No," said Nellie, very pleasantly. "I cannot, for I must carry some things to a poor family for mamma."

"Oh, no matter about that; come with me and have a good time, and let them take care of themselves."

"Mary," said little Nellie, "I wish you liked to help the poor. You cannot think how happy it makes one. My dear mamma tells me every time I carry anything to the poor, I am running errands for Jesus."

Mary went alone, but all the time she was at Florence's house something kept saying to her, "Did you do right in speaking as you did?" This little voice, which is called conscience, said, "How much better you would have felt had you spoken in a pleasant manner."

Mary stopped at Nellie's on her way home, and asked her to forgive her for speaking in such a cross manner, and said she wished she had gone with her, for she did not have a good time at all.

I wish you had seen dear Nellie, for you do not know how pleased they were, and the grandma said, "You dear little one, you are trying to walk in the footsteps of Jesus who went about doing good, and may God bless you!"

May all my little readers be willing to run errands for Jesus!

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

JESUS, I would come to thee.
And a little Christian be;
Help me walk from day to day
In the straight and narrow way.

All my sins do thou forgive,
Teach me how for thee to live;
May my heart be always thine,
And thy peace forever mine.

May my childhood and my youth
Be directed by thy truth;
And if later years are given,
May they help me on to heaven.

When at last my time is o'er,
And I dwell on earth no more,
May a heavenly mansion be
Mine in vast eternity.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1892.

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who is aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door, a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in

another room, or up-stairs or in the yard. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

A HOME FOR MOTHER.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequently sad example of novel-bitten runaway boys, bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a picture of filial love and duty like this.

Says a letter written from a Western city:

"Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there, a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

"I was struck with the countenance and the general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

"I then inquired where he got the money. He answered, 'I earned it.'

"Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave the following narrative:—

"I am the oldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often will return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help my mother, brother and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and when all is ready, will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for mother, it will secure her in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when he gets on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing attend your efforts to help and honour your father and mother."

"By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for his forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said, 'At last I have a home for my mother.'"

A BAD THOUGHT.

ONCE I knew a little boy who had a thought in his heart. He thought must "pay back" every bad thing that happened to him. He did not know that Jesus said we must do good to those who treat us badly, that we may be the children of God. If his little brother struck him he would strike him again very hard, and if one happened to step on his things he would run after him and strike him.

One day he was playing in the hay and struck at a wasp that was flying and it stung him. He got very angry and going down the ladder he ran to the house, and when his mother was not looking took some matches, and ran back to the barn to set fire to the wasps' nest which was up in the roof of the barn. It was not long before the barn was a mass of flames and smoke. The people ran and got the bad boy out, but his poor little brother was burned up. And all that he could do was to take what they thought were the ashes of his dear little body and put them in a silk case and bury them.

Many people get into great trouble because they try to "pay back" their wrongs.

A PREPARED PLACE.

It is not a very pleasant thing to go to a strange place all alone, to have no one there to welcome one, no place where one can rest and be at home, but to have to walk about seeking a lodging. How much happier it is when a friend goes before and makes all ready.

The Lord Jesus tells us that he has prepared a place for each of his children, so that when we reach that happy land we will not feel like strangers, but like children going to a new home, where all is prepared for them and every comfort waiting and where all the family will gather together in joy.

Have you a place prepared there, my dear one? The Lord Jesus will see that all is made ready for you, if you give him a place in your heart here. Many dear children have come to the Saviour here, and are now singing his praises in glory. Will you not go there too?

"In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare

For all who are washed and forgiven. And many dear children are gathered there,

For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

FOR A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little boys' mothers
Can find it all out as they do
If a fellow does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true!
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,
Or where the little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of crows,
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven,
Or clear as the ringing bells,
I know not! but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,
The moment you do a thing bad,
Are angry, or sullen, or hateful,
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,
Or tease a dear brother or sister—
That instant your sentence he knells,
And the whole to mamma in a minute
That little bird tells!

You may be in the depths of the closet
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in a cellar,
You may be on the top of a house,
You may be in the dark and silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter! Wherever it happens,
The little bird tells!

And the only contrivance to stop him
Is just to be sure what to say—
Sure of your facts and your fancies,
Sure of your work and your play;
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
The little bird tells!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1040] **LESSON II.** [April 10.

THE KING IN ZION.

Psa. 2. 1-12. **Memory verses, 10-12.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."—Psa. 2. 12.

What is this Psalm about? It is the prophecy of Christ and his kingdom.
What made David write it? God had

just promised him that his family should reign forever.

How was this promise kept? Christ our King was born from the house of David.

What are the first three verses of the Psalm? A picture of the nations and kings of the earth rebelling against Christ.

What made David think of this? The nations around him had just been fighting to overthrow his kingdom.

Do people now fight against Christ's kingdom? Yes, all wrongdoers are fighting against God.

Does it do any good to fight against God? No, all the powers of earth can do nothing against him.

What does God call Christ? His only begotten Son.

What does he promise him for his inheritance? The heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth.

What does the Psalmist tell the kings and rulers of the earth? To be wise and serve the Lord.

Is this the only true way to be wise?

With what beautiful words does the Psalm end? "Blessed are they that put their trust in him."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Moses? The deliverer and lawgiver of the children of Israel who led them through the wilderness.

Who was Aaron? The brother of Moses and the first high priest of Israel.

B.C. 1035.] **LESSON III.** [April 17.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

Psa. 19. 1-14. **Memory verses, 7-11.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Psa. 19. 7.

Of what do the first six verses of this Psalm tell? Of God's work.

What is the first verse? "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork."

How do the heavens declare God's glory? By telling us that God must be very great to create such wonderful works.

What else speaks of God? "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

How far do God's works proclaim him? Through all the earth, and to the end of the world, as far as the sun goes in his circuit.

Would a bad man understand this language? No, only those who love God read his goodness in his works.

Do the flowers and trees and sky make you think of God when you look at them?

What else do we need to tell us about God? His word; without that we could not be sure that he loves us, nor know the way to heaven.

What does the Psalm say of God's word? "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

What does "converting the soul" mean? Turning our hearts toward God; helping us to be good.

What are we told about God's commandments? "The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."

How dear should God's word be to us? More precious than gold, and "sweeter than honey."

Against what does God's word warn us? Against sin and its punishment.

What brings a great reward? Keeping God's words.

What should we all, like David, ask God to do? To take away all our sins.

With what prayer does the Psalm end? "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Priests? Those who were set apart to offer sacrifices to God, and who taught his laws to men.

Who was Joshua? The leader of the children of Israel, who brought them into the Promised Land after the death of Moses.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

As I was taking a walk early in September I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one tumbled and fell; and though not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—Ez.



THE EVENING PRAYER.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

THIS tired little girl is going to bed and her mother has just undressed her, but before her little eyes are closed in sleep she folds her hands and repeats a short prayer which she has learned from her mother's lips. She may be too young just now to understand all she asks for, but soon she will be old enough to value very highly the simple words of praise and thanks to her heavenly Father which she was taught at her mother's lap as soon as she could speak.

IN THE SWING.

MOST children are fond of the swing. The sport, however, is not always safe. Sometimes the insecure fastening of a rope, or some lack of skill in management, leads to a fall and painful injury. When everything is arranged with reference to perfect safety, and the person swinging takes good hold on the ropes, the exercise is exhilarating and pleasant.

But have you ever thought how many of the companions of our life take to the swing with the freest courage and poise themselves with safety in the highest altitudes. The birds are more at home in the trees than on the ground. Many of them, indeed, as our domestic fowls, and some others, spend most of their lives on the ground, and some are at home only on the water. But there are many species of

birds that seldom come to the ground at all. They obtain their food on trees or catch it in the air, and when at rest they are up in the branches of the trees.

Most of the birds build their nests in the trees, some securing them among the firmer forks or heavier branches, while others, as the beautiful Baltimore oriole for example, suspend their temporary homes by a delicate attachment from the slender outer branches. Here in a nest most ingeniously woven they lay their eggs, and when the young are hatched they swing to the motion of every passing breeze, while the mother bird contentedly sings:

"Rock-a-by babies, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will
rock."

It is wonderful that these creatures should feel so perfectly at ease in so elevated positions. But such is the structure of their bodies—of wing, foot and breathing apparatus—that they are quite as much at home in the tree-tops as we are on the ground, or as the fish are in the water. Besides the birds, there are many other creatures, especially in the vast family of insects, that are at home in positions where we could not remain for a single moment. So wonderful are the thoughts and ways of God, for in wisdom he has made them all.—*Children's Friend.*

THEIR RESOLUTIONS.

THERE were three little folks long
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution

"I will try not to make so much noise
And be one of the quietest boys,"
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion

JESUS LOVES ME.

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and a neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite his children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Summon little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the love of our Saviour, to believe and love him? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.
Morning Light.