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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

[No. 4.

## EDWIN TRIES TO BE OF USE.

My little friend Edwin is not quite four years old; but he likes to be of use in the world. When the snow is on the ground, he will put on his great coat, and take his shovel, and help the men shovel off the snow.

When the warm days of June have come, and the men begin to mow the grass, Edwin will take a rake, and try to spread the grass, so that the sun may dry it. As soon as the grass is dry, it becomes hay.

He likes to take a stick, and drive the cows home to the barnyard. The other day he tried to milk one of the cows; but this he found too hard work for so small a boy.

Then he thought to himself, "I can go up in the hay-mow, and see if the hens have laid any eggs there." So up he went; he looked here and there, till he saw a white hen sitting on her nest in the hay.

"Get up from there, old hen," cried Edwin, "and let me see if you have laid an egg." The old hen did not like to get up; but he took a rake and pushed her off. She scolded him well; but he did not mind that. To his great joy, he found four eggs in the nest.

Then he went where he found a black hen sitting. "Get up! get up!" he cried. The black hen made a great noise; but he drove her off, and found five eggs, white and warm, in the nest. So he put them in his apron with the others, and ran to take them to his mother.



Now the morning's come I'll raise  
 All my thoughts to God in praise;  
 Thank thee Jesus, Lord divine,  
 For the sleep that has been mine.  
 Guard and keep me every hour,  
 By thine own almighty power,  
 Help me to obedient be,  
 Unto those placed over me.  
 Young I am and weak, and so  
 What is best I cannot know.  
 Teach my heart to look to thee  
 Oh! how good I'll try to be.



## SAVED

A poor boy was picked up in the streets of London and taken to one of the good mission-houses in that city. There he was taught about Jesus and gave his heart to the Lord. He was afterwards sent with a company of children to Canada, where a home was found with a good farmer. He proved an obedient and clever boy and worked well on the farm. In the winter he went to school and learned well. He seemed to do everything well and the Lord was with him.

His adopted parents loved him very much, and when he was old enough they sent him to college. While there he gave himself to God for the missionary work in China.

He has now been thirteen years in China, and during that time has walked more than twenty thousand miles, telling the heathen people about Jesus.

He has just visited

his old home in London to try to interest Christians in missionary work. He says, "Do not neglect the missionary work at home. Try to save the street boys who have drunken, wicked parents. What would have become of me if some kind person had not taken me up and led me to Jesus?"

But Edwin was not a bad boy, though he now and then came to grief in trying to do too much. His mother forgave him for breaking the eggs, and now, when he goes to the barn in search of eggs, he takes a small basket and puts them in that.

THE new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed, "Oh, my. They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."

## THE REASON WHY.

"WHEN I was at the party,"  
Said Betty (aged just four),  
"A little girl fell off her chair,  
Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls  
Began to laugh but me—  
I didn't laugh a single bit,"  
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,  
Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—  
Had been so sweet and kind.  
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?  
Or don't you like to tell?"  
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,  
"Cause it was me that fell!"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1897.

## "TRY."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near. As the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days, you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up. Try, my boy, try." The boy's soul was aroused. His

sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Adam Clarke, who became the eminent Wesleyan minister and commentator. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

## THE FOX AND THE HARE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

IN a snug little grotto, beneath a high bank covered with foxgloves and ferns, lived a sly old gray fox. He was so very old that he could not go far to search for his food, so he was obliged to play all sorts of tricks to get it. One night as he sat at the mouth of his hiding-place, feeling very hungry from having had nothing to eat for a long time, he observed a fine, fat young hare lamely feeding on the juicy turnip tops.

"O dear!" sighed the fox, "If I were only a little younger, what a rare supper I could make of that young thing! But I can't catch her." Then an idea struck him. "Hem! hem! hem!" said he in a loud voice.

The hare was startled and looked round. "Sweet miss," said the fox, coaxingly, "I'm old and feeble, and I can't fetch my supper; will you get it for me?"

"O, yes," said the hare, who was a giddy, thoughtless young thing, but very good-natured. "What would you like? Some fresh, dewy clover?"

"Dear me, no," said the fox; "that would not suit me at all."

"O, it is delicious!" said the hare. "But what should you like?"

"Just walk into my house," answered the fox, "and I will show you the sort of things I like."

Now his den was strewn all over with the bones of rabbits and ducks and pheasants and chickens.

"Wait a minute," said the hare, "till I finish this turnip top." Then she skipped gaily up to the fox. "Now I'm ready," said she.

And so was the fox. He just gave her backbone one nip, and she was as dead as dead could be.

Do not listen to the fine words of strangers, whoever they may be. And do not choose your friends until you know something about them.

## A NEW KEY.

"AUNTY," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only a little word—guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is 'please,'" said the child; "aunty, it is 'please.' If I ask one of the great

girls in school, 'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, please do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the ends. If I ask uncle, 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, child, if I can'; and I say, 'Please, aunty.'"

"What does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"Oh, you look and smile just like mother; and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms around aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Perhaps other children would like to know about this key, and I hope they will use it also; for there is great power in the small, kind courtesies of life.

## THE BEST GIRL.

"WHO is the best girl in your school?" I asked of a group of schoolgirls.

"Lucy Jones," was the quick reply.

"What makes her the best?" I asked.

"She recites best," answered one.

"She's always ready, and never keeps the class waiting," said another.

"She never gets excused," said a third.

"She's never late," said a fourth.

"She keeps all the rules," said a fifth.

"She's really nice at play, and never gets angry," said a sixth.

"She helps me," said the smallest.

"And something else," said one who had not spoken before.

"Ah! what is that?" I asked.

"My mother says that Lucy loves and obeys God," answered the child.

Yes, that was it; Lucy was working for Jesus by setting a good example.

## IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," murmured Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting, "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labour when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"I, Dick; there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

TRUST in God, and always do right.

NO DEATH.

BY ELIZABETH A. BLOOD.

It was so drear to leave her there alone !  
I followed where my thought would ever  
turn,  
Though shrinking sore from sight most  
desolate—  
A mother's grave; alas! my mother's  
grave.  
The sun was going down, so like my hopes,  
To disappear in dark; but as I neared  
The sacred hollow where I thought to see  
The row of white stones and now, stoneless  
mound,  
Its dazzling rays shot level with my eyes,  
And by its splendour made invisible  
All save its beams. It was a token true—  
There is no death; the grave is swallowed  
up.  
Beyond, in love and light, my mother lives,  
And now, as ever, holds me in her heart,

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 21.]

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 6. 8-15; 7. 54-60. Memory verses, 57-60

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will  
give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Why did the apostles need helpers?  
How many were chosen?  
Who was the chief one?  
Why did wicked Jews hate him?  
What did they finally do?  
How did Stephen look as he listened to  
the false accusations?  
Who was falsely accused before this?  
The Lord Jesus Christ.  
What did the high priest ask Stephen?  
How did he answer?  
Why did his words displease the judges?  
What did Stephen say he saw?  
What did they do then?  
How did they kill him?  
For whom did he pray?  
What young man stood by to see him  
killed?

AM I—

Brave and faithful, like Stephen?  
Do I look to God in time of trouble?  
Can I pray for those who do me harm?

LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.]

THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

Acts 8. 1-17. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that were scattered abroad went  
everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What followed Stephen's death?  
Who was very active in persecuting  
Christians?  
What did many believers do?  
What good came from this?  
What did the apostles do?  
Where did Philip go?  
Who was Philip?  
Why did the people believe what he  
said?  
Why was there great joy in Samaria?  
There is always joy where Christ is re-  
ceived.  
Who was Simon?  
Where had he been?  
What did he now claim to be?  
Who came from Jerusalem to help  
Philip?  
For what did they pray?  
When did the Holy Ghost come upon  
the believers?  
Why could not Philip do this? He was  
not an apostle.

LEARN FROM THE LESSON—

That trials may do great good.  
That it is easy for a true disciple to  
help others.  
That Christ will not dwell in a false  
heart.

YOU CAN IF YOU WILL.

"You can if you will," said Harry  
Crossley to his schoolfellow the other day.  
The two boys were coming home from  
school together. I had overtaken them  
just in time to hear the remark.

"Can what?" said I to Harry.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Harry, look-  
ing up into my face. "I was saying to  
Willie that we can do most anything if we  
try. I want him to give up smoking  
cigarettes and join our temperance society."

"Well, I think that would be a wise  
thing to do," I replied. "It appears to be  
a matter of cigarette and will. Your  
friend must rule out the cigarette and  
every bad habit, or the habits will rule.  
This is the case with us all."

I passed on, and I thought how blessed  
it would be if all the members of our Sun-  
day-schools were as eager to advocate the  
principles of my young friend Harry  
Crossley.

Remember this: God will help all who  
ask him to give up their bad habits.  
Drinking, smoking, using profane words,  
and gambling are bad habits.

LITTLE Cornelia was teaching her little  
sister, Margaret, to print letters and words.  
For a copy she printed her the word DOG.  
Margaret took the pencil and carefully  
printed the D, and the O, and the G in  
their order, and then added to the lower  
end of the G a little crooked line. Cornelia  
took the little paper to inspect the work,  
and, noticing the little crooked line added  
to the G, she said, "Why Margaret, what  
did you put that little crooked line to it  
for?" "That's him's tail," was Margaret's  
knowing reply.

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

THE happiest child I ever saw was a  
little girl whom I once met travelling in a  
railway carriage. We were both on a  
journey, and we travelled a great many  
miles together. She was only eight years  
old, and she was quite blind. She had  
never seen all those pleasant things which  
we see every day of our lives—but still  
she was happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing.  
She had no friends or relations to take  
care of her on the journey, and no good to  
her; but she was quite happy and content.  
She said when she got into the carriage:  
"Tell me how many people there are in  
the carriage; I am quite blind, and can see  
nothing!"

A gentleman asked her if she was not  
afraid. "No," she said, "I am not fright-  
ened. I have travelled before, and I trust  
in God, and people are always very good  
to me."

But I soon found out the reason why  
she was so happy; and what do you think  
it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus  
Christ loved her. She had sought Christ,  
and she had found him.

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary  
said to me the other day. She had just  
been competing for a prize in composition.  
"I read my composition only once after I  
wrote it, and I never practiced it in the  
chapel at all." She was naturally far  
more gifted than Alice, who was her  
principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-  
wrote her article, and practiced it again  
and again. The day came. Alice read  
her composition in a clear, distinct voice,  
without hesitation or lack of expression.  
It was condensed and well written. Mary's  
could not be heard beyond the fifth row  
of seats, and was long and uninteresting.  
Alice won the prize. One remembered  
and the other forgot that truth so trite,  
but so aptly put by Carlyle. "Genius is  
an immense capacity for taking trouble."

LITTLE DAISY.

LITTLE Daisy has a box  
Filled with coloured building blocks;  
Then to pass the time away  
Dolls she has in great array  
Rag and paper, wax and clay—  
One for almost every day;  
Balls and slates and pencils too;  
Toys from China not a few.  
Yet she wearies of her play,  
Begs with her mamma to stay;  
Clinging to her mother's knees,  
Cries for "Tory, 'tory, please."

THE world generally figures up what a  
boy is doing to-day; while he is gassing  
about what he did yesterday, and what  
he aims to do to-morrow.

WHEN God is satisfied with us we shall  
be satisfied with God.

## MINDING MOTHER.

Boys, just listen for a moment  
To a word I have to say  
Manhood's gates are just before you,  
Drawing nearer every day.  
Bear in mind, while you are passing  
O'er that intervening span,  
That the boy who minds his mother  
Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures  
In this world we're living in.  
Those who start with prospects fairest  
Oft are overcome by sin;  
But I'm certain that you'll notice,  
If the facts you'll closely scan,  
That the boy who minds  
his mother  
Seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her  
counsel,  
It will never lead  
astray;  
Rest assured she has  
your welfare  
In her thoughts both  
night and day.  
Don't forget that she  
has loved you  
Since the day your  
life began.  
Ah, the boy who minds  
his mother  
Seldom makes a wicked man.

## LITTLE WAIT-A-MINUTE.

WHAT a funny name for a little girl! How do you suppose she got it? It was not given to her when she was a little baby, you may be sure of that; for no mother, unless she were an Indian mother, would give a dear, soft, cunning baby such a long, queer name. No; her real name was Eveline May; but she had such a way of saying "Wait a minute" that everyone forgot that she had a name of her own, and called her little Wait-a-minute.

Before Christmas, her mamma had a long talk with her, and told her that unless she learned to do at once what she was told, she would not grow to be the good woman everyone hoped she would be. She promised to try very hard not to say "Wait a minute" again. The next day after this talk, mamma sent Eveline to the library to dust; for there was only one girl to help mamma, and it was wash-day. Eveline went to the library at once, and she had begun to dust, when she saw a new picture book on the table. Down went her brush, and Eveline was soon very busy looking at the pictures, instead of dusting.

"Eveline," called mamma, "hurry with your dusting."

"Wait a——" began Eveline. Then her face grew very red, and she shut her lips quickly, and the book too. This was the last time she said "Wait a minute," and by Christmas Day every one of her friends called her by her own name.

A SMALL boy was discovered in tears at the breakfast table one morning, and, on being asked the cause of his grief, explained that he had been blowing on the red pepper ever so long, but couldn't cool it.



LITTLE EVA'S APPLE.

## LITTLE EVA'S APPLE.

LITTLE Eva had been staying with her grandmother in the country, and one morning the old lady brought her down a beautiful rosy apple to eat. Now, Eva was just going out for a walk, so she put the treasure in her pocket, meaning to enjoy it afterwards. As she was walking briskly along in the cold morning air, she noticed a poor girl picking up sticks to take home for the little fire her poor parents were able to afford at night. "Ah!" thought Eva, "how that poor little girl would enjoy the beautiful apple granny gave me this morning. I'll go and offer it to her." So the kind little girl ran up

to the other, and was well-rewarded for her unselfishness by seeing what great pleasure her gift caused. "It is better to give than to receive," and we are sure little Eva will grow up to be a really good and useful woman.

## THE LITTLE BUDS IN SPRING.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

If you look at the little opening buds in the spring of the year, you will find that they are wrapped up in such close coverings that the wind and weather cannot get through at all. These are the cradles in which the baby leaves are safely rocked all winter long. When spring comes, the warm sun unrolls this covering, and the leaves burst out into life and beauty.

These are their protectors, for if they were much exposed to the cold, they would die. These "bud-shields," as they are called, are quite thick. They are glued together with a sticky substance, which completely shuts out the rains and the cold. When the sunshine comes, the baby leaves are ready to come out.

When the shield has done its work, it drops off and falls to the ground. If you look at one some time, you will see how hard the outside is. The inside is lined with a sort of down, as soft as velvet which has been the dainty covering of all the coming leaves and flowers. Isn't it wonderful?

## A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown and white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a doorway. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and, guided by Dick's chirps, would leap to the perch, and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.

## KEEP THEM OUT.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out."