

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL X.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1889.

[No. 1.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A GOOD many years ago, a little girl of twelve years was passing the old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after that, she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner each time a book to read, from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped, six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives.



THE FIRST STEP.

Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her merciful work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.—*Family Circle.*

LITTLE ALICE

LITTLE Alice was one of my Sabbath-school scholars, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet winning ways made her a favourite with all. Methinks I can see now the soft, tender look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon me, as I endeavored to impress upon her opening mind the gospel plan of salvation. One day I said to her:

"Alice, what will you do when you die and are called upon to stand before the judgment-seat of God to answer all the sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion, as she answered;

"Christ died for sinners; I will hide behind him. God will not look at me, he will look at Christ."

LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.

OUR Kenneth went to Sunday-school
One pleasant day. He was but three;
But in his brand-new hat and coat
He felt quite like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well,
That grandma heard it with delight;
Kissing his rosy cheeks, she said,
"Now you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones
That round the teacher's smiling face
Were filling every vacant chair,
He quite demurely found a place.

And now what do you think he said,
When asked if he his lesson knew?
"Honor my papa and mamma,
And honor my nice grandma, too!"

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 50
Herean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 25
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Herean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTON,
3 Hurry Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1880.

A CHILD LOST!

A CHILD is lost in the snow. It is night; all is dark. One man has a lantern, another is blowing a horn, another is calling with all his might. Oh, how sad it will be if they do not find the poor lost child! It will die before morning.

It is a dreadful thing to be lost; yet the Bible says we are all lost in sin. We have gone astray like lost sheep. We have wandered away from our Father's house like disobedient, naughty children, and if we are not found we shall perish.

Now we see the tender love of Jesus. He says, "I will seek that which is lost." Down from heaven he came to seek lost sinners; and when the poor lost soul is found, Jesus calls, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep which was lost."

Dear child, what would you do if you

were lost in the snow and could not find your way home? Would you not cry? Yes, and those who were seeking you would hear, and would hasten to bring you home.

And what will you do when we tell you that you are lost in sin? Will you not cry out to Jesus, that he may hear and save you? This is what he says: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am."

He longs to be your loving Guide
In all your earthly way;
He wants to give you heaven beside—
How can you stay away!

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

JEZEBEL was not only the daughter of a King, but she was also the wife and mother of a King. Yet she was a bad woman.

She had a good name. But her character was unlike her name. We have known girls named "Grace" who have not been at all gracious, and others named "Mercy" have been harsh and unjust, and others named "Charity" have been often unkind. A good name does not make a good boy or girl.

Jezebel died a horrible death. Jehu wished her body to be buried decently, and the reason he gave was that "she was a King's daughter."

King's children may be either good or bad. You are all King's sons and daughters—the sons and daughters of King Jesus. And yet I fear many of you are not good. You may have good names, but you may not have good habits. Billy Bray called himself "The King's son;" so may you. Billy Bray lived the life of a "King's son," and so may every boy.

King's children have a beautiful home. Heaven is the beautiful home for King's children. A little girl was one night gazing at the sky when all the stars were shining brightly, and on being asked what she was thinking about, replied: "Oh, mamma, I was thinking, if the outside of Heaven is so beautiful, how very beautiful it must be inside." Quite right, little one, only the inside is far more beautiful than the outside can suggest to us.

Beautiful characters are found in the home for King's children. Jesus Christ is there; so are John and Paul, and many others. And if we are to live there with them we must be made beautiful. "The King's daughter within the palace is all glorious." We must try to live well here, so that we may be prepared for dwelling forever among the beautiful ones in the King's palace.

How should a King's sons and daughters live? You must learn to be generous. Children always think that kings are rich, and that young princes and princesses are well-dressed, well-behaved, and liberal. Certainly the sons and daughters of King Jesus, who receive so many blessings from Him, should be ready to give freely. Florrie was allowed to invite several little friends to her birthday party. She made up her mind not to invite those who often went to parties, but those who had very little happiness in life. So she asked the poor blind girl, the little lame boy, her old nurse, the girl who helped her mother at home, and deaf and dumb Tommy. They all came, or were brought, and they had a good time together. That is the way in which kings' sons and daughters should act. Be generous and kind.

Learn to be noble. You may all be real princes and princesses, belonging to the great palace of your King. Should you not try to live like little princes and princesses? You must try.

The best way of learning how to be and do all this, is to try never to displease your King. Jesus cares for all his children, and if he sees that you are trying to be like him, he will help you; and every day the King will watch over all his little princes and princesses, and assist you to become good and noble King's sons and King's daughters.

WRITING IT DOWN.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny note-book from his pocket and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterward he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true, every word of it; "for somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down." By-and-by, whenever uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down; we'll not say any more naughty words." The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of a Book where every thought and word and deed is written down. As time passes we forget that we have been so naughty, but it is all there against us, and when the book is opened we will find much written there that we would gladly erase. Dear little friends, the pages of your life are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed.

A LITTLE SCHOLAR.

WHILE their lessons for the morrow
All the other children learn,
Oft I see a tiny toddler
With a look of grave concern.
On her lap she spreads a volume,
And a clothes-pin is her pen;
By herself she softly chatters:
"Four and six and two and ten."

In her quiet little corner,
On her brow a studious frown,
How she pores above those pages
(They are just now upside down)
Till the bee-like droning ceases!
If I beg my little wren
For a kiss, I get this answer:
"Four and six and two and ten."

At his very busy playmate
Pussy looks with blinking eyes;
Then she stands him in the corner,
Very much to his surprise.
And she holds the book before him,
Though he mews a protest then:
She is teaching pass his lesson—
"Four and six and two and ten."

In the tranquil hush of bedtime,
When the good-night kisses fall,
From her lonely little corner
My wee scholar then I call,
And I ask how much she loves me,
Press her rose-lips once again,
While she hugs me and she whispers:
"Four and six and two and ten."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 27.] **LESSON III.** [Jan 20
HEALING THE LEPER.

Mark 1. 31-45. Commit to mem. vs. 40, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed. Mark 1. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. Praying, v. 35.
2. Teaching, v. 36-39.
3. Healing, v. 40-45.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus go in the early morning?
To a solitary place.
Whom did he go to meet? God, his Father.
Why did Jesus need to pray? Because he was man as well as God?
Who followed him to the place of prayer? Simon Peter and others.

What did they tell him? That all men were seeking him.

What did Jesus say? That he must go to other towns.

What did Jesus do throughout Galilee? He preached, and cast out devils.

Who came to him for healing? A leper.

What did the leper say to Jesus? "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

What did this show? Strong faith in Jesus.

What did Jesus do? He healed the leper.

How did he heal him? By his word of power.

What did the man do? He went out, and told what Jesus had done.

Of what is leprosy the type? Of sin.

Who only can cure sin? God.

When may a sinner be cured? When he goes to Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

IF { Thou wilt,
Thou canst
Make me clean
Jesus says, "I will." } { In body,
In mind,
In spirit.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The God-man.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

16. *Who was Judas?* The wicked apostle, who betrayed the Lord with a kiss.

A.D. 27.] **LESSON IV.** [Jan. 27

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

Mark. 2. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Psa. 103. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. Forgiving Iniquities, v. 1-5.
2. Healing Diseases, v. 6-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To what city did Jesus come again? To Capernaum.

Who came to see and hear him? Great crowds of people.

What did Jesus preach to them? The word of God.

Who was brought to him? A man sick of palsy.

How did his friends bring him? They carried him lying on his bed, or mat.

Why could they not get to Jesus? Because of the great crowd.

What did they do? They carried the sick man to the roof.

What did they then do? They opened the roof and let down the sick man.

Why was Jesus pleased with this? Because it showed strong faith.

What did Jesus first do for the sick man? He forgave his sins.

Why did this offend the priests? They did not think Jesus was the Son of God.

What did Jesus then do? He cured the man's body.

What did he command the sick man to do? To take up his bed and go home.

What did this prove? That Jesus had the right to forgive sins.

Why had he the right to do this? Because he was the Son of God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Real faith makes us { Go to Jesus for ourselves.
Take our friends to him.
Refuse to be discouraged in trying to get to him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17. *Who was Caiaphas?* The high priest who condemned Christ.

ONE DAY.

A LITTLE boy whose name was Andy, told his mamma one morning that he did not want to go to school. She was surprised and sorry to hear that; for if little boys and girls do not go to school while they are young, they will grow up without knowing a great many things that they ought to know. She was right in saying he ought to go; and when he kissed her good-bye, she thought he was going, like a good boy. Just outside the fence he pulled the bough of the apple tree over, and filled his pockets with apples. His kind papa would have given him all the apples he wanted if he had asked him for them, but he knew it was mean and wrong for him to sneak them off in this way. Even when he had them, he did not care to eat them.

When he came to the bars at the end of the lane, he climbed up and sat there, thinking that he wished he did not have to go to school, until he heard the bell ring in the distance, and knew it was too late. Then he was ashamed to go. Then dog Carlo, who was out in the field chasing some birds that he had frightened up, saw him, and came to have a romp with him, but was surprised when Andy only spoke cross and drove him back home.

A SELFISH SISTER.

"Did you divide that chocolate with your little brother?"

"Yes ma."

"Did you divide it fairly?"

"Yes, ma; I ate the chocolate, and gave him the paper with the pretty pictures. He likes to look at the pictures."

What a generous, thoughtful sister!



A HOLE THROUGH THE HAND.

ROLL up a piece of paper, so that it shall make a tube as large around as a two-cent piece, and as long as your hand, take this between the thumb and two fingers of your right hand; hold it to your right eye; place the other end between the thumb and first finger of your left hand, holding the back of the hand towards you; keep both eyes open, and look at some object about three feet from you, and there will appear a hole right through your left hand. The effect is very curious.

WHAT PUSH CAN ACCOMPLISH.

THE first experience of a millionaire merchant at Philadelphia on his arrival in this country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said, "I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied:

"Work, young man. Have you any motto?"

"No," I said. "What do you mean?"

He said:

"Every man must have a motto. Now, think of one. Go out and hunt for work."

"I started, thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'push.' I said, 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at that door and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said, 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence, and I ventured to ask you for work.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last:

"I want a boy of push, and as you have adopted that for your motto I will try you."

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short, and crisp, but

it expresses everything, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.

MOTHERS KNOW BEST.

Now, Rosalinda Waterline,
Don't shut your mouth up tight
And 'fuse to take your medicine,
Because that isn't right.

Don't cry and make an ugly face,
And say you'll spit it out;
I'm doing this to make you well,
And so you mustn't pout.

For mammas always know what's best,
E'en little ones like me;
They hate to 'stress their little girls,
But have to—don't you see?

Once I was such a naughty girl,
And 'haved and fussed just so
When mamma gave me things to take;
But that was long ago.

Since I have growed so very big,
And lots of lessons say,
I've learned this verse from God's own Book:
"Children, you must obey."

For God makes mammas very wise;
They always know what's best.
Come now and drink this bottle down;
Some day you'll take the rest.

"GOOD ENOUGH" BOYS.

"I MADE a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper," said Fred Carroll, petulantly, "and it wouldn't run."

"So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work."

"How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously. "I do everything just according to the book, but somehow nothing comes out right."

George smiled, as he answered quietly, "I can account for it very easily, because I saw you make both the sled and the telephone, and you didn't make them according to directions."

"What do you mean?" demanded Fred, flushing up. "Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness," replied George, gravely. "Now, don't get angry, Fred, and I will tell you what I noticed. When you made the telephone you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it, you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I know that," admitted Fred, "but I thought it would do."

"Of course you did! Then in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurements. You nailed the forward cross cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob, and the guards were so low down that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled."

"And I broke it up," exclaimed Fred, crossly. "It was no good."

"It was a 'good enough,' sled," said George, with a smile. "Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed some and made mistakes in others, and to every objection you replied that it was good enough. That generally means not good at all."

Fred turned angrily away from his friend, but he knew he was right.

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy who skims his lessons, or does the home chores in a careless fashion.

"Good enough," boys rarely attain more than subordinate positions, and if by any chance they get into a position of trust, they cannot keep it. It is the thorough boy, the careful boy, the exact boy, who makes his mark in the world.

YOU CANNOT RUB IT OUT.

ONE pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little girl, five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left her play to stay with her, and was amusing herself in printing her name with a pencil on paper. Suddenly her busy fingers stopped. She had made a mistake; and, wetting her finger, she tried again and again to rub out the mark, as she had been accustomed to do on her slate.

"My daughter," said her mother, "do you know that God writes down in a book all that you do? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders or pout your lips; and, my dear, you can never rub it out."

The little girl's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down her cheeks. Her mother looked earnestly on her, but she said nothing more. At length she came softly to her side, threw her arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the record of your sins, for it is written in God's holy word, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."