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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

[No. 3]



WINTER IN SWITZERLAND.

WINTER IN SWITZERLAND.

Switzerland is a most delightful country to visit in summer time—the valleys are so green, the mountains are so sublime, and the sky, as seen against the snow-crowned peaks, is so intensely blue. Then the sunrise and sunset light on the mountains produces an effect of unearthly

loveliness. But in the winter it must be rather dreary. The snow falls to a great depth, and the paths from village to village are often completely blocked up.

But Swiss boys and girls are, I suppose, like boys and girls the world over, and get great fun out of snowballing and other winter sports. The picture shows us a characteristic Swiss scene. The suspicious

looking boy standing by the steps is trying to hide the snow-balls in his hand till the young "maiden," or school girl, and her brother get past, when he and the urchin behind them intend to give them the benefit of a snow ball salute.

The queer overhanging roofs of the houses will be noticed, and outside stairways and galleries. Sometimes the houses

are covered all over with shingles nicely rounded at the end, which look like the scales of huge fish, and frequently the timber fronts are carved and painted with texts of Scripture. Very often the lower story of the house is used as a stable for cows or goats, and the people live in the second story.

The Swiss are a very kind-hearted and hospitable people, and in the Protestant cantons, notwithstanding the general poverty of the country, they are very thrifty and comfortable.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

LITTLE HELPERS.

What do little people like best to do? to play? to make the funny figures 1, 2, 3 stand in straight rows on their slates? Yes; but isn't the best thing helping mother or father in their very own work? Edith had such a happy playtime because she had first wiped the breakfast dishes and shelled the peas for dinner. Charlie found father busy pulling morning-glories from among his tomato-vines, and went to work with a will. "I think this little workman deserves a blackberry dumpling for dinner," called father when mother came to the window. But little children and grown people too find that there is nothing so good as being helpers to Jesus. Everything kind you do is a help to him. A cup of cold water, a happy face, a kind word—these are little things, but Jesus will know about them, and be glad.

MAKING CALLS IN JAPAN.

A missionary of the Episcopal Church, now at work in Japan, gives the following amusing account of "society calls," as made in that country. She says:

"When a Japanese caller comes to see

me we both kneel down on the floor, leaning back on our heels, and I say, 'O-to-ki-nao-sai,' which literally translated, means, 'Hang your honourable hips' or in our words, 'Please be seated.' Then we each bow twice very low, so low that our foreheads nearly touch the floor. Then the Japanese says, 'Thank you,' and I say, 'No trouble at all,' and then we both touch our foreheads to the floor again, taking long breaths so that they can be distinctly heard. Then I say, 'O-mat-ri-hakari-masa,' which is, 'Let me hang on your honourable eyelids;' or, in good English, 'I am glad to see you.' Then, as I understand so little of the language, I have an interpreter called in, and after going through all those bows again, she does the rest of the talking. I get pretty tired sometimes, sitting on my heels, and when I go to see a Japanese I have to remove my shoes before entering the house, and then my feet get pretty cold. But it has to be done, for it is a great insult to the Japanese host to keep the shoes on."

ACCOMMODATING FIREMEN.

A young man from the country was going along a street in Philadelphia the other day, a newspaper writer informs us, when he came to an engine house, and, with the usual interest—not to say curiosity—of country folks, stopped in front of it.

"Have many fires in this town?" he inquired of one of the firemen standing in the door.

"We have 'em pretty often," replied the other.

"Do you have to go to all of them?"

"No; not unless they're in our district, or there's a general alarm."

"Ever try to see how quick you can hitch up?"

"O yes."

At that instant there came an alarm. At the first stroke of the gong the men ran to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, the horses ran out and were quickly hitched to the hose-cart, and within a few seconds men, horses, and cart were out of the door and speeding down the street.

The young man watched the performance with undisguised admiration.

"Well, now," he exclaimed, "that's something like! There ain't many towns in this country where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they could do."

THE SOLDIER BOYS.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

Little Dennis had been to kindergarten and he loved to play "Soldier Boy." When the carpenters were building a new house near where Dennis lived, he picked up a short lath one day and began to march up and down with it, singing in his sweet little voice:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly the red, white and blue?"

I go where my country and duty are calling.
If you'll be a soldier boy, you may come too."

Dennis was soon joined by Fritz, Pierre and Manuel, and when little Maggie and Gretchen saw the fun, they came running out too for a lath. Down one block marched the gay little band. Then they turned a corner and went on two or three blocks further.

Suddenly the soldier band met a baby carriage—such a baby carriage!—with a real silk flag waving over it, and in front, on tiny trucks, so he could 'go,' was the dearest hobby horse!

In the midst of all this elegance sat a little lonely boy. There was a discontented frown on his face and he held the reins as if he couldn't possibly 'make believe' that the hobby horse could go.

The soldier band started to march on, but the little boy jumped out of his carriage with his silk flag in his hand.

"I want to lead!" he cried. But the soldier band marched straight on with Dennis at their head, leaving him on the crossing looking after them.

He was still there when they came back. "Say," he said sheepishly, "don't you want a team and a real flag in your procession? One of you can ride in the carriage and drive and somebody can ride on the horse if they want to—and I'll push!"

The soldier band did want a team and a real flag in their procession, and they were all having the very happiest time imaginable when their respective mothers came around the corner, bareheaded, and scolding the runaways loudly.

The little boy sadly climbed back to his lonely seat. "What jolly fun!" he thought. "I wonder why they wouldn't play with me at first, though!"

But I think I know why—don't you, boys and girls?

THE THREE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight.
One had a mouse, the others had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

As we said before, 'twas a stormy night
When the three kittens began to fight;
The old cook seized her sweeping-broom,
And swept the kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And these three kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old cook finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in as still as mice,
All wet with snow and cold as ice,
And found it better that stormy night,
To sleep in peace than to quarrel and fight.

THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and
petted little elf;
For she never helps her mother, nor her
sister, nor her brother;
But, forgetting all around her, lives en-
tirely for herself.
So she simpers and she sighs,
And she mopes and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours
flee,
Now let me tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can
be,
And I fear she's not the little maid
for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I have often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's a
prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her
sister, and her brother,
And lives for all around her, quite regard-
less of herself;
So she laughs and she sings.
And the hours on happy wings
Shower gladness round her pathway as
they flee.
Now, need I tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be.
This is surely just the little maid
for me.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.]

CHRIST FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

John 6. 1-14. Memory verses, 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the bread of life. John 6. 35.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 6. 1-14.
- Tues. Read the same story told by Luke. Luke 9. 10-17.
- Wed. Find the same story in Mark's gospel. Mark 6. 32-44.
- Thur. Read the account given by Matthew. Matt. 14. 13-21.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn a verse which shows the Lord's thought for us. Psalm 103. 4.
- Sun. Think what you can do to give the bread of life to others.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where had Jesus been at work for a year? In Galilee. What kind of work did he do? Where did he go then? Who followed him, and why? Where did he go

to rest? Into the green fields near Bethsaida. What are these quiet places called in the Bible? Desert places. Did Jesus send the people away so that he might rest? No, he taught and healed them. What more did he do? He fed them. Where did he get the food for so many? He made it. How could he do this? Because he was the great God. What did Andrew tell Jesus? That a little boy had five loaves and two small fishes. What did Jesus do? He blessed the loaves and fishes, and they grew in his hands. Do you think the lad was glad to have his unch used? What shows the wisdom of keeping close to Jesus? [Notice that the disciples who fed the people had to take the food from Jesus.]

LESSON XI. [Feb. 26]

CHRIST AT THE FEAST.

John 7. 14, 28-37. Memory verses, 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. John 7. 37.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. John 7. 14, 28-37.
- Tues. Read of the interest in Jesus. John 7. 11-13.
- Wed. Find how Jesus taught in the temple. John 7. 15-24.
- Thur. Read about the Feast of Tabernacles? Lev. 23. 39-43.
- Fri. Learn by what authority Jesus spoke? John 7. 39.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Find out why the officers did not arrest Jesus. John 7. 45-47.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus now? What feast was held in Jerusalem at this time? What was this feast like? Was it a happy time? Yes; there was much marching and singing and rejoicing. It was like a long, delightful picnic. Where did Jesus teach during the week? Who loved to hear him? Many who had seen his miracles and believed on him. Who were his bitter enemies? The priests and rulers of the Jews. What did they finally do? They sent officers to arrest him. Did they do it? No; they did not dare. What beautiful ceremony was held at this feast? What did the water stand for? The gift of the Holy Spirit. What did Jesus cry to the people on the last day of the feast? Golden Text. Who was Jesus? The Messiah. Why did not the people believe this? Some did, but others were afraid of the priests. What is offered to us now? The same water of life.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of the heart come all the issues of life.

THE DOLLS ARBOUR DAY

When Gertie and Sadie went into the woods on Arbour Day they got some tiny evergreen trees. Mother gave them a part of her garden and here they planted the trees in two short rows one row for each little girl.

"I am going to name the trees in my row for my dolls," said Gertie. "This is Dinah. Here is Susan and there is Janet Ann."

"And I'll name my trees for my doll, too," said Sadie, "and let the dolls play water them every day with my little tin sprinkler. But let's take these trees we haven't any room for over to Lottie's dollies. Poor Lottie is sick all the time."

All right," answered Gertie. So the two little sisters hurried with the trees to Lottie's sick-room.

"We've brought Arbour Day to you and your dollies," cried Sadie.

"O what darling trees!" exclaimed the pale-faced Lottie. "Please get a wooden box, mother, full of earth, and let me sit up in bed and plant them with my own hands."

Mother brought the box of earth and Lottie planted the trees. These play woods stood on the stand by her bedside a long, long time. Many a picnic her dollies had there. And when Christmas came all these trees were Christmas trees and hung with presents for Lottie's dolls.

GOOD RULES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The rules of Elizabeth Fry, the benefactress, are equally appropriate for young people. They are as follows.

1. Never lose time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation every day, but be always in the habit of being employed.
2. Never err the least in truth.
3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.

Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is difficult, put confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

WHICH WAS WORSE.

Little Dorothy came very early to her mother one morning, saying

"Which is worse, mother, to tell a lie, or steal?"

Her mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said Dorothy, "I have been wondering a good deal about it and I think it's worse to lie than to steal, mother. If you steal a thing you can take it back, less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."



A CHINESE DANDY.

Heigho! now doesn't this old fellow look like a regular guy? Well, that is just what he is. Isn't he gotten up in style, though? I dare say he thinks there was never such style before.

You didn't know they had dandies in China, did you? But you see they have. Well, when we compare the style with that affected by some of our own dudes, it isn't so bad after all, is it? Really, if this fellow didn't have that fan and parasol, he'd be right respectable in comparison.

The Chinese are very fond of dressing, as people are elsewhere, for that matter. On festival days, especially, they may be seen on the streets arrayed in the most gorgeous attire they can procure. The mothers begin early with the children, and one of the first desires of a Chinese boy's heart is to have a coat with as many colours as can be gotten into it. The shoes, caps, and collars of the babies are decorated too, with all manner of gay-coloured embroidery.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

There were two of Miss Kate's little boys away from Sunday-school last Sunday: Charley and Dave. Charley was getting dressed to go when Dave came in to see him.

"I'll be ready in a minute," said Charley.

"Ready for what?" said Dave.

"Why, for Sunday-school."

"I'm not going."

"Why not?"

"O, it's more fun here; I don't care

about going; I have come to see you instead."

Charley looked sober.

"But I was just about to start," he said.

"Never mind; you don't want to go," said Dave, coaxingly. "It's awfully stupid at Sunday-school; I think it's so long, and you have to keep so still. Please stay home to-day, just to please me. I'm your company, you know."

"Yes, he is," thought Charley; "and I suppose you have to do what your company says. But I'm afraid Miss Kate won't like it, and it isn't very right, I guess; but then when people come to see you, how can you tell them they aren't welcome? You have to show them good manners."

Charley must have forgot that when a thing "isn't very right" it can't be really good manners to have anything to do with it—not the good manners that come out of a brave, good heart; and they are the only kind worth having, you know.

While Charley was thinking Dave was thinking, too. This was what he thought: "I hope he won't go; but if he does, I'll go, too. It wouldn't be any fun staying away all by myself; it would be too lonesome."

"Well," said Charley, slowly, "all right; I'll stay with you. Maybe once doesn't matter much."

So that was how it was that two of Miss Kate's scholars were absent on last Sunday afternoon. Miss Kate will feel badly when she hears the reason they were away.

WHAT GERTIE FOUND.

BY MILDRED ELLIOTT.

Gertie had found it by the steps—a real purse, with a silver clasp. The children crowded round her as she opened it.

"My! there's a lot of money in it!" said Sam Deane over her shoulder. And Nellie Deane, his sister, who was bigger than Gertie, said eagerly, "I wish I'd 'a' found it and I'd get some candy for all of us!"

Gertie looked puzzled. "Tisn't my money, Nellie," she said; "it b'longs to somebody. I'm going to ask mother what to do with it," and the little group followed her as she took the purse to her mother.

Mrs. Irving did not seem to think as much of the "lot of money as Sam did. "It's only thirty cents, dear, in pennies and nickels, and I don't believe the owner will take any trouble to recover it," she explained. "But we will put it away for a week, and you can ask people who live around here if anybody they know has lost it."

But nobody ever came for the purse. And at the end of two weeks, Mrs. Irving said:

"Gertie, what shall we do with the purse?"

Now Gertie had been thinking about it. "I guess, mother, I'd like to let some real poor person have the money 'cause it isn't really mine, you know."

"I'm glad my little girl thought of that," said her mother, "and I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you as much again—thirty cents more—and you can buy a doll for little Mary Williams, the crippled girl down on Lano Street."

Gertie thought that was just the nicest idea. So now she has the little purse and Mary Williams has the doll, and they are both very happy little girls.

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

BY AGNES LEE.

Oh, Ella!

With her first umbrella!

She walked abroad like any queen.

She held it proudly for display,
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,
And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!

Such a wee umbrella!

One day upon the market-place

I met her; dripping were her curls.
She looked, despite her sunny face,
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!

Where's your new umbrella?"

Said I; "the storm has drenched your hair!

Just see your frock! just see your hat!
And what is this you hug with care?—
A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!

With her first umbrella!

She looked as me and shyly spoke,

The rain-drops pelting on her yet:
"I have it here beneath my cloak,
Because you see, it might get wet!"

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Do what you can,

Not what you cannot;

Not what you think ought to be done,

Not what you would like to do;

Not what you would do if you had more time,

Not what somebody else thinks you ought to do,

But do what you can.

The natives of Australia tie the hands of the corpse and pull out the finger-nails; this for fear that the dead will scratch their way out of the grave and become vampires.

A little boy, coming home from Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, isn't there a kittychism? This catechism is too hard for me."

"Well," said little Frances, indignantly, after a long search for her school book strap, "I've hunted every single place where it could possibly be. Now I'm going to hunt where it can't possibly be, and I suppose I shall find it." This she proceeded to do, with great success.