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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

[No. 4.

MARY AND PUSSY.

BY REV. AUSTIN Q. HAZEL
MAN.

MARY was stroking
Pussy's fur,
And Pussy soon began
to purr,
And showed the bliss
she seemed to feel,
By humming like a
spinning-wheel,
"Thre-e-e thrum-m-m,
thre-e-ethrum-m-m!"
Such a low and mellow
hum!

But Mary's kind ways
sometimes fail,
One day she pulled poor
Pussy's tail,
Then Pussy growled
and bared her claws;
Mary felt "sarp tings"
in those paws.
"Gr-r-rr! pfluff! me-
ow!"
Scratch. Ah! there,
now!

That is the way things
go in life;
Kindness wins songs,
roughness meets
strife.
Better be good to every
one,
And miss the "sharp
things" said or done.
Purring is better than
growling,
Smiling is better than scowling.

KIND looks, and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done;
Oh, these will make the home-nest
As cheerful as the sun!



PUSSY AT HOME.

do it when her mother could not see her. The temptation was strong. She took it, but it only made her unhappy, so unhappy that she dare not eat it.

When her conscience reproved her, she strove to silence it by giving the sugar to her sick brother.

"Who gave you this?" asked Eddie; "did mother?"

"No," faltered Jennie; "I got it for you because you are sick."

"Without leave? If you took it without leave, I dare not eat it. It is the same as stealing. Ask mother first if you may eat it, and then it will taste good."

"Oh, I don't want to eat it; but you can, because you did not take it."

"If I ate it, I should be just as bad as you, though," answered Eddie.

Jennie pondered. It was good advice, but it was hard for her to follow. That little lump of sugar became a very heavy weight. She was

afraid to eat it—afraid to restore it. Even her slumbers were disturbed by it, for early in the morning she brought it again to Eddie.

EDDIE AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

WHILE aiding her mother in removing the plates from the tea-table, Jennie Brown espied a large tempting lump of sugar in the bowl which she was carrying to the cupboard. She felt that it was wrong to take it without permission, and was careful to

"Do eat it, Eddie," she pleaded.

"No," answered Eddie, "once I did just so. I took such a lump of sugar and ate

it, and it made me feel afraid all that day. Carry it back to mother, Jennie, if you don't want to feel as I did."

"She'll punish me," sobbed Jennie.

"You had better be punished than feel as I did all that day. Do carry it back."

Jennie came softly down stairs, and placed the sugar in her mother's hand. Her heart was full; she could only sob without speaking.

As soon as she was calm enough, she confessed the whole truth, and was forgiven, for her mother saw that she was already penitent. Mrs. Brown was made very happy by the account which Jennie gave her of her brother's influence over her; and most anxiously she prayed that her little ones might oftener guide one another along the pleasant paths of virtue and peace.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

THE SUNBEAM.

CHILDREN, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it, and when mother is tired and weary, or father comes home from his day's work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them, and do what you can to help them. Very often you can help them most by not doing something; for what you would do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself, "Will this help mamma?" or "Will this please papa?" There is something inside of you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide, when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss which will then greet you. One thing remember always—the effect of what you do lingers

after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or cheerful word which you gave your father or mother, or the little act which you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they will talk about it, and thank God for their little household sunbeams.

EMPTYING OUT THE WHISKEY.

WE know of a dear, beautiful little boy in Pennsylvania, who signed the temperance pledge at one of the temperance meetings held for children. A short time afterward his mother was busy in her kitchen, preparing cakes and pies. "Davy," she said, "go up to the closet and bring down the whiskey jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But, as he went dancing up stairs, the thought came to him, "Can I, a temperance boy, carry a whiskey-jug?" He stopped right there on the stairs and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen he said:

"Oh, mamma! I can't carry a whiskey jug—I've signed the pledge—but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word, the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself to bring the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat, but she walked up those steps with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down the dear little fellow was beating away at the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and began to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the whiskey. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"Oh, mamma! do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean to use lemons instead."

"Goody, goody! I'm glad—then I can eat them, too, can't I mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy cannot eat."

"Goody, goody! we're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down in the kitchen, as the whiskey gurgled in the sink.

Don't you think Davy is a real good temperance boy? Then follow his example.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, and you will not be defiled.—*Everybody's Paper.*

THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;

"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;

I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,

And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.

Its over and over—do you know

How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief—mamma turned in the edge,

And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;

I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know,

And that is the way I learn to hem

With a hemming stitch—do you know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and backstitch, too, I guess,

It wouldn't take me long I know, if't wasn't for the thread;

But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—

Sometimes I slip my thimble off, and use my thumb instead.

When your thread knots, what do you do?

And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;

He's more than forty, and his hair has grey mixed with the black;

Well, he can't sew! he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses of a button, mamma has to set it back.

You musn't think me proud, you know,

But I am seven, and I can sew."

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE labours rightly done,

Little battles bravely won,

Little masteries achieved,

Little wants with care relieved,

Little words in love expressed,

Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favours kindly done,

Little toils thou didst not shun,

Little graces meekly worn,

Little lights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillowed head,

Holy light upon thee shed;

These are treasures that shall rise

Far beyond the smiling skies.



THE UMBRELLA MAN.

THE UMBRELLA MAN.

POOR fellow! his position is not the easiest and most pleasant in the world. He has to walk from town to town, in search of work. He does not get home with his family very often, but sleeps in all sorts of places, and lives on all kinds of food. Some days he gets plenty of work, but other days nobody wants an umbrella mended, some people speak very unkindly to him, and he is cold and wet, and hungry. Still he plods on day after day, and year after year, until he gets old and feeble, and can do it no more; unless sickness and death visit him before he gets old.

Perhaps the children who look at this picture would like to ask, if it is possible for such a man to be happy? Yes, it is. For it is not what children generally think it is, that makes people happy. Children sometimes think that to be happy, requires a nice home, with lots of good things, and nothing to do but to drive around, or anything else you choose to do for pleasure; but that is a great mistake. For nothing outside of man can make him happy, if he

has not that within which alone can make him happy, if he has not that within which alone can give him true joy. If he has not Christ in his heart, he may live in a beautiful palace, and have everything his heart could desire, and yet be miserable; but if he has Christ, he may be poor, and have as many trials as our umbrella man, and yet be glad and happy.

But many of these men do not know Jesus, they want some one to invite and lead them to Him.

Children speak kind words to the umbrella man, and don't forget to tell him that you love Jesus who loves him too.

A LITTLE deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who

wrote the question on a slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses do not make real prayer, without the sincere wish of the heart.

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Blanche Philpot; "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, Is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's.

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales about her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, Is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind; but I

am afraid it was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course not, mamma; there is no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then, put a bridle on your tongue. If you cannot speak well, speak not at all."

BE THOU TRUE.

Care not what others say,
Be thou true!
If they gossip to betray,
Be thou true!
Be consistent and do right,
Make for the truth a good fight;
Do what thou dost with all thy might;
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Let thy love be sincere—
Be thou true!
Only God hast thou to fear;
Be thou true!
Since your joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrop or the spray;
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Friendship's very hard to find,
Be thou true!
True love is not always blind;
Be thou true!
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not despair—just wait—
But trust not too much to fate,
Be thou true! Be thou true!

Like the summer's fragrant flowers,
Be thou true!
Like the summer's coming showers,
Be thou true!
Like the mountain looking high,
And the river rolling by—
Like the blue and arching sky,
Be thou true! Be thou true!

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SOME children were playing under the shade trees. A little boy suddenly set up a terrible scream, and kept on screaming; and when the older people came to see what was the matter, he jumped up and down, as if in dreadful pain. It was supposed that a wasp must have flown into his bosom.

With much care, however, his jacket and vest were opened; and what do you suppose they found? A wasp? a serpent? a spider? No, no; a little piece of dried leaf that had fallen into his bosom from a tree!

All laughed at him heartily, and, as you may suppose, the boy looked very much ashamed. I think, perhaps, he had rather have been stung a little, than have shown that he made so much ado about nothing.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

ONLY a little child:
Yet, Lord, Thou callest me,
Therefore, confidingly,
I come to Thee!

Only a little child:
And though I sinful be,
Thou, Lord, forgivest me:
I come to Thee!

Only a little child!
Looking up, loving Thee,
Because Thou lovest me,
I come to Thee!

Only a little child!
Brightly and cheerfully,
Swiftly, obediently,
I come to Thee!

Only a little child!
Thou wilt my Father be,
Till in eternity
I dwell with Thee.

A LIE STICKS.

A LITTLE newsboy, to sell his papers,
told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath-
school.

"Would you tell a lie for three cents?"
asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very de-
cidely.

"For ten cents?"

"No ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars
looked big. O, would it not buy lots of
things? While he was thinking, another
boy behind him cried out, "No, ma'am."

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because when the thousand dollars are
gone, and the things you've got with them
are gone, too, the lie is there just the same,"
answered the boy. Ah, yes! That is so.
A lie sticks. Everything else may go, but
that will stay, and you will have to carry
it around with you, whether you will or
not, a hard and heavy load.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord:
but they that deal truly are his delight."

"UNCLE John," said little Emily, "do
you know that a baby that was fed on
elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in
one week?" "Nonsense! Impossible!"
exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked,
"Whose baby was it?" "It was the
elephant's baby," said little Emily.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 52] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 24.

THESSALONIANS AND BEREANS.

Acts 17. 1-14.

Commit to memory verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

These were more noble than those in
Thessalonica, in that they received the word
with all readiness of mind, and searched the
Scriptures daily, whether those things were
so. Acts 17. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Devout Believers, v. 1-4.
2. The Envious Unbelievers, v. 5-9.
3. The Noble Bereans, v. 10-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was Thessalonica? The largest,
richest city in Macedonia.

Where did Paul preach to the people?
In the synagogue.

What did he try to prove to them? That
all the prophets had spoken of Jesus.

What would this show them? That
Jesus was the true Messiah.

How many believed? A few Jews and
a multitude of Greeks.

Who tried to harm the apostles? Some
jealous Jews in the city.

Who hid the apostles in his house?
Jason, a kind friend.

Whom did the mob bring before the
judges in the apostles' place? Jason and
his friends.

Were they punished? The judges re-
leased them.

What did they do with Paul and Silas?
Sent them by night to Berea.

Why did they do this? For fear the
Jews would kill them.

What was the difference between the
Bereans and Thessalonians? [Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.]

Where was Berea? About forty-five
miles from Thessalonica.

Was Paul's work blessed in Berea?
Many believed, both Jews and Greeks.

Who followed the apostles to persecute
them? The unbelieving Jews of Thes-
salonica.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The story of Jesus love—

The apostles told it every-where.

Told it amid scorn and hatred.

Told it amid ridicule and threats.

Told it in the face of death.

How often have you told it.

"Who is on the Lord's side."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority
of Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How are we to seek the grace of God? We
must seek the grace of God by earnest
prayer in private and in the house of God.

*Through whom do we receive the grace of
the Holy Spirit?* Only through our Lord
and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A.D. 52.] LESSON IX. [March 2.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34.

Commit to memory vs. 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In him we live, and move, and have our
being. Acts 17. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. God the Creator, v. 22-25.
2. God the Ruler, v. 26-28.
3. God the Father, v. 29, 30.
4. God the Judge, v. 31-34.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Paul go when persecuted by
the Jews in Berea? To Athens, in Greece.
What were the people in this city?
Idolaters.

What did Paul preach to them? Jesus
and the resurrection.

Of whom did Paul speak? Of the one
true God.

What did he call him? Lord of heaven
and earth.

What does he give to all men? Life and
health and all things.

What did Paul say they must do? Re-
pent and serve God.

Of what did he then speak? Of the
resurrection.

Who was the Man who would judge them
and the world? Christ Jesus.

How did some of the Greeks receive
Paul's preaching? They mocked at it.

What did others say? "We will hear
thee again."

Did they really care to know about Jesus?
No, or they would not have put it off.

How many really believed in Jesus?
Only a few.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Are you sure you worship God?

If you love self best, you worship self.

If you love money best you worship
money.

If you love *any thing* better than you
love God, *you do not worship him.*

"Thou shalt have *no other gods* before me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The unity and
spirituality of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does the Saviour care for children? Yes;
for He said, "Suffer the little children to
come unto Me, and forbid them not."

Was He once a child Himself? Yes, and
we read about His infancy in the gospels of
St. Matthew and St. Luke.