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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1892.

No. 6.



THE MOTHER OF THE LORD

MAIDEN dream of mother love,  
 Broods thy gentle eyes above;  
 Maiden hands with mother grasp  
 Hold thy Child in tender clasp.  
 Love and glory in thy face,  
 Blend with woman's shrinking grace.  
 Yet through thine heart must pass the word,

Thee, beloved of thine adored,  
 Mary, mother of the Lord!  
 Deep and dark the cross's shade  
 On thy loving heart is laid,  
 On thy sweet and pensive lips  
 Rapture glows through grief's eclipse;

Stilled with mystery's silent spell,  
 Thrilled with thoughts no speech can tell;  
 Past the sense of human sadness,  
 Past the dream of human gladness;  
 On thy breast the Living Word,  
 In thine arms the babe adored—  
 Mary, mother of the Lord:

NOT TOO YOUNG.

I'm not too young for God to see ;  
 He knows my name and nature too !  
 And all day long he looks at me,  
 And sees my actions through and  
 through.

He listens to the words I say ;  
 He knows the thoughts I have within  
 And, whether I'm at work or play,  
 He's sure to see me if I sin.

If some one great and good is near,  
 It makes us careful what we do ;  
 And how much ought we to fear,  
 The Lord who sees us through and  
 through.

Thus when inclined to do amiss,  
 However pleasant it may be,  
 I'll always try to think of this—  
 I'm not too young for God to see.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1892.

THE LITTLE TRUANT.

TOM is a little truant. He does not love to go to school. Every chance he gets he runs away. This morning he hides his books under the fence opposite my window, and then glances all around to see if anybody is looking. He does not see me, for I am looking through the closed blinds; and he does not see God, who is looking at him with his searching eye out of heaven.

Now he runs as fast as he can run down through the lot to the river-side. He rolls up his trousers and wades in the water, and fancies he is having a nice time.

But whew! whew! the wind blows his hat away. There it goes sailing out into

the stream. He cannot get it. What is he to do? What will he tell his mother when he goes home? Down goes his heart like a lump of lead inside. He can't run now as gayly as he did in the morning. O no. He saunters back to the fence where he hid his books, and takes them under his arm, but he has forgotten to take down his trousers. He strolls down the street till the school-bell rings for the children to go home to dinner, and then he runs with the rest.

Is Tom happy? Should you be happy if you had done as he did? No, indeed. Tom has to face his mother. He must tell her where his hat is, why his trousers are rolled up, and she will be sure to ask him if he has been a good boy at school. Will he tell the truth? I fear not. The boy who plays truant is apt to tell lies, and such a boy is not happy. God frowns on him, and when God frowns all is dark.

SPEAK A KIND WORD.

"ROSA, look at that horrid drunken man sitting on the curb-stone; do come across the street, for I would not pass him for anything." And Mary ran away as fast as her feet could carry her. Now, Rosa was afraid, too; but the song she had been learning that day was still fresh in her memory. "Speak a kind word when you can," she had been singing, and the man before her looked so forlorn and wretched, so sadly in need of a kind word, that she went a little nearer and said timidly, "Poor man! I am sorry for you. Can I do anything to help you?"

He raised his head and looked at her in surprise, and his haggard face and his despairing eyes almost caused her to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have helped me already. I never expected to hear any again, for I am without a friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend, if you will ask him," said Rosa, softly, going still nearer, while Mary beckoned anxiously for her to come away. "Did you ever ask him?" continued Rosa.

"No; I've been sinning against him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man! Let God be your friend; he can do everything for you. I am your friend, but I cannot do anything but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word has saved me. Good-by."

And he held out his shaking hand. Rosa was not afraid now, and she placed her plump little hand in his, and as he

bent down and kissed it, two hot tears fell upon it. Then he went away and Rosa joined her companion.

"Oh, you queer creature! How could you let that awful-looking man take hold of your hand? I thought he was going to eat you up when he bent his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary, but I am so glad I spoke to him. Only think, he says my kind words have saved him."

"Well, he never would be saved if it depended on my kind words, for I always run away from such folks," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger, a noble, silver-headed old man, was addressing a Sunday-school, and telling the scholars to be kind to the friendless and distressed ones, especially the drunkard; "for when I was friendless, and sinful, and wretched," said he, "God sent a dear child to speak the kind word that saved me."

When the school closed the young girl held out her hand to him, and with tears in her eyes asked: "Sir, do you not know me?" He looked at her long and earnestly, and then taking both her hands in his, he said solemnly and slowly: "Yes, dear child, 'twas the kind word you spoke that saved me!" And Rosa wept for gladness.

Dear boys and girls, speak a kind word when you can.

LITTLE KATY.

KATY BLACK stood by the parlour window during a heavy thunder shower. Her Aunt Annie, who was greatly terrified by the sharp lightning, called to her: "Katy, come away from the window, dear; it is not safe for you to stand there. Come and sit by me on the sofa."

But Katy, with her thoughtful eyes still fixed upon the white sheet of hail and rain, said in her lisping way, for she could not yet speak very plainly: "No, aunty, if it funders, let it funder; it is God makes it funder and he'll take care of me!"

The same little one, coming unexpectedly into her elder sister's bed room one afternoon, found her in tears. "What's the matter, Lulie?" she cried in a tone of deep sympathy; "what's the matter? What makes you cry?"

"Because I'm wicked," replied Lucy sobbing.

"Don't you love God?" exclaimed Katy.

"No; I am afraid I don't."

"O do love God, Lulie!" And Katy's little arm clung around her sister's neck as she spoke, "O do love God, Lulie; don't be so stingy!"

HIS PROFESSION.

My boy and I rode in the train  
 One morning bright and clear,  
 "When I'm a grown-up man," said he,  
 "I'll be an engineer."  
 But the dust flew in his eyes  
 And heavy grew his head.  
 "I wouldn't be an engineer  
 For all the world," he said.

My boy was at a seaport town,  
 And saw the rolling sea.  
 "Mamma," he said, one evening,  
 "A sailor I shall be!"  
 We took him to a yacht race—  
 He had to go to bed!  
 "I wouldn't be a sailor, now,  
 For all the world!" he said.

We read him stirring stories  
 Of soldiers and their fame,  
 "I'll go and fight," cried Freddie,  
 "And put them all to shame!"  
 We told him of a soldier's life;  
 He shook his little head.  
 "I wouldn't be a soldier now,  
 For all the world!" he said.

And thus to each profession  
 He first said "yes" then "no."  
 "To make a choice is hard," he said,  
 "At least I find it so."  
 "But what then, will you be?" I asked,  
 "When you are grown-up, Fred?"  
 "I really think I'll only be  
 A gentleman," he said.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 586.] LESSON XIII. [March 27.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

THE QUARTERLY MISSIONARY LESSON.

Isa. 40. 1-10. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed,  
 and all flesh shall see it together."—Isa.  
 40. 5.

Who spoke the words of this lesson?  
 The prophet Isaiah.

To whom did he speak them? To the  
 people in exile.

What did God tell Isaiah to do? "Com-  
 fort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your  
 God."

What did God tell him to say to Jerusa-  
 lem? That her sin was forgiven.

For whom were the people to prepare

the way? "Prepare ye the way of the  
 Lord."

Can you repeat the fourth verse?

What shall we see when the "way of  
 the Lord" is made ready? [Repeat the  
 Golden Text.]

How can we prepare the "way of the  
 Lord?" We can try to overcome every  
 sin that is in our hearts.

What more can we do? Christ said,  
 "Go ye into all the world, and preach the  
 Gospel to every creature."

Are there many people who do not  
 know about God? Yes; many even in  
 our own country, and many millions in  
 other lands.

How can you and I send the Gospel to  
 them? We can give money and we can  
 pray for them.

What may God want some of us to do?  
 He may want some of us to go ourselves  
 and preach about him.

Will you go if he asks you?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Jacob? Isaac's younger son,  
 whose name was changed to Israel.

Who was Joseph? Jacob's beloved son,  
 whom his brothers hated and sold for a  
 slave.

SECOND QUARTER.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON I. [April 3.

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Psa. 1. 1-6. Memory verses, 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not  
 in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth  
 in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the  
 seat of the scornful."—Psa. 1. 1.

What is the Golden Text?

What is it to be blessed? To be happy  
 and good and in favour with God.

If we keep doing wrong, does sin grow  
 easier and easier? Yes, and we begin to  
 want other people to do wrong too.

What does the good man delight in? "In  
 the law of the Lord,"—God's Holy Word.

Do you love the Bible and think about  
 its words?

Why do not wrong-doers love the Bible?  
 Because it tells them of their sins.

What is the good man like? "He is like  
 a tree planted by the rivers of water."

Like what kind of a tree is he? Like a  
 tree that bears good fruit and is always  
 flourishing.

What fruit do we expect from good  
 children? Love, obedience, kindness, gen-  
 tleness, patience, helpfulness.

What are the wicked like? They are  
 like chaff, which is of no use and is soon  
 destroyed.

What does the last verse say about the  
 righteous? "The Lord knoweth the way  
 of the righteous."

What does this mean? He watches  
 over and guides those who serve him.

Do you like to think that God knows  
 all about your ways?

What does it say about the wicked?  
 "The way of the ungodly shall perish."

Which way will you choose?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Twelve Patriarchs? The  
 twelve sons of Jacob, and the fathers of  
 the people of Israel.

Who was Pharaoh? The cruel king of  
 Egypt, who refused to let God's people go,  
 and was drowned in the Red Sea, with his  
 army.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

An old herdsman in England was taken  
 to a London hospital to die. His grand-  
 child would go and read to him. One day  
 she was reading in the first chapter of  
 the First Epistle of John, and came to the  
 words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his  
 Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" the old  
 man raised himself up and stopped the  
 little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never  
 heard it before."

She read it again: "The blood of Jesus  
 Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger  
 on the passage for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and  
 placed his bony finger on the verse, when  
 he said:

"Now, read it to me again."

With a soft sweet voice she read: "And  
 the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth  
 us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then, if any one should ask how I  
 died, tell them I died in the faith of these  
 words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,  
 cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that, the old man withdrew his  
 hand, his head fell softly back upon his  
 pillow, and he silently passed into the  
 presence of him whose blood cleanseth  
 from all sin.



BEFORE.

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

THIS foolish youngster has been reading the tale of some old Grecian hero who tried to fly, and succeeded; only one day flying too near the sun, his wings melted and he fell into the sea and was drowned. The father of this mythological person also made himself wings and thereby escaped a great difficulty which threatened him.

With his little head full of these tales, or of some fairy tales, this young man determined to fly also. He makes his wings, which certainly look very pretty and graceful, and climbs up on the roof, then he jumps and the result is plainly told in the graphic cut above.

## A WILL AND A WAY.

SEVERAL years ago, an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"O yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"O yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"O I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"O I never was at school."

Here was a singular case: a boy could read and spell without a book or master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way?"

## NOW.

"THERE is a good time coming, boys,"  
So runs the hopeful song;  
Such is the poetry of youth,  
When life and hope are strong;  
But when these buoyant days are passed,  
Age cries: "How changed are men!  
Things were not so when I was young;  
The best of times were then."

"There is a good time coming, boys!"  
The truth we will allow;  
But, waiting not for brighter days,  
There is a good time now.  
Why not improve the present, then,  
Where'er the future lead,  
And let each passing moment's page  
Bear proof of thought and deed?

"There is a good time coming, boys!"  
And many a one has passed,  
For each has had his own good time,  
And will have to the last.  
Then, do thy work while lingers youth  
With freshness on its brow,  
Still mindful of life's greatest truth—  
The best of times is now!

## BABY'S MITF-BOX.

"O PAPA, won't you give the baby a box, too?" said the children, as they eagerly gathered about him to receive their paper boxes destined to hold the pennies gathered for the Homeland Circle.

"Certainly," said papa. "Each one is to have a box, and mamma can put in a penny a week for the baby until he is old enough to do it himself."

There were seven boxes of different colours. On the top of each was printed, "Offerings for Home Missions," and on the bottom, "Go, . . . Preach the Gospel." "How shall they preach except they be sent?"

"I want a pink box," said little May, "for that is my colour;" and her dark eyes sparkled with delight.

"Violet, please," said gentle Daisy.

"Any colour," said Jack with boyish independence.

The others were soon suited, and beside the mother's box was placed the baby's of delicate blue, upon which his name was written, and into which many a penny found its way. Once in three months all the boxes were emptied, and the money sent to New York for Home Missions. At such times the pastor or superintendent gave a little talk to the Sunday-school to keep them interested in the work and if possible interest others. "Only the mites!"



AFTER.

but if all would help, what a power they might become!

The dear baby, the greatest treasure in that home, grew more and more lovely as the months went on, and all the pennies that came to the mother's hands were dropped into baby's box. She had so much for which to be thankful, and she felt that this was one little way to do something for the dear Master.

Baby's first birthday had just passed when suddenly the call from heaven came, "Give me thy child!" and the mother's heart grew cold with fear as she heard it, and she watched the light fade from the sweet eyes and the little hands and feet grow strangely still.

Kind friends brought lovely flowers and heaped the tiny casket, and with many tears the little form was placed under the sod in the beautiful cemetery, and they returned to the lonely home. On the bureau stood the baby's box. The mother took it in her hands and read, "How shall they preach except they be sent?" She opened the box; there were thirty-four pennies in it.

"Mamma," said a gentle voice at her side—"mamma, I will keep the baby's box. I will put into it every bright penny and nickel and dime that I can get, so baby can share in the work just as though he were with us."

A year has passed, and many have been the bright pieces of money dropped into that consecrated box. Sometimes it seems as if people must know of the little box, so many shining bits come into the little maiden's hand, which with glad heart she gives to the Lord, praying that he who despiseth not the day of small things will add his blessing that it may multiply a thousand-fold.

SEEK as much as possible the companionship of those wiser than yourself, that you may learn from their lips.