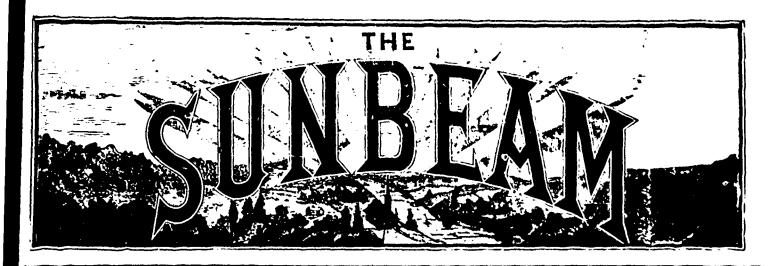
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ENLARGED SERIES .- VOL. IX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

Almost everybody can find a lone corner

for prayer if they want

to. I once heard of a

man who worked in a

large machine-shop, who,

COLD MORNING.

THIS little girl is very all of pity for the little one statue. Her wee oggie is shivering with he cold, although he as a warm blanket on. o she thinks the naked ittle boy must be cold oo. So he is, I am very are. But then he does not feel it. And though he takes off her own varm cloak and puts it n him, he is none the etter for it. Bless her ittle heart, I hope she will always be av full of pity, and when she grows a little older she may find many shivering children whom she may make glad by her loving heart and helpful hands.

"I'VE NO PLACE"

"I've no place to pray," said a little girl in a pitiful voice one day, s her teacher was talking to her about prayer. She lived in a lodginghouse, in three little rooms, with her father and mother and six brothers and sisters. There wasn't much chance for her to get away alone, surely.

But her teacher told her she could sometimes



A COLD MORNING.

slip away into one of the little dark rest of the family wouldn't miss her hear even a thought-prayer. bedrooms and shut the door. There she for a few minutes. Minnie promised to could be alone with God, and the try, it.

after eating his lunch at noon, used to go inside an old boiler to pray. One of his companions found it out, and a ked if he might come too. Then others came, and after awhile they had quite a little prayer-meeting in the old boiler, and souls were saved there

I knew a man who lived in a small house. and always went out to the barn to pray. I also knew a young girl who couldn't get a chance for secret prayer till all the day's work of a large family was done, and then she had to go down into the cellar to be alone. But what sweet seasons of traver she had down there in the dark'

We read in Acts v. 2 that Peter when in Joppa went up upon the houseton to pray about the sixth hour." God is everywhere. If we cannot be alone. we can pray to him in our hearts. He can

REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

CHILDREN'S GOOD DEEDS.

THINK of something kind to do, Nover mind if it is small; Lit'le things are lost to view, But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are modest flowers,

Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,

Though they scarcely can be seen.

Pretty bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful look we love,
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts, we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

A JESUS-CHILD.

"How can I be like Jesus?" asked Harry of himself, as he went from church, where the minister talked about taking Christ for our example. "How can I be like Jesus, when he was a big man, and I am only a little boy?" "How can you be like Uncle Phil, then? Yet the other day when you had on your soldier-hat, and wore your sword in a belt, you said you were a soldier, like Uncle Phil." "I just meant that I was a boy-soldier, not a real big soldier." "Well, and do you think Mr. Smiths in meant more than that you should be a boy-Christian, not a grown-up one? Jesus was once a child himself, but he was just as truly Jesus as when a man." Harry thought the matter over a minute, and then said, "O, I see! I can be a Jesus-child now, and a Jesus-man by-and-by." That is it, and that is just what Jesus wants of every child-to be a Jesus-child now.

CLEVER CHILDREN.

Who has not noticed in large families that some of the children are more clever than others? When a stranger comes in, the less clever shrink into the background, conscious of inferiority, and admiring their brighter sisters and brothers—perhaps oftener envious of what they do not possess.

In a sweetly ordered household, patterned after the heavenly Father's family, where is the refuge of the less clever ones? To whom do they turn, confident of love, sympathy, and appreciation? To their loving, watchful mother. And it is truly wonderful, the clever things done, the heights reached by these same dull children, when stimulated by a mother's loving appreciation. Mothers, and fathers too, watch over your own selves while training your children, and be careful that you do not discourage the dull ones, or embitter their lives with jealousy by overlooking them or unduly praising the brighter ones. Into how many young hearts have fond parents unconsciously sown seeds of jealousy and vanity, that in after years have brought forth a harvest of bitter tears. aching hearts, and ruined lives !- Advocate and Guardian.

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES

If our eyes are the windows of the soul, our ears are the doors through which visitors are passing every moment. There comes a knock: "Listen!" some one or something cries, and the little doors fly open—there is nothing to keep the visitor from entering in.

But once, when our Lord was talking to his disciples, he said, "Take heed what ye hear;" what did he mean by this?

He must have meant that the doors should not fly open at every knock; that sometimes when the cry "Listen!" comes, we should close them fast. All the visitors that come to these doors are not fit to enter into the house—that house of the soul which is to be kept pure and clean for the Holy Spirit of God.

Sometimes a little playmate comes and asks you to do a thing that has been forbidden. It may be a very pleasant thing, but good ears will not listen to the tempting whisper; the doors will be shut lest the naughty visitor should get in and make you do what you ought not.

Or some one speaks bad words when you are by—words that you would not like to repeat, that you would be ashamed to have your mother know that you had heard. Never listen to such words. You cannot close your ears too tightly when they are spoken.

I wish you might never hear God's holy name taken in vain; but be sure, if any one should speak that name lightly when you are near, to close your doors against the wicked words.

These are some of the sounds to which your ears should be closed; but to all good things they should be quickly opened. To God's holy word spoken in church and Sunday-school, to mother's voice, to all good lessons at home and at school, to all sweet sounds of happiness and joy, to the cries of all who are in trouble,—to these the ears that serve the Lord are ever open.—Soldier.

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

FROM prayer-land to slumber-land
Is but a step, we know;
And o'er the bridge between the two
'Tis always safe to go.
When night comes, little Marion
Within her couch doth creep;
I hear her softly saying, "Now
I lay me down to sleep."
This is the bridge o'er which she goes
To the silent realm of sleep;
No fears hath she since she hath prayed
The Lord her soul to keep.

CONFESSING.

One time, a little baby-girl was in a house that was on fire. The baby's mother begged the firemen to save her little girl; but they said they could not. Then the mother rushed in, and brought the baby out safely; but she was all scarred, and became blind, because the fire had hurt her eyes. The baby grew up to be a young lady, and married a very rich man, and had very fine friends. Then, one day, her old mother came to see her. And her daughter was ashamed of her. She would not tell her friends that this poor old woman was her mother, though she had lost her beauty and her eyes to save her.

Although Jesus has died for us, there are some people who will not tell others that Jesus is their friend, and that they love him. Jesus will not confess them when they die, either.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A LITTLE girl, three or four years old, learned the Bible text, "Love one another." "What does 'love one another' mean?" asked her next older sister, in honest doubt as to the meaning. "Why, I must love you and you must love me; and I am one and you're another," was the answer. Who can improve on that explanation?

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who does not mind when spoken to:
I hope it isn't you.

There is a child, a boy or girl—
I trust that such are few—
Who struck a little playmate friend:
I hope it wasn't you

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry that I do—
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a girl, a girl I know—
And I could love her too,
But that she's very proud and vain—
That surely isn't you!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON X. [Maic'i 4 CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERGSALEM.

Matt. 20, 17-29. Commit to memory vs. 17-19.
GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Matt. 20, 28.

OUTLINE

- 1. The Self-denying Saviour.
- 2. The Self-seeking Disciples.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came to see Jesus on his way to Jerucalem? The mother of James and John.

What did she ask of him? That her sons be given the highest place in his kingdom.

What did she expect Jesus to become? A great earthly king.

What did Jesus say to her, and to James and John? "Ye know not what ye ask."

What did Jesus know? That those who share his glory in heaven must first share his sufferings and death upon earth.

What did he ask James and John? "Are ye able to work, and suffer, and die with me?"

What did they say? "We are able."

What did Jesus tell them? That God would prepare and give them their places in heaven.

Who will have places in heaven? All who love and obey him.

Who were angry with Jarues and John for wanting the best places? The ten disciples

What did Jesus do when he saw this? He called them all about him and taught them of his kingdom.

What did he tell them? "Whoseever will be great among you, let him be your minister."

What is a minister ! One who serves or helps others.

How do the people of the world try to be great? By making others serve and obey them.

Whom does Jesus say shall be truly great, here and hereafter? Those who work and suffer for others.

What did Jesus say he came to do? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What is it to ransom any one? To save them from punishment and death.

How can we show our love to Jesus, for dying to save us from punishment and death? By loving and helping others as he did,

WORDS WITH LITTLE PROPUR.

Do you ever want and ask for the best places?

Have you ever tried Jesus's way of being great?

Do you keep right on his way when it is hard, and others laugh at you

If you had been among the disciples would you have felt like James and John?

"B3 ye kind to one another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even a3 God in Christ forgave you."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—R-demption.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How can you do this! I can do my duty to God and man only by the grace of God.

AD 30.] Lesson XI [March 11

CHRIST ESTERING JERUSALEM

Matt. 21, 1-16. Commit to mem. vn. %-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Psa 118 26.

OUTLINE

- 1. The Son of David.
- 2 The Temple of God.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did Jesus wish to enter Jerusalem? Riding upon an ess's colt.

Who cid he send for the calt? Two of his disciples.

What did he tell them to say to the owners of the colt? 'The Lord hath need of him."

What did Jesus know? That they would be willing and obedient to his wish.

What does Jesus know now? Whether we are willing to let him have our things,

What did the disciples do when they brought the colt to Jesus? They spread their garments upon him for Jesus to ride

Who followed Jesus to Jerusalem ! A great crowd of people.

How did they show him honour? They cast their garments and the green branches of the palm before him

What did they shout as he entered the city? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT

Where did Jesus go while in Jerusalem? To the temple.

What did he do there? He drove out all who were buying and selling.

What did he say to them? "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye make it a den of robbers."

What were they doing? Robbing God, in profaning his holy temple.

Who came to Jesus in the temple and were healed? The blind and lame.

Who shouted "Hosannah to the Son of David?" The little children

Who were angry with Jesus, and with the children? The chief priests and scribes

WORDS WITH LITTLE PROPLE

Are you willing that Jesus should use your things for his honour and glory?

1) you listen and obey when he asks you to give your time and your money and your playthings to the poor and the sick?

Do you honour him by being reverent in his church and in using his word and his book?

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The coming of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is this grace? The grace of God is the power of the Ho'y Ghost, felt in our hearts, enabling us to do what otherwise we could not do.

HOW TO BE USEFUL

CHARLE, I will tell you how you can be useful: You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool that she may put her foot upon it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters, and make your mother happy by being a good boy.

God made the country, but man made the town.—Couper.



A CARRINE LADY AND A GALLA SLAVE.

THE GALLA TRIBES.

ALMOST nothing has been ascertained about the early homes and migrations of the Galla race. The Gallas are for the most part still in the pastoral stage, their civilization is not very far advanced. But in their more northern settlements, in Abyssinia, they share the domestic and agricultural habits of the inhabitants of that kingdom. Among the southern tribes it is said seven or eight head of cattle are kept for every man, woman, and child; taught him a valuable lesson. and among the northern tribes, as neither man or woman thinks of going any distance on foot, the number of horses is very large. With the Gallas honey is a staple article of food. Now and then the Galias break in with a bloody raid, and waste the land; and the Abyssinians collecting their forces, exact a fearful retribution and bring back many slaves, which, sold from one master to another, drift down, some of them as far as Cairo, and become attendants in the harems of the wealthy. Our picture shows us one of these Galla slaves waiting upon her mistress in Cairo.

IT IS DARK.

HERE is an incident that illustrates how plain and simple the way of salvation in Jesus

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble and distress of mind on account of his sins. He lay awake, after going to bed one night, in fear and dread; he felt like a ship tossed about by the storm, and unable to find any rest or peace. The hours of the night were going slowly and wearily by. He could not sleep because of his trouble. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move about uneasily. Then he heard her voice. timidly speaking amidst the darkness:--

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, my

darling?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, it's so dark. Take Nellie's hand." He reached out and took her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own. A sigh of relief came from her little heart. At once she was quieted and comforted. All her lengliness and fear were gone. She felt that a loving father was near her, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

That father felt that his little child had

"Oh, my Father in heaven, my Saviour and my God," he cried "it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand."

So he turned to Jesus, and trusted in tim; and he had a sweet feeling of peace come over him. "This is all I need," he said. "Jesus, my Saviour, keep hold of my

And this is the way to find peace and salvation. When we feel afraid on account of our sins or of any trouble, we must put our hand in the hand of Jesus, and trust in is assuredly love.—The New Dispensation.

him, just as this dear child trusted in her loving father. This is the way of salvation that Jesus came to teach us. And this is a simple, plain way.

BABY'S STORY.

BABY tells a little story, On its mother's lap; When the pretty eyes have opened From their pleasant nap.

It's about the land of By Lo. And its flowers and streams: Or the loving, smiling angels Babies meet in dreams.

Mother's face is bending over, So to catch each word,-Bending as a birdie's mother Bends above her bird.

Never legend, penned by poet, Is to her so dear; Though the language is the quaintest Any one could hear.

How the tiny tongue is trying Something to impart! Eigerly the mother listens,-Hears with all her heart!

Hears the story,—understands it, If no others do; Though that story just commences, As it ends, with "goo!"

LOVE CONQUERS.

WHAT is the best way to conquer? "I'll master it," said the ax; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike,

"Leave it to me." said the saw. And with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you would not succeed, I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

And what is that flame whose "irresistible influence" cannot but melt iron? It