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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XVI.]

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

No. 6.

DONALD'S MORN- ING STAR.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

DONALD RAY had heard his mamma tell about the ship Morning Star, built by the pennies of the children.

This ship carried the good news of Christ's message to the people of the Southern seas, who had not known about it before.

Donald liked this story very much, and said that when he was a big man he would build another.

His sixth birthday came and with it a beautiful new tricycle. What a happy boy was Ronald! He spent most of his time riding about the yard and up and the street.

One night after a very busy day he sat on the rug by the library fire telling papa all about it.

"I've named my tricycle Morning Star after the missionary ship," he began.

"But the Morning Star was a working ship," replied papa. "The men on board had something to do. They didn't sail about just for fun."

"Why, I know it," said Donald, "and my Morning Star is a worker, too. When we first went out to-day we stopped at Mrs. Green's, and Mrs.



THE FIRST STEP.

Fay's, and Mrs. Lawrence's, and asked if we could do any errands.

"Mrs. Green asked us to get the mail, Mrs. Fay wanted a spool of sewing silk, and Mrs. Lawrence had an order on the butcher."

"When we got back, Teddy Ross was sick and we went for the doctor."

"Then we were tired—least I was, so Morning Star was lent to Lily, and Nora, and Mabel. They took turns up and down the sidewalk. Just before dinner we carried your letters to the office, papa."

"In the afternoon we went to the chapel to make scrap-books for the Children's Hospital I took Millie down on my lap. Uncle Dick took her home before the rest went. When I was coming home I met Jenny Flynn with a big basket of washing, so I got off and we tied the basket into the seat, and Johnny and I pulled it home."

"Hasn't my Morning Star been a good missionary, to-day, papa?"

"I should think so," said papa. "What is the work for to-morrow?"

"Morning Star will have a rest to-morrow. We, Billy and I, are going to take our sprees carts and get

in Mrs. Ryan's wood for her. We may lend Morning Star to the girls again."

—What do you think—boys and girls? Was not Donald's Morning Star a good Home Missionary?

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

FOR WHAT WERE THE EYES MADE?

BY DR. J. C. HANAFORD.

"Of course to see with," some child may say. That is true, but there are thousands of children in our large cities, who can seldom, if ever, see but few of the beauties in nature, and all around many of us. They see but little of the beautiful flowers and plants, the luxuriant vines winding around the trees, that they may go up higher than the plants around them, though I do not suppose that they are proud of their high position. They can see but little of the glorious scenes in nature all around country children, while it is quite likely that they seldom, if ever, look up into the spacious heavens to see the sparkling stars, looking down upon us so pleasantly, as if inviting us to come up and visit them! The country children, those on the nice farms, see a great deal to please them, of which those in the cities are deprived.—these evidences that the good Father in heaven provides and cares for his children.

How sad it would be for my little girl friends to be robbed of their sight, to be blind! Not able to see the difference between day and night! How sad to be obliged to seek someone to lead them around at all times, or to grope their way in total darkness, in danger every moment of having some accident befall them! What a blessing to be able to look into the smiling faces of parents, brothers, and sisters, with those of kind friends. What a comfort to be able to read in a beautiful picture book, an interesting piece in a newspaper, or a chapter in the Testament. It seems to

have been intended that our eyes and sight should last us long as we have bodies to be guided by them, and to be provided with food by our labours. To guard them from accidents the eyes are placed in deep sockets of bone, and so protected from blows by bony projections, the cheek-bones, forehead, nose, etc., that a common blow would rarely injure them. Well oiled in their sockets, they move with great ease from the right to the left, up and down, and around in all possible directions, not always being told what to do, as if sight was a part of themselves! When asleep, they turn up as if to get a drink, to a place where a little rill of tears is constantly flowing, which we may regard as their food.

Some creatures, like the common house fly, such as are not able to wear glasses when their sight is imperfect, have hundreds and thousands of eyes, some in different parts of the body to give them sight just where they need it, while they could be blind in a great many eyes and still see something. For example, the timid snail has one on the end of what we may call a long finger, which he runs out of his shell, letting that look all about to see if there is any danger, not daring to come out till he sees that all is right. But we would not exchange our good eyes for all of theirs, being thankful to our Father in heaven that he has thus blessed his children.—*Child's Hour.*

PATIENCE.

EVERY lily in the meadow
Waits in patience for the rain;
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunshine comes again;
Every birdie in its home nest
Waits for God, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient," in thy Word;
Make me patient as the lily,
Or the daisy, or the bird;
Give me, Lord, thy loving Spirit,
Never by a passion stirred.

EBENEZER.

BY PHENA WALTER.

I WONDER how many children who sing that good old hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," understand what the author means when he says, "Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer." We are told in the Scriptures to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. Now, we cannot do this unless we understand the meaning of the words we sing.

Ebenezer is a Hebrew word, and means a "stone of help."

A great many years ago, when God's people were called Israel, and lived in Canaan, they were greatly disturbed from time to time by different tribes of heathen who lived near them.

At one time, when Israel was making a burnt offering, and seeking the Lord for

deliverance from their enemies, the Philistines came near to engage in battle with them; but the Lord thundered with a great thunder, and discomfited the Philistines before Israel. Then Samuel, who was judge over Israel at that time, took a stone, and set it up between Israel and the Philistines, and named it Ebenezer, and said: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." That is, Samuel set up a stone as a witness between Israel and the Philistines, and in naming it Ebenezer he said: "The Lord is the stone that hath helped us."

In the Scriptures Jesus is called a "stone of stumbling" and a "rock of offence" to those who do not obey him; but to those who love him and keep his commandments Jesus is the "chief corner-stone," and a "rock" to guide his people to the promised home.

So we see, children, Jesus is an Ebenezer, or the Stone who will help us to get victories; therefore, when we are in trial or temptation, let us not forget to raise our "Ebenezer," and in him we shall conquer.—*Youth's Instructor.*

A LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. JULIUS BRIGG.

I'M a little Christian
But a few years old,
Jesus is my Shepherd,
I am in his fold.
Do I love my Saviour?
I should think I do,
And I wish that every
One would love him too.

When I wake each morning
I kneel down and pray,
Asking God to help me
All throughout the day.
Then I read my Bible,
'Tis a book I love,
And it helps me onward
To my home above.

If I meet temptation,
Jesus is my shield,
Giving grace to help me,
That I may not yield.
For I know the Christian
Must be free from sin
If the crown of glory
He at last would win.

I'm a little Christian,
Trying all the day
The blest will of Jesus
Always to obey.
Where I see his footprints
There I try to tread,
Seeking by his Spirit
Always to be led.

And when the day is over
Jesus makes me blest,
As I kneel before him
Ere I go to rest.
Do I love my Saviour?
I should think I do,
And I wish that every
One would love him too.

MR. BUMBLEBEE'S ADVENTURE.

BY M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

ONE summer day when all the world
Was bright and fair to see,
Away from home at dinner-time
Went Mr. Bumblebee,

He wore his sable velvet suit
With golden trappings fine;
The suit of clothes he always wore
When he went out to dine

As on he roved from place to place,
He hummed a pleasant tune,
In praise of honey-hearted friends,
In praise of royal June.

And banqueting on dainty food
Around and round he went
Until the lengthening shadows told
That day was nearly spent.

"Now, there's dear Madam Hollyhock
Will be expecting me;
My supper I must take with her,"
Said Mr. Bumblebee.

He stepped into her spacious halls
And saw her tables spread;
"Oh, welcome, Mr. Bumblebee!"
The genial hostess said.

He stayed and feasted there so late
That sleep o'ercame him quite;
And when he woke he found the house
All fastened for the night.

He looked about, surprised and vexed,
"A pretty fix," thought he;
"What will the neighbours say to this,
And Mrs. Bumblebee?"

He beat against the entrance doors,
And strove to break the lock,
And called with all his might and main
To Madam Hollyhock.

At length she answered from above;
"Pray do not fret and shout,
Because 'tis quite impossible
For me to let you out.

"And so, good Mr. Bumblebee,
Within your chamber stay,
And take repose with easy mind
Until the dawn of day.

He yielded, for in such a strait
What could be done or said?
And slumbered sweetly undisturbed
Upon a silken bed:

Till morning came across the hills,
And with her keys of gold
Unlocked his gentle prison doors,
And left them wide unrolled.

Then, straightway to his cottage home
Returned this wandering wight,
Resolving he would not henceforth
Stay out so late at night

—The Independent.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LESSON XII. [March 24.]

PURITY OF LIFE.

Rom. 13. 8-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—
1 Thess. 5. 22.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Can you tell the story of the young
ruler?

What did he know?

What did Jesus say he lacked?

What will love not do?

What is love?

Who is love? 1 John 4. 8.

Why should we begin to do right now?

What should we cast off?

What is one of the works of darkness?

What does love tell us to do?

Why?

How should we walk in this life?

How can we "put on" the Lord Jesus

Christ? By loving and serving him.

What is the right question to ask?

Shall we ask it of ourselves?

REMEMBER—

That great trees grow from little seeds.
That great sins grow from little self-
indulgences.

Catechism Questions.

What can God do? God can do what-
ever he will.

Does God know all things? Yes, God
knows all things; every thought in man's
heart, every word, and every action.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of
me.—Matt. 11. 29.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| 1. J. B. B. | Fear not them which kill— |
| 2. F. F. T. | He hath filled the hungry— |
| 3. C. B. L. | He gave them bread— |
| 4. T. G. C. | Thou art the Christ— |
| 5. T. T. | This is my beloved Son— |
| 6. C. and C. | It is not the will— |
| 7. T. G. S. | Thou shalt love thy— |
| 8. C. M. B. B. | I am the light— |
| 9. T. R. L. | I am the resurrection— |
| 10. T. R. Y. R. | Seek ye first the kingdom— |
| 11. Z. the P. | The Son of man is come— |
| 12. P. of L. | Ab-tain from all— |

"God's in heaven;
All's well with the world."

QUICKER THAN A BOY.

BY DR. GALEN WILSON.

A YOUNG girl of my acquaintance keeps
house for her grandfather, who is a farmer.
She has a Scotch collie dog which she can
send to call her grandpa to his meals, or
bring him to the house at any time, no
matter on what part of the farm he may be.

All she needs to do is to point in the
right direction, and say to the dog: "Go
and bring grandpa" With a bark to let
her know that he understands the order,
he bounds off as fast as his legs can carry
him, finds the object of his search, jumps
up against him, and continues to do so
until the man starts for home.

He does not leave him and hurry home,
but comes along with him. Reaching
home, he barks at his mistress in apparent
triumph, as much as to say: "I have
brought him."

If he meets grandpa in the fields upon
any other occasion, he does not jump
against him as when sent especially for
him.

The dog was trained to do this as
follows: Grandpa was in the barn one day,
with the door open, and so the girl could
see him. She told the dog: "Go and tell
grandpa to come to dinner."

The latter heard it, and when the dog
came, he said, fondling him: "Did you
come for me, Colonel?"

The dog jumped against him, barked,
and seemed much pleased, and proceeded
with him to the house, when he was
immediately rewarded with something to
eat.

Then grandpa and the girl came to an
understanding to improve upon this, until
now the dog will find him not only any-
where on the farm, but at other places, a
mile away, where grandpa is in the habit
of going. For this purpose the dog is
better than any boy. He goes quicker,
and never stops to play by the way.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO
NOTHING.

A LITTLE boy once said: "How hard it
is to do right! I've tried and tried, and
there's no use trying any longer."

But one day, after reading his Bible, he
said:

"Why, I've been trying to change myself
all the time, and here I read that only God
can change me. I can no more change my
heart than a coloured man can make him-
self white. How foolish I have been not
to ask him!"

And he was right. Are you trying to
change your own heart? You can never
do it. It will get worse, until you ask
Jesus to give you a new heart.

ONE day Jessie was sitting in her grand-
pa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed
that his head was bald on top. She
said: "O, 'Ranpa, your head's pecking
froof!"



OUR NELLIE.

Our Nellie is the pet and pride of the family. Everybody loves her because she loves everybody, and is kind and good to all. She dearly loves the Sunday-school and has learned a great many of the children's hymns, which she goes singing about the house like a canary, only much more nicely. Best of all, she is one of Jesus' "little lambs," and loves the dear Saviour with all her little heart. That is the way to be happy here, and then to form the great company of those who are happy forever in heaven.

JIMMY PAYNE'S ERRAND.

BY H. T. WILDER.

JIMMY PAYNE was a great deal like other boys in this one thing—that he thought very hard about some things, and thought nothing at all about others. I will tell you what I mean.

"Jimmy, my son," said his mother one cold afternoon in December, "Aunt Polly Lind is coming down the street, and I think she is coming here. Of course we will ask her to stay to tea and for fear I shall not have enough, I want you to run over the river, to the bakery, and get me a loaf of bread. Get stale bread if you can. If not, to-day's will do."

Jimmy stated immediately, as it was a pleasure to go over to the business street and look in the shop windows, especially when they were bright with electric lights which were ablaze nowadays quite early. It was a crisp afternoon, and Jimmy ran down the hill and on to the bridge which

connects the two parts of the city. The snow crackled beneath his feet, and his nose grew red, and he put up his mittened hands to his ears as he stopped every now and then to look in the windows. But he did not spond as much time as usual on account of the cold; and the hot air of the bakery, as he entered, was doubly welcome, for the warmth and for the savoury odours which greeted his nostrils. He looked with longing at the display of jelly-rolls, and cookies, and doughnuts, and he stamped his feet while the young woman with a white apron waited on him.

"We shall have to give you to-day's bread, young man," she said smiling, as she handed the paper bundle to him.

"Very well, ma'am," said Jimmy, laying down the money and drawing his cap over his ears closer.

Oh! how warm it was against his arm! and what a smell!

"Um-m-m," said Jimmy as he trudged on. And he peered around the bundle carefully and gave a good sniff. "I wonder," he said aloud, as he crossed the bridge with the sharp wind blowing, "I wonder."

He picked a hole in the paper, and there was the warm brown corner of the loaf, and such a smell!

He broke it off, he just couldn't help it—he thought. It was so cold, and so near tea-time, and he was so hungry. And then somehow, the hole in the paper grew bigger, and he picked off another piece. "Bread comes to pieces so funny, when it's new," he said aloud as the long shreds came off.

"I didn't know I could eat bread without butter before," thought he, "but it's awful good," and on he went with his mouth full.

"Hi, there, Jimmy," shouted Ben Lord as Jimmy was turning in the yard, "come over a minute. Something to show you." Jimmy forgot all else. Ben was his chum. "All right," he answered.

"Ma, here it is," he cried, bursting into the kitchen, and out again before Mrs. Payne could say a word.

Aunt Polly stayed to tea; and Cousin Mary, his beloved cousin and Sunday-school teacher was there also, and it was many weeks before Jimmy recovered from the shame of seeing that portion of the loaf of bread just as he left it, on the bread plate, all jagged, and broken, and rough edges.

"Like new bread, don't you, sonny?" said Aunt Polly with twinkling eye.

"So do I," said Cousin Mary, "sometimes, but I think it is nicer in slices!"—*Child's Hour.*



A STRANGE ANIMAL. WHAT IS

MY KINGDOM.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

DOWN by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea,
The little hills were high to me;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said;
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows, too.
This was the world, and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas, and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms.

IT IS A PITY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired looking man, walking. "Father," said the little boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the tired man to ride, for which he was very grateful.

It is often a pity children, to keep things you cannot use when somebody else needs them.