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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

No. 3.

A FIRST LESSON

THE nicest way to learn geography is to go to the different countries themselves and see them; but as we cannot all do this, another way of teaching the subject has been invented. The way this is done is seen in our picture. A round globe is made of wood of exactly the same shape as the world, and then the continents and oceans are painted on in different colours. This little girl is pointing with one finger to the British Islands, where, perhaps, she has some relation—a cousin or a brother—and is asking her mother why it takes so long to go what seems such a short distance. Very possibly she will go herself some day when she is older, and then everything will be made quite clear to her.

THE JUMPING MOUSE.

HAVE you sometimes heard a mouse nibbling in the wall, or seen the little fellow scampering across the room? A mouse will run so fast that you can hardly see him, and then dart into his hole.

The jumping mouse is found in the fields and not in houses. It rises on its hind legs and leaps forward into the air, and although so



A FIRST LESSON.

small will sometimes clear five or six feet at a spring. When pursued its movements resemble those of a bird, so high does it

ing near them hunt out their nests and carry off most of the food for their own use. The little tracks of the field mice can

rise into the air, and so quick are its jumps. It can run as well as jump, and this it does with great speed.

When the cold weather begins the jumping mice go into winter quarters, where they remain in a torpid state until May or June. They sometimes make their nests at a depth of twenty inches. These are made of long flexible strands of grass, and so neatly interwoven that no trace of an opening can be found. How the mouse can form such a snuggerly while curled up inside of it excites our wonder. It appears to have been formed around the body of the little occupant by some skillful weaver.

Who gave these mice their skill in thus protecting themselves during the winter, and taught them to elude their pursuers by their rapid jumps? It was God. He has endowed every animal with the knowledge necessary for its mode of life.

Field mice have been known to store up such quantities of dried roots and other food, to last through the long winter, that half-starved people liv-

ing near them hunt out their nests and carry off most of the food for their own use. The little tracks of the field mice can

often be seen on the snow, and they sometimes make long tunnels under it connecting their nests.

Have you ever heard of the singing mouse? It is a field mouse, and its song is much like that of a cricket. There is a story of a man who heard one about the house for some days and at last caught it. He made a pet of it and it stayed with him more than a year. Several times it got out but was caught again. At last it ran away, and he never saw it or heard its song again.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1897.

STELLA'S VICTORY.

STELLA VINTON had been down town all alone for the first time in her life to make some purchases for her mother. She had walked down, and was riding home. Mrs. Vinton had told her that she might have a penny for herself if there was any change left; but she had been obliged to spend all but a penny, and was naturally just a little disappointed. She sat in the tram-car with the fare in her hand, waiting for the conductor to come for it.

He came along presently, and she held it out toward him; but he did not see it, and went on to the front of the car, then stepped off the front platform, and waited a moment on the rear again.

"He's forgotten me. He is not coming for my fare. I shall have to give it to him when I get out," she thought.

"No, I wouldn't; it is his place to come for it," the Tempter suggested.

"That would be cheating. You have had your ride, and ought to pay for it," whispered Conscience.

"Of course, but it's not my business to make the conductor take it."

"It is everybody's business to be honest."

"Ma promised me a penny too."

"But she would not like you to get it this way."

"She need not know. I would not tell her."

"But you would know, and Jesus would know, and you profess to be a little Christian."

"So I do; and I will be, and won't cheat."

Just then the conductor called out the name of the street, and Stella Vinton rose to leave the tram-car. As she did so she put the penny into the conductor's hand.

Stella went home, and told her mother of her temptation. Mrs. Vinton opened her purse, and, taking out a sixpence, put it in Stella's hand. "This is for my honest little girl," she said, kissing her. So Stella had double reason to be glad that she had gained the victory.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I FEEL so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must"—

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, just look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, and he read aloud: "'March 8. Ben lent me his hat.' Here again: 'January 4. When I lost my shilling Ben kindly made it up to me.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me. You would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory. So I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humoured again if I only look over my book."

THE KNIGHTLY SAILOR BOY.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"KITTY, kitty, kitty; please come down!" and Bessie Haynes begin to cry, for kitty paid no attention to her call, but ran even further up the tree.

Kitty was Bessie's great pet, and Bessie loved her even more than her beautiful Paris doll. "For," as she said to her mother, "kitty is really and truly alive. I don't have to pretend. She talks to me so softly, I don't even have to say to her as you do to me, 'softly, softly, my dear,' for she is always soft in her purr, as well as soft in her fur. Why, that's a rhyme, isn't it, mamma!" and Bessie laughed.

The morning of our story, when Bessie first sprang out of bed, she heard her kitty

cry out in a voice so strange she hardly knew it. Running to her window she saw a cruel boy, with a big dog, chasing her own dear kitty cat. Just as the dog was about to catch her, kitty ran up the maple tree out of reach of both boy and dog, just as Mr. Haynes came to the rescue.

Bessie could not eat her breakfast, although papa told her that if kitty was let alone she would come down herself; and for half an hour she had been calling, "Kitty, kitty," but poor frightened kitty would not come down.

But there are good boys as well as cruel ones, and Johnny Watson, in his jaunty sailor suit, came rollicking down the sidewalk.

When Johnny's mother made his sailor suit for him, she said:

"You know the jolly tars are always looking out, like the Knights of the Round Table, for some one to help."

So Johnny gladly came to the help of Bessie and her kitten.

Johnny was a true sailor boy, and easily climbed the tree, saying as he did so, "Cat ahoy!" and soon came down with the kitten, which, perching on his shoulder, he held for a moment, then with a neat bow, which had a little of sailor swagger in it, gave the kitten to Bessie, and away he went down the street, singing,

"I'm a brave sailor boy,"

looking for something or some one else worthy the help of a royal midshipman.

OLD RYE MAKES A SPEECH.

BY E. CARWELL.

I WAS made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank;
I come as a blessing,
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse,
When run through a still;
Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into a drink,
I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning:
My strength I'll employ—
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drank, to destroy.

MY TEACHER.

I MUST do what my teacher says. I must come to Sunday-school every Sunday. I must listen while she teaches. I must remember what she says. I must learn the Golden Text, and as much of the lesson as I can. I love my teacher, and I know she loves me. And I must love my dear Saviour, Jesus, more than all others. I must do, too, what Jesus says. He says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

THE GAME OF BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

THERE is a nice game
That is funny enough
And likewise noisy,
And sometimes rough,
The tots like to play,
Called blindman's buff.

You pick out a player
Whom you call "it,"
And tie up his eyes
So he can't see a bit,
Then round and about him
The other ones flit.

The blindman to catch one
Must round the room chase,
And tell which it is
By feeling his face
Or his head, hands, or clothes,
Or keep up the race.

If right, then the one
Who is caught, don't you see,
In place of the catcher
Must blindfolded be,
And thus goes the game
To the end, merrily.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 7]

TRUE AND FALSE GIVING.

Acts 4. 32 to 5. 11. Memory verses, 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance,
but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam.
16. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How many believers were there now?
How did these Christians live?
How did they show that they loved one
another?
What did Barnabas do?
Were all the new believers good people?
What did some still have? Proud, fool-
ish hearts.
What did Ananias think he would do?
What shows that he did it to be praised?
What did both Ananias and Sapphira
forget? That God sees all hearts.
What power was given to Peter?
What did he tell to Ananias?
What happened then?
Who came to Peter soon after?
Did she know that Ananias was dead?
What did she tell Peter?
What happened to her?
What did God want to teach the young
Church? To be true.

NEVER FORGET—

That "Thou God seest me."
That to pretend is to be untrue.
That a lie kills something in the soul.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.]

THE PRISON OPENED.

Acts 5. 17-32. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We ought to obey God rather than men.
—Acts 5. 29.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What power was given the apostles?
In whose name did they work miracles?
What did this show?
What did the high priest order one day?
Why did not the apostles stay all night
in prison?
What did the angel tell them to go on
doing?
Where did they go in the morning?
Where did the Sanhedrin meet to try
them? In the Hall of Judgment.
What surprised them?
Where did they send men to find the
apostles?
What did the high priest ask?
What did Peter answer?
Was this right?
Who were the witnesses of the resurrec-
tion of Jesus? The apostles?
When are we his witnesses? When he
has risen in our hearts.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

God knows when we suffer for his sake.
He will send his angel to deliver us.
It is noble to "stand up for Jesus"

UNCLE JOHN VASSAR.

NOT all of us may have the rare gifts of
Uncle John Vassar, but we may all have
some of his tender solicitude. His intense
earnestness is well illustrated in the story
of his conversation with a lady in a board-
ing house. After he had gone her husband
came in, and she told him of the "old man"
who had been talking to her about her
soul. "Why did you not shut him up?"
he asked. To which she answered: "I
tried to, but he would not be shut up,"
"If I had been here," he said, "I would
soon have sent him about his business."
"If you had been here," she quickly
replied, "you would have thought that was
his business."

CHERISH YOUR GIRLHOOD.

DEAR girls, don't be so often wishing
you were grown-up women that you will
neglect your girlhood. In the rush and
hurry of these fast times, there is danger
that you will reach and strain after "young
ladyhood" too much.

Be girls awhile yet—tender, joyous,
loving, obedient, and industrious. Woman-
hood, with its privileges and power, its
burdens and its trials, will come soon
enough. On this point one has said:
"Wait patiently, my children, through the
whole limit of your girlhood. Go not
after womanhood; let it come to you.

Keep out of public view. Cultivate refine-
ment and modesty. The cares and respon-
sibilities of life will come soon enough.
When they come, you will meet them, I
trust, as true women should. But, oh, be
not so unwise as to throw away your girl-
hood! Rob not yourself of this beautiful
season which, wisely spent, will brighten
all your future life."

WHAT IS THE TONGUE FOR?

"SINCE God made the tongue, and he
never makes anything in vain, we may be
sure he made it for some good purpose.
What is it then?" asked the teacher one
day of her class. "He made it that we
might pray with it," answered one boy.
"To sing with," said another. "To talk
to people with," said a third. "To recite
our lessons with," replied another. "Yes;
and I will tell you what he did not make
it for. He did not make it for us to scold
with, to lie with, or to swear with. He
did not mean that we should say unkind
or foolish, indecent or impatient words
with it. Now, boys, think every time you
use your tongue, if you are using it in the
way God means you to."

FLOY'S DISCOVERY.

BY MRS. M. A. LOPER.

"O MAMMA, what's 'come of the flowers
That used to be out on the lawn?
I went out to touch them a little,
An' found they were every one gone.

"I 'spect some bad boy came an' pulled them
While we were in bed fast asleep.
I fink he might left a few blossoms,
Just two or free for me to keep.

"Now who do you 'spose came an' took
them?"

"I think 'twas Jack Frost, little Floy."
"He didn't say please, did he, mamma?"
"An' Jack Frost's a naughty, bad boy."

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can
praise God for all the good things I have
or do. I can be careful to always speak
the truth. I can keep from saying cross
things. I can help others in trouble. I
can be kind when others are angry. I can
listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my
heart. I can remember that God sees me.
I can find something to do for Jesus. I
can trust him for strength to do it. I can
listen to the voice of conscience.

"ONE of the best ways of growing in
faith is to take God's word and put it to
the test."

A TEACHER requested each scholar to
write a sentence containing the word
"toward." One boy of nine years wrote:
"I toared my pants."

A LUCKY TRAVELLER.

"I've travelled much," said the elephant;
 "Both sea and land I've crossed;
 I've always sent my trunk ahead,
 And it never has been lost."

WHAT ELSIE FOUND.

ELSIE had been very sick, and the doctor said she must go to the seashore to try if the salt wind would not bring back the pretty pink roses to her cheeks.

Mamma could not go with her, for she had to stay at home with a wee new baby, so Auntie Belle went with Elsie. Auntie bought Elsie a spade and a bucket and a pretty basket. After Elsie had been at the seashore a week, she was so much better that she could play out in the sand for hours by herself.

One day she had been picking up seaweed and putting it in her basket to bring in to Aunt Belle for her to fasten into a book to take home to mamma. She saw something on the sand she had never seen before. She bent down and touched it, then picked it up and ran as fast as she could to the house, and to the room where Aunt Belle was sitting with some other ladies.

"Oh, Aunt Belle," she cried, "I've found a star. I have, I truly have. It must have been the one I saw last night that you said was falling. It fell right down on our beach, but the shine was all knocked out of it, and it's mashed real flat. It feels pretty soft, too."

Poor Elsie did not know why all the ladies laughed so hard, but she did not like to be laughed at; so her little face grew very red, and she almost cried. Then Aunt Belle said: "There, dear, don't mind our laughing. So it is a star, but not the kind that shines in the sky. This is a little animal called a star-fish. I am glad you found it, for mamma will like to have it."

WHAT JESUS MAY SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied. "Ella, when mother told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said

who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor, and her school bills were paid by my father; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. She took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Ah! little readers, never ask what this one and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say at the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.



THE FAITHLESS UMBRELLA.

POOR little fellow! How we pity him in his misfortune. He is, it seems, just coming home from the market, for there is his basket on the side of the road full of the different things which his mother has probably sent him to buy for the house.

But what shall we say for the unfaithful umbrella? The fault is probably as much the little boy's as the umbrella's. A heavy basket and so big an umbrella were too much for the little man, and the wind caught it and with one strong gust blew it inside out. It will be no more use to him now, for the stays are broken, so the best thing he can do will be to take up his basket, put a brave face on it, and run home out of the storm as fast as his little legs can carry him.

FIVE WORDS.

BY S. L. CUTHBERT.

"The Lord thinketh upon me." (Psalm xl. 17.)

FIVE blessed words for me to-day—
 I read them o'er and o'er;
 They cheer me whilst upon the way—
 To yonder heavenly shore.
 And all the time, at work or play,
 A happy child I'd be,
 Because I know that night and day
 My Saviour thinks of me.

I may be poor, and have no store
 Of silver or of gold,
 But, oh, his thoughts are valued more—
 Their worth cannot be told!
 For rich am I, with heart so light,
 From care and grief so free:
 I must be precious in his sight,
 When Jesus thinks of me.

In summer's days, in winter's snow,
 In hours that brightly shine;
 Through all my journey as I go,
 A holy joy is mine.
 His loving thought makes me rejoice;
 What bliss it gives to me,
 Whilst in my heart I hear his voice,
 "Dear child, I think of thee."

"I LIKE TO FEEL THAT I'M A GENTLEMAN."

PROF. GAINES was inviting a few of the boys of the sixth grade to spend the evening at his home, first to take tea with him, and then to enjoy a delightful season in his study, which was filled with a number of rich treasures dear to a boy's heart.

Mark Bennet had felt sure that he would receive an invitation; but when school was dismissed, and he was not among the number to turn in at the professor's gate, Mark was certain that it was because his toilet had not been attended to with the carelessness that warranted his sitting down at the same table as the professor's sister who was the "daintiest, kindest, and sweetest old lady," the boys declared, the city held.

"I noticed that the professor looked at my muddy shoes as I came into school this morning, and at my necktie," Mark said to himself as he trudged home. "I wish I'd minded mother. She said that I wasn't fit to be seen. Oh, well, whether it was for being untidy or not that I wasn't invited, after this I'm going to try keeping myself up with the best of them. I like to feel that I'm a gentleman."

When Prof. Gaines invited some of the boys to his home again Mark was among the number. And none stood prouder, cleaner, or neater to look upon than did he.

THE Lord loves the youth. He sees in them great possibilities, and is ready to help them to reach a high standard, if they will only realize the need of his help and lay a foundation of character that cannot be moved.