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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

No. 25

I'M LOST.

WERE you ever lost, my child? One spring evening a friend and myself were walking along a beautiful country road. The sun was just setting, all gold and purple, and everything looked very lovely indeed. Just in front of us was a little girl, walking slowly along, whom we found to be crying bitterly. At first we could not tell what she said because of her sobs; but after a little time, we found out she was saying, over and over again: "I'm lost." Presently she told us that her parents had only just come to the village, and that her mother had sent her to the shop at the corner of the street where three ways met. She had taken the wrong road, and now was lost. Well, we comforted the poor child, and put her right for her home, to which she went still sobbing with fright.

Now, I know a great many boys and girls like this child—they are lost. They do not know where they are going. How is it with you? You know you will not stay in this world forever. Do you know where you



THE SLIDE.

will go when you leave it? The little girl was going farther and farther from her home every step she took, and so it is with all who are not the Lord's. Every day they get farther and farther away from Him.

I know where I am going when I leave this world, and so do thousands of other persons, for the Lord Jesus is the Way. "I am the Way," he says. He will lead you, if you only ask him. He will be your Saviour and your friend. And then you will know where you are going; for he will have told you. Has he yet so spoken to you?

MARY'S PRAYER.

HERE is a prayer a dear little girl used to say. Could anything be sweeter? What a very dear little girl she must have been! How many of my dear little readers will learn Mary's prayer, and then say it with heart and soul in every word?

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two little ears, and make them hear my mother call me. Bless my two little

lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them do good, and not touch what they mustn't. Bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love Jesus, and my mother and father and Georgio, and everybody. Please never let ugly sin get hold of me—never, never, for Christ's sake. Amen."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1894.

FOUND AT LAST,

A LITTLE girl stood by her mother's death-bed, and heard her last words.

"Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her.

One day she wandered off with a little basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped, from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door and almost over her. He uttered the name of him she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where He is?" she inquired.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him."

The young man looked at her curiously for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly:

"I don't know, child—I don't know where he is."

At length the little girl's wanderings brought her to a park. A woman, evidently a Jewess, was leaning against the railing, looking disconsolately at the green grass and the trees.

Jessie went up to her timidly. "Perhaps she can tell me where he is," was the child's thought. In a low, hesitating voice she asked the woman:

"Do you know Jesus Christ?"

The Jewess turned fiercely to face her questioner, and in a tone of suppressed passion exclaimed:

"Jesus Christ is dead!"

Poor Jessie trudged on, but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet—and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night they knew that she could not live until morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over her heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it:

"O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.

MILLY'S COAST.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

THE snow was very deep, but the top was all shiny and smooth, for it had rained in the night and a fine crust had formed on top.

Milly stood at the window watching the big boys go down on their sleds in the field back of the house. It was great fun, and they had such a good time the little girl thought she would like to try it too. So after they had all run off to school, her mamma bundled her up warmly, and helping her down the steps said, "Have a nice time, dear, and mamma will watch you from the window."

She had never tried coasting alone before, but it looked so easy she was sure she could manage if she wasn't but five years old.

She was very careful at first, and sat on the sled with her fat little legs sticking straight out in front, and had several very nice coasts over the hard crust.

"The boys don't go so; guess I'll try the other way," she said to herself; and after quite a time of getting herself fixed, she lay down on her stomach, and the little fat legs stuck out behind as she went spinning down the field.

But oh, dear me! The heavy sleds had broken the crust away down at the end of the field, and Milly couldn't see very well, and couldn't steer herself in this new position. Whiz! went the sled, faster and faster every minute, until it reached the broken place, and then, instead of going over it, it went right under the crust, Milly and all; and all that could be seen of the little girl was two feet kicking out of the snow and waving wildly in the air!

Mamma was watching, and in a minute was hurrying out to help her; but a man passing by had seen it all, and rescued Milly, sobbing and crying in pain and fright.

Such a looking face you never saw, for

the skin was scraped by the hard snow, and it was bleeding badly.

"Poor little girlie!" said her mamma, comfortingly, as she carried her home. "She tried to be like a boy and couldn't. Mamma's sorry, so sorry; she was having such a good time all by herself."

All winter long Milly's poor little face troubled her, and she could not go out with the others for a long time. And when she did get up courage to coast once more, she didn't try the boys' way again.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys—
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he may as gold make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys,

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls—
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace.
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

"AUNT Mary," said Harry, "can I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

"No, Harry, my boy; I think that is a very dangerous sort of play."

"All right; then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride?"

"All right?" shouted the boy as he put his top away in his pocket and hastened to obey.

"Uncle William, may I go over to the store this morning?" said Harry.

"Yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you go."

"But I can't spare you to-day," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me."

"All right," said Harry.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or when refused, his constant answer was, "All right;" he never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Mustn't I?" Harry had learned to obey in good humor.

A LITTLE boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."

PRAISE THE LORD.

BY MRS. P. ALDERMAN.

I THANK thee, Father, for the hour
Of daylight's freshest smile.
With rising sun I see thy power
In corded leaf and opening flower;
All these my heart beguile.

It is, dear Lord, thy opening hand
That feeds the birds and me;
Nothing so small in all the land
Thy wondrous skill and love hath plann'd
But thou dost always see.

Sure he will watch and care for me;
He fashioned all my frame;
I know his love would have me be
From every sin forever free,
And triumph in his name.

So sweetly he invites to come,
I'll reach to him my hand,
And let him lead me day by day
By his own will, in his own way,
To heaven's blissful land.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 2348.] LESSON IV. [January 28.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

Gen. 9. 8-17. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—Gen. 9. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Covenant, v. 8-11.
2. The Token, v. 12-17.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Find out why God sent a flood upon the earth.—Gen. 6. 1-7.
Tues. Read about the great flood.—Gen. 7. 17-24.
Wed. Read lesson verses.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Find a beautiful promise.—Gen. 8. 22.
Sat. Learn why we think God will keep his covenant.—Deut. 7. 9.
Sun. Think how dangerous it is to forget God.

DO YOU KNOW—

How long had Abel been dead? How many years make a century? Why did God say he must punish the people? How did he punish them?
What good man lived then? What did God tell him to build? What did he tell him to take into the ark? How many men and women went into the ark? Eight.
When did Noah and his family come out of the ark? What was the first thing they did? Who came and talked with

Noah? What did the Lord say he would make? What is a covenant? What promise did the Lord make? What is the sign that God remembers his promise? Of what does the rainbow remind us?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God wants to make a covenant with me.—Heb. 8. 10.

That Jesus is the mediator of this covenant.—Heb. 12. 24.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where is God? God is everywhere.

What can God do? God can do whatever he will.

B.O. 1922.] LESSON V. [February 4.

BEGINNING OF THE HEBREW NATION.

Gen. 12. 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12. 2.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Call, v. 1-8.
2. Abram's Faith, v. 4-9.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read God's call to Abram.—Gen. 12. 1-9.
Tues. Learn the promise God made to Abram. Golden Text.
Wed. Learn how old Abram was when God called him.
Thur. Learn from the lesson where God met Abram.
Fri. Find when Abram's name was changed, and to what.—Gen. 17. 1-5.
Sat. See how many times Abram is mentioned in Galatians.
Sun. Learn Jesus's call to you.—Matt. 11. 28, 29.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who lived in the land of Ur? How long after Adam did Abram live? How long before Christ came?
Whom did Abram worship? Who spoke to him one day? What did he tell him to do? What promise did he make them? Did Abram know where his new home would be? Why did he obey God? Because he believed him.
Who went with Abram? What did he take along? To what land did the Lord bring them? To what city did Abram first come? What did he build there? Where did he next stop? What did he build there? What did the altar stand for? Worship.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God calls me to leave sin and come to him.—2 Cor. 6. 17.

That if I obey him he will make me his child.—2 Cor. 6. 18.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does God know all things? Yes, God

knows all things; every thought in man's heart, every word, and every action.

Will he call us to account for all we think and do? At the last day God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

"CHILDREN," said Mr. Brown, "what is my watch good for?"

"To keep time," the children answered. "But suppose it can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied.

"And what is this pencil for?"

"To mark with," said the children.

"But suppose it has no lead, and will not mark, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "what is the use of my knife?"

"To cut with," answered the little ones.

"Suppose it had no blade," he asked again, "then what is the knife good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Tell me now," said Mr. Brown, "what is a boy or girl good for? What is the chief end of man?"

"Oh that's catechism," said Willie Brown. "'To glorify God and enjoy him forever.'"

"Very well. If a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered, without seeming to think how it would sound, "Good for nothing."

Dear boys and girls, if you are not seeking "to glorify God and enjoy him forever," is it not just as if you were "good for nothing?"

LITTLE BLOSSOM'S WIT.

THE quick wit with which some children are gifted is illustrated in the following:

"Mamma," said little Gracie, whom we call little Blossom, as she tossed aside her dolls, "may I go over and see Mrs. Lonnis?"

"No, dear, not to-day," replied her mother, who, knowing how often Gracie ran over to "see Mrs. Lonnis," was afraid she might become troublesome; "some other time you may."

Gracie gathered up the rejected dolls, but sat for a time in deep thought. At last her face brightened, and springing up she cried, "Mamma, let's play that I am the mamma and you are my little girl."

"Very well," smiled the unsuspecting mamma, anxious to amuse her little daughter; "now what must I do?"

"Ask me if you may go to see Mrs. Lonnis?"

"Well, mamma, may I go and see Mrs. Lonnis?"

"Yes, my dear," came the quick reply from Mrs. Blossom, "and get my bonnet and I'll go, too."

It is needless to say they went.—*Child's Gem.*



GOING INTO THE ARK.—(See Lesson for January 28.)

WINGS BY 'AND-BYE

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple; "how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said: "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said, in a low voice, but with a smile: "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady."

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission; doing, in his measure, the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall, by-and-bye, "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run, and not be weary; shall walk, and not be faint."

WHAT HENS SAY IN SLUMBER-LAND.

"Go 'way, you horrid chickie," cried Juliet; "you shan't have any of my nice little yellow tomatoes. I want every one myself."

But the Biddie was very tame, and perhaps very hungry, and doubtless specially fond of yellow tomatoes, for she stepped slowly up, until she could have taken bite about with Juliet.

But the angry little girl sprang up, clutching the pretty yellow balls, and flew up to the nursery. "Now, old chickie," she said triumphantly, "you won't get one." But hardly had she eaten her last tomato, and put her head on the edge of the trundle-bed, before there stood the hen, with her feathers ruffled up, in the middle of the floor.

"Very well, miss," she said, "since you won't obey the Golden Rule, you can't get the benefit of it. The hens have all agreed

not to let you have another egg this summer. Brindle says you can have no milk. Prices will not ride you a step, the birds will stop singing as soon as you appear, and pussy-cat has gone to hide her kittens."

Juliet sprang to her feet. Mother was rocking baby's cradle, and saying "Hush sh sh."

"Where's the chickie?" asked Juliet. "There's no chicken up here," whispered mamma, raising her finger, "you've been asleep."

"But, mamma—" began Juliet; then she stopped and thought maybe she had been dreaming. She went back to the yard, and the tame old hen strutted right up to her, to see if there were any yellow tomatoes left.

"I'll get you one, chickie," said Juliet. So she unlatched the garden-gate, and went boldly in, returning with two beauties. And I don't think she was ever quite so stingy again, after the visit that hen paid her in slumber-land.

CROSS SALLIE.

"Put me down! Put me down! you bad boy. I don't like you." And two little feet kicked hard against the shins of the big boy who was lifting up the screaming child.

"O cross Sallie! Shame on Sallie!" cried half a dozen voices.

Little Sallie stood off and scowled at all of the mocking children.

"See here, Sallie," said the boy who had picked her up against her will, "I thought you wanted to get up there, and couldn't 'cause you were too little. I didn't pick you up to plague you."

Sallie stood off and looked into his face. The smiling eyes, looking down into hers, pleased her. There was no teasing and mocking there, only kindness. She slowly drew near, and at last took hold of his hand. Soon the big boy had "Cross Sallie" in his lap, telling her stories that made her laugh.

"Ho! look at Cross Sallie!" called out one of the big boys.

"Who makes her cross?" answered Sallie's friend. "Nice work it is for big boys to tease little girls until they make them mad, and then call them names."

The big boy thought it was time to go home to supper, and Sallie smiled at her friend, and said:

"Good boy; Sallie won't be cross any more."

Sallie was good now because the big boy was good and had acted toward her as a friend.

Our little boy of four, and his sister, a year older, were "playing doctor" one day, and he was called in to see a sick doll. When the little girl inquired what he thought "the matter could be," he replied, "Seems a good deal like the new monie (pneumonia), but I guess," he added after a little reflection, "there is some old monie mixed in with it."



THE DELUGE.—(See Lesson for January 28.)

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John; Then forgetting his word, his cap went on And he was off to the garden swing, And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell: "I love you better than tongue can tell." Then she teased and pouted full half a day Because she could not go out to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan; "To-day I'll help you all I can; How glad I am that school doesn't keep!" So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she brought the broom, And swept the floor and tidied the room. Busy and happy all day was she, Helpful and happy as child should be.

"I love you mother," again they said— Three little children going to bed. How do you think that mother guessed Which of them really loved her best?

ONE WAY TO CURE FAULTS.

No one has ever tested this remedy so thoroughly as it ought to be tested. A little group of mothers were talking one afternoon about their boys, who were children of about the same age, and of the habit of exaggeration into which the little fellows had been falling.

Said one mother: "I have reasoned with my boy repeatedly, but so far without success."

Another said: "I have been scolding Willie every day, but it seems impossible to break him of the habit."

Still another said: "I have been compelled to punish my boy, and yet he does not seem to be cured of the bad habit."

Another said: "I believe that my child has entirely broken himself of the habit." "How did you accomplish it?" asked chorus of voices.

"Well," said the mother quietly, "I just loved him out of it."