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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1889.

[No. 2.]

PLAYING STAGE-COACH.

"ALL wanting the same place makes a great deal of trouble in this world," said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I tell you a little story about it—something I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" chimed the children.

"It is a very sad story, but I will tell it to you," she went on, and the next time you are tempted to be selfish, stop and think of it. Once, long ago, there were four children playing stage-coach, just as you have been doing now, and, just like you, they all wanted the first place. Instead of playing on a log, however, they were in the spreading branches of a willow tree.

"I want to drive," said Lucy, getting in the driver's seat.

"No, let me drive," and Harry climbed up beside her. 'Let me sit there.'

"But Lucy did not move.

"Let me set there," repeated Harry, giving a slight push and crowding his way on the same branch where she sat. 'You must let me drive.'

"A moment more, a sudden crash, and they were on the ground. The branch had broken.

"Harry was on his feet instantly, trying



LEARNING TO SEW.

to raise his sister, but there was a sharp cry of pain, then she lay very still. Mother and father came running out of the house and gently lifted the little fainting form, from which the arm hung limp and broken. There was sorrow and crying, but it was too late; nothing could turn aside the weeks of suffering and pain that must be borne before the little girl could take her place again among the other children. I think they all learned a

lesson of loving unselfishness in those weary days, each trying who could bring the most brightness and happiness into the dreary hours. I was that little girl and I learned to appreciate little kindnesses as I had never done before. It was then that I learned something else, too,—something I want you all to remember," and mamma looked at the little group. "It is, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

JESUS WHISPERING.

"WHAT is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher, one day, to the little flock that gathered around to learn the words of life.

Several of the children answered—some saying one thing, and another, another—until a little timid child spoke out:

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Does Jesus whisper in your heart? When you do right, does he approve? When you do wrong, does he rebuke? Does he make your heart sad when you have sinned, and happy when you have done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this, and remember always to heed the Saviour's whisper, and then you will be safely guided to his heavenly home at last.

FEED THE HUNGRY.

COME in, little bird,
From the cold and the snow,
And feel the sweet warmth
Of our fire-side glow.

Come, join us at breakfast,
Confiding and free;
Then sing as you sung
On the snow-laden tree!

"Be happy and cheerful,"
Your notes seem to say;
"For troubles, like snow-flakes,
Will soon melt away.

"Be calm and contented,
Whatever betide,
And fear not the morrow,
For 'God will provide!'"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1859.

THE LORD'S NEED.

It was only a little ungainly colt, clumsy in shape, and hideous in voice—only a poor, insignificant little beast, such as thousands of school-boys make sport of, that the Lord Jesus sent for when he wanted to go into Jerusalem. "Say that the Lord hath need of it," he told the messengers that went to fetch it.

It wasn't much that it could do. It could not sing for him, nor do anything grand or beautiful, yet the Lord had need of it. He had need of Moses and Samuel. He had need of Paul, and James, and John, and he had need, too, of this little colt. And if he had need of this little colt, surely, dear girls and boys, the Lord hath need of you. You can do more for him than a colt could do. When you are cross, and selfish, and false, you are helping the wicked Satan

who hates children. How much better it is to be kind, and loving, and true, and so help the good Lord who loves you so very much, and who has need of every little child.

Think of it to-day, boys, when you are tempted to do and say the wrong thing. The Lord hath need of you to do and say the right thing. Think of it, girls, when you are tempted to be pettish and unkind. The Lord hath need of you to be sweet-tempered and helpful. Every time that you conquer self for Jesus' sake, you are helping God to answer the prayers that good people have been praying for nearly two thousand years, that the minister, and the deacons, and your father and mother pray, when they say, "Thy kingdom come." Isn't it pleasant to think how you can help the great loving God, and how he needs you to help him every day?

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'er-shaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Their mother was busy writing, only stopping, now and then, to listen to the little ones.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the youngest.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" replied her sister.

"Ah! that's not safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out: "Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe."

A PENNY CANDLE.

A LITTLE girl once said, "I can't do anything. I can't do any more than that little candle."

"Well," was the answer, "that little candle can do a great deal: it can set a hay-stack on fire; it can burn up a house; yes, and help a poor creature to read God's Word. Do what you can, little girl; and let your little candle so shine before men, that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

AN HONEST BOY.

"WHAT a lot you have got! We have only caught five between us."

"I've been fishing all the afternoon," said Frank, looking with some pride at his bottle, in which some six or eight sticklebacks were swimming about.

"Mind the keeper does not catch you," said the elder of the two Bruces, who had just come upon Frank Saunders, in a sheltered corner of the park.

"Why?" said Frank, innocently. "Don't he like fishing?"

Both boys laughed heartily. "Not at all, when you do it. Why, man, he'd be so angry, he'd as likely as not send you in to feed the fishes yourself. But you've only got to keep out of his way and you'll be all right."

"I'll put them back," said Frank. "I did not know it wasn't allowed."

"You silly!" exclaimed Ned, "you're safe enough. He never comes around here."

"I'm not afraid," said Frank, gazing regretfully at his sticklebacks, as he poured them back into the lake; "but I wouldn't steal anybody else's fish any more than I would their money."

At this moment an old man came up, and the Bruces suddenly disappeared.

"Have you been fishing?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank, gathering up his little rod. "I didn't know it wasn't allowed. I always fish in the park, and I thought it would be the same here."

"O," said the old man, "have you seen the gold-fish in the pond?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, sir. Are you the keeper?"

"No; but I can show you the fish."

Frank followed his guide, who led him through beautiful gardens and hot-houses, to the fish-pond. He was delighted with all he saw, and the old man smiled at his exclamations.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"I'm staying with my aunt at the shop for a fortnight, sir," said Frank; "and then I must go back to school."

"Well, you may come here every day, if you like." Then, turning to a gardener who was passing: "Mullins, let this boy go anywhere he likes about the gardens, and see if you can't find him some fruit."

"Yes, my lord."

Frank looked up with some alarm. "Is this place all yours?" he said.

"It is," said the old man, "and I am very pleased to welcome to it a boy whom I can thoroughly trust; for if he won't take my sticklebacks, I know he will not touch my fruit and flowers."

A BOY'S DETERMINATION.

You can't make the pledge too strong,
Though I'm a little shaver,
I'll to the temperance ranks belong,
And never, never waver.

King Alcohol's a foe to all
Who give him any quarter;
The best of drinks for young or old
Is pure, unmixed cold water.

No brandy sling, or cherry bounce,
No wine to soak a cracker;
Nor will I touch a single ounce
Of that vile weed—tobacco.

Though ram and ruin rule the world,
They shall not conquer me.
I'm pledged to total abstinence,
The true way to be free.

No word profane my lips shall pass,
No filthy juice bespatter;
I will not touch the poisoned glass,
Though all the world may flatter.

Then when I grow to be a man,
And vote for legislatures;
I'll do the very best I can
To beat the temperance haters.

Who came and took it away? Satan
What does this show? That the listeners
were careless.

Why will seed not grow on stony ground?
It withers away.

What is this like? Those who give up
easily.

What else keeps seed from growing?
Weeds and thorns.

What are like these? The pleasant
things of this world.

What hearts are like the good ground?
Those that love to hear and obey.

What fruit will such hearts bear? Love,
peace, kindness.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE

The Seed has been Sown!

Will you let Satan snatch it away by your
carelessness?

Will you give up easily, and so let the seed
wither away?

Will you let your pleasures choke the
word?

Or,

Will you ask Jesus to make your heart
"good ground."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fruit-bearing.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. *Who was Pontius Pilate?* The gov-
ernor of Judea, who delivered up Jesus to
be crucified.

A.D. 28] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10

THE FIERCE DEMONIAK

Mark 5. 1-20. Coramit to mem. vs. 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends, and tell them
how great things the Lord hath done for
thee, and hath had compassion on thee.
Mark 5 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Bondage, v. 1-13.
2. Freedom, v. 14-20.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where is the country of the Gadarenes?
On the east side of the Sea of Galilee.

Who came to this country? Jesus.

Who met him as soon as he left the ship?
A man with an unclean spirit.

Where did this man live? Among the
tombs.

What was he like? A madman.

Why were the people afraid of him?
Because he was fierce and violent.

What did he do when he saw Jesus?
He ran and worshipped him.

What did he beg of Jesus? That he
would not torment him.

To whom did Jesus speak? To the evil
spirits.

What did he command them to do? To
come out of the man.

And what did the spirits ask? That
they might go into a herd of swine.

What became of the swine? They ran
into the sea, and were drowned.

How was the madman changed? He
came to his right mind.

Who came out to see Jesus? The men
from the city.

What did they ask him to do? To go
away from their country.

Where did Jesus send the man who was
cured? To his home, to tell what Jesus
had done.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE

The Evil Spirit	The Good Spirit
Violent,	Gentle,
Makes Unreasonable,	Makes Attractive,
Unnatural,	Quiet,
Afraid of Jesus	Glad to be near
(Jesus)	
Which spirit do you want?	

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ omni-
potent.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. *Who was Joseph of Arimathea?* A
rich man who buried Jesus in his own tomb.

A QUEER LITTLE FELLOW.

A QUEER little fellow indeed was Tommy
Dick. Why, he would give away the last
marble he had, if a boy wanted it. He
would run on errands all day long, and
never grumble. He would always give the
best place to somebody else, no matter who,
and feel so honestly glad in seeing other
folks have a good time that he really forgot
all about himself.

Don't you see he was a very queer little
fellow?

But, somehow, everybody liked to have
the "queer little fellow" around. Grandma
always smiled all over her face when she
saw Tommy coming. Aunt Lois, who was
a very busy woman, used to say: "Well,
now you've come in time, Tommy. Run,
and"—

When Tommy went to spend the day
with grandma or Aunt Lois, the folks at
home all missed him. One would say:
"Where's Tommy? I wish he would come
home." And another: "Now if Tommy
were only here."

You see, Tommy was one of the unselfish
helpers; and what a tiresome world this
would be if there were not a good sprinkling
of such people!

Are there any Tommies at your house?
It wouldn't do any harm if there were more
than one, you know. Indeed, half-a-dozen
boys and girls with the spirit of Tommy
Dick would make home a very pleasant
place.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 28.] LESSON V. [Feb. 3

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER

Mark 4. 10-20. Commit to memory v. 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man have ears to hear, let him
hear. Mark 4. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Mystery of the Kingdom, v. 10-12.
2. The Meaning of the Parable, v. 13-20.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did Jesus often teach? By parables.
What is a parable? A story with a
meaning.

What parable did he speak to the people?
The parable of the sower.

Why did some follow him when he
preached? To ask what he meant.

To whom will Jesus always make his
word plain? To honest hearts.

What did Jesus mean by the sower?
One who teaches God's word.

What does Jesus call the word of God?
Seed.

Where did some of the seed fall? By
the roadside.



THE HOLY FAMILY DURING THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

LITTLE GIRLS.

I KNOW a little girl
 (You? Oh, no!)
 Who, when she's asked to go to bed,
 Does just so:
 She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
 And takes the dimples in;
 She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then does she begin—
 "Oh, dear me! I don't see why
 All the others sit up late,
 And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
 Who says, "When I'm a great big girl,
 I'll sit up late;
 But mamma says 'twill make me grow
 To be an early bird."
 So she and dollie trot away
 Without another word.
 Oh, the sunny smile, and the eyes so blue!
 And—and, why, yes, now I think of it,
 She looks like you.

BED-TIME.

ONE night Rose said, "O, mamma! mayn't I stay up just a little longer, this once?"
 Mamma looked down, and saw two blue eyes pleading so earnestly that she smiled, and said, "Yes, just this once."
 But that made bed-time later for Maude and Ruth, too, for the three little ones always wanted a story at that time.
 The next night Rose begged once more, and this time, when mamma said "No," the blue eyes filled with tears. But she went along without complaint.
 Now you would not think a little girl would keep on asking, would you? But Rose did. At last, one night, to her surprise and delight, mamma said "Yes." But she

rose immediately and led Maude and Ruth away.

Rose thought it was very lonely in the parlor. Papa was reading the evening paper, and Kitty was asleep on the rug before the fire, birdie had tucked his head under his wing and chirped a sleepy good-night an hour before.

She tried to enjoy the pictures she was looking at, but they were not nearly so interesting when Ruth and Maude were not there to see. At last she slipped away to the nursery, and O, dear! mamma was just closing the story-book, and little Ruth was saying, "What a lovely 'tory!"

That was the last time Rose asked to stay up after eight o'clock.

A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.

How often do people, when they are weary and disappointed, wish themselves alone on some beautiful island! This sounds very well; but imagine the loneliness that would in time come, the silence that one would give anything to break, but cannot! The flowers, so lovely by day, might give out poisonous breath by night. With the closing of day venomous reptiles might glide out, and dangers lurk on every hand. Then one would long to be back in the old sphere, and to be crossed and vexed in the old way.

The fact is, our own humble little niche is the best place for us, and there is absolutely no charmed spot, no magical island, where we could be happier than we are now. Go where you may, we must find this true. We make things harder for ourselves by meeting our vexations with a poor front.

In the diary of a quaint writer the following entry was made: "Went down town

this morning, and came home covered with burs; every little irritating speech made to me by an acquaintance seemed to stick to me as burs stick to a garment. Pray Heaven, I may have better sense another time!"

Be contented; make the best of things; bear and forbear; be charitable and loving, and things will come out right. This poor old world is good enough, but by pitching straw and mud at it, it soon presents to us an ugly appearance.

There are a great many beautiful islands over the world, visits to which would give us great delight, but it was never intended that we should withdraw ourselves to live upon any of them.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

WHAT do you ever do for the sick? I will tell you what Lillie Stone did for me one day. Lillie is a Christian child; I call her my "little friend." She is never so happy as when she is making some one else happy. She came over to see me one lovely morning, and what do you think she brought?

The first was a letter from the post-office, for as I am a "shut-in," I cannot go to get my letters. Do you know what a "shut-in" is? It means one who is not well enough to go out and so is obliged to stay in the house always. So Lillie goes for my letters every day.

This day she brought me besides my letter some fruit, nuts, and candy that she had saved from what was given her at a birthday party she had attended the day before. She asked the lady if she might take what she did not wish to eat to a sick friend. The lady said, "Yes, indeed," and gave her some more.

Last, but not least, Lillie brought the weekly paper, and said she had permission to stay and read it to me. Lillie is a very good reader, and gladly I listened to her pleasant voice as she read page after page. Then a caller came in and Lillie said she would go home and come another time.

Lillie is a sweet child, useful and happy. She is happy because she is useful and unselfish. I wish there were more like her.

LITTLE Johnny's papa is forgetful. One day his wife asked him the name of a cough medicine she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare, I cannot remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago." Little Johnny spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, papa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."