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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1899.

[No. 2

TOWSER'S REWARD.

BY E. L. B.

Sometimes Fannie and Arthur were allowed to skate on the little lake in the Park. Towser always went with them.

One day, what do you think they did? They fastened a strong string to the dog's collar, and he drew them along on their

BAB'S FIRST PARTY.

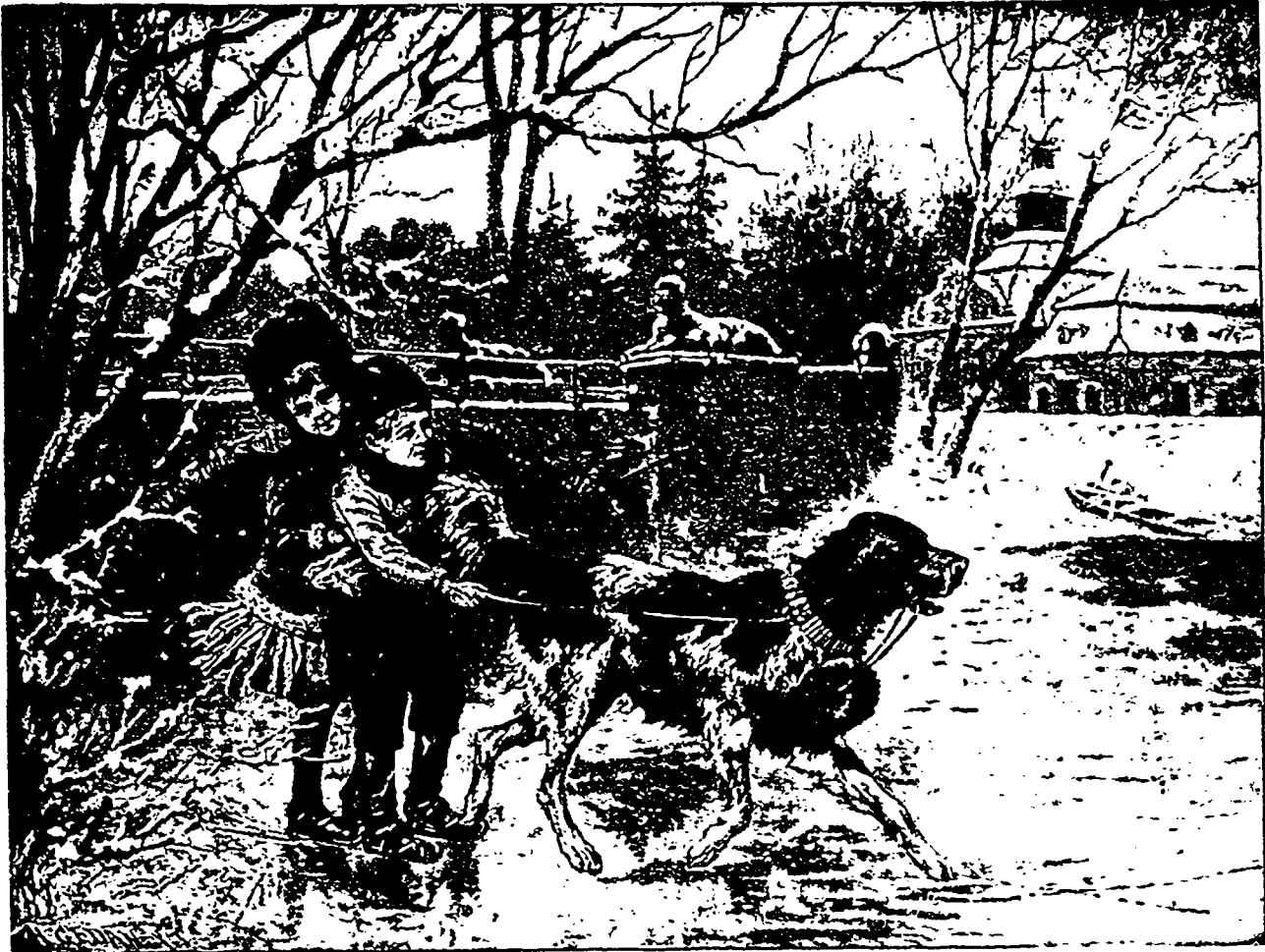
BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

She was everybody's dear little Bab." "We must begin to call her Barbara," mother said, but they didn't.

Little Bab was going to her first party, and as they entered the parlour, mother and sister Lucy watched to see how she'd act.

So as Lucy was old enough to care for herself, the pretty young mother stood behind Bab. All went well until the little lady missed her mother's face, and began to cry.

"Why, Bab, darling, here I am," whispered her mother from behind her chair, and loving arms drew her near, till her sobs were hushed, and her eyes flashed rainbows.



TOWSER'S REWARD.

skates. Fanny also gave him her muff to carry.

When they told their mamma about it she said, "Well, I think you worked that dog pretty hard. You ought to make it up to him in some way."

They made it up to him by letting him have the warmest place before the fire and by giving him a good supper before they even touched their own.

They thought the slight shyness only made her prettier.

It was a children's party, of course, and you know the mothers always go with the small tots.

Perhaps you know, too, that when the children are seated at table, the little ones in high chairs, and some perched on books, the mothers stand behind to help wait upon them. At least that was the way at children's parties where I have been.

Wasn't it too bad she cried?" said sister Lucy, on the way home. "Not one other cried." Lucy's pride was hurt, for she thought that Bab had not quite behaved herself.

She didn't know that in a corner of the dining-room a woman stood, who was a guest of the family. This one had no dear child there no baby had ever said "mother" to her. Her life was lonely, and she felt it then. But when Bab cried,

and turned to her mother, someone whispered softly to this lonely woman. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." She knew that a Friend was near.

So it was not quite "too bad" that dear little Bab cried.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1899.

HELPING GOD ANSWER PRAYER.

BY B. V. C.

Though scarcely more than a baby, Bluebelle's "Little Brother" had been taught "Now I lay me" and "God bless father and mother and sister Bluebelle," and, in addition, to ask God for anything he wanted very badly.

Though a model older sister in many respects, Bluebelle dearly loved to have the best of the bargain, not only half, but the whole of the time, and when there were toys and good things to be divided she had a way of acting, if not speaking, that plainly said: "I'll give you half, 'Little Brother,' but, since I am the older, I will keep the bigger half."

She was very fond of "Little Brother," but when her small friends came to play with her she did not want to take care of him and sometimes she was cross and pinched or slapped him when he followed them about.

One night, after "Little Brother's" "God bless sister Bluebelle," he lisped, "And please don't let her pinch 'Little Brother' any more, and make her quit giving him the knotty apples and the teeny bits of candy."

"I didn't," began Bluebelle in confusion, but mother interrupted her by saying in a low, soothing voice, "That is a prayer Sister Bluebelle ought to help God answer."

"Help God!" Bluebelle exclaimed, wonderingly.

"Yes," said mother, and then, after tucking "Little Brother" up in his little white crib, mother had a long talk with the small self-ish sister, in which she explained how she might help God answer "Little Brother's" prayer.

Bluebelle was a careful, trusty little girl, and mother often sent her on errands out in the village. She had pretty manners, and people often treated her to some dainty when she was out. One morning shortly after mother's talk Bluebelle came back from the grocery the happy possessor of a big, rosy-cheeked apple. Apples were very scarce that season and this one looked very tempting. After showing it to mother she called "Little Brother."

"Do you want a knife to cut it?" asked mother, hoping to help her to victory.

But Bluebelle shook her head, and when "Little brother" came at her call she put the big apple, uncut, into his baby hands.

"Just half of it, dear," said mother.

"No; all," insisted Bluebell. "Don't you 'member his prayer? I'm helping to answer it, mother, just like you said."

THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.—BY H. M. L.

Once there grew a beautiful maple-tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when autumn came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if I do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please everyone."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said:

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you for ever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left

the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed.

So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen!'" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

MR. SOMEBODY.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

My little one came to me weeping, weeping,

Over her bright cheeks the bright tears creeping:

"Oh! mamma, 'tis raining and pouring away!

We cannot go to the picnic to-day."

I took the darling up in my lap,
And tried to make light of the great mishap:

"Be patient, my child, with the rain; for oh!

It makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow.

Yes, it makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow."

My little one came to me sighing, sighing,
Almost ready again for crying:

"Oh! mamma, the sun is so fiery hot,
The flowers I planted have died on the spot."

I took the darling up on my knee,
And kissed and spoke to her cheerily:

"Be glad, my child, of the sun to-day!

It helps Mr. Somebody make his hay.

Yes, it helps Mr. Somebody make his hay."

There's many a thing may seem "quite too bad!"

For this little lass or that little lad;

But the thing that to you may the hardest be,

May fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.

Yes! may fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.

OUR LITTLE LIGHT.

"On the Ganges one night," writes a missionary, "I saw a Hindoo pushing a number of little bamboo boats out on the water, each with a little light in it, and I asked him what they were for.

"'O,' he replied, 'they are each for a relative who has died, that he may have some light in that dark world that he has gone to. This one is my light. We have all got to go, and so we push these lights out on the river that we may have a little light beyond.'"

God has given each of us a little light, and he means that we shall put it out in our little earthen vessels, all over the sea of life, to show others the path that leads to him.

Little worker, is your light shining brightly?

IN THE MULBERRY TREE

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There's a little boy lives in the mulberry tree—

In the very tip-top, tip-top;
And his mother is holding her apron, for he

May drop when the mulberries drop—
Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!
Drop when the mulberries drop!

Why does he live in the top o' the tree?
That's what the boys want to know—
Such a dear little, queer little fellow as he,
Way up where the mulberries grow!

Drop—drop—
From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

Once he was home with his mother and all,
As good as the boys ever be,
But he couldn't just wait for the berries to fall,

So the wind blew him into the tree!
Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

And the birds built a nest, and they hid him away,

And that's why he stays in the tree;
And his mother is holding her apron all day,

And a very sad mother is she!
Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!
O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 5.]

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON HEALED.

John 4. 43-54. Memory verses, 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, Thy son liveth and himself believed, and his whole house.—John 4. 53.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully twice. John 4. 43-54.

Tues. Read the story of the widow's son. Luke 7. 11-17.

Wed. Find a reason why we may ask hard things of God. Job 42. 2.

Thur. Learn what real faith is. Heb. 11. 1.

Fri. Learn the result of simple faith. Golden Text.

Sat. Find who only can make us alive and well. John 11. 25.

Sun. Think what lessons this story teaches you.

DO YOU KNOW

To what city in Galilee did Jesus go? What miracle had he performed in Cana? How long had Jesus been in Judea? Why did the people of Galilee want him to come there? They knew that he could do miracles. Where had they seen some of his wonderful works? While attending the feast in Jerusalem. Who was sick at this time in Capernaum? Why did the nobleman ask Jesus to heal his son? He had heard of his wonderful works. What was he willing to do to get help for his son? Take a toilsome journey. What great truth did he not know at this time? That Jesus can heal, not only the body, but the soul. Did the nobleman have much faith? No; but he used what he had. What followed? His faith grew. What lesson do we learn from this? To go to Jesus, even if we have but little faith.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 12.]

CHRIST'S DIVINE AUTHORITY.

John 5. 17-27. Metaphorical verses, 24-27

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world. John 4. 42.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses thoughtfully. John 5. 17-27.

Tues. Find an excuse for the Jews' anger with Jesus. John 5. 16.

Wed. See what John said about Jesus being equal with God. John 1. 1-3.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn how we should honour the Son of God. Verse 23.

Sat. Learn what comes from believing and honouring Jesus. John 5. 24.

Sun. Read the lesson verses again.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus now? In Jerusalem. What was the name of the healing pool in the city? Bethesda. What was the belief about this pool? That an angel troubled the waters at certain times. What effect did this have upon the waters? The first one that went in after that was cured. What did Jesus do for a sick man there? He cured him with a word. Why were the Jews angry about this? What did they try to do? What did Jesus tell them? Why did this make them still more angry? Why do you think Jesus was equal with God? How did the Jews know that Jesus was more than a common man? Why were they not willing to believe that he was God? Their hearts were hard and sinful. Who only can do miracles? God. How did the Jews pretend to honour God? With many forms. How should we honour God? By love and obedience.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

BE BRAVE LITTLE BOY

BY E. J.

Be brave, little boy, be brave!
I know you have lost the race
And you've fallen down,
And your cap is gone
And a brier has scratched your face
But you ran your very best, little boy.—
How you made the old dust fly!
And though you have not won the prize
Little boy,
You're too much of a man to cry.

Be brave, little boy, be brave!
You've another race to run,
A race from the dawn
Of your life's fresh morn,
All the way to its setting sun
And head and heart may ache, little boy,
And your back may have to bend,
But run your very best, little boy,
You are sure of a prize at the end

IN HIS CARE

The German soldiers were trying to take the city of Paris. For a long time the people in the city had suffered from hunger and now the great cannon-balls and shot poured into the place and all who had cellars took refuge in them. In one—a dark, damp place—was a little American girl named Hester, with her father, mother and big brother. Hester was very much frightened. She crept close to her father. "I don't feel half so afraid when you hold me, father," she said. "That is the way I feel with my father," he answered, as he kissed his little girl. "Do you mean God?" asked Hester. "Yes," her father said. "I feel sure that he will do the very best thing for us." "Are you sure he will keep us from being killed?" asked Hester. "If it is best, but if not, he will take us home to himself with sister Annie and dear grandmother," her father said calmly.

The child lay there with the crashing noise over and about her, but her father's words quieted her. God was so strong, they were in his care and at last tired, hungry little Hester fell asleep.

The very next day it was all over. The Germans came into Paris, the firing stopped, and those who were spared came out into the upper world of light and sunshine. Among them were Hester and her family safe and sound. How pleasant it was to be out of the damp, gloomy cellar, and see the daylight once more! The streets were very empty, and every one looked sad, but the danger was over.

Hester was soon eating good fresh bread again. "But after all, father," she said, "God seemed so near to us in the cellar, nearer than out here in the daylight, somehow."

"We must be very careful not to forget him, now that we have come back to our busy lives," said Hester's mother. "He is always our refuge."



THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT

THE HOLY FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO EGYPT.

When Napoleon led his army to Cairo he inspired their enthusiasm by the stirring words, "From yonder pyramids forty centuries look upon us." It is a wonderfully impressive thought that these stupendous structures were already two thousand years old when Mary and Joseph, with the young Child, fled from the face of Herod, that they were centuries old when the children of Israel toiled in the brick-yards of Egypt, when Moses the deliverer rose, and that they were also centuries old when Joseph was sold into bondage by his brethren, and even when Abraham went down into Egypt.

Such a scene as is pictured here we saw over and over again in our ride through Egypt. We saw many plodding fellahs, many a peasant mother with her babe riding on just such an animal through such a scene as is shown in the picture. Indeed, we were shown in an old church near Cairo the grotto in which it is said that the Virgin Mary and Joseph and the young Child took refuge and we were even shown the place where tradition avers that Moses was found in the bulrushes, but as to the truth of these traditions of the sacred sites we are a good deal sceptical. The white hills as seen in the picture are the yellow sand-dunes of the desert which ever greet the vision as one passes.

ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter, and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn, where Dick and Joe were playing with two pigeons.

"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept up every evening. Which of you will undertake to do it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."

"Only a cent?" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent?"

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it, and he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings-bank.

One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe into town with him. While he went to buy some lumber, they went to a store where there were toys of every kind.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish that I could buy one."

"Only ten cents," said the man.

"I haven't got a cent," said Dick,

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think that I will buy that bird kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

TOMMY AND THE PARADE.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Uncle John," said Tommy, "if I see a parade every year, how many will it make in all my life? I've seen two."

"Well," said Uncle John, "you are six now. Take six from an average lifetime and add the two, and it makes twenty-nine."

"Will Jacky Stiles, the cripple, have that kind of a lifetime,—an average one?"

"Poor little chap, I doubt it. But life is uncertain for us all, my boy."

"Aunt Kate," said Tommy, upstairs in his aunt's room, "how many is twenty-nine?"

Aunt Kate threw him her button bag. "Make a row of buttons on the rug and count."

So Tommy stretched the buttons out in line until they were twenty-nine. What a long line it was! There was a big white button at the end. Tommy took it in his hand, and then he looked at the others.

"Aunt Kate," he said, "if you take one

away from twenty-nine it doesn't count much, does it?"

"That depends upon what it is."

"If it is parades?" said Tommy, and scampered off downstairs before she could answer. At the foot of the stairs he sat down and began to empty out his pockets.

Once Aunt Kate had given Tommy a beautiful little card which she had painted herself, with the words of Jesus on it—"Follow me." Tommy had straightway put it in his pocket, along with tacks and marbles and slate-pencils and many other things. He was looking for it now. At last it turned up, and he laid it and the button side by side on the lowest step.

"I think it would be 'following' to let Jacky ride to the parade in my place. He's

littler than me. And Jesus always watched out for the little weak ones, Aunt Kate said."

So it was Jacky who went to see the parade. Tommy stayed at home; and the afternoon was getting to be pretty long when he thought that he would lie down on Aunt Kate's divan, and "'magine the horses and uniforms" for a while. And after that the afternoon was very short indeed—but Tommy saw wonderful processions in his sleep!

KISS AND AGREE.

Have you quarrelled in angry haste?

Kiss and agree.

Of remorse had bitter taste?

Kiss and agree.

Angels will look down and smile,

Kiss and agree.

If you're reconciled, the while,

Kiss and agree.

DOROTHY'S OPINION.

Mamma has bought a calendar,
And every single page
Has pictures on of little girls,
'Most just about my age.

And when she bought it yesterday,
Down at the big bazaar,
She said, "What lovely little girls!
How true to life they are!"

But I don't think they're true to life,
And I'll just tell you why:
They never have a rumpled frock,
Or ribbon bow awry.

And though they play with cats and dogs
And rabbits and white mice,
And sail their boats and fly their kites,
They always look so nice.

And I am sure no little girl
That ever I have seen,
Could play with dogs or sail a boat,
And keep her frock so clean.