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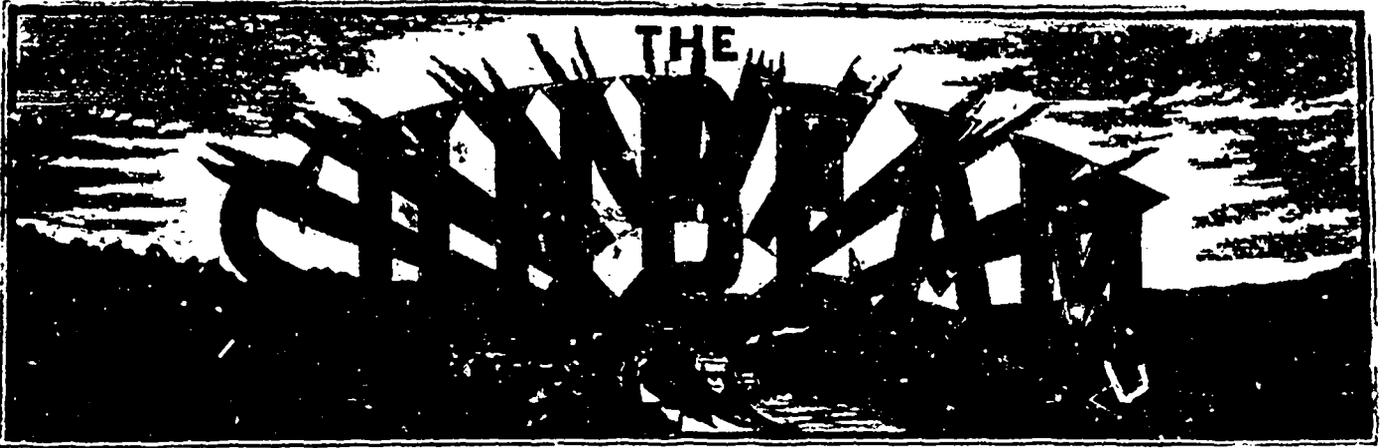
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THE DOLLS' PARTY.

THIS little girl is like the old woman that lived in a shoe. She has so many children she don't know what to do. They are lying around in the greatest disorder. She is giving her dolls a party, perhaps that is the reason she can't attend to them better. When she gets the table set she will make them all sit up and behave themselves. The following verses describe how the little girl enjoyed her Christmas when she got so many dolls and toy dishes:

Now Christmas is over,
I'm aching to tell
How I played I was
Santa, I like 'tis so well.

I had a nice apple, so
large and so red,
I wrote grandma's name
and tied on it with
thread;
Then in her work-basket
I put it with care,
And hope she would
think Santa Claus had
been there.

I watched till she found
it; she said, "Who'd
have thought!

'This must be an apple
that Santa Claus
brought."

I hid in a corner and laughed, full of glee,
To think grandma's Santa was only just me.
A case for his glasses I made my papa,
And an apron so dainty for precious
mamma;
(My grandma, she helped me to keep out
of sight
Any untidy stitches, and do it all right)

"Santa Claus even thinks of such old folks
as we!"

Exclaimed my papa as he called me to see.
And mamma sweetly said, "Nothing nicer
than this

Could Santa have brought me," and gave
me a kiss.

MY MOTHER IN JAIL.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, while she pushed her sun-bonnet back, and looked from one officer to another, as she stood in the Philadelphia Central Police Station. She was but a child, so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps at the station-house.

"Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officers stared at the little wail. They had arrested a tangled-haired woman who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought the officers like a fury, and did not dream that this was her child; but it was.

The little thing seemed so innocent and pure, they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her, and so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell door, and looked in, and cried out:

"Why, mother, are

you in jail?"

The mother shrank back ashamed, and the child dropped on her knees upon the stone floor, clung to the iron door and prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had strange moisture



THE DOLLS' PARTY.

I like to play Santa, and now I've begun,
I mean every Christmas to keep up the
fun.

MAKE no man your idol, for the best man
must have faults; and his faults will insensibly
become yours, in addition to your own.
This is as true in art as in morals.

about their eyes, as they gently led the little thing away, and when the case came into court, his Honor whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so—unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out for the "public good" that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the sucking child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother—unless some honourable and respected citizen gets her crazy on a dram on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world; but few are more strange than the wonders wrought by this devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 19, 1884.

HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

LOVELINESS.

"Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

ONCE I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose:
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent:
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew;

With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure,
Of the loveliness of worth:—
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

OUR TWO ARMS.

KATIE Genfield and May Hoffman, aged each about four years, were discussing theology. In other words, they were talking earnestly about heaven and the way to get there.

"You don't go to heaven when you die, at all," said Katie. "When our big boy died they put him in a great big coffin, and put that down in a deep grave, and he didn't go no place."

"Mamma, do they go to heaven when they die?" inquired May.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Hoffman, intent on her work.

"How do they go there?"

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me," replied Mrs. Hoffman, "you are a perfect little nuisance; do let me have a minute's peace," and she placed the smoking pie just taken from the oven on a shelf in the pantry, for the dinner that was engrossing her whole attention.

May's eyes filled with tears as she inquired timidly: "Mamma, do you wish that God hadn't made me?"

Her mother ignored the question, but

stooped down and kissed her little one affectionately, and said: "There, girls, run into the dining-room and have a good time, you are in my way here."

"I told you they don't go to heaven," said Katie, when they had reached the dining-room.

"They do, too," insisted May; "Mamma said they do. She didn't say how they go. I'll tell you how; you just hold up your two arms to Jesus, and he jumps you up into heaven right through the coffin."

Well done, little May! There was more orthodox theology in that speech than we often hear from learned minds who are moving or trying to move the world. It contains a whole lesson for parents as well as children. Just hold out your two arms to Jesus—the arm of repentance and the arm of faith—and he will jump you right through the grave into heaven.—*Western Advocate.*

THE RIVER NILE.

ONCE on a time, long since gone by,
In a small ark of rushes,
A weeping mother placed her child,
Where Nile's clear water guanes.

Ere long, down the river's brink,
Came Pharaoh's royal daughter,
And saw the ark, among the reeds,
Afloat upon the water.

She bade her maidens bring it forth;
But little dreamed the lady
That 'neath the lid, so oddly hid,
There was a dark-eyed baby.

The child awoke as from a dream,
Or in the morning early,
And lo, there glittered on his cheek,
A shining tear-drop pearly.

The princess bowed her jewelled face—
As bee among the clover,
Repeatedly the nectar sips—
She kissed him o'er and over.

She loved and she adopted him,
The history discloses;
And there was not in all the land
A man so wise as Moses.

—*Little Sower.*

OUR young Sunbeams will have a paper every fortnight of the year 1884. Sometimes last year there was an interval of three weeks without one. This will not be so in the future. Be bright and happy Sunbeams and we will make your paper brighter and sunnier than ever.



THE SNOW MAN.

THE SNOW MAN.

"Now for our snow man," said Aleck Quin to his brother Jack one winter afternoon, as soon as school was out. "Now for our snow man. We couldn't finish him yesterday, and we had no time this morning—"

"That's because you got up so late, Aleck," said Jack.

"O well, I was tired," replied Aleck; "but you needn't say anything, Jack, for you were up only five minutes before I was."

Thus the two brothers playfully chided each other about their late rising as they went home from school. They were lively chaps, and in a few minutes reached the house. As soon as they had put their books on the kitchen-table—where, by the way, books have no business to be—they got the wheelbarrow and two shovels, and resumed work where they had left off the day before; not exactly where they left off either, for some mischievous fellow, while they were at school, had gouged out a piece

of snow as large as a bushel basket. It was a mean trick, but they soon filled up the hole with fresh snow, which they packed hard with their shovels.

As there was not, within easy reach, enough snow to make a man the size they wanted, Jack brought some snow from a great drift not very far off, and thus found use for his wheelbarrow. He would have less trouble, however, if he had put a box on runners, and thus glided his load over the snow. But boys don't mind trouble when they are having a pleasant play spell. They worked away and did not feel the cold, because they moved lively, and their minds were interested.

Aleck, the elder of the two, put on the finishing touches. He made eyes, nose, and mouth, shaped the head, and smoothed the outside; with what success our readers must judge for themselves, though it must be remembered that the picture represents the snow man in an unfinished state.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

We send a merry greeting
To friends both far and near.
What if we're widely scattered
We have the same New Year.

We'll plan a better life to live,
We'll plan great things to do,
And yet our work will surely fail
Unless God helps us through.

And now, you tiny little folks,
'Twould really be absurd
To think with all the greetings
To you came not a word.

You have your little tasks, I'm sure
You'll try each day, I know;
Why, even baby Bess has work,
Her little task's to grow.

WATCH 'NG ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boy. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "There is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master."

"Indeed," said he, "How did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

"MAMMA, I had better go to heaven while I am little, for I might be bad when I get big, and could not get in." The mother didn't answer, and the boy went on: "But if I do go when I am little, how will I do—who will mind me until you come?" "O," said mamma, with a tear in her eye, "God will manage it." "Yes, he will send an angel to mind me, and he will tell me as soon as you get there, so I can run and stay with you, and then I'll be all right, mamma," and mamma, clasping the dear little talker close, thought if they were so happy as to be finally shut in with God and the angels forever, it would be "all right," sure enough.

NEARER STILL TO JESUS.

BY MRS. LOULA K. ROGERS.

NEARER still to Jesus,
Nearer every day,
Though the cross be heavy,
Dark my dreary way.
Nearer still to Jesus,
Though I may not see
Through the tears that blind me,
Nearer still to Thee!

Nearer still to Jesus!
Burdened though I be,
He will bear my sorrow,
Loving even me!
Nearer still to Jesus,
Trusting through the night—
Every hour brings me
Nearer to the Light.

Nearer still to Jesus!
Earthly sight grows dim,
In the heavenly radiance
Shining over Him
Nearer still to Jesus,
Welcome pain and death,
Praising Him in triumph
With my latest breath!

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughing; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him, for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court and said among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!—*Selected.*

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 50.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 27.]

LIVING AS IN GOD'S SIGHT.

James 4. 7-17. Commit to memory verses 13 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up. James 4. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. As Our Friend. v. 7-10.
2. As Our Judge. v. 11, 12.
3. As Our Guide. v. 13-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To whom must we submit ourselves? To God.

When does God draw nigh to us? When we draw nigh to him.

What should our sins cause us? Sorrow of heart.

Who can turn our sorrow to joy? The Lord.

When can God lift us up? When we have humbled ourselves.

What does God forbid us to do? To speak evil of each other.

What does he command? That we love one another.

Why must we not judge? Because that would be putting ourselves in God's place.

Who alone can judge? The Lord.

How should we live? Trusting in God, not ourselves.

To whom does our life belong? To God.

From whom comes all good? From God.

Can we claim any good ourselves? No, only Christ, who worketh through us.

How may we sin? By knowing the right and not doing it.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Ask yourself, What does God see in my heart?

Love,	or,	Hatred,
Trust,		Unbelief,
Obedience,		Disobedience,
Self-denial,		Selfishness,
Gratitude,		Indifference.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The supreme authority of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What must you be if you would go to this glorious and happy place? That I may go to heaven, I must be holy in heart and life.

What is religion? Religion is holiness in heart and life.

A.D. 51.] LESSON V. [Feb. 3.]

PAUL'S SECOND MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

Acts 15. 35-41, & 16. 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come over into Macedonia, and help us. Acts. 16. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Sharp Contention. v. 35-39.
2. The Three Companions. v. 40-5.
3. The Macedonian Call. v. 6-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

In what city did Paul and Barnabas continue to teach and preach? In Antioch.

What did they decide to do? To start out on a second missionary journey.

Whom did Barnabas wish to take with them? John Mark, his cousin.

Why did Paul refuse to let him go with them? Because he had before proved unfaithful.

What came of this dispute? Paul and Barnabas separated.

Who went with Paul? Silas, a prophet.

Where did Barnabas and Mark go? To Cyprus.

What cities did Paul revisit with Silas? Derbe and Lystra.

What holy disciple did he find at Lystra? Timothy.

What does Paul call Timothy? "His beloved and faithful child."

What were the results of their missionary journey? The Churches were strengthened and increased.

Where were they forbidden to speak by the Holy Spirit? In Asia.

In what city did Paul have a vision in the night? In Troas.

What was the vision? A man of Macedonia asking for help.

How did Paul accept this vision? As a call to go over to Macedonia and preach the Gospel.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Christ calls you to work for him.

There is home-work—

Is your home any happier because you are in it?

There is school-work—

Do you stand up for Jesus among your companions?

There is Church-work—

Are you working earnestly and lovingly, or carelessly and coldly?

There is something every day to do for Christ.

"Whatsoever God hath said unto you do."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of the Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to be holy in heart? To be holy in heart is to be changed by the Holy Spirit, so as to be saved from sin and to love God.

What is it to be holy in life? To be holy in life is to do my duty to God and man, according to God's holy word.