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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1889.

[No. 7.]

LITTLE PAUL'S NEW SUIT.

LITTLE Paul was having a "spell." That was what nurse always called it when he was as cross as an X.

What was the matter? Why, he did not want to wear a girl's dress any more. He was five years old. So there he was in his chamber "sulking" behind the closet door.

"Papa didn't have to wear dresses!" he thought, for there was a whole suit over at grandma's house, in the back chamber, that he had worn when he was a little boy.

Paul thought hard for a minute; then, as soon as nurse had gone to the kitchen, he ran down-stairs, out of the hall, and over to grandma's house.

Grandma was in the dairy, making cheese, so he crept quietly up the back stairs.

Yes, there they hung on a high wooden peg by the chimney. He got up on the meal-chest, and then he had to jump to reach them.

But such a nice time as he had dressing! The buttons would not stay buttoned, and there was a hole in the jacket sleeve-lining through which his hand would slip every time. And the trousers came away down



MORNING PRAYER.

beyond his shoes. Then he rolled the legs up like Jake, the hired man. But the jacket hung nearly to his heels, for papa was ten years old when he wore it.

Yet Paul went down and looked at himself in the duck-pond, and was well pleased.

He had not gone far on his way home when Jerry and Dick Dean, two rude boys, ran cut after him from behind a high fence, and made sport and shouted, "Daddy Long-legs!"

O how he ran! And they did too. The trousers legs unrolled and tripped him, and he fell in the dirty road.

Well, he got to the home gate at last, but Rover would not let him come in. He barked and growled, thinking it a little beggar, for I'm sorry to say that Rover did not like beggars.

Then Bridget came to the door and bade him go away.

Poor Paul! He could not bear any more. He leaned his head on the fence and cried.

Pretty soon mamma came out. How she laughed when she saw who it was! And she took him in and washed him and put on his pretty blue-cloth dress with the white braid,

and Paul was himself again.—*Companion.*

A LITTLE child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't the people let the man out of the box."

TO THE CHILDREN.

As sunbeams that shine
In the sweet morning hours,
And coax into blooming
The half opened flowers
That bring with their brightness
To many sad places
The spirit of hope,
Are the smiles on your faces.

As a bird song that floats
Through the soft summer air,
While we listen enchanted,
Forgetful of care,
As the carols at dawn,
When all nature rejoices,
Are the accents of love,
In your gentle young voices.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1899.

A BOOK FOR ALL

No man has ever written a book that suits all men. No man can write such a book. No matter how willing men may be to accept, they will find something wanting in any book written by man alone. There is a book, however, that does suit all who honestly read it. No matter who the man is or where he may live, that book will precisely suit his case. That wonderful book is the Bible. Of this book the great statesman Daniel Webster once said: "I have read the Bible through many times. I now make a practice of going through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers, as well as for divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and rules for conduct." That book is suited as well to the children as to the parents, to the poor as well as to the rich. No man, woman, or child can afford to be without it.

WHAT OUGHT WE TO DO!

PATTY, come here, for I want to ask you some curious questions that your mother has been asking me. What ought we to do in March when the wind blows?"

"What ought we to do? Why, hold our bonnets fast, that they may not be blown away."

"Yes; but that is not the answer. I will tell you what it is: We ought to love one another."

"Very true; but I did not think of that."

"Now, for another question. What ought we to do in April when the showers fall?"

"Why, put up an umbrella, or run under a tree or into the house."

"You have not given the right answer now. This is the right answer: We ought to love one another."

"That is just the same as the other."

"Yes, it is. And now for my last question. What ought we to do when May comes, with its flowers?"

"Why, 'love one another,' I suppose."

'You are right, Patty. Let the month be what it may—whether the wind blows, the showers fall, and the flowers spring or not—every month of the year, and every hour of the day, we ought to keep the commandment of the Saviour, 'Love one another.'

ANNA'S HALF-HOURS.

"MOTHER," said little Anna Graves when she came home from school one winter afternoon, "may I go to school a half hour before John and Grace every morning?"

"Oh, did you ever?" cried Grace, laughing. "What time was it when you got through your breakfast this morning, Miss Quickstep?"

The little girl's face reddened, for in truth she was rather lazy about getting up to breakfast.

"Why do you want to start so early, daughter?" asked her mother.

Anna put her arm round mother's neck, and a great whispering went on for some minutes, Grace and John pretending to listen.

The next morning little Anna had her hat and coat on and was off across the snowy fields before her brother and sister had finished their breakfast.

"What is Anna up to, anyhow?" asked John. But mother would not tell. All the rest of the session Anna kept going off on her secret mission, though sometimes it was very, very hard to get out of bed so early. But before it was time to go to grandpa's

for the summer she took mamma and papa with her to Ann Kelly's little house, and as a great favor John and Grace were allowed to go along.

Ann Kelly was the woman who came to do the washing every Monday, and the children used to go sometimes to see Matt, her little lame boy. Matt suffered a great deal, but he was a cheerful little fellow, and did his best to amuse himself while his "mammy" was away at work.

All these early half-hours little Anna had spent teaching Matt to read, and it was wonderful how fast he learned.

When Anna took her mother and father to see what progress he had made, you couldn't say which was the gladdest and proudest—the little scholar, the little teacher or the poor hard-working mother who was standing by.

"Ooh, Matt," she said, "sure an' the little leddy's made a mon o' ye, me boy."

BENNY'S MENAGERIE.

BENNY joined the I-Will-Try Band of his Sabbath-school, which meant, "I will try to get all the money I can for the missionary-box."

"But what can I do to earn money?" he asked his mother.

"Think for yourself, sonny," she said.

Benny was very fond of pets, and spent much of his time playing with them. One day the thought came into his mind, "Why can't I turn my pets into money? I will have a menagerie," he said, "and show them off."

After trying a good while he printed that long, hard word MENAGERIE on a piece of card-board and hung it on a branch of the apple tree. "That's my sign," he said. He had many talks with his mother, and she advised him to ask a penny a sight, and to invite all the family and neighbours, and by and by his schoolmates.

A famous little showman he made as he stood before his friends. His mamma paid her penny every day just to hear Benny make his speech. How many pennies do you think Benny got for his missionary-box? Sixty-three. He had more than any one else in the class.

PRAYER.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
Thy grace betimes impart,
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.
For Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain,
And fit my soul with him to live,
And in his kingdom reign.

A HARP OF FLOWERS.

UPON a little grassy mound
A lovely harp of flowers lay;
And in a rose-bush blooming near
Glad birds sung all the day.

Why this is not so sad, I thought,
Although within a grave-yard found;
For all is life, and song, and cheer,
Above the grassy mound.

Perhaps the one who placed the harp
Upon that grave so lovingly,
Thought of the "harpers with their harps,"
About the grassy sea.

Perhaps she saw a little form
Amid the fair immortal blooms,
And heard a song from deathless lips
Mingled with heaven's perfumes.

Perhaps,—but surely this I know,
The child is not beneath the ground;
Ah, no; he dwells 'mid flowers and songs,
Above earth's little mound.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] **LESSON II.** [April 14

THE REJECTED SON.

Mark 12, 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own
received him not. John 1, 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Stone Rejected, v. 1-8.
2. The Head of the Corner, v. 9-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What parable did Jesus tell the people?
The parable of the vineyard.
What do the parables of Jesus teach?
Great spiritual lessons.
Who went into a far country? The
owner of the vineyard.
To whom was his vineyard let out? To
husbandmen.
Whom did he send to get his share of the
fruit? His servants.
How did the husbandmen treat the ser-
vants? They beat some and killed others.
Whom did the owner then send? His
son.
What did the husbandmen do to the son?
They killed him.
What did the lord of the vineyard do?
He destroyed those husbandmen.
What did he do with the vineyard? He
gave it to other men.

Why were the Jews angry? They saw
that Jesus meant them.

Whom did Jesus mean by the owner of
the vineyard? God.

Who were the husbandmen? The Jews.
Who were the servants they had treated
so badly? The prophets and John the
Baptist.

How did they mean to treat Jesus the
Son? They meant to kill him.

Who only belong to the kingdom of God?
Those who believe in Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

My heart is God's little vineyard,
And the fruit I shall bear each day
Is the deeds he will see me doing,
And the words he will hear me say!
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to me,
What shall he see? What shall he see?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The patience
of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. *Who was Timothy?* A young com-
panion and helper of St. Paul.

A.D. 30] **LESSON III.** [April 21

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Mark 12, 28-34. Commit to mem. vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom.
13, 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Law, v. 28-31.
2. The Scribe, v. 32-34.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Why did the scribes and Pharisees ask
questions of Jesus? They wanted to "catch
him in his words."
How did Jesus answer them? With
great wisdom.
Who heard some of his answers? One of
the scribes.
What other name was given to a scribe?
Lawyer.
What question did he ask? "Which is
the first commandment of all?"
What did he mean by "first?" The most
important.
What is Jesus always willing to do? To
answer our questions.
What does he say is the first command-
ment? The command to love God.
How must we love God? With all the
heart, soul, mind, and strength.
What is the next greatest commandment?
"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."
Who is our neighbour? Any one whom
we can help.
What did the scribe answer? "Master,
thou hast said the truth."

What did he say is better than sacrifices?
Love.

What did Jesus reply? "Thou art not
far from the kingdom of God."

Who is nearest the kingdom of God?
The one who loves most.

Where shall we go to get love? To God
for "God is love."

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God's Command to Me:	Shall I resolve—
"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."	To give my heart to God
	To ask him to fill it with
"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."	love! [my actions:
	To try to show love in all
	"God is Love."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. *Who was Titus?* Another companion
of St. Paul, who was a minister in the island
of Crete.

AMONG THE GRASSES.

ETHEL is gathering bunches of grasses to
dry and put in vases during the winter. She
is trying to see how many different varieties
she can find. She has very beautiful ones;
some tall and stately, others soft and
feathery. How beautiful they are. I do
not think that people really appreciate the
grass. Just think what the appearance of
nature would be without it. Can you
imagine how different everything would
look without the velvety emerald covering?
It is so hardy and faithful. Apparently
downtrodden and thirsty, and almost dead,
up it springs again, singing its song:

"Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere."

John Burrows in speaking of one of the
chief claims of the natural beauty of Eng-
land, says: "Grass, grass, and evermore
grass. Is there another country under
the sun so becalmed, becarpeted and
becurtained with grass? Even the woods
are full of grass, and I have seen them mow
in a forest. Grass grows upon the rocks,
upon the walls, on the tops of the old castles,
on the roof of the houses, and in winter
the hay seed sometimes sprouts upon the
backs of the sheep."

The moist climate in England gives a
peculiar brilliancy to the verdure which we
do not generally find in our own country.

There are said to be nearly 4,000 different
species of grasses. Many beautiful ones
are found on our western prairies. See how
many different kinds you can find.

TEMPTATION comes stealing into your
heart when you are idle. Satan is no
friend of sober, steady workers. He always
prefers the lazy and indolent.



A QUEER PLACE TO READ.

WHERE DID BABY PASS THE NIGHT.

O BABY dear, why look so strange?
Whence come those staring eyes?
Some midnight journey did you take,
That filled you with surprise?

A mystic train of elves you saw
Astride their wisps of grain;
Then watched their weird and dainty dance
Amid the moonbeams rain?

Come, baby dear, with eyes so big,
Bewitched by some strange sight,
Pray, tell us what the matter is,
And where you passed the night?

Ah! now I know, the angels sweet,
They took you in their arms
And bore you back to paradise
To wonder at its charms.

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES."

"You have been stopping on the way, Tom," said a poor widow to her son as he gave her the article he had been sent for. "Why don't you come straight home, when you know my time is so precious?"

"I did so, mother, until I met Charlie Adams," he replied; "and then I staid only five minutes, to show him my new knife."

"Only five minutes," repeated the widow, "mean a great deal, when you come to reckon them all up."

Tom Price looked at his mother as if he had not understood her.

"Just reach down your slate," added the

widow, "and then you'll see what I mean."

Tom had his slate on his knee in a moment. "What am I to put down, mother?"

"Well, begin with five, and then tell me how many minutes you waste in a day."

Tom wrote the figure, scratched his head, and looked in the fire.

"Would thirty be too many?" asked his mother.

Tom did not think so.

"Very well," continued Mrs. Price, "there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year; and half an hour each day gives you a total of one hundred and eighty-two and a half hours, or upward of fifteen days of twelve hours each, lost in twelve months."

Tom Price put his pencil between his lips and stared at the sum before him.

"Suppose you put down two hours for each day instead of thirty minutes," added his mother; "that will show a loss of more than sixty days in the year."

Tom Price was a sharp lad, and soon proved the truth of the widow's statement. "So it does, mother," he said.

"But when I send you for anything I want, and you stay loitering in the street, my time has to be reckoned up as well as yours, hasn't it?"

Of course, Tom couldn't deny that.

"Then, try to remember," said the widow, "what a serious loss even five minutes are to me. You know, my boy, how very hard I have to work to pay my rent, buy bread, and keep you at school; so you should endeavour to help rather than to hinder your poor mother."

"I'll run all the way the next time I go, mother," said Tom, with a sudden feeling of eagerness.

"No, no; I don't want you to do that. I only want you to bear in mind that our lives are made up of those same minutes, and that we cannot afford to throw them away just as we please." And the widow gave her son a very tender look.

Like a sensible little fellow, Tom Price took his mother's lesson to heart; and it was a long, long time before he was again heard to use the words, "Only five minutes."

Let our readers also reflect on the value of precious time, so as to improve it to the best advantage. And let them remember that to help us in this, as in every duty, we need God's grace; and this we shall receive if we ask in the name of Christ. He only can "so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

No obstacle can close the kingdom of heaven against him who desires to enter it.

LAP-LAND.

A SUNNY climate I know full well,
Where merry little people dwell,
Its funny name, if I may toll,
Is Lap-land.

And one may read upon one's toes
How this woe pig to market goes,
And that one squealeth out his woes,
In Lap-land.

E'en there the jolly baker-man
Doth pat his cakes as best he can,
And tosseth them into the pan,
In Lap-land.

And there resides good Dr. Bliss—
A very wiseacre, I wis—
Who cures all ailments with a kiss,
In Lap-land.

But I lived there so long ago,
The little folk I scarce should know
Whom once I met, for weal or woe,
In Lap-land.

AN AFRICAN MOTHER.

I WANT to tell the children who have kind fathers and mothers about a heathen father and mother who lived in Africa. The father got angry with the mother and made her drink poison, thinking it would kill her. She did not die, so he sold her to a slave-dealer (for there are men whose business it is to buy the poor Africans for slaves), and she was driven away from her home and her little child. Think how you would feel if your mother were driven off in that way and you could never see her again. Well, that black mother loved her child, and every night watched for a chance to escape. At last it came; the watchman was sleeping, and she managed to get her hands unfastened and stole noiselessly away. She had to walk day and night through the bush, tired, hungry and in danger from the wild beasts; but she reached her home, seized her child and escaped to where the missionaries were. Somehow she felt sure that the people who loved Jesus would take pity upon her; and they did.

SELF-PRAISE

My name is Jack, and I am a good dog. My kennel is right by the chicken-house door, and a part of my work is to see that thieves do not carry off any of our hens or roosters at night.

There is a big dog named Dude living near by, that I do not like very well, and I have had a few pretty bad scrapes with him. I wish that he would move out of our town.