

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

SUNBEAM

A SNOW BATTLE.

WHAT fun the boys and girls have when the winter comes on in the country, and there is enough snow on the ground to make snowballs. See how, in the picture, the four boys have made a great snow heap which they call the fort; and while one defends it, the other three try their best to take it from him. There the brave defender stands, with his arms full of snowballs and his coat covered, showing the mark that has been made by many a bullet, well aimed and shot straight. We fear, all the same, that he is going to lose the battle, for his third enemy seems to be just going to seize the flag from behind while the defender is fighting the two others in front, at very close quarters indeed. But as long as he sticks to his post and does his best it is impossible to say who will win.

MARK'S SPOOL CASTLES.

"KATE, will you please save me all the empty spools you can?" asked Mrs. French of her sister. "Certainly; but may I ask what you want to do with them?" Mrs. French smiled. "I want them for Mark," she answered.

"For Mark! Why, what can he want with empty spools? He is too old to wear them on a string about his neck as he did when he was a baby, and four are enough for wheels for a pasteboard cart."

"Just wait until you come to me for your holiday visit, and Mark shall show you."

A week or two later, Aunt Kate caught

Mark by the arm, and said: "Here, Mark boy, mamma said that when I came to visit her you would show me what you do with spools. Here I am, and I am very curious to see."

"Watch me and see."

Mark went to a book of pictures of castles, chose a picture, and his spools soon built a castle that looked very much like it. Then he selected a picture of a grand old church with a tall bell tower. When both were done, he stopped back, and said "There, auntie, are my spool castles where the fairies live, and here is a church for them to go to when they are bad. They are bad sometimes, for they take my spools and fly off with them if they don't like the castle I build for them."

Aunt Kate wondered how many little boys and girls could invent so pretty a play as that, and be contented with only spools for play-things.

LONESOME.

SAID a little girl to her father: "Papa, I'm so lonesome I don't know how to live." The father replied: "Well, dear, I'm sorry for you, and I believe that you do not yet know how to live. Now as for me, I have no time to get lonesome. I feel that I must work for the Lord with my hands and feet and my head—with all there is of me and all the time. And this is not hard, for I love his service; and when I thus do, he

comes and abides with me, and he is good company, I assure you. Will you not thus invite him into your heart, my daughter, and see if your "hours will not glide sweetly away while leaning on his word?" When we work for Jesus, we have no time to be lonesome.



A SNOW BATTLE.

"All right, auntie. Come on up-stairs."

"My! what a great number of them There must be hundreds, at least."

"Yes, auntie. The more I have, the prettier castles and churches I can make."

"Castles and churches out of spools! How do you manage it?" she asked.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me;
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces
I tell you, all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96, pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 1to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 60
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 1to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 67
per quarter	0 67
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 60
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 66
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50c per 100.	

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
217 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1897.

THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

ONE cold wet day, our city missionary climbed the steps of a house he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and very dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer, so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

"Oh, please don't make such a noise, sir," said a sweet little voice; "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin-and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro.

"You see the prince is very hungry," she said, "an' of he wakes up he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too, my child?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, course; I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, intended for his own lunch, and gave them to the brave little sister; and while she devoured one he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"Oh, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child, with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about being cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens; and then when she's away at work all day I play the queen's out drivin', and me an' baby are livin' in a big warm house an' havin' sausage every day for breakfast. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary, "you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King, and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice warm house not very far from here, just open to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work. You'll get bread and milk there every day, and sausages, too, sometimes."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl, her eyes shining.

"They call it the Nursery," answered the gentleman, "but it belongs to our heavenly Father, and he has sent me to tell you about it."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be sent to this warm, comfortable place every day, to be clothed and fed and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was always called "The Prince;" but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful times.

"YOU CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"DON'T write there, Willie," said a father to his little son, who was writing on the window with a diamond; "you cannot rub it out when the mark is once made."

Yesterday a little boy was very cross because mamma wished him to work when he wanted to play, and he said some harsh words which grieved his mamma to hear. Ah, Harry, that was sad indeed; for "you can't rub it out."

And a little girl there was, with a fair, innocent face, but with a naughty tongue, which often led her astray. When her teacher was not looking she whispered to her school-mate, which she knew was against the rule. Ah, Jennie, beware of even a trifling sin; for, once committed, "you can't rub it out."

When Harry's father asked him if he had done the errand on which he had been sent, Harry answered, "Yes, sir," but did not say that he had loitered by the way, and reached the office too late for the noon mail. Why not bravely tell father of the fault, and ask his forgiveness? "It was not much to tell," you say. Ah, but it

is wrong; and, once done, "you can't rub it out."

So, no matter how slight or small the sin may seem, yet, once committed, like the writing with the diamond on the glass, "you can't rub it out."

How much better it would be, dear young folks, to keep out every sin which is likely to spot the fair soul that is meant for eternal life! And if we would dwell forever with the precious Saviour, we must keep ourselves unspotted; for "only the pure in heart shall see God."

DAISY'S GOOD WORDS.

LITTLE Daisy and her mamma waited on the platform for the train to get ready to take them to grandpa's. The engine, a few yards off, was puffing and sissing pleasantly, as though it was glad to get a rest; for this was a "half-way station," and here those who travelled expected "ten minutes for refreshments."

The refreshment-room had swallowed all the passengers but one. This one was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds come over it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy. He muttered to himself, but did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart (she was only three years and a half old) longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and when he again came near she took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweet tones, "Eow do?"

The gentleman stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked in pleased surprise, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his.

The darkest clouds had all gone from his face now.

"'Ou solly (sorry)? I solly, too!" were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes, and something like a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can ever tell, madam," the gentleman said as he put Daisy in her mother's arms, and hurried into another car.

What battle was going on in his soul that little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we will never know this side of heaven; but we cannot doubt that God sometimes makes children "ministering spirits to them who shall be heirs of salvation." How true that "heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."

GOOD MORNING!

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Good morning! Good morning!
 We come; we meet,
 In love we greet
 Our smiling school-mates, and repeat:—
 Good morning! good morning!
 We bow and sing:—Good morning!
 We greet our loving teacher too.
 Our Father, God, makes all things new:
 The gardens fair, the leafy trees,
 The singing birds, the laughing breeze,
 The shining sun, the sky so blue,
 And so we come to greet him too,
 And sing, with grace,
 Good morning! good morning!
 We sing to him
 Good morning!

We come, brimful of happy ways,
 And bring ourselves, our God to praise:
 We bring our bodies, pure and free,
 The temple of his grace to be,
 Our hands and feet to serve him well,
 Our voices sweet his name to tell;
 Our minds to learn, our hearts to love,
 By these to win the world and prove
 Heaven may be here, for Christ is King,
 And so to all the world we sing:
 Good morning! good morning!
 We bow and sing:
 Good morning!
 London, Ont.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IV. [Jan 24.]

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name, through faith in his name,
 hath made this man strong.—Acts 3. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How did Jesus still live on earth? In his disciples.

What did the apostles do in his name?

Where did Peter and John go one day?

What offering was made at this time in the day? A lamb was sacrificed.

Whom did they see at the gate Beautiful?

What did he ask of them?

What did they give him?

Do you think he was surprised?

Would he have been cured if he had not tried to walk?

Do you think the beggar had faith in the name of Jesus?

What did the people think who saw him?

Why did Peter and John not want to be praised?

To whom did all the glory belong?

Where did Peter preach another sermon?

Whom did he tell the Jews they had killed? The Prince of Life.

WONDERFUL TRUTHS.

That Jesus lives now in hearts that love him.

That he can do great works through us.
 That he has some strange power to give us. Shall we take it!

LESSON V. [Jan. 31.]

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.

Acts 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where did Peter preach his first sermon?

Where was the second preached?

Who heard it?

What did they do to Peter and John?

Before whom were they brought the next day? The great Jewish council.

Who belonged to it?

Who was the high priest at this time?

Who came and stood near Peter and John during the trial?

What question was asked the apostles?

What was Peter's answer?

Why was Peter no longer afraid? The Holy Spirit gave him courage.

What did he say about the only name?

What surprised the judges?

Why did they not punish the apostles?

What did they do?

THE ONLY NAME.

"Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
 The name to sinners given;
 It scatters all their guilty fear;
 It turns their hell to heaven."

DICK'S DISCOVERY.

It was one of Dick's crooked days, when nothing would happen quite straight, or else whatever happened it looked crooked to him. In the first place, the boys did not come down to the boat as early as he had expected, then, when he was just ready to push off, his little sister Jessie ran down and wanted to go with him.

"Oh, we don't want any girls," said Dick. "We are going off to play 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Three of us?" laughed Charlie. "I guess you had better call it 'Swiss Family Robinson.'"

"Well, then, I can go, for there was a Mrs. Swiss-Family-Robinson," declared Jessie, and Charlie helped her into the boat.

By the time he had pushed across the pond, he discovered that Fred had brought his little boat along, and that he and the others were more interested in finding a good place to sail it than in discovering a suitable spot for a desert island.

Usually, Dick would have been interested too, but just now he did not like the idea of any one having plans but himself. He felt cross, and the whole day seemed likely to be spoiled.

"I want to play we are on a desert island," he said crossly. "The boat is mine, and I brought you over here, but it seems I can't please myself."

"Can't, eh? Better give it up, then, and try to please somebody else," said Fred.

The remark was made teasingly, but it almost seemed to Dick that another voice than Fred's had spoken it, so suddenly did it recall the last Sunday's verse: "Even Christ did not please himself." Dick looked soberly down at the water for a moment or two while he thought about it, and decided to accept the advice, however it had been given. Then a shout from Jessie and Charlie told him how beautifully the tiny vessel was sailing, and he forgot everything in watching it. After a time they concluded to build a little canal for its accommodation, and, that completed, somebody devised the scheme of adding locks, and the hours flew so busily and happily that it was time to go home before any of them had thought of such a thing.

When Dick's father asked laughingly at the table if the 'exploring expedition' had made any important discovery, Dick promptly answered, "Yes, sir."

But it was only to his mother that he afterward whispered: "I discovered that when a boy stops thinking about just having his own way, and tries to please other folks, he will have a good time before he knows it."

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had numbered only three summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"

The mother put down her sewing, and looking at her boy, said: "Charlie, do you love anybody?"

With a look of surprise the child answered: I love you, I love my father, and my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me, and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought.

"And you ought," continued the mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and all your friends and comforts; and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever."

"I do want to give my heart to him, mother, how shall I do it?"

The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the best of mothers.

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I SAW two dusty little shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk.
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
'Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside;
Now don't you think it mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch and wait and wait
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp and tramp and
tramp
The livelong summer day;
Now this is what
we'd like to do:
Just carry him
away

"Where he could
never go to bed,
But stay up all the
night
Unwashed, and cov-
ered o'er with
dust—
Indeed, t'would
serve him right".

THE HAMPER
FROM HOME.

In all English schools for boys there is a custom still kept up of which the boys are very fond, although the masters do not look upon it with so much favour. The custom is, that when a boy's birthday comes round his parents send him a hamper of good things from home, which most schools do not think the best food to work on. The hamper in our picture is sure to be full of such good things as pots of jam, cakes, tarts, and all manner of fruits and other nice things. The owner of the hamper is surrounded by his friends, who also hope to get some share of the things.

THE BROWN BEAR.

The brown bear is a very unsociable and solemn individual. He does not like being dragged about by a chain and made to dance at fairs to amuse little children, but he likes to wander about alone in the deep forests, where daylight can scarcely be seen through the thick trees.

When the winter comes on, he finds out some snug cave, and curls himself up in it, and goes to sleep until the spring. He

does not eat anything all that time, indeed, he cannot get out to get any food, for the snow comes and blocks up the mouth of his cave, and he is completely shut in. But he does not care for that, for he is fast asleep, and the snow keeps him nice and warm, and his breath melts a hole in the snow just sufficient to let a little air in for him to breathe. When the spring comes, he wakes up and goes in search of food. I should think he must be very hungry after having fasted all the winter.

TWO STORIES.

MARY'S STORY.

OH, mother! I've had the most beautiful time. Stella's house is the loveliest place in the world. I wish you could see all the fine things.

There is such a splendid piano in the parlour, and Stella's mamma played to us,



THE HAMPER FROM HOME.

just the sweetest music you ever heard, I thought, but Stella didn't care anything about it. She takes music lessons and practises an hour a day, and she hates it. Just think of it! I know I should love to learn to play the piano.

You ought to see Stella's room, with all her books and playthings. I just wanted to sit down and read the whole time, but of course that wouldn't have been polite. Stella says she doesn't like to read. Isn't it strange? We played with the dolls, and they have trunks full of the most beautiful clothes, silk, satin, and lace. Oh, you can't imagine!

It didn't seem any time at all till supper was ready and went downstairs. The table was set with the loveliest dishes—I was almost afraid to handle them for fear I should break something. There was a servant to wait on the table, and Stella's mamma was dressed so nicely, and had on such sparkling rings, and her hands were so white and pretty.

I was a little afraid of her papa, for he

didn't smile and look pleasant at us, but ate his supper quickly and went out.

I was so sorry when seven o'clock came, and I had to come home. I think Stella ought to be the happiest little girl in the world.

STELLA'S STORY.

Oh! I've had the loveliest time, and Mary's home is just the pleasantest place! Her mother is as kind as can be, and her grandmother is such a pleasant old lady, and oh! her baby brother is so cute, worth a thousand of my dolls.

We played in the attic, and it is the grandest playroom—such lots of things to dress up in and play keep house with: and there was a splendid swing there too.

The supper was the nicest I ever ate, baked sweet apples and brown bread and milk, and the most delicious pumpkin pie. I wish our cook could make things half as good.

After supper we sat on the rug before the fireplace and roasted apples. The room was so pleasant in the firelight, and Mary's grandmother sat there with her knitting, and her mother held the baby, while her father popped corn for us and cracked butternuts.

I heard such soft sweet strains of music once in a while. Mary said it was an Æolian harp her mother fixed in the window, only a thread of sewing silk and a couple of toothpicks. Think of it! The wind made just the sweetest music on it, better than any piano.

Her grandmother was just telling us the loveliest story when Josephine came for me. I did hate to come home. I think Mary must be the happiest girl in the world.

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.

THIS story of a little Prussian boy shows how prompt obedience saved his life.

A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway near Prague. His lever was in his hand, for a train was just coming. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, saw his little boy playing on the lines of the rail the train was to pass over. To leave his own post would be a neglect of duty, and would endanger the lives of perhaps a hundred passengers; so, like a true hero, the man stood by his lever, shouting to his child, "Lie down at once!" The train passed along on its way safely, and the frantic father rushed forward, expecting to take up an injured, most likely a fearfully mangled and lifeless body; but great was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed the command of his father. He had laid down between the rails, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. If the boy had not promptly obeyed his father, he would probably have been killed. When the king of Prussia heard of the man's courage he sent for him, and gave him a medal for his bravery.