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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 6, 1894.

No. 1.

THE PRINCE'S MOTTO

MERRILY rang the bells, as the two belted boys trotted across the white, frozen field, dragging little Lucia's sled after them, to school. It was jolly good fun to the capering boys, and a never-ceasing delight to the dear little maid.

But there was one drawback, the big boys at school jeered them; and though Lucia's big brother were not cowards, no boys like to have fun made of them.

"Before I would turn mule, and drag a load I'd stay at home," said one. "Whoa, Jack; whoa, Jerry," cried another; and so on.

Now while they were hanging over the school fence one morning, a whole noisy crowd, teasing Lucia and her good steeds, Dan Irwin came around the corner. Dan was a great man among the boys; not only because he had brought a medal and a diploma back from college, but especially because he was captain of the university foot ball team, and was spoken of in the newspapers. The boys thought he would join in their rough game. Not he!

"Oh you're a stupid lot!" he cried, pointing scornfully at the bullies. "I wouldn't give a cent a pound for the whole of you! Did you ever hear of great William the Silent, who whipped the bully, Spain, and gave Holland her freedom?"



THE FIRST SNOW.

The boys looked disappointed and defiant as if they didn't care much about William. Suddenly Dan changed his tone. "I say, fellows"—and now he was as gentle as a girl—"did you ever hear of Jesus Christ? His motto was, 'I minister—

serve.' There's your bell, comrades; good-bye! Miss Lucia may I have the pleasure of calling you home this afternoon?"

They say Dan Irwin is going to be a preacher. I hope all his sermons will do as much good as this first one.

VICIOUS COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German.

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so and, behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken, so it is with the company of the vicious."

THE SNOW-STORM.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,
Everything is white.
Sift, sift; drift, drift,
All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,
Hurry out of bed,
Rub your nose, warm your toes,
Fetch along the sled.

Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,
School-house down the lane;
Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,
Jack Frost come again.

Hurrah! hurrah! now for war!
Build the white fort high.
Steady aim wins the game,
See the snow-balls fly.

Setting sun, day is done,
Round the fire together;
Apples rosy, this is cozy,
Jolly winter weather!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 6, 1894.

HOW SARAH EARNED HER MISSIONARY MONEY.

At a late missionary meeting Sarah had banded in a dollar for her money for the year, saying that she had earned it all herself during the summer. When they were out of the meeting little Sadie Black said to her:

"How did you ever, ever earn so much just in one summer?"

"Why, I will tell you," said Sarah. "You know our yard is full of weeds, and papa said if I would cut them out of the grass, he would give me ten cents for every peck. Well, I did, and I soon earned a dollar. You know our yard is very large, and I could get as many as I could cut."

"That is a good way to earn money,"

said Sadie, "and next summer I will ask my papa to let me do the same."

How many of our little boys and girls could earn their missionary money this way!

A REAL HERO.

"WHAT does hero mean, mamma?" asked little Dick Morton, pausing thoughtfully in the middle of a long line of words he was copying from his spelling-book.

"The dictionary says a hero is a brave man; one who has done some noble thing in the world," answered mamma. "But why do you ask, Dick?"

"Teacher was telling us stories about heroes yesterday, and I have just come across the same word in my spelling lesson. She said we could all be heroes if we tried; but I'd like to know what great thing a little chap like me can do?"

"I do not know what your teacher would call a heroic deed, but I think a little boy who cheerfully leaves his play to help others may be called a hero," said mamma, laying her hand proudly on Dick's curly head.

"Would nine years be too young to do something good or great?" asked Dick.

"I have heard of younger heroes than that," said mamma; "but people must not be thinking all the time about being called heroes; they must go on trying to be good and do good, and let other people find out when they get to be heroes."

That afternoon mamma had one of her bad headaches, and she asked Dick if he would stay in the house and take care of his little brother Freddy, as she would be compelled to go to bed.

As it was Saturday, Dick had arranged to go with Joe Hardy to the pond to catch fish, but when his mamma turned her white face towards him, waiting for an answer, without thinking anything about being a hero, he said cheerfully:

"Of course I will, mamma, and we will try to be very quiet, so as not to hurt your poor head."

In spite of her pain, mamma smiled approvingly, and Dick took Freddy upstairs to his own room to amuse him.

Half an hour later Joe Hardy stopped on his way to the pond; and when he found out that Dick could not go, he said he would stay too, and they would have a jolly time playing with Dick's new set of tools.

"We must take off our shoes, so that we won't disturb mamma," said Dick, suiting his action to his words.

For a while the boys enjoyed themselves fashioning a "Noah's ark" for Freddy, and cutting out all kinds of rude animals with which to fill it.

They were almost ready to take it down to the brook to test its sailing qualities, when in some way Freddy got hold of the sharp-edged hatchet and cut a severe gash in his foot. The blood spurted out in an alarming manner, and Freddy added to the confusion of the moment by beginning to scream at the top of his voice. Dick jerked his stocking off instantly, and re-

membering what he had learned in physiology, placed his finger on the severed artery right above the wound. Then, with a word of comfort to the frightened child, he sent Joe in great haste for the doctor, who lived just across the street. In a few minutes Joe was back with the needed help, and before mamma knew anything about the accident, the artery was lifted and the danger past.

"The little chap's a hero, ma'am," said the doctor, after telling Mrs. Morton how Dick had saved Freddy's life.

"And you are a hero, my little Dick," said mamma proudly, kissing the little fellow by her side.

"Why, mamma, I did not do anything brave," urged Dick. "Freddy was in my care, and I just stopped the blood till the doctor came. I did not think about being a hero at all."

"Heroes never do," said mamma; "and that is the way they get to be heroes."

A MISSIONARY BOY.

I'm a missionary boy, I am; and when I grow up I am going to be something better still, a missionary man. Now, I don't mean to say that a man can be really better than a boy, but then he can do so much more.

Yes, indeed, when I grow up I going to give every cent I can to the missionary cause. You won't catch me sneaking out of church when I see the contribution basket coming, or dropping in a button either, just to make fun. I saw a man do this the other Sunday, and I felt like telling him just what I thought of him. I was so mad for a minute or two I felt like speaking right out in church. I just know he was a mean boy when he was growing up, don't you think so?

Yours for the missionary cause,

HERBERT.

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness; it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice, be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly, and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter; for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents. He is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins: they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helping, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls who are soon to be our men and women would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books or men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,
No ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile;
A despot strong through infancy,
A king from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother;
What can he mean?—but, I suppose,
They understand each other.

In doors and out, early and late—
There is no limit to his sway:
For, wrapped in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like has his slaves to dress
him;
His subjects bend before him too;
I'm one of them. God bless him!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 4004.] **LESSON II.** [January 14.

ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.

Gen. 3. 1-15. **Memory verses, 13-15.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 Cor. 15. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. Sin, v. 1-6.
2. Guilt, v. 7-14.
3. Grace, v. 15.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read second chapter of Genesis.
Tues. Read lesson verses very carefully.
Wed. Learn how sin came into the world.—Rom. 5. 12.
Thur. Learn the curse of sin—Golden Text.
Fri. Think: What was Eve's great mistake?
Sat. Write or tell the story of the fall.
Sun. Find the first promise of a Saviour.—Verse 15.

DO YOU KNOW—

What was the name of the first man? of the first woman? Where did the Lord put them to live? What grew all around them? What did the Lord tell them? How long was Eden a happy home? As long as Adam and Eve obeyed God.

What did the Lord make man free to do? Between whom must we all choose? Between God and Satan.

Who was in the garden? What form did he take? How did he tempt Eve? What did foolish Eve do? To whom did she give some of the fruit?

Whose voice did they soon hear? Why did they hide? What did they have to do? What did God curse? What promise of help did he give? What punishment came upon Adam and Eve?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God wants to give me the best things.—Psalm 103. 5.

That only sin can keep me from being good and happy.—Gen. 4. 7.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

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

Who made you? God.

B.C. 3875.] **LESSON III.** [January 21.

CAIN AND ABEL.

Gen. 4. 3-13. **Memory verses, 3-5.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. Cain and Abel, v. 3-8.
2. The Lord and Cain, v. 9-13.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the first boys.—Gen. 4. 1-13.
Tues. Learn the Golden Text.
Wed. Find what Jesus said about Abel.—Matt. 23. 35.
Thur. Learn why Cain slew Abel.—1 John 3. 12.
Fri. Learn the law of heavenly life.—Matt. 7. 12.
Sat. Find what hatred means.—1 John 4. 20.
Sun. Tell some one the story of the lesson.

DO YOU KNOW—

How many sons had Adam and Eve? What were their names? What was Cain's business? What did Abel do? Why were Adam and Eve sent out of Eden? What evil seed did they plant in the hearts of their children? What good promise had they been taught? Whom did Abel want to please? Was Cain like him?

What sacrifice did Cain bring to the Lord? What did his sacrifice mean? What did Abel bring? How did he offer it? With which sacrifice was God pleased?

With whom was Cain angry? What awful sin did he commit? What did he say to the Lord? How was he punished?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

What is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.

That hate is murder in God's sight.—1 John 3. 15.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

Who is God? God is our Father in heaven.

What is God? God is a Spirit, One that always was and always will be.

OLD "SAUCY TOES."

KITTY JOY had just gone to bed in the country. She had often heard the swallows in the chimney, but now they seemed more noisy than usual.

Kitty called Bridget two or three times, but Bridget was sound asleep, or too tired to answer. "What is the matter?" Kitty thought. Once more she screamed, "Come here, quick!"

Then Bridget heard. "O it isn't nothing, darling; go to sleep wid ye."

Kitty was a good girl, and pretty soon, noise and all, she fell asleep. You know how tired children get in the country, and Bridget went back to bed.

But what do you think? Next morning there sat a pretty gray owl on the bedpost, staring at Kitty with his big round eyes as she opened her tiny ones!

Kitty sat up in bed, but the owl did not move; he only ruffled his feathers and said, "Who." Kitty had heard of owls, but never saw one before. She had been told they would not hurt, so she said merrily: "'Who,' to be sure! Who are you, y'r queer old 'Saucy Toes?'"

Bridget came then, and she was terribly frightened, of course. The owl was put in a cage. He was cross with everybody but Kitty, so "Saucy Toes" was called 'Kitty's Pet,' and nobody wanted to dispute her rights. She would feed him, and he would perch on her shoulder and walk with her all about the garden, looking as wise and sober as the most learned man, and all at once drop sound asleep.—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

HOW CARLO BOUGHT BUNS.

CARLO is a pretty big dog, but he is as fond of sweet buns as a little girl.

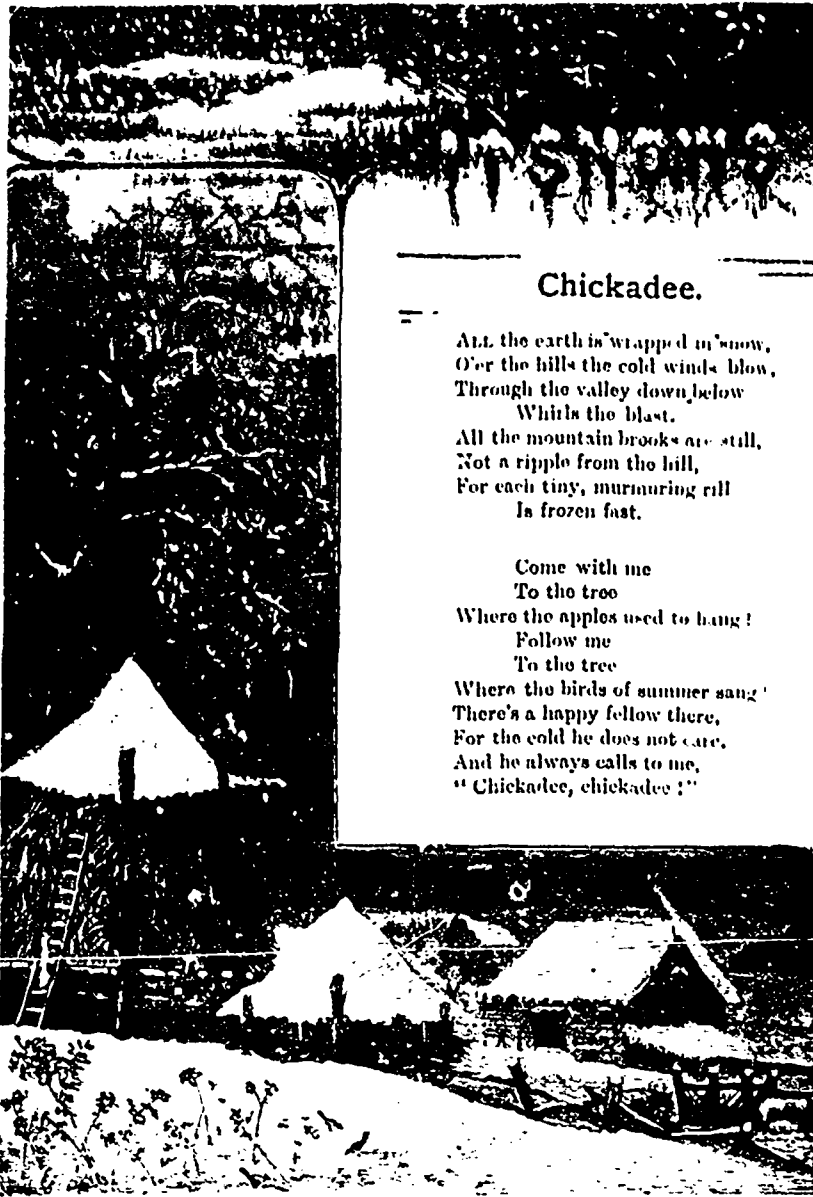
The baker's boy gives him a bun now and then; so Carlo has learned that the bake-shop is the place to buy them.

To see what the dog will do, his master gives him a penny, and says: "Go get a bun, Carlo."

The dog runs to the bake-shop with the penny in his mouth. He stands up at the counter, puts the money down, and gives two or three short, quick barks.

We suppose that means, in his dog talk, "Please give me a bun, here is a penny." Is he not a knowing dog?

He does not know enough to save his money, and some children are like him. We know a boy named John, who always spent his money as quick as he got it. He would buy candy or cakes which he did not need, and when Sunday came he had not a penny left for Sunday-school. Let him save his money.



Chickadee.

ALL the earth is wrapped in snow,
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,
Through the valley down below
Whirls the blast.

All the mountain brooks are still,
Not a ripple from the hill,
For each tiny, murmuring rill
Is frozen fast.

Come with me
To the tree

Where the apples used to hang!
Follow me
To the tree

Where the birds of summer sang!
There's a happy fellow there,
For the cold he does not care,
And he always calls to me,
"Chickadee, chickadee!"

ROBIN REDBREAST.

BY FRANCIS FORBES, ESQ.

ROBIN REDBREAST is one of the most popular fellows in the air. Everybody likes him—except in strawberry and cherry time, and then he puts so hard a strain on people's regard that they throw sod, if not stones, at him. Robin does love strawberries and cherries, and—like the greedy epicure that he is—he always feasts on the reddest, ripest, most luscious berries and cherries that are on cherry-tree and strawberry-vine. But when the season for these sweet fruits is past, people return to their old loves. Robin recovers his popularity, and is made welcome as ever when he comes, Lazarus-like, as he does in winter, to pick up the crumbs which fall from our tables.

I scarcely know why it is that Robin retains the special good-will of so many people. You know that even egg-hunting, bird-killing boys will spare him, while they rob or kill birds of all other species. There is nothing in Robin's character which entitles him to this impunity. Many other birds might set up a better claim to good treatment on the score of character. He is

an unscial fellow with his kind, and quite as quarrelsome and selfish as his worst enemies could desire. Just try him with a few crumbs next winter, if he should visit you, and if a brother or sister Robin should dare to hop up and try to get a brother beggar's share, you will see him fly into a terrible passion, and drive the intruder off. Robin is a jealous, selfish fellow. His redeeming quality is that he loves to eat the worms and insects which destroy our trees, and in the winter when other birds forsake us he sticks to our homes and cheers us with his voice.

Yes, people love the Robin. I suppose this is mainly because an old legend states that when a wicked uncle hired some ruffians to carry his little orphan nephew and niece away and kill them, that he might seize the riches to which they were heirs, and that when these ruffians quarrelled, and finally left the poor babes to wander in the forest until they starved and died folded in each other's arms, the robins came and covered their dear little dead bodies with leaves. For this loving deed, the story of which has been poured into the eager ears of millions of children for many generations, we all love the Robin.

Every time we see him we think of the poor babes in the wood, and that thought awakens a kindly feeling for him whose ancestors are storied to have done that loving deed.

Thus you see how far-reaching in its influence is a deed of love. Possibly the robins never did the loving act with which they are credited. But no matter. It is theirs by reputation, and we love them, and spare them, and feed them from our windows in the winter season. We thus practically say, "Blessed are they who do loving deeds!" I trust you all say these words, but I am very desirous to have you do such deeds. You love Jesus because he did the most loving act that ever has been done on earth, when he died the just for the unjust.

HERO JACK.

BEDFORD school bore a bad name. A new teacher, one of the real kind, came, and the tone of the school improved. Jack Peterson had just come from Excelsior school, where the code of honour was high. The bully of Bedford was Joe Brandy, who nagged every new boy into a fight, if possible.

Jack was a puzzle to the Bedford boys. He was different some way, perfect in lessons, walked with head up in manly fashion, honourable and faithful. Yet he was best in base-ball, and a capital fellow on the playground. Joe tried to pick a quarrel in vain; Jack paid no attention, until one day Joe struck him across the face, saying: "Now, take that! fight it out, or be a coward!"

Jack's face flushed; then with folded arms and head erect, he walked away without a word.

"Coward! coward!" shouted Joe, and the boys echoed "Coward!"

"We'll show him," said the leader, "that no boy that bears that name can play on our ground."

One day a terrible thing happened. A mad dog dashed into the playground, and was almost upon Joe Brandy before the boy saw him. Quick as a flash Jack snatched up a baseball bat, and springing in front of the raging beast, with its open jaws and frothing mouth, dealt it a stunning blow, giving a policeman in hot pursuit a chance to shoot.

"I do declare, boy, that was a plucky thing to do!" said the officer.

With a shout, "Three cheers for Hero Jack!" the boys lifted him on their shoulders and bore him around the playground in triumph.

"But, little readers, when did he most truly earn the name of 'Hero Jack?'"

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps its course, and so constantly will God's own light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—John Howe.