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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1899

No. 1.

SNOWBALLING.

Did you ever have a snowball match, boys? I suppose you did. It is a kind of sport some people don't enjoy, for the snow has a fashion of melting and trickling down one's neck in a very cool and insinuating way. But it is great fun for all that, as you know. The battle in the picture has not started yet, but, judging

A LITTLE NORTHERNER.

Sievu lives far up in the cold north. There among the snow and ice her father has built his "igloo"—just a round hut of stones and earth and moss, with a long tunnel leading into it instead of a door, so as to keep out the cold air better.

Inside the "igloo" there is just enough room for Sievu, her father and mother,

lips. After a while, when her mouth is empty again, she takes another piece. It is not a nice way to eat but then Sievu's father and mother and all the rest of the Eskimo tribe have always done it, so Sievu knows no better.

The little northern children are all dressed in skins, for there is nothing out of which to make cloth and besides that,



SNOWBALLING.

from the size and number of the balls being prepared, it is going to be a rather "hot" one. This is an old-fashioned English school, as may be seen from the timbered building and ivy-covered stone wall.

Children, remember that you can do a great deal toward making home happy by obeying your fathers and mothers.

and her little baby brother. Around the fire in the middle they all gather to keep warm and to eat their meals of walrus and bear meat and fish.

I am afraid you would be shocked if you saw Sievu eat her dinner. She takes a long strip of meat and puts one end in her mouth, sucking it down until her little throat can hold no more. Then with a sharp knife, she cuts it off close to her

cloth would not be warm enough. So little Sievu is dressed all in furs with a sealskin cord wound round and round to keep the folds together. No matter how cold it is, Sievu is very comfortable in her furry wrappings, and can be tucked into the dog-sledge and taken for a ride on days when you would be afraid to stir out of the door for fear of being frozen.

TIMID LITTLE BETTY.

BY B. D. MARIE.

Don't be frightened, Betty dear,
 Nobody can harm you here.
 Mother is not far away,
 And she told you you must stay
 Quietly and without fear
 Till she came and found you here.
 So be patient, dear, and wait,
 For though mother may be late,
 Yet you know she's fond and true,
 And you know that she loves you.
 So cheer up, don't be afraid,
 Betty, bonny little maid!

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TORONTO, JANUARY 14 1899

WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

BY ELIZABETH TILLEY.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbour of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey, and while he was away some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was!—that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball. But Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came home—it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out—Snowball ran to him at once, and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and to make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his

and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him downstairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say, "This puppy has gotten in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh! And how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy—and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house!

THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER.

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow we're going to Aunt Mary's—if it doesn't rain!" and the children danced around the room, for if there was any place they loved to go it was to Aunt Mary's.

But alas, when to-morrow came, it was dark, dismal and rainy. And the day opened in the house dark, dismal and rainy, too, for every one of the children cried except Willie.

After breakfast he said, "I'm going to take photographs. I'm going to photograph Tommy and Mary and Susie, and everybody."

"Oh!" cried the children, "that's splendid!" and with the tears still on their cheeks they began to laugh.

Then Willie made a group of Tommy and Mary and Susie, and, putting a piece of black cloth over his face, he pretended to take the picture of the little group. When he was through with the three, every one of them said:

"I want to see the pictures you made?"

"Just wait," answered Willie. "I must go into my dark room before I can show the picture."

With a mysterious air, the little boy went into the next room. Now among the books given the children to do what they pleased with was a book containing the styles and fashions of the last summer. And there were in it pictures of little boys and girls, as well as grown-up people.

Some of these Willie carefully cut out and, arranging them in a nice group, pasted them on square pieces of card-board. He made one for each of the children. Then he came out and delivered the pictures, and of course the pictures were much admired.

"But you haven't paid me," said Willie. "Photographers are always paid."

"Oh," said the three, "we left our purses at home and will go and get them."

So out of the room they marched, and presently returned with any number of silver and gold dollars, all cut neatly out of white and yellow paper; and the photographer was paid.

It rained outside all day, but the dismal-

ness inside had gone, and when the children went to bed they all vowed they had a splendid time.

As mother tucked Willie in his bed, she whispered to him, "I'm so glad my Willie got over his disappointment so well. He made sunshine in the house all day."

A FUNNY DENTIST.

Gracie had a loose tooth.

"That tooth must come out!" said her mother.

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. "It'll hurt!"

"Because pretty soon another little tooth will come pushing along behind it," went on mother, "and I want it to come straight and even. Let mother pull this one for you, dear."

"Oh, no!" cried the little girl again, and she put her hand tight over her mouth, and ran out to play in the yard.

Pretty soon Uncle Ed swung the gate open. He always had something in his pocket for Gracie. This time it was a big sweet apple.

"But you must ask your mother if you can eat it," said he.

Mother said "Yes," and the little girl sat down by the window to eat her apple. It was a very sweet apple and Gracie enjoyed it very much. All at once she gave a little cry:

"Why—why—here's a bone in my apple, mother, sure's you live!"

"Oh, I guess not," said mother; "I guess it's a seed."

"No," persisted Gracie, "it's just as white and hard, mother."

A twinkle came into mother's eyes at that. "Let me see it," said she, and Gracie showed it to her. "Go and look into your mouth, dear," mother said then.

"Oh, mother," cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was. Why—ee! did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed and then Gracie laughed, too.

ROBBY AND THE BUBBLES.

"You must not throw your ball, Robby," said mother.

"Why not, mother?"

"Because baby is asleep and you will disturb him. He is not well, you know."

Robby went and looked at the dear little fellow asleep in his crib.

"I love him," he said. "I'll not wake him."

He took his picture-book and sat down. But he had seen all the pictures very often before.

Mother went to the kitchen and brought back a bowl and pipe.

"Here, dear," she said, "you can blow some bubbles."

It was great fun. The bubbles were streaked with green and gold and red and purple. They sailed high in the air.

When he was done he said, "Mothers are always doing nice things for little boys."

And mother said, "Little boys can be very sweet to their mothers when they try"

AN AMBITIOUS ARTIST.

BY E. H. H.

What are you painting, under the trees,
Where the grasses wave in the soft spring
breeze?

Such a big jar! Dear me, I'm afraid
You'll have to give up, my quaint little
maid,

Trying to paint it, for truly I doubt
If your brush and your colours will ever
hold out.

It is so large, and you are so small
You'll never be able to paint it all!
Better to choose—don't you think so, too—
Something that isn't as big as you,
And do it well, than to daub away
With your tiny brush on such widths of
clay!

It isn't always wise to try
The very biggest thing you spy,
Begin with little—and then, you know,
You can do the big things when you grow.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV. [Jan. 22.]

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world that he gave
his only begotten Son, that whosoever
believeth in him should not perish, but
have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Nicodemus? What did a
Pharisee think? That his good works
would save him. What only can save a
man? Faith in Jesus. When did Nico-
demus go to Jesus? Why did he not go
in the daytime? What did he think of
Jesus? [Verse 2.] What strange thing
did Jesus tell him? What did he mean
by being "born again"? Having a new
heart and a new inner life. What had
God said long before this? Read Wednes-
day's Help.] What does the old heart
love? The things that please self. What
does the new heart love? The things that
please God. How can we be "born again"?
Only by letting the Spirit of God come
into our hearts. What wonderful picture
of faith was given long before? [See
Thursday's Help.] Who has been "lifted
up" for our salvation?

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses very care-
fully. John 3. 1-16.

Tues. Learn what is true of each one of
us. Verse 7.

Wed. Find what God said a great while
before. Ezek. 36. 26-28.

Thur. Read the story of the brazen ser-
pent. Num. 21. 6-9.

Fri. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
Sat. Learn two verses which tell a won-
derful truth. Verses 14, 15.
Sun. Learn a beautiful invitation to this
new life. Rev. 22. 17.

LESSON V. [Jan. 29.]

CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 5-15. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I
shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus going now? What
country lay between Judea and Galilee?
Where did Jesus sit down to rest? Near
what town was Jacob's well? Why was
the well called by Jacob's name? Who
were the Samaritans? What do you
know about their temple? Why did the
Jews look down upon the Samaritans?
The Jews thought themselves the only
good people in the world. Who came to
draw water at the well? A Samaritan
woman. Why was she surprised when
Jesus spoke to her? Because she saw
that he was a Jew. Was she a good
woman? No; she was a very wicked
woman. What did Jesus offer to give
her? What did he mean by living water?
Who may have the Holy Spirit in the
heart? Those who want him. To whom
does Jesus most gladly offer his gifts? To
those who need them most.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your
Bible. John 4. 5-15.

Tues. Read about Jacob in Gen. 33.

Wed. Find a beautiful invitation to take
God's gift. Isa. 55. 1.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn how we may get the water
of life. Rev. 22. 17.

Sat. Find a blessing pronounced upon
the thirsty ones. Matt. 5. 6.

Sun. Read what Jesus said about true
worship. John 4. 23, 24.

JOHNNY'S FARMING.

Johnny thought it must be a fine thing
to be a farmer, so when he went to visit
grandma on her farm, he told her he was
going to farm the whole time he was there.
"May I, grandma?" said he.

"Certainly," said grandma, laughing;
"farm as much as you please, but I think
you will learn that farming is a whole year's
work and not a vacation play."

"Never mind," said Johnny, "I'll be a
farmer while I'm here."

So Johnny went to work on the farm;
not very hard work as he thought. He
stood around and saw the men pile the
hay, he walked in the garden and helped
to gather the vegetables. Sometimes
he filled his wheelbarrow with pota-
toes and carrots, and wheeled the load
around to the kitchen door. But best of

all he liked the orchard and the field where
the melons grew. Every morning he came
in with several fine watermelons and cantel-
oupes, and he thought it was great fun to
hold the watermelon on an old stump near
the house while grandma cut it, and, to
tell the truth, Johnny did not think it a
hard task to eat a big slice of the melon.

So, with peaches, pears, apples, melons
and plums, Johnny was very busy with
his farming in the daytime; at night he
was busy dreaming.

One night he dreamed that a whole
swarm of insects flew at him with sticks
and knives, and although they had wings,
they had legs like men. Johnny screamed
so loud in his sleep that grandma got up
and ran to his bed to see what was the
matter.

When it was time to return home, and
Johnny asked grandma if he had been a
good farmer, she laughed.

I daresay you would make just such a
farmer as Johnny. Now, do you not think
so yourself?

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to her
little baby sister, who was cutting teeth.
She gave a string and a crooked pin and
a great deal of good advice to the three-
year-old brother who wanted to play at
fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a pre-
cious hour to go and visit her sick baby at
home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her
child with its grandmother, while she
worked to get bread for both. She could
not have seen them very often if Mary had
not offered to attend the door while she
was away.

But this is not all that Mary gave. She
dressed herself so neatly, and looked so
bright and kind and obliging, that she
gave her mother a thrill of pleasure when-
ever she caught sight of the young,
pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her
father, who was absent on business. She
gave patient attention to a long story by
her grandmother, and when it was ended,
made the old lady happy by a good-night
kiss.

Thus she had given valuable presents to
six people in one day, and yet she had not
a cent in the world. She was as good as
gold, and she gave something of herself
to all those who were so happy as to meet
her.

NOT FOR SALE.

I have read a story of a poor woman
who looked longingly at the flowers in the
king's garden, wishing to buy some for her
sick daughter. She was angrily repelled
by the king's gardener, who rudely told
her, "The king's flowers are not for sale!"
But the king, chancing to pass, plucked a
bouquet and gave it to the wistful woman,
saying, "The king does not sell his flowers;
he gives them away." Our King, the
Lord Jesus Christ, does not sell the precious
flower of eternal life, but he will freely
give it to all who will receive it at his
hands.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



DO YOU KNOW THEM ?

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

I'll give you a riddle to guess to-day—
Two pretty curtains were rolled away.
Two little windows were opened wide
And I could see who was living inside.
A dear little girl peeped out and smiled—
Afterward came a naughty child;
And the windows were dim with a sudden
shower
And the curtains were crumpled and red
for an hour.
But the sunbeams burst through clouds,
and then
The good little girl came back again.
There she stayed, to my heart's delight,
Till the curtains fell and she said "good-
night."
Can you guess what windows were opened
wide,
And who are the children that live inside ?

A LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you seen very many little people ?
Of course you have, and you think you
belong to the little people, and so you do.
Perhaps you remember seeing a dwarf or
the little persons called midgets, but there
are other little creatures who are not
human beings, who live in tribes and set-

tlements and build houses
for themselves, so we may
call them a little people.

When you see a whole
tribe of ants working
steadily to build a house, do
you not think they deserve
to be called a little people ?
In the country you can often
see a big mound which these
little people have built. They
are never idle, and the Bible
speaks of their industry and
tells the sluggard or very
lazy persons to learn a lesson
from them.

In some countries they eat
ants. The Africans eat them.
stewed in butter, but the ants are
much larger than those we have here.

But what do you think of a dish of but-
tered ants? No doubt you would be very
hungry before you would eat of this dish,
but in our country the ants eat up many
of the good things we keep in the store-
room and pantry. Do they not eat your
mother's preserves? Watch the orchards
and see how they gather on the fruit and
even on the vegetables.

But these little people have a great deal
of wisdom. They make plans and travel
from place to place and build houses for
themselves which shows that they have a
great deal of sense for such small bodi-
s.

I must tell you something which proves
that they have something very much like
what we call reason. A lady found one
day that the ants were in her preserved
peaches and blackberry jam, and to save
her preserves she set the legs of the table
on which the jars stood, in pans of water.
One day, when she was in the pantry, she
saw a long procession of ants marching in
single file, one behind the other, toward
the table which held the jars. Of course
they meant to crawl up the legs of the
table and eat the sweets in the jars. But
when the ant who was at the head of the
line saw the water, and knew that he
could not cross it, for ants
cannot swim, he turned round
and faced the others and
acted very much as if he
said, "We cannot eat these
sweet things because we can-
not cross the water." The
news must have been told all
along the line, for every ant
turned round, and the whole
procession marched back the
way they came. In hot clim-
ates the ants grow to a very
large size, and sometimes you
will see a great many mounds
all in a row, or grouped to-
gether like houses in a city.
Some men who have studied
the habits and nature of ants,
say that they are deaf and
do not hear the loudest
sounds, but this is not known
to be a fact. They do have
smell and taste; see how soon
they will find a lump of



sugar if you leave it on the shelf in the
pantry. There are red ants and black
ants, but all of them have a sting. Did
you ever feel it?

THEY DON'T TRY.

A little girl of four years old was play-
ing busily with her numerous family of
dolls. At length she said: "Auntie, my
children are coming to see you. They are
very full of mischief, and will spill water
on your floor, and do lots of things. I try
to make them do better, but I don't seem
to succeed. They say their prayers, too,
but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and so her auntie
helped her along by saying, "Do they leave
out that part of the prayer asking Jesus
to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they
ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I
guess they leave it all for him to do, and
don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment auntie said
"They are like some little girls; are they
not?"

The child looked up and replied: "Do you
mean me, auntie? I do try, don't I?"

