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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1888.

[No. 1]

BROTHER AND SISTER.

WHAT a pretty picture this brother and sister make. How fond of each other they are, and how careful of his little sister the brave brother is. This is as it ought to be. While nothing is more beautiful than family affection, nothing is more hateful than to see those who ought to love one another quarrelling and wrangling.

LITTLE AFRICAN BABIES.

In some parts of West Africa as soon as a baby is born the nurse takes it by its feet, lifts it up and gives it a good shaking, to make it stand straight! I wonder what your mother would have said if any one had done that to her babies? The African baby does not stay in bed long; it has to begin life very soon, and is left to itself a great deal; for its mother goes back to her work before it is many days old, and the little mite is left on a mat on the floor, to kick and scream or laugh and crow just as it likes. If the mother goes out to work in the fields, the baby gets a little change,



BROTHER AND SISTER.

for it has to go with her, in case anything should happen to it while she was away; so she ties it to her back while she does her digging or whatever she has to do. I wonder

warmer; for they are only summer friends, and do not like our cold winds and frosts and snows at all. They come back in spring.

which is most uncomfortable, the mother or the baby? The mother, I expect, for I think it must make her back ache, unless African backs are much stronger than Canadian ones. One bad thing that happens to the baby because of this is that its legs generally get bent.

BIRDS.

The nightingale is a pretty little brown bird, which builds its nest near the ground, carefully hidden away among thick leaves. It generally sings at night, and that is the reason it is called nightingale. Its song is very beautiful. Sometimes they are caught and caged like the canary, so that people may hear their beautiful song.

The chimney swallow builds its nest in some deserted chimney. It builds the outside of mud or clay, and the inside is lined with soft grass or threads. As the weather gets cool here they fly to the south, where it is

MORNING PRAYER.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide.
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Saviour, near thy side.

Oh, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1888.

ARE YOU SAFE?

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank do they worry about it because they're afraid it isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied.

"That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men those who place money there have no reason to fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And auntie, I was thinking about my soul—whether it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear; it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her aunt.

CHILDREN OF THE RIGHT KIND.

ETHEL has a most beautiful guinea-pig, it's just the cutest little thing you ever saw. Lizzie, who lives next door, has some darling dolls, and plenty of other p'ny-things, but no living pet. Her mamma talks of buying her a Maltese kitten, but some of the family don't like kittens, not even Maltese, which seems very strange, so it is doubtful whether she will be allowed to have one. She doesn't mind this so much as she might, because Ethel has given her a share in the guinea-pig. She said, 'Lizzie, you may be its aunt.'

This was rather a queer offer to make, but Ethel thought it was all right, and so did Lizzie, who immediately accepted it. She finds it very convenient to have a little guinea-pig niece at next door. It is so handy to run in to see how piggy is getting on, and give it a few pats and squeezes. It is almost as good as having one of her own. Ethel is the right kind of little girl to have a guinea-pig.

Another little girl named May was once spending a couple of days with some friends of her mother, and when she was going home one of the ladies gave her two fancy boxes, one for her sister and one for herself. Another lady gave her three bright, new pennies—one piece for her sister and brother and herself. When she got home she distributed the pennies, and gave Jean the box intended for her. Then she said to the little brother who was waiting for the appearance of more boxes, "They didn't send you a box William, but you may have half of mine."

Now, wasn't that nice? Some little girls would have wanted the box all to themselves, and would never have offered to share it. May is the right kind of a sister to have.

Such pleasant, generous children are the kind people like to have about the house. They are much more agreeable than selfish ones, who are always saying, "Don't touch my playthings;" "Don't sit in my chair;" or "I want the biggest piece of that orange." People don't care much about such children. It is rather hard to love them.—*Early Dev.*

GIPSIES.

"One day," said a minister in England, "I was walking out near an encampment of gipsies. I went in among them. While buying some of the baskets they were making I heard that there was a sick boy in their camp. I begged that I might be allowed to go and see him. The father asked: "Do you want to talk about religion to him?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Only about Jesus."

"Well, then, you may go; but mind, if you talk about religion, I'll set the dog on you."

"In one of the tents I found the lad alone. He was sick with consumption, and very near his end. His eyes were closed, and he looked like one already dead. Very slowly in his ears, I repeated this one text of Scripture: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I repeated this over five times. He seemed to take no notice. I could not tell that he even heard me. I repeated it the sixth time. Then he opened his eyes, and smiled. In a low whisper he said:—

"And I never thanked him; but nobody never told me, I turn him many thanks, —only a poor gipsy chap! I see, I see! I thank him kindly."

The minister's heart was full as he knelt down to offer a prayer over the poor boy. He saw his lips move again. He leaned down to listen. He caught,—"That's it." There were other words, but he could not understand.

On calling the next day, he found the poor boy was gone. His father said he had been very "peaceable," and had "a nice, tidy death."

FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

Do you know what it is to be selfish?

Yes, I am sure there is no one who doesn't know what it is to be selfish, even if he can't tell what the word "selfish" means.

To be selfish is to think more of one's own little self than any other self in the world—to want the biggest piece, to try for the nicest place, to be always looking out for one's own comfort and pleasure.

This is not a good thing; do you think it is, little people? It is so bad a thing that we must always be trying to get rid of the selfish spirit and to put away all thoughts of self from our minds.

What have we told you that the holy child Jesus is for all children?

An example. Yes; we must all try to be like him. Now here is a text that will help you to become unselfish, if you are really trying to copy our Great Example in all things.

"Even Christ pleased not himself"

Say it after me: "Even Christ pleased not himself."

Then must this little one think only of pleasing self? Oh no, not if he wishes to be like the holy child Jesus.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scriptures' sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child your age;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded and he hastened—
No errand was deterred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that, in home life,
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do;
To mind commands when given;
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with his parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like him day by day,
So gentle, meek and loving,
And ready to obey.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.**A.D. 30.] **LESSON VII.** [May 13.]**THE LORD'S SUPPER.***Matt. 26. 17-30. Commit to memory vs. 26-28.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed
for us. 1 Cor. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Jews' Passover.
2. The Lord's Supper.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What feast did Jesus keep with his disciples? The feast of the Passover.

Where did he keep it? In an upper room in Jerusalem.

Why did the Jews keep the Passover feast? To remember the mercy of God when he slew the firstborn of the Egyptians and passed over the houses of the Israelites.

Why did he pass over the Israelites? Because their houses were sprinkled with the blood of a slain lamb.

Why do we call Christ our Passover? He shed his blood upon the cross to save us from sin and death.

What did Jesus tell his disciples as he sat at supper with them? "One of you shall betray me."

What did they ask him? "Lord, is it I?"

Whom did Jesus say it was? "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish."

What did Jesus say of him? "It had been good for that man if he had not been born."

What did Jesus do after the feast of the Passover? He took bread and blessed and brake it.

What did he say to his disciples? "Take, eat, this is my body."

What did he mean? That they were to eat it in remembrance of his body slain upon the cross.

Of what did he give them all? Of the wine in the cup.

What did he say of it? "This is my blood, shed for many."

Of what would it remind them? Of his blood, shed for the remission of sins.

What do we call this feast of bread and wine? The Lord's Supper.

Why do we partake of it? In remembrance of Christ, our Passover. (Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.)

When shall we eat it and drink it with him? When he comes to earth in his glory.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Did any one ever leave you any thing to remember them by? How did you keep it?

What has Christ given you to remember him by?

What has he asked you to do in remembrance of his great love for you?

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Substitution.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

May children know the Scriptures? Yes: for Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON VIII.** [May 20.]**JESUS IN GETHSEMAN.***Matt. 26. 36-46. Commit to mem. vs. 36-39.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered. Heb. 5. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Suffering Saviour.
2. The Sleeping Disciples.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus go with his disciples? To the Garden of Gethsemana.

Had Jesus ever been there before? Yes, he often went there to rest and to pray.

What did he say to his disciples? "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder."

Whom did he take with him? Peter, James, and John.

What did he tell them? "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: watch with me."

What did Jesus long for in his sorrow? For their company, their prayers, and their sympathy.

What did he ask of God, his Father? "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

What did he mean by the "cup"? All the pain and shame of the death he was to die.

How did he show perfect obedience to God? He said, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." (Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.)

How many times did Jesus agonize in prayer? Three times.

Did the disciples watch and pray with him? No; they fell asleep.

What did he say to them? "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

What did they need for the awful hours that were before them? Faith and strength and courage.

How did Jesus lovingly excuse them? He said, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Why do we need to watch and pray? We must have strength to do God's will, even when the spirit is willing.

What did the disciples lose by not watching with Jesus? Their last opportunity of helping him before his death.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

If Jesus had asked you to watch and pray with him, would you have forgotten and slept as the disciples did?

Do you ever forget now that he wants you to watch and pray that Satan may not lead you into sin?

Do you say, "Thy will be done" when God asks you to suffer and work for him?

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Obedience.**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

What did the Lord say about children before he went up to heaven? He said to St. Peter, "Feed my lambs."

Two coloured men were loading a cart with heavy boxes, one of whom was disposed to shirk. The other, stopping and looking sharply at the lazy one, said, "Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?" "Yea." "Then take hold and lift."



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

OUR Ned is a brave little fellow about eight years old. He is full of fun, and loves to play out of doors in all kinds of weather.

But what little boy can be merry when he has a raging toothache? Ned bore it like a hero; but he had to give up at last, and he was glad to take refuge in his mother's lap, and be a baby again for a while.

With his head pillowed on his mother's breast, the little boy found some relief; but still he was in great pain. His sister stood by, trying to think of some way to help him. Ned could hardly keep from crying; but he said to his mother, "I should like to have you tell me a story."

"What shall it be, darling?" said his mother.

"Tell me the Old, Old Story, mother, I never tire of that," said he. So his mother told him the sweet story of Jesus and his love—old as Christianity, yet very new.

"Tell me about Harry and his dog Jack." This story had been told to Ned when he was a very, very little boy, and a great many times since then. But he wanted to hear it once more, and so she told it all over again.

At the end of the story, Ned was so quiet that his mother thought he was asleep. But, all of a sudden, he looked up with a

smile, and said, "I'm going out now to have a game of foot-ball."

"Why, what has become of that toothache?"

"All gone," said Ned.

"Why, that is a most wonderful cure. We will go and tell the dentist about it to-morrow."

So the sweet old story, and mother's love, cures many a sorrow, and will, if we believe it with all our hearts, heal every ill of our souls.

IN A MINUTE.

TILLIE is a very pleasant little girl. She is never cross or fretful or wilful, but she has one sad fault: she is never ready to go when she is called, or to do what she is told! Not that she is unwilling to obey, but she has the habit of "putting off." Mamma says, "Tillie, please tell Katy to come here."

"Yes, mamma, dear, in a minute."

"Tillie, did you hear the dinner-bell?"

"Yes, mamma, I am coming in a minute." And so it goes all day, and when at night mamma says, "It is eight o'clock, Tillie," the little girl replies, "O mamma, can't I wait just a minute?"

Papa says he shall have to call her his little minute girl, but that will not be the

right name, for you know the "minute men" of whom we read were those who were ready to start at a minute's notice.

If any of our boys or girls have such a habit, we hope they will try to get rid of it, for it grows, like any other habit, and is sure to make trouble for themselves and others.

TAKING AIM.

THERE were four little boys
Who started to go
From the very same spot
To take tracks in the snow.
He who made his path straightest,
They had in their plan,
Of all the four boys
Should be their best man.

Well, these four little boys
Were Philip and John,
And merry-faced Harry,
And sober-eyed Don;
The best friends in the world,
And full of invention
In play, while they seldom
Were found in contention.

So they started together
And hurried along,
But John, Don and Harry
In one way went wrong:
The fourth made his path
Nearly straight and they wondered,
As all tried alike,
How they three had blundered.

Then Philip replied,
"The reason, you see,—
Though no harder I tried
To succeed than you three—
I pushed for that oak,
Going forward quite ready,
While you straggled on
Without aim and unsteady."

Now you see, my dear boys,
What such lessons teach;
If there is a point
That you wish to reach—
A position in life
At all worth the naming—
If you gain it 'twill greatly
Depend on your aiming.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"I LOVE you, mamma, and that's why I have to mind you every time," said little Nell. Some children think they love papa and mamma, but do not mind them every time. It is only real love that is a law, and that is the kind of love which we must have for Jesus. It is very sweet to love Jesus so much that we have to mind him.