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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

[No. 1]

SUNSHINE.

It is pleasant to have sunshine in the soul. And if it is there it will be seen in the twinkle of the eye, in the flexibility of the lip, and upon the unruffled brow. Katie surely has a good share of it. What a happy countenance! This sunshine of cheerfulness is pleasant and desirable anywhere and everywhere, but a thousand-fold more desirable in the home. We hope that our young readers will try to be like Katie, in getting their nature so permeated by sunshine that it will beam out in the face. It is no use trying to put it on, just as you put on other fine things, for company. Shams never take or stand the rub anywhere. But nothing is more unreliable and explosive than sham goodness. It is a bubble that will burst as soon as the first breath of opposition strikes its empty head. It is only the real inward cheerfulness which will make the life radiant with genuine sunshine. Goodness in the heart will produce graciousness in the life.

Sunshine in the soul makes life pleasant. It is not difficult for Katie to learn her lessons, it is no hardship for her to obey her parents or do her work, it requires no



SUNSHINE.

great effort on her part to be pleasant to friend or stranger, because her soul is bathed in the sunbeams of loving-kindness. In the morning she sings like the lark, through the day she is busy like the bee,

and in the evening she skips like a lamb. The sunshiny soul is ready to sing, work, or play, and finds enjoyment in either, and delight to make others feel the joyousness of life.

We hope that the readers of the SUNBEAM will gather sunshine and reflect it on all around. Dear little friends, live under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, and you will soon enter upon a day whose sun shall never go down.

WELL APPLIED.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimmings her aunt was making, and begged her to give her a piece for her doll's dress. "O no, Lena, I can't cut it," said her aunt. "Just a little piece, please, aunty," pleaded the child. But again the aunt refused, and more emphatically than before. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her, put both arms about her neck, and whispered

in her ear: "Aunty, the Lord lubbered a cheerful gibber." "Here, child, take your trimming, every inch of it," said her aunt. "In the morning she sings like the lark, crowding it into her hands, with a kiss, and through the day she is busy like the bee, a bug.

VIEW OF JAPAN.

"WHAT a beautiful country Japan must be!"

aid my little daughter thoughtfully,
As she studied the views on her fan.

"It has red and white sky, and a mountain blue;

It has green and white grass, and pink trees, too.

Did you know trees were pink in Japan!"

"It has curious people in purple robes,
Who play with sticks and toss up red globes,

And the women go gathering tea.
I would like to visit the far-off, bright land,"
She said as she held the fan in her hand,
And then thought what Japan must be.

—Mary L. Branch

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

HELP EACH OTHER.

A FATHER was walking one day in the fields with his two children. The wind was blowing over a fine field of ripe corn, and making the beautiful golden ears wave like the waves of the sea.

"Is it not surprising," said one of the children, "that the wind does not break the slender stalks of corn?"

"My child," said the father, "see how flexible the stalks are! They bend before the wind and rise again when it has passed over again. See, too, how they help to support each other. A single stalk would be soon bent to the ground, but so many growing close together help to keep each other up. If we keep together when the troubles of life come on us like a stormy wind, we shall keep each other up, when one trying to stand alone would fall."

THE SLIDERS.

THE little pond by the roadside is filled every afternoon, after school hours, with a group of merry, laughing boys and girls, who delight to slide upon the smooth surface. Just now the ice is very slippery, and it is difficult to stand upon it, as Bob has found out.

Some of us older people, who are rheumatic and feel like keeping near the warm fire these wintry days, almost envy these younger ones, whose rosy cheeks and supple limbs speak of health and happiness. We are sliding down the hill of life, and when we reach the foot—what—where. Shall we slip away into a blessed eternity or into the pit of everlasting misery? It behooves us to settle the matter quickly.

"The wicked stand on slippery places," says the good Book. Did you ever watch a child learning to slide? At first he can scarcely stand upon the ice, if he can keep his feet at all. After awhile he is able not only to remain upon his feet, but to slide a short distance, and soon he can go rapidly without the least hesitation. Just so it is with one entering upon a course of sin. In the beginning his conscience makes him hesitate and draw back, but in a little while he slips from one evil into another, always going swifter and swifter upon the slippery road, until he is unable to stop and is plunged into endless woe. Let our prayer be: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain: but never again will you have the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in the struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

A VALENTINE.

SHE is fairer than the light,
She is lovelier than the rose.
More precious in my sight
Than any flower that grows.

Her voice is sweeter far,
Upon my listening ears,
Than the song of morning star,
Than the music of the spheres.

She is worth her weight in gold,
In robes, and in pearls,—
She is only two years old,
With a head of yellow curls.

"GENTLEMANLY."

"BE very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. B., as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard; and presently Julius came in, and threw down his hat, saying: "I hate playing with girls! There is no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock, and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough and hardy and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very well to talk of a gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be very angry if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man! I had never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish, and I don't wish to be so."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy."

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly in danger, in truthfulness, and in sickness and pain. At the same time, be gentle toward all men. By putting the two spirits together, you will deserve a name to be coveted."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavour to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

STRAYING LAMBS.

How many lambs are straying,
Lost from the Saviour's fold!
Upon the lonely mountains
They shiver with the cold.
Within the tangled thickets,
Where poison vines do creep,
And over rocky ledges,
Wander the poor lost sheep.

O who will go and find them?
Who, for the Saviour's sake,
Will search, with tireless patience,
Through brier and through brake?
Unheeding thirst and hunger,
Who still, from day to day,
Will seek, as for a treasure,
The lambs that go astray.

How sweet 'twould be at evening,
If you and I could say,
"Good Shepherd, we've been seeking
The lambs that went astray;
Heart-sore, and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan,
And lo! we come at night-fall
Bearing them safely home."

MRS. E. H. GATES.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 29.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.]

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 18. 21-35. Commit to mem. vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Matt. 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Forgiving.
2. Unforgiving.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Peter ask Jesus? "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?"

What was Jesus's answer? "Seventy times seven."

What did Jesus want to teach Peter? That Christians could never refuse to forgive those who wrong them.

Why? Because God has forgiven them so much.

How did Jesus explain this to the disciples? By the story of the unjust servant.

What can you tell about it?

Why was the king so angry with the unjust servant? Because he was unmerciful and unforgiving toward his brother.

Who had shown him great mercy and forgiveness? His master, the king.

What did he expect him to do? To forgive as he had been forgiven.

What did the king think he deserved? Severe and awful punishment.

What did Jesus tell his disciples? That God would severely punish them if they refused to forgive their brother.

How did he command them to forgive? With the heart, as well as with words?

How does God forgive us? Fully and freely.

How does he teach us to pray? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

When should we be afraid to say this? When we are angry with any one and want to "pay back" their unkindness.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Jesus does not command you to do anything you CANNOT do.

When he says to you, "Pray for them that persecute you," he will give you the strength to obey.

When he says, "Forgive, even as God in Christ forgave you," you can do so with his help.

When he says, "Love your enemies," he will give you all the love that you need.

"Be ye therefore imitators of God, as beloved children."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is your duty to God? My duty to God is to worship him, to love him, and to keep his commandments.

A.D. 30] LESSON IX. [Feb. 26.]

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Matt. 19. 16-26. Commit to mem. vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Matt. 6. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Service of God.
2. The Service of Mammon.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came to Jesus? A rich young ruler.

What question did he ask him? "What good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life?"

How did Jesus answer? "If thou wouldest enter into life keep the commandments."

What did the ruler tell Jesus? That he had kept the commandments from his youth up.

What did Jesus tell him to do to be-

come perfect? "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me"

What did Jesus promise him if he would do this? Eternal life, and great riches in heaven.

Was he willing to give his earthly riches for heavenly riches and eternal life? No, he left Jesus and went away sorrowful.

What one thing did he lack? True love to God.

What did he love more than God and eternal life? His money and great possessions.

What did Jesus tell his disciples? That it was very hard for a rich man to enter heaven.

Why? Because men love riches too well and forget to love and serve God.

What must those who serve God be willing to do, if he asks them? To give up all their possessions.

What did Jesus say about it? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Who will give us strength to do this? God, our heavenly Father.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The kingdom of Christ is—

- The kingdom of love.
- The kingdom of truth.
- The kingdom of holiness.
- The kingdom of heaven.

The kingdom of Satan is—

- The kingdom of riches.
- The kingdom of pleasure.
- The kingdom of sin and punishment.
- The kingdom of hell.

Which have you chosen?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Self-righteousness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is your duty to man? My duty to man is to honour and obey my parents, to show respect to those above me, to speak the truth always, and to be just and loving to all.

"IT IS MY MOTHER."

As the children belonging to a class in a Sabbath-school were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of one person that lived on earth who was always good. A little girl about eight years of age immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart: "I know whom you mean; it is my mother." The teacher told her that Jesus Christ was the person meant, but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother and that she thought so much of her.



OLD TRIM.

BRAVE OLD "TRIM."

HERE'S brave old "Trim." I once with
him

Was walking near the docks;
He heard a cry, both Trim and I—
A cry that always shocks.

"Help ' beat aboy ' See there's a boy!
Make haste ' he's going down!"
"There watch him, Trim ' in after him!
Oh ' do not let him drown!"

Through foam and splash Trim's quick eyes
flash;
He strikes out to the place;
And round and round with eager bound,
He watches for a trace.

A little hand comes paddling up,
A face so wild and wan;
"Ah! Trim, he's there! make haste, take
care!
Oh! save him if you can!"

Oh! brave and bold he seizes hold;
His teeth are firmly set;
Now hear him near; there is no fear;
The boy is breathing yet.

"Bravo! good Trim!" All welcome him,
And clasp him round for joy;
Then homeward bear, with tender care,
The poor half-conscious boy.

Oh, faithful Trim! "Would I sell him?"
Inquired a curious elf:
"What, sell," I cried. "a friend so tried.
I'd rather sell myself."

A CHILD was asked the question, "What
is faith? She answered, "God has spoken,
and I believe it."

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE

THERE is no such thing as a trifle in the
world. So accurately is the dust weighed
in the balances of creation that a portion of
matter more or less might disturb the solar
system and send it crashing to wreck. No
microscopic gaze can detect the shooting of
the cell which determines whether the oak
shall be a shapely tree, fit for the mast of
some gallant admiral, or the stunted Caliban
of the forest; or if the child's brain will yield
genius and blessing or erratic failure. In
morals and in practical affairs the truth
comes still closer home. Who has not had
the plans of months, or perhaps of a life time,
upset by some petty neglect of a heedless
friend, or *employe*, or dishonest tradesman?
A letter loses a post because an errand-
boy was so taken up with his fun that he
failed to see how time was passing, and
your contract is lost, with the possibility of
doing a great good, which depended on it.
A servant neglects to have a room in order
and a valued guest goes away with an
unpleasant impression and never comes
again; or some one misconstrues a jest,
and it is the beginning of a breach which
spoils society in your little circle.

An important case was lost one day by a
lawyer stopping to talk in the street two
minutes. One of the parties had said to
the other, "Be here by ten o'clock with the
papers, and you shall have what you want."
The poor man was at his lawyer's office to
get the papers an hour before the time, wait-
ing. The two rushed around, only to enter
the other man's office two minutes late, and
to meet a flat refusal on the ground that
they had failed to be there at the appointed
time.

Everywhere men and women are losing

their best chances by a hair's breadth, or a
moment, or they are losing them for others,
which is still more cruel. To be faithful in
that which is much, it is ever essential to be
faithful to that which is least.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

LITTLE Alice lived in the country. She
was a bright, golden-haired little girl of
four years. One summer day, when her
papa took a walk over the fields, she wanted
to follow him; but her mamma told her
not to go. After a while her mamma heard
a little voice, a long way off, crying, and
she knew her little girl had disobeyed, and
was in trouble. She went to see what was
the matter, and there, almost in the middle
of a large wheat-field, she saw the golden
hair just showing above the ripe, yellow
grain. Alice was all alone in the tall
wheat. She was lost, and could not find
her way home. What could the little girl
do but cry? What do you suppose her
mother did? Though Alice had been
naughty, she ran to her, took her in her
arms, carried her over the rough ground to
a path in which the little feet could walk,
and then led her gently by the hand.
Don't you think Alice was sorry for dis-
obeying such a kind mother?

Just as this mother did, our kind
heavenly Father does when we are sorry
for doing wrong. He comes to us and leads
us back into the right way. Oh, try never
to wander from this loving heavenly Father!

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

LITTLE Henry had been very sick. When
he was slowly recovering, and was just able
to be up and moving about the room, he was
left alone a short time, when his sister came
in, eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother
had told him he must eat nothing but what
she gave him, and that it would not be safe
for him to have what the other children
had till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake
looked inviting; he wanted very much to
take a bite of it, and his kind sister would
gladly have given it to him. What did he
do?

"Jennie," he said, "you must run right out
of the room away from me with that cake,
and I'll keep my eyes shut while you go, so
that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of seven
years to get out of temptation? I think so.
And when I heard of it, I thought that
there are a great many times when children,
and grown-up people, too, if they would
remember little Henry's way, would escape
from sin and trouble.