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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1884.

[No. 8.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

He looked across the placid bay,
Thought of the homestead far away,
Where brothers young and sisters fair
Would offer up a daily prayer,
That their loved sailor-boy might be
Saved from the perils of the sea.

He seemed to see his mother's
face,
To feel her tender last embrace;
Her blessing sounded in his ear,
And brought th' involuntary
tear;
And yet the sailor-boy was
brave,
And loved his life upon the
wave.

Courage, young sailor! brave at
heart
Has always had a tender part;
Who thinks upon his mother's
face,
Will bring his country no dis-
grace;
And he'll more bravely dangers
dare,
Who thinks upon his mother's
prayer.

WOOL-GATHERING.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

JAMIE and Bessy Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and her hand within his, and

followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook.

It was a lovely June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossom, and gathering honey. The birds were

nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her pet Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filled hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favorite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms, and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight: some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul.

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "and all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry, and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much



THE YOUNG SAILOR.

darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and

and they resolved to watch the birdies sometime and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade, as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearth-stone.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1884.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

MAMMA, said my little Charley, "now I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?" His face wore a puzzled look for a little while, when a thought struck him. "Mamma, there's a chance to do something—real good, too. What's the use talking so much about a thing and never doing it?"

"What, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there's any boy I hate, it's Sim Tyson. He's always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys. It never does any good to get cross, for that's just what he likes; but, better still, Sim does like a sled; and—well, may be it's foolish—but I've a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good. Mightn't it?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before.—*The Well-Spring.*

"I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentleman as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "O yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that then they are invariably carried out of the room." Naughtly gentleman!

A SONG OF EASTER.

SING, children, sing!

And the lily sowers swing;
Sing that life and joy are waking, and that
Death no more is king.
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly
brightening spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

Winter wild has taken wing.
Fill the air with the sweet tidings till the
frosty echoes ring!
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glitter-
ing cling;
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright
face to the sun,
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin
to run;
And the golden catkins swing
In the warm airs of the spring;
Sing, little children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!

The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter-morning for hope are
blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from
off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's
eternal spring.
So may we find release at last from sorrow
and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm,
delicious dawn again.
Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look
with smiling grace
Without a shade of doubt or fear into the
Future's face!

Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful
voices tell

That death is life, and God is good, and all
things shall be well;
That bitter days shall cease
In warmth and light and peace—
That winter yields to spring—

Sing, little children, sing!

—St. Nicholas.

WHEN I'M A MAN.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

"WHEN I'm a man I'll let the world
know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-cheeked boy one day
after reading the exploits of some noted
general. I laughed from my seat by the
window at the vain look and proud strut
with which he accompanied these grand
words. But my laugh soon died away, and
sadness filled my heart as I thought that
the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and

put his name into the mouth of the world
without being either great, good, or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why he may do
some shocking deed, and be tried, executed,
and have his crime and his name printed
all over the world. In that case would
not "his name be in the mouth of the
world," and yet he himself be neither
great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do.
Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you
that the best thing you can aim at is to be
good men. If you can be great as well as
good, all right; but you must make sure of
the goodness. (Great men are often greatly
bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander,
and many others of their sort. Of course,
being without goodness they were without
happiness, for you may make sure of this
fact, HAPPINESS never occupies a house
which is not owned by GOODNESS. Choose
therefore, first of all, to be a good man.)
Carry out your choice at once by asking
God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly feeds on Christ within,
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and
girls, and though the big world may never
speak your names the angels will, and God
will write them on the golden roll with
those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints
who, if not known for mighty deeds, were
prized by him for noble qualities.

HELPING MOTHER.

Your hands may be small, but every day
They can do something that's good as
play;

They can help mother, and she'll be glad
For all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day
Of helping mother, as all of them may,
They'd bring in water and wood, and do
A dozen things she would like them to.

For though hands are small and the years
few,

There's always something they can do
To help the mothers and make them glad,
Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers about their work;
Don't wait for asking, don't try to shirk
Do just the best you can, and she
Will say, "What a help are my dears to
me!"



CHRIST FROM THE DEAD AROSE.

CHRIST from the dead arose—
Awoke from death's repose
This Easter morn!
May our quick souls to-day
Put the dead past away,
New hope be born!

So on this Easter morn
May stronger love be born
At our heart's core—
Love for very own,
Love for souls that moan
Outside love's door.

Quicken as from the dead:
May our deep soul be fed
From Thee, and so
From fulness of the heart
We freely shall impart
Love as we go.

THE NAUGHTY SNOW-DROP.

An Easter Story.

BY BESSIE PEGG MACLAUGHLIN.

THERE were six little sister snow-drops under the brown grass on the bank of a brook.

God had told them to lie still, until he should call them. It is sometimes very hard to lie still, and one of these little sisters grew impatient, and said:

"God has forgotten us."

"God never forgets," replied the sweet voices of the others.

"But it is so dark down here," fretted the first, "I'm tired with waiting. I want to go up into the bright sunshine, and see the brook dance over the white pebbles, and hear the blue-birds sing again."

"God will call us at the right time," pleaded the trusting sisters; "He knows best. Lie still."

But this wilful snow-drop said, "Good-bye," and climbed the dark stairway to the upper world.

Alas! the sky was gray with heavy clouds, the brook locked fast in its cold prison, the earth desolate, the birds far away in the glowing southern clime.

A bitter wind blew out of the north. The snow-drop shivered in the cold, and her fair robes hung faded and brown about her.

"God knew best," she said, as she drooped and died.

The five faithful little sisters waited quietly until God said, "Come."

Joyfully they sprang at his bidding. He had a place for them.

On Easter Sunday the beautiful temple was fragrant with myriads of buds and blossoms.

They hung amid trailing vines from columns and arches. They covered the sacred desk. They overflowed the chancel.

But above the profusion of rich colour, above the great organ itself, touched only by the faint, rosy light from an alcove window, in the midst of a white, white crown, gleamed the snow-drops.

"He is risen!" thundered the glorious organ.

"He is risen! Alleluia!" sang the inspired choir.

"God knew best," whispered the radiant snow-drops. But each breathed a loving sigh for the little sister who did not "lie still."

EASTER MORNING.

LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet.

CHOR.—Oh, sing the blessed story:
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen.
The life of every one.

Ring all ye bells in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again.
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

CHILDREN'S EASTER.

BREAKS the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet, and stronger,
Winter from the world has gone
Death shall be no longer.
Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness.
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness

Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life He raises.
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

Open, happy buds of spring,
For the Sun has risen'
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up'
Toward His brightness preasing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing'

—Lucy Larcom.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a little boy in the city of Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous University there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, his industrious habits, and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man; and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can black boots well, can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a brier," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes,

One step and then another,
until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "It's a bit too long."

EASTER TIME.

THE little flowers came through the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time,
They raised their heads and looked around,
At happy Easter time.
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day"
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
This happy Easter time"

The pure white lily raised its cup,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.
"We hear the song of heaven!" they say;
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh! may it shine on us always
At holy Easter time"

"Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time,
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day"
For Christ has risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!"

—Laura E. Richards.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57] LESSON III. [April 20.

PAUL'S PREACHING.

1 Cor. 1. 17-31. Commit to memory verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness. 1 Cor. 1. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. Its Theme, v. 17-20.
2. Its Power, v. 21-25.
3. Its Result, v. 26-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was Paul called to be? An apostle of Jesus.

What was he called to do? To preach Jesus.

To whom is the cross the power of God? To those saved from sin.

What has God made foolish? Worldly wisdom.

What has God exalted? The cross of Christ.

Why was the story of the cross a stumbling-block to the Jews? They believed that their Messiah could never die.

Why did it seem foolishness to the Gentiles? That Christ could save others, but not himself.

What is found in Christ? The power and the wisdom of God.

Who are called to be God's children? Those who are weak in their own strength.

Why cannot the wise and the mighty and the noble come to God? They believe in themselves, and do not feel the need of God.

Why does God choose the weak things of the world? So he can work through them.

Why must we not glory in ourselves? Because all flesh is sinful.

Who only is good and great? Christ, the Lord.

In whom, then, should we glory? In Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Little children may come to Jesus
just as they are—

He will give strength to the weak.

He will give wisdom to the foolish.

He will give life to dead souls.

"In him was life, and the life was the light of men."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. — Salvation through the cross of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Let me hear you repeat the Lord's prayer Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

A.D. 57.] LESSON IV. [April 27.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1 Cor. 8. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth. 1 Cor. 8. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The True Knowledge, v. 1-6.
2. The Weak Conscience, v. 7-12.
3. The Total Abstinence, v. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What were the people of Corinth? Idolaters.

What did they sacrifice to their idols? Costly meats.

What did they do with the meats after the sacrifice? Made a feast of them.

What was the eating of these meats considered among the Corinthians? An act of worship.

Was it really an act of worship? No because it was given to false gods.

Who is the one true God? God, our Father.

What is God? The Creator and Giver of all things.

Does it make any difference to God what we eat or drink? No, he looks on the heart.

Do all people believe this? No, some believe in outward things.

What was the eating of the meat of the sacrifice? One of the outward things.

Was it right, or wrong, for Christians to eat of it? It made no difference.

To whom might it be a stumbling-block? To those who were weak.

In what were they weak? In their knowledge of God and the liberty of God.

What should all true Christians be able to do? Give up anything that might lead our brother away from Christ.

Against whom do we sin if we do not? Against Christ.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God gave his only Son to die for you—

Are you willing to deny yourself to help others?

Are you willing to give up anything that may seem wrong to others?

Are you doing all you can to help others live for Christ?

"To him, therefore, that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The unity and spirituality of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Rehearse the articles of your belief. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

A LITTLE fellow of five, going along the street with a dinner-pail, is stopped by a kind-hearted old gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?" "To school." "And what do you do at school? Do you learn to read?" "No." "To write?" "No." "To count?" "No." "What do you do?" "I wait for school to let out."