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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

[No. 11.]

THE GRATEFUL LEPER.

AND it came to pass, as he went to Jerusalem, that he passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as he entered into a certain village, there met him ten men that were lepers, which stood afar off: And they lifted up their voices, and said, Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. And when he saw them, he said unto them, Go and show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger. And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole.



THE GRATEFUL LEPER.

FRED AND JOE.

WEEDS grow fast in hot weather. This is true in the Sunday-school garden as well as in the flower-bed. Keep down the weeds in both.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him he waits as long as he can, he

hates so to touch it. Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says:

"I can't help it," or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says:

"I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted?

WHAT WILLIE THINKS OF MAMMA.

A GENTLEMAN was visiting at Willie's home. While he was talking, Willie heard him say, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Willie thought

a moment, then said, in a very respectful manner, "I think my mamma is the noblest work of God." Was not that a good opinion for Willie to have of his mamma? I hope all my little readers have the same.

SUFFER THEM TO COME.

JESU'S words I oft have read,
Plain as words can be:
"Suffer them to come," he said;
"Let them come to me."

Little children, such as I,
Know the Master's will;
If we live, or if we die,
Jesus loves us still.

Yes, for us he put aside
All the great and wise;
Yes, for us the Saviour died,
Fell that we may rise.

In his arms he takes us now,
Clasps and holds us fast;
Though we knew not when or how,
There we rest at last.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

TOMMY is only twelve years old, and I tremble when I look at him, not because I think he will hurt me,—oh, no!—but because I know he is hurting himself. An engine got loose one day and ran off on the wrong track. It ran into a train of cars that was coming, and did a great deal of harm. Tommy is on the wrong track; and he is going to run into other trains which are out on their life-track, and harm them, and very likely get smashed up himself. He is out on the street all day, and sometimes until late at night. He has learned to smoke and knows how beer tastes. He says he is too big to go to Sunday-school, and so he plays in the fields and streets on Sunday. He does not like to go to school and never wants to read anything. What can be done for him? Boys, look out that you do not get on the wrong track.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

ONE night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questioning by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; so he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet: there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the fire-light knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and, as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours, and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued,

"God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face,

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober,"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

THERE is no sweeter story told
In all the blessed Book,
Than how the Lord within his arms
The little children took.

We love him for the gentle touch
That made the leper whole,
And for the wondrous words that healed
The tired, sin-sick soul;

But closer to his loving self
Our human hearts are brought,
When for the little children's sake
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face
A smile of gladness wore—
A smile that for his little ones
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,
For them grew low and sweet;
And still for them his gentle lips
The loving words repeat:—

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ,
We bring them unto thee,
And pray that on their heads may rest
Thy benediction!

BLUE EYES.

LITTLE Max and his sister have strikingly large and beautiful blue eyes, which have often been admired in their hearing by visitors lacking in judgment. The other day, a little girl whom Max had never seen before came to his home with her mother, and to the utter amazement of the family, Max burst into tears at the sight of her. For some time he hid his head in his mother's lap and refused to tell the cause of his grief, but at last he burst out:

"She's got blue eyes. I thought blue eyes belonged to me and my sister!"

TWILIGHT-LAND.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

HERE we are in twilight-land,
Creakety-creak,
Rocking-chairs at every hand
Sway and swing and squeak;
Here is neither park nor street;
Bare are the little twinkle feet;
White are the gowns and loose;
No place here for ball or bat,
No need now for coat or hat,
None for stockings or shoes.

What are the stories of twilight-land?
Hark, ah hark!
Call the sweet names where they stand,
Waiting in the dark.
Cinderella and little Bo Peep,
Who lost her sheep, her pretty sheep;
Jack Horner, bold Boy Blue,
And the three bears living in the wood,
And the wolf that ate Red Riding Hood,
And the spinning pussy, too.

The little children in twilight-land
Are still as mice,
And the story-teller must understand
She's to tell each story twice.
The crickets chirr, the stars' eyes wink;
Perhaps the man in the moon may think
Them saucy in their play;
But whatever is heard or said or done,
Each sleepy, weary little one
Gets rested for next day.

For the pillow is white in twilight-land,
And white the bed;
And the tender loving mother's hand
Is laid on the drowsiest head.
And list, the tune she hums and sings,
As with soft creak the rocker swings,
How far away it seems!
That tune—that lullaby—ah me!
They are leaving twilight-land, you see,
For the stiller land of dreams.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30] LESSON X. [June 9

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-20. Commit to mem. vs. 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him. John 19. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Pilate and Jesus, v. 1-5.
2. Jesus or Barabbas, v. 6-15.
3. The King of the Jews, v. 16-20.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To whom was Jesus next taken? To Pilate.

Who was Pilate? The Roman governor.
What did the Jews hope? That Pilate would condemn Jesus to death.

Why could not the high-priest do this? Because Judea was under the Roman law.

What question did Pilate ask Jesus? "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

What did Jesus confess? That he was their King.

Did he try to answer the charges against him? He did not.

What did Pilate think? That Jesus was innocent.

What did he want to do? To set Jesus free.

What did the Jews call out? "Crucify him!"

Whom did they ask Pilate to release, instead of Jesus? Barabbas, a murderer.

What did Pilate do? He gave up Jesus to be crucified.

What was then done to him? He was scourged.

What did the soldiers then do? They mocked the holy Jesus.

What did they pretend to do? To worship him as a King.

Where was he then taken? To the place of crucifixion.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Jews choose Barabbas, a robber and murderer, rather than Jesus, the holy Son of God! You say you would not have done that. Answer these questions to yourself:

Do I ever choose to disobey rather than obey?

Do I ever chose falsehood rather than truth?

Do I ever choose self rather than God?

This is the same spirit that chose Barabbas rather than Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. *Did his soul come from the dust?* No: for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI [June 16

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15. 21-34. Commit to mem. vs. 25-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. 2. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Crucified, v. 21-28.
2. The Revilers, v. 29-32.
3. The Darkness, v. 33.
4. The End, v. 34-39.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where was Jesus crucified? At Golgotha, or Calvary.

Who were crucified with him? Two thieves.

At what hour did they crucify him? At nine o'clock in the morning.

Who divided the garments of Jesus? The soldiers.

What title was written over the cross? "The King of the Jews."

How did the crowd treat Jesus? They mocked him with cruel words.

What came over the land at noon? A great darkness.

How long did it last? Three hours.

What fell upon the crowd? A great silence.

What can we never understand? The sufferings of Jesus.

What pressed upon him? The sins of the whole world.

What did he cry at last? "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

What followed? He gave up his life.

At what time did Jesus die? At three o'clock in the afternoon.

For whom did Jesus die? He died for me.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

O, what love, what love I see!
Jesus died for you and me!
Jesus died to set us free
From sin and Satan's power!
Hear him hear him, little one!
Look to him, to him alone;
Love and follow God's dear Son
Down to life's last hour.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement

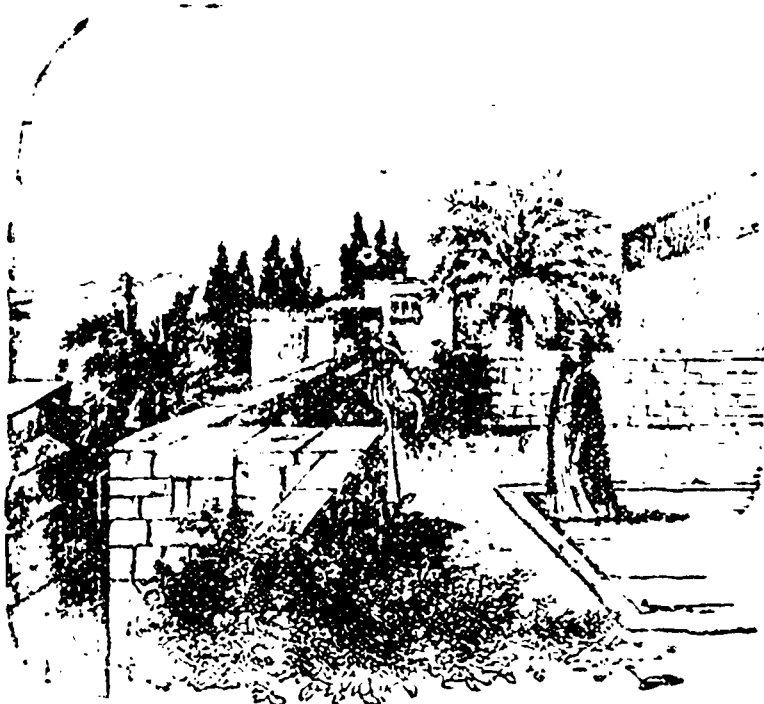
CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. *Why did God make man?* God made man that he might know him, and love him, and serve him, and be happy with him for ever.

A HEART OF PRAISE.

WHEN Charlie was four years old his mamma took him to church one day. The minister prayed a long time—too long. Charlie thought, for he stood up and said out so loud that all could hear, "Now let's stop and sing 'Boulah Land.'"

Charlie wanted to praise more and pray less, but he ought not to have talked in prayer-time.



EASTERN HOUSE TOP.

THE HANDS OF JESUS.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

HANDS of my Jesus!
Toiled with a will,
Dear home in Nazareth
Guarding from ill;
Noble is labour,
Blest in all lands,
Jesus the Trades-man
Worked with his hands.

Hands of the Healer!
Sick and the sore,
Cured in a moment,
Their trouble is o'er;
The dead were revived,
Demons took flight,
Lame were all leaping,
Blind had their sight.

Hands for the children!
Lifted in love,
Blest be the dear babes,
Smiles from above;
Hands on their young heads,
Sweetest of touch;
Children for ever
Will love him much.

Hands of the Saviour!
Pierced for me,
Bleeding on Calvary,
Nailed to the tree;
Open and widespread
Taking us in,
Blood for all—cleansing
Souls from their sin.

LITTLE EVA.

R B M.

ANOTHER of our Sabbath-school scholars has passed away from earth. Little Eva Ross, of Boylston, N.S., has gone to be with Jesus. She loved the Saviour. She delighted in the Sabbath-school; and she found much pleasure and profit in reading our beautiful Sabbath-school periodicals. When her delicate body yielded to disease, and she was confined to her sick-bed, her young companions would sit beside her hour after hour, and read from the *Home and School*, *Pleasant Hours*, etc. Finding the following appropriate prayer in the *Happy Days*, she committed it to memory, and would quietly breathe it forth, as she lay there in weakness and distress:

"Almighty God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will;
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good, for Jesus' sake!"

She was very patient and resigned. She had no fear of death, and met it bravely when it came to release her from her sufferings, and bear her away to the arms of Jesus!

On the sunny seventeenth of April, we laid the precious form in the dust, while a youthful band stood around the open grave and sang:

"In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

MAMMA TO PHILIP.

ONCE a care-less little boy
Lost his ball at play,
And because the ball was gone,
Throw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing—
You and I agree;
But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old this other boy—
Old and wise as you
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

"NEDDIE AND ME."

FOUR years ago, James Doe, a little orphan boy, joined a mission Sunday-school. Seeing the other children carry in their money for missions, he felt a desire to do something for poor heathen children himself. For several days he tried in vain to think of a plan to get money for Jesus. At last "a very nice thought," as he termed it, came into his mind. Would you like to know what thought that was? I will tell you.

James got his living by peddling fruit and vegetables round town in a little donkey-cart. So he said to himself, "I will save the profits of one day in each week, and give them to the heathen." This was James' "nice thought."

From that time the poor boy put by the profits of the day fixed on in a little brown bag. At the end of the year he carried it to the school. Placing it on the table he said:

"I give that for the missionaries, sir!"

The teacher found thirty dollars in that little brown bag.

"Stop!" cried the good man, as James turned to go away. "Tell me how you can afford to give so much!"

James told his simple story, and closed by saying:

"Please take the money, sir; I must make haste, for it is late, and Neddie and me get up before it is light in the morning."

"Tell me your name," said the teacher, "and I will put it down in the list of my juvenile collectors."

"No, sir," replied James, with beautiful truthfulness. "It would not be fair. I only do one-half and Neddie does the other. We are partners, sir. I give time and Neddie gives labour; so one name must not go into the book unless both names go."

"Who is Neddie?" inquired the teacher.

"My donkey, sir."

"Well," said the teacher smiling, "I shall put down 'Neddie and me.' Good night, my boy. May God bless you and what you have given."