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SUNBEAM

ED SERIES—Vol. XIII

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1892.

No 2

FROZEN OUT.

poor little
 things seem
 frozen to
 death don't they?
 languid-
 peep out
 half-closed
 the severe
 weather is
 fatal to
 the little
 Just out-
 my win-
 number
 pick the
 of the
 creeper.
 when these
 every thing
 is frozen
 hope my
 readers will
 some grain
 and crumbs
 these little
 and friends
 they will
 grateful,
 you.



FROZEN OUT

GER.
 "EAR!" said
 "I have
 headache,
 you will not
 sleep."
 "o-o-o-o!"
 by, wide
 when Brid-
 in. "Mrs.
 is waiting in the parlour, mum."
 Roger, I must see her. Will you
 go, dear?"

So Roger looked up from his blocks and
 took that naughty baby.
 "Now, Bunty," said he, "you needn't go

really go to sleep? Thank you, dear"
 Roger caught up his hat and ran out,
 but wasn't he glad he had waited!

to sleep one bit.
 We will play sol-
 diers. Do rub do
 rub, do rub-a-dub-
 dub Here we go
 marching to war"

Baby liked to
 march, so he said,
 'bud-u-ba,' and
 listened to Roger's
 "dub-a-dub," and
 pretty soon he
 leaned his head
 on Roger's coat
 and then in a
 minute he gave a
 little snore Roger
 held him very
 quietly for a
 while, but before
 long he heard
 Willie Lee whist-
 ling for him.

"Oh, bother!"
 said Roger to
 himself. "Baby is
 no fun now. I'll
 just put him down
 and run out to
 Willie; mamma
 will hear him if he
 wakes and cries."

But he thought
 of mamma's head-
 ache, and somehow
 he did not go. The
 baby felt heavier,
 and it seemed as
 if mamma would
 never come. But
 she came at last.

"Why Roger,"
 she said, "did he

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clover nest
Of wood, and hay, and moss;
Who told her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his feast of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the
And gave their little skill, [way,
And teaches children in his Word,
To do his holy will.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1892.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

ONCE there was a good mother, whose chief prayer for the little boy in his cradle was that he might have a loving heart. She did not pray that he might be wise, or rich, or handsome, or happy, or learned, or that others might love him, but that he might love.

When that little boy, whose name was Edward, grew up, it seemed as though his mother's prayer had been answered, and that in making it she had been wiser than she knew or dreamed.

She had not prayed that he might be wise; but somehow the love in his heart seemed to make him wise, to lead him to choose what was best, and to remember all the good things he was taught.

She had not prayed that he might be rich, but it turned out that he was so anxious to help and serve others that he found the only way to do that was to get the means of helping; and so he became diligent, thrifty, and prompt in business, till at last he had acquired the means he sought.

She had not prayed that he might be handsome; but there was so much love and good-will manifest in his face that people loved to look on it; and its expression made it handsome, for beauty attends love like its shadow.

The prayer had not been that he might be happy; but how can there be love in the heart without happiness? Edward had no time for moping discontent, for revenge or anger. He was too busy thinking what he might do for others; and in seeking their happiness he found his own.

But was he learned? Of course, when he found it pleased his parents to have him attend to his studies, he did his best; and though there were many boys quicker and more apt than he, yet Edward generally caught up with them at last, for love made him attentive and earnest.

But last of all, though Edward loved others, did others love him? That is the simplest question of all. You must first give love if you would get it. Yes, everybody loved Edward, simply because he loved everybody. And so I advise those boys and girls who think they are not loved to put to themselves the question, "But do I love?"—Anon.

A SMART DOG.

A LITTLE child was once lost in the woods. Its parents and friends had hunted everywhere, but could not find it. At last some one thought of a great dog that belonged to a man who lived a few miles away.

They sent for him and he came at once with his dog. He asked for a stocking that the baby had worn, then he took the dog to the place where the baby had last been seen, let him smell the stocking and told him to "seek."

The dog ran round in a circle two or three times and then put his nose to the ground and started off into the woods. The man who owned the dog with the baby's father followed and pretty soon they came back with the baby. The dog had found it at the foot of a tree, curled up fast asleep.

The dog was hugged and petted almost as much as the child; he seemed to know

he had done something very smart, and a long time afterwards he would every day to see the child and would with it for an hour or so and then trot to his own home.

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh, mamma," cried Jack, running into the sitting room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said his mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, tapping about on one foot, and seeming ready to enjoy the fact. "I saw him get sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"Oh," said mamma, in a tone of reproof, "that's it, is it? Come here Jack;" taking her little boy's hand, she drew her to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question but did not say so.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how I have taken you are; you think you would break a commandment, but because you are so ready to believe evil of your brother you are really breaking the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not be a false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but you are sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I s'pose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as if he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dickie, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here is a letter for you. I saw the postman coming and was waiting for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him, and then she turned and looked at Jack.

offerings GREAT AND SMALL.

I AM but a penny
From a baby's hands,
Can I bear glad tidings
Over many lands?
Baby's love goes with me,
So her penny's blest;
God's love, joined with baby's,
Will do all the rest.

I'm a piece of silver,
Worth ten cents, they say;
O that boy worked for me,
Giving up his play,
Digging in his garden,
Though he longed to run
Where his young companions
Joined in joyous fun.

I'm a silver quarter,
Little stitches neat,
And full many an errand
Run by childish feet,
Earned me very bravely.
Little girls can do
Noble work for Missions
When they're good and true.

I'm a bright gold dollar.
Ah! the child who died
Loved me 'mid her treasures
More than all beside.
One sad, mourning mother
Held me very dear,
And my bright face glistens
With her parting tear.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

700.] LESSON V. [Jan. 31.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 53. 1-12. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity
all."—Isa. 53. 6.

What had God promised the Jews?
Christ would come from their people.
What kind of a Saviour did they expect?
They expected a rich and powerful king,
who would conquer their enemies and
make them a great nation.
What did God show Isaiah? He showed
how different the real Saviour would

be.
How did Isaiah say Christ would be
received? He said he would be "despised
and rejected of men."

Would he live in the midst of riches and
pleasure? No, he was "a man of sor-
rows, and acquainted with grief"

Why? Because "he hath borne our
griefs and carried our sorrows."

For whose sins did he suffer? For ours.

What does the Golden Text say?

What does Isaiah say Christ would do
when he was "oppressed" and "afflicted?"
"He openeth not his mouth."

Was this true? Yes. St. Matthew says
Jesus "held his peace" when he was
accused.

With whom did Isaiah say he would be
numbered? He was numbered with the
transgressors."

Was this ever true of Jesus, God's own
Son? Yes. he was crucified between two
thieves.

Why did it please God to let Christ
suffer so? So that our sins might be for-
given for his sake.

What can we do to thank Jesus for his
goodness to us? We can give him our
hearts, and try to live pure and good lives.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Which are the Ten Commandments?
The same which God spake in the twen-
tieth chapter of Exodus saying:

I. I am the Lord thy God, which have
brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out
of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have
no other Gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any
graven image, or any likeness of any thing
that is in heaven above, or that is in the
earth beneath, or that is in the water
under the earth: thou shalt not bow down
thyself to them, nor serve them: for I
the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visit-
ing the iniquity of the fathers upon the
children unto the third and fourth genera-
tion of them that hate me, and showing
mercy unto thousands of them that love
me and keep my commandments.

B.C. 700] LESSON VI [Feb. 7.

THE GRACIOUS CALL.

Isa. 55. 1-13. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be
found, call ye upon him while he is near."
—Isa. 55. 6.

Who gives this invitation to men? God
himself.

What does he say? He, every one that
thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he
that hath no money, come ye, buy, and
eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without
money and without price."

What is meant by "thirsting" here?
Wanting more and better things than this
world can give us.

Who has repeated this invitation? Jesus
said, "If any man thirst, let him come
unto me and drink."

What else did Jesus say? "I am, the
bread of life."

When are we to seek God? [Repeat the
Golden Text.]

When may God be found? Now. this
very moment.

Will he not always be near us? Yes:
but if we keep on doing wrong, we shall
find it harder and harder to begin to love
him, and he will seem to us "afar off."

What must we do if we wish God's
forgiveness? We must leave all our
wrong ways and thoughts, and "return
unto the Lord."

Is God willing to forgive? Yes: he
will "abundantly pardon."

What does he say of himself? That his
ways are not like men's ways.

What does he promise to those who
come to him? He says they shall have
joy and peace.

Do you not think it would be foolish to
refuse God's invitation?

Have you accepted it?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will
not hold him guiltless that taketh his name
in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath day to keep
it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do
all thy work. but the seventh day is the
Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou
shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son,
nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor
thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the
stranger that is within thy gates: for in
six days the Lord made heaven and earth,
the sea, and all that in them is, and rested
the seventh day: wherefore the Lord
blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

"SENCE DE WAH"

A SALE of paintings in New York proved
a puzzle to Uncle 'Rastus, if we are to
believe Kate Field's *Washington Journal*.

"Tings hab changed pow'rfully sence do
wah," remarked Uncle 'Rustus to Aunt
Becca, as he laid aside the newspaper and
polished his spectacles. "Befo' de wah hit
was only de slaves dat war sold, but heah
dis papah states dat an 'ole mastah' was
sold at auction in New York for an 'nor-
mous' mount er money. Tings hab changed,
I tole you."



THE TRANSGURATION OF JESUS.

THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

OUR little lad came in one day
 With dusty shoes and tired feet;
 His playtime had been hard and long
 Out in the summer's noontide heat;
 "I'm glad I'm home!" he cried, and
 hung
 His torn straw hat up in the hall,
 While in the corner by the door,
 He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
 "This little lad always comes here,
 When there are many other homes
 As nice and quite as near."
 He stood a moment in deep thought,
 Then with the love light in his eye
 He pointed where his mother sat,
 And said, "She lives here, that is
 why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
 Her mother heart was very glad.
 A true, sweet answer he had given,
 That thoughtful, loving, little lad;
 And well I know that hosts of lads
 Are just as loving, true and dear;
 That they would answer as he did,
 "Tis home, for mother's living here."

I LIKE TO SEE EVERYTHING
HAPPY.

"TAKE care, my dear! Mind you don't
 fall in! What are you reaching after?"
 The words came from a lady passing
 along a country lane, and were addressed
 to a little girl who was leaning over a pond
 by the roadside, reaching after something
 with a long twig which she had apparently

picked up in the hedge. She drew back
 as the lady spoke and, turning to her, said
 simply:

"Oh, if you please ma'am, here is a
 poor bee got into the water, and can't get
 out again, and I'm afraid he will be
 drowned. I was trying to push that leaf
 to him for him to crawl upon, but my
 stick is too small, and I can't reach it."

"Let me try," said the lady smiling. "I
 dare say I can manage it. Poor little bee,"
 she said, as she took the twig from the
 child's hand; "you shall not be drowned
 if we can help you, we should not like to
 be drowned ourselves."

And, with a little effort, she succeeded
 in guiding the leaf to the drowning insect.
 They watched it with deep interest as it
 struggled to gain a footing on the dry leaf;
 and when at length it succeeded, and be-
 gan to wipe the water from its wings, it
 would have been hard to say which was
 the more pleased, the lady or the child.

"There, I think it will do now," said the
 lady. "The warm sunshine will soon dry
 its wings, and it will fly away as gaily as
 ever."

"But I have known children," she said,
 as they went along the lane together—for
 they were both going in the same direc-
 tion—"both boys and girls, who would
 have taken more pleasure in seeing that
 poor little creature drowned than in help-
 ing it out of the water. I know one boy
 in particular who, I fear, would even have
 thrown stones into the water to sink the
 poor thing. I am glad no such boys or
 girls caught sight of it before you."

"So am I," said the child. "I like to
 see everything happy."

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"MAMMA, mayn't I have something
 eat? I am so hungry!" whined Willie
 Cooper, as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the moth-
 er, but you must ask in a different tone from
 that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please
 give me something to eat,' in this tone,
 and she spoke in cheerful accents to show
 him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last
 Willie got all the whine out of his voice,
 and all the cloud out of his face, and
 was given a slice of bread and butter.

It was by no accident that all the
 Cooper children had pleasant voices, and a
 clear, distinct enunciation of what they
 said; for the cultivation of their voices
 had begun very early in their lives. They
 had not been allowed to talk bad gram-
 mar, to clip their words, to indulge in
 slang, to whine; and the example of their
 clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which
 their parents spoke was more potent, per-
 haps, than any other influence in forming
 their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining
 until his vocal organs are so set that he
 cannot speak without whining, or he may
 be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key
 until he loses command of the lower regis-
 ters, and can use only the high key. He
 may be taught to speak with distinct ar-
 ticulation, with natural resonant tones, with
 grammatical propriety and correctness, un-
 til it shall become a part of him and an
 inalienable possession.

WHAT OLD BEN KNEW.

LITTLE Delia came into the hotel with
 her papa and mamma the other day. She
 had never been there before. The dining
 room was quite full of people, and she
 looked rather sober, for the place seemed
 strange to her.

But almost as soon as she was seated at
 the table her papa said, "The hostler at
 the stable remembered old Ben."

"Why, yes, he was down here three
 years ago, when we took Harry to the
 train," answered mamma.

"Then Ben knew him!" said Delia with
 her face all covered with smiles, "and I
 don't mind how strange the place seems to
 me if he feels 'quainted and 'joys his
 dinner."

I didn't wonder that a lady whispered
 to a friend, "She's a dear kind-hearted
 child."

It was so nice to have a little girl think
 so much of old Ben, the horse.