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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

No. 9.

## MARBLE-TIME.

OUR boy readers, of course, know more about the sport these days than they are enjoying than can tell them. There is one thing in connection with the game that they do not think of so easily. This is the idea of "playing fair" and avoiding the and disputes which now seem to attach themselves more particularly to this amusement than to most any other. Playing at marbles is a very small matter, yet it is often the beginning of a career of dishonesty. It tends to implant and foster a very bad principle—the desire to gain and hold without regard to the cost for so doing. A boy who begins by getting a marble lawfully is likely to be pocketing dollars by-and-by on the same plan.



MARBLE-TIME.

## THE CONTRAST.

THE city person, it is well known, is often much a "green-

horn" in the country as the country person in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and private parks, whose high-barred gates

were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through lanes and fields by her mother, when the sun set

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in? What time do they close the country, anyway?"

It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder, and then remarked:

"Is that where you get your potatoes? I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way we do."

The "country greenhorn" in the city has this advantage over the "city greenhorn" in the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country, who, being taken to a peach tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked, somewhat loftily.

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned?"

A youth, visiting his cousins in the country, on seeing a cow lying down chewing, exclaimed, "Oh, Lucy, look at that cow; it opens and shuts its mouth just like cousin Maud!"

SPRING.

The alder by the river  
Shake out her powdery curls;  
The willow buds in silver  
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,  
And oh, how sweet they sing,  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis Spring.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

WHEN we take up the calling inconsiderately or thoughtlessly, we are in danger of treating this great work with too much indifference. This is the reason why so many continue for a brief time in the Sunday-school and then leave it. We fear such superficial workers did not count the cost. "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." The present day requires teachers who will work with zeal, discretion, patience, firmness, prayerfulness and studiousness, having the Master's help very near. Thus Sunday-school teachers will become mighty instruments in the hands of the Saviour; in all their efforts they will produce a powerful influence over their scholars. We require more teachers having such qualities. The Sunday-school needs steady persevering work from teachers who have a solemn consideration of the responsibility of the work, as those who have to give account. Our lessons and addresses and discipline in the Sunday-school should mean that we are in earnest, as engaged in the work of the highest importance. We must not think

that anything will do for the Sunday-school, whose chief aim is for the salvation of the young. When we consider the greatness of the Saviour's love in coming into the world to die the dreadful death of the cross to reconcile man to his Father, we may very soon see the importance and character of the work we co-operate in. The redemption of man was a stupendous and infinite work which the Saviour achieved. We, his servants, should labour with prayerful and solemn consideration. The Sunday-school is a nursery for the training of the young immortals for an eternal destiny. The reward to the faithful will be glorious in a better world—an imperishable crown, eternal in the heavens.

It behooves every Sunday-school teacher, in consideration of the vastness of the work, to deeply consider what is necessary when he takes the teacher's chair. Let us say that, first of all, Jesus must dwell in our hearts, having the control of their workings and aspirations. Keeping close to the Master, and receiving his help, his Spirit, the wisdom he is able to give, we shall gain greater influence over our scholars, and, in God's hands, with them as trophies for the Redeemer, shine for ever and ever.

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," sharply answered Will, and he ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a great many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said: "The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it he said. "I wish that lady knew." And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.

KIND-HEARTEDNESS.

THE famous English novelist and author, William Makepeace Thackeray, was devoted to his gifted children. He was a man of large sympathies, and took delight in helping others. Henrietta Corkran told this story:

"Once when Mr. Thackeray called, children were in bed. I was the only one not asleep.

"I had been listening to his pleasant voice talking to my father and mother in the salon, when our bedroom door was cautiously opened, and in marched Mr. Thackeray, my mother following him holding a candle.

"There were three little iron beds all in a row. I saw him smiling at us, and then putting his hand in his pocket, he murmured, 'Now for the distribution of medals,' and, chuckling, he deposited each of our pillows a bright five-franc piece, remarking: 'Precious little ones they will think the fairies have been here.'

"Mr. Thackeray often made us little ones laugh heartily with his droll stories and ways. One day he walked into the drawing-room with my crinoline round my neck.

"'I am prepared now!' he exclaimed. 'Imagine, my dears, that I have a crooked red head, blue eyes, and very big lunette glasses. And forthwith he related to us wonderful adventures, making us laugh and cry, just as he wished.'

THINKING GOD'S THOUGHTS.

WHEN I was a little child, my father used to tell me I should think God's thoughts after him. I was too full of wonder to ask many questions, so for a long time I was puzzled over what he meant. One day I was out rambling and came in with an arm full of flowers. Coming to my father, I showed him them.

"Who made them?" he asked.

"God made them, but I think Mr. Mitre made them blow out, he loves them so."

Mr. Mitre was our minister. The children loved him so much we thought he could create.

"Mr. Mitre does love flowers; but he cannot make them blossom out. They are God's thoughts every one."

This was the beginning of a great delight. For many years I never looked at a flower but I thought of him who said: "Consider the lilies how they grow."

When you see the flowers about you, think that they are God's thoughts, and see how it will make you love him.

**BREAD CRUSTS.**

BY VALENTINE MARCH.

Did you have to eat the bread crusts  
When you was a little girl?  
Did your grandma ever tell you  
It would make your hair all curl?

If it's so, I want to know it,  
If indeed it's really true:  
Please to tell me if you ate them,  
I'll be much obliged to you.

Would you have to eat a thousand  
So they'd make your cheeks real red?  
Does it tickle when it crinkles,  
And the curls come on your head?

For my grandma looks so funny,  
When she hands her crusts to me,  
And she says she knows I'll eat them,  
Just the thing to have for tea.

Well, I've tried it and I've tried it,  
Spreading honey and my jam  
On my grandma's tough old bread  
crusts,  
And I'm tired of it, I am.

For there is no sign of roses,  
Not the least bit of a curl;  
I'll do other things to please her,  
But I'll be no bread-crust girl.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

[C. 1015.] **LESSON VI.** [May 8.]

**DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.**

Ps. 84. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."—Psa. 84. 4.

What Psalm do we study to-day? The eighty-fourth.

What is it about? About God's house.

What are the first words of the Psalm?

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord hosts!"

What does "amiable" mean? Lovely; worthy of being loved.

What takes the place of tabernacles to churches, Sabbath-schools, prayer-meetings.

Can a very poor and plain church be lovely? Yes; it is God's presence that makes his house beautiful and attractive.

How much does the Psalmist love God's house? He says, "My soul longeth, yea,

even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

What more does he say? "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

Who are "blessed"? "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house."

What is it to "dwell in God's house"? To feel at home there; to love it as "our" church, "our" Sunday-school.

Repeat the tenth verse.

What is the eleventh verse?

How is God "a sun and shield"? He is a sun to light and guide us, and a shield to keep off evil.

What is promised to them that walk uprightly? "No good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly."

What are the last words of this Psalm? "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

Who was Solomon? David's son, the wisest of men, and the King who built the temple.

Who was Elijah? The prophet who was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire.

B.C. 1015.] **LESSON VII.** [May 15]

**A SONG OF PRAISE.**

Psa. 103 1-22. Memory verses, 1-5.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psa. 103. 2.

What is it to "bless the Lord"? To praise him with gratitude and love.

What are we not to forget? "Forget not all his benefits."

Which benefit, or blessing, is mentioned first? "He forgiveth all thine iniquities," or sins.

What other blessings are spoken of? (Va. 3, 4, and 5.)

What great benefit have we that the Psalmist had not? The New Testament, with its story of Christ's life and death.

What had God done for the children of Israel? He had been their Leader and Guide.

Will he guide us too?

Does he punish us as our sins deserve? "He hath not dealt with us after our sins."

How great is his mercy? As great "as the heaven is high above the earth."

How far will he remove our sins from us? "As far as the east is from the west."

How does he feel towards us? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Whom will God bless forever and ever? All "those that remember his commandments to do them."

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

Who was Daniel? The prophet who, because he would not give up praying to God, was cast into a den of lions; and who was preserved unhurt.

Who were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego? Three young Israelites who, because they would not worship an image, were cast into a fiery furnace, but yet were not burned.

**KIND HARRY.**

HARRY is a very kind boy: his tender heart always prompts him to help and relieve wherever there is suffering, whether it be man or beast that suffers. No wonder all the animals—of which, however, he does not know many, as he lives in town—are fond of him. The much-abused sparrows, who are becoming a real nuisance in our cities, have, in spite of all that, a real friend in him. Not unfrequently he has gotten himself into trouble because, when he saw other boys hunting them to get the bounty which is offered in some places for them, he would chase them before their exterminators could get a shot at them. The dogs and cats of the neighbourhood all know little Harry, and act friendly to him.

One day as a drover brought a flock of sheep into town to sell to the butchers, one of the sheep became so overpowered with the heat that it could not walk another step; so that the drover was compelled to leave it, as he had to look after the remainder of his flock. Harry found the poor exhausted animal, and having no bucket or pail at hand, he carried it a refreshing drink of water in his hat. It was not long before the poor creature became sulcantly revived to be able to follow the rest of the flock.

For the act of kindness Harry was doubly paid. In the first place, he had the consciousness of having relieved the sufferings of one of God's creatures; and in the second place, the drover paid him liberally for the trouble he had taken to do that which was a real pleasure to him. It always pays to be kind.

It is very pleasant for the little people when a mamma, or auntie, or a "great deal older" sister remembers how impatient she herself used to feel when forced to wait for some expected pleasure.



### LITTLE CHARLIE.

LITTLE CHARLIE looks as if he had the tooth-ache; but I don't think he has, I think he is thinking of the good time he will have when he goes to visit grandmamma in the summer, for mamma has promised him that he shall go if he is a good boy, and grandma has promised to give him a little chicken for his own, so I feel sure he will be a good boy so that he can go.

### SUSIE'S "SUSIE."

BY MRS. J. McNAIR WRIGHT.

At James Dorr's house were many things quite unknown in Tom Wren's little home. The children at the Wrens' and Dorrs' were the same in number. The mothers were equally good, the little farms equally good; but at the Dorrs' were a parlour organ, singing-books, a canary in a cage, a little book-case full of books, a nice weekly paper, two papers for the children, a magazine for mother, a scroll saw.

None of these things were at the Wrens'. Tom Wren said he had no money to buy them, because he had no boat.

James Dorr and his boys had a boat. In the evening, early in the morning, on rainy days, they went out in their boat, and got fish, lobsters, oysters, clams, and sold them to the "summer cottage people." They rented the boat, too, for twenty cents an hour, or two dollars a day. There's where the money for all those nice things came from.

Susie Wren wanted a boat, and what

the boat would bring; and it was Susie who figured up on her slate where the money went that would buy the boat, which her father said he wanted, but could not buy. Thirty dollars for a boat! Papa Wren spent it, during a year at Pete Flynn's grog-shop. But papa Wren never was drunk; O no! Only Mamma Wren cried sometimes, lest at last it might come to that.

You may guess how Papa Wren looked when Susie took him her slate with all his year's buyings of gin, ale, beer, tobacco, and the interest thereon duly put down.

"Couldn't you go without only just one year, dear papa, till we get a boat? O do, please, do just only one year!"

"I vow," cried Papa Wren, "if it comes to that, I'll give it up for good and all! We'll set up a savings-bank account, and buy

a boat and name it 'Susie.'"

So next year Susie had a boat named "Susie," and the rest of the good things followed soon.

### A BOY'S STORY.

"I WAS out in the garden one day," said a boy, "when a bee come buzzing all around me; and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out, 'Mother! O, mother!' She quickly came to my help and led me in doors; but the bee came in too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, that the bee could not get near me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron, the bee settled on her arm and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said that the bee could never sting anyone else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm.

"Then she said that like to the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; and he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me all my sins would be gone. I did believe then, sir; and so I am a Christian boy."

This was the little boy's story; and the gentleman to whom he told it could not say nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

### GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man  
Of course I love him dearly,  
But really it does seem to me  
He looks at things so queerly

He always thinks that every day  
Is right, no matter whether  
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,  
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by  
A heavy shower provoking,  
He pats my head and says, "You see  
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm  
For any kind of pleasure,  
He says, "The corn has grown an inch  
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind  
Has set my things all whirring,  
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!  
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,  
And fence posts scarcely peeping,  
"How warm beneath their blanket white  
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face  
His sweet smile shines so clearly,  
It would be nice if every one  
Could see things just so queerly!

### MEDDLESOME JOSIE.

JOSIE BUXTON, I am sorry to say, is a meddlesome little boy. When he sees anything upon a table, or even on a mantel shelf, he wants to handle it. His mamma often tells him how naughty it is to do so, but he will not mind her. One day mamma took him on a visit to aunt Jemima's. There he saw on a high shelf a lovely rose-jar. It was painted in beautiful colours, and filled with dry rose leaves which aunt Jemima had gathered in summer. When his aunt and mamma were in another room, Josie drew up a high chair. Then he climbed up into the chair, and reached as high as he could. At first he could but just touch the jar with his fingers. Then he stood on his tiptoes, and tried to get it. Alas, in a moment there was a loud crash, and the lovely jar in fragments on the floor. Josie was badly frightened that he fell too, and the chair with him. He was hurt by the fall and cried very hard. His aunt begged mamma not to punish him any more, she thought he was punished enough, and she hoped this fall cured him of his bad habit.