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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

No. 4.

## LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIFLD.

LITTLE All-Aloney's feet  
Pitter-patter in the hall,  
And his mother runs to meet  
And to kiss her toddling sweet,  
Ere perchance he fall.  
He is, oh, so weak and small!  
Yet what danger shall he fear  
When his mother hovereth near  
And he hears her cheering call.  
"All-Aloney!"

Little All-Aloney's face  
It is all aglow with glee,  
As around that romping place  
At a terrifying pace  
Lungeth, plungeth he!  
And that hero seems to be  
All unconscious of our cheers—  
Only one dear voice he hears  
Calling reassuringly:  
"All-Aloney!"  
Though his legs bend with their load,  
Though his feet they seem so small  
That you cannot help forbode  
Some disastrous episode  
In that noisy hall;  
Neither thre'ening bump nor fall  
Little All-Aloney fears,



LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

But with sweet brava-  
vado steers  
Whither comes that  
cheery call.  
"All Aloney!"

At that in the years  
to come  
When he shares of  
Sorrow's store  
When his feet are chill  
and numb,  
When his cross is  
burdensome,  
And his heart is  
sore,  
'Tis that he could  
hear once more  
The gentle voice he  
used to hear—  
Divine with mother  
love and cheer—  
Calling from yonder  
spirit shore:  
"All, all alone!"

## ONE OF THE WONDERS.

Do you know how the Laplanders got the Bible? It is a strange story. A young rioter named Lars Heatta was imprisoned for life for murder. His youth made his keeper lenient, and the prison chaplain taught the lad to read and write.

The Bible interested him greatly; he pored over it day after day, and finally formed the high purpose of translating it into his native tongue. Think of the weary years of labour Lars was a poor scholar, and the Lapp language not an easy one to handle. But the work was accom-

pledged; the Bib's was printed in the Lapp language and Lars was given his freedom.

As late as 1870 the old man was still living supporting himself by acting as a guide for travellers.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

### HOW HATTIE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

SHE was only nine years old. I had been preaching to the children, and at close of meeting Hattie came to me and said, "I do want to be a Christian; how can I be?" and the anxious look in her great brown eyes assured me she was in earnest.

"Hattie, are you a sinner?"

"O yes; I am a very wicked girl."

"What! such a little girl as you a sinner? How can that be?"

The tears could be kept back no longer, and she sobbed as if her heart was broken.

"I am so wicked!" she said.

"Hattie, what did Jesus come into the world for?"

"To save sinners," came the answer between two great sobs.

"Then if you are a sinner, he came to save you, did he not?"

"Will he save me?" she asked.

"Yes, Hattie; Jesus is waiting to save you now. Will you go home and give yours if to him to be saved?"

"I will try," she replied.

Why did I ask her to go home to give herself to Christ?

The next afternoon Hattie was present at children's meeting, but her sad little face showed that the question was still undecided. She came to me, and I said:

"Well, Hattie, did you give yourself to Jesus?"

"I tried to, but I don't feel any better. I asked Jesus to take me, but I don't know whether he did or not."

I said to her:

"I think I know what is the trouble;"

and as her face was turned so eagerly to mine, seeking so earnestly the light, I added, "You gave yourself to Jesus, and then took yourself right back again."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Hattie, as the truth flashed upon her.

"Well, is that the way to do? Isn't it best to give yourself to him, and just trust him to save you? Will you do that? and when?"

"O now—this moment;" and dropping upon her knees, she said, "Jesus, I am a sinner, and I give myself to you, and I'll never take myself back again as long as I live."

That was all she could do, and when she arose there was a new light in her heart; and to-day Hattie is one of the most joyous and earnest and useful little Christians in all the wide, wide world.

Will my readers do as Hattie did?

### YOUR FACES.

I KNOW they are rosy, children;  
I know that your eyes are bright,  
That your cheeks have the sunningest  
dimples

And your brows are as fair as the light;  
But I know something else, my darlings,  
That maybe you have not heard.

So listen, my pets, and remember  
A wise old grandmother's word:

Whenever you fret and quarrel,

Whenever you frown or cry,  
There's a line on your faces that tells it,  
And will tell it by-and-bye;

And when you would fain look pleasant.

The tell-tale marks will say:  
"She or he may try to be pretty,  
But have been cross in their day."

### AFRAID.

WHERE was Gracie? Auntie May had been left alone to take care of her while Gracie's mamma had gone to town. At first, Auntie May had kept Gracie with her all the time, but after a while her eyes fell upon a book that she was very much interested in. Gracie was amusing herself with some blocks, so that it could do no harm to take a peep inside. In a few moments Auntie May had forgotten all about Gracie, and about everything except her book. Gracie spoke to Auntie May two or three times, but as she received no answer she wandered away. She went to the kitchen, and Kate, the cook, gave her a piece of cake and sent her out of doors to eat it so as not to scatter crumbs upon the kitchen floor.

Gracie went into the garden, and to her surprise the hen and the chickens and the geese followed her. She was very much afraid of a fierce old garden that always hissed at her, and of the cross old hen that ruffled her feathers and pecked anyone who came near her chickens, so she was not at all pleased to have them all run after her. She backed and backed away until she backed right into the holyhock hedge. The fowls came after, and Gracie lifted up her voice and wept.

Pretty soon Auntie May heard shriek from the garden. She dropped her book and ran. There stood Gracie, screaming with all her might, and the hen and the geese jumping and flying at her. As soon as she saw Auntie May, Gracie dropped her cake, which the greedy fowls seized and ran away with, it quarrelling among themselves for pieces.

"Gracie was 'fraid of the naughty chickies," she sobbed. You may be sure Auntie May did not touch that book again until mamma came home.

### GOOD ENOUGH.

DEAR boys, I want to give you

A motto safe and good;

'Twill make your lives successful

If you heed it as you should.

Obey it in the spirit,

Obey it in the letter—

Don't say a thing is "good enough"

Till it can be no better.

And whether at your lessons,

Or at your daily work,

Don't be a half-way dabbler—

Don't slip and slide and shirk,

And think it doesn't matter,

That such talk is "trash" and "stuff,"

For until your task is perfect,

It is never "good enough."

If your work is in the school-room,

Make every lesson tell;

No matter what you mean to be,

Build your foundation well.

Every knotty point and problem

That you bravely master now,

Will increase your skill to labour

With the pen or with the plough.

If you sweep a store or stable,

Be sure you go behind

Every box and bale and counter;

It will pay, you'll always find,

To be careful, patient, thorough,

Though the work be hard and rough

And when you've done your very best

'Twill then be "good enough."

### HOW JENNY HELPED MAMMA.

JENNY's little baby brother was very cross one morning and cried and cried, just as cross babies do. Mamma had a headache and could not take care of baby, and when it cried it made her headache worse. Jenny thought, "Now I can help mamma." So she got a rattle-box and a rubber ball, and baby had soon stopped crying and was cooing with great pleasure. Mamma could then sleep, and her headache soon stopped aching. When Jenny's mamma woke, she said:

"Jenny, you are a dear girl. My headache does not ache any more, and baby feels better just because you played with him. And I know you feel happier, too." And Jenny knew she did.

If you wish to be as happy as a child please one.

AT THY SIDE

A LITTLE traveller am I  
Upon a road that looks  
As pleasant as the flowery paths  
Beside the summer brooks.

I may have very far to go;  
No one can tell, they say:  
For some the way is very long,  
For some ends in a day.

I've gone a very little way,  
And yet I can't go back  
To pick up anything I've lost  
Or wasted on the track.

And, if I careless pass each stone,  
May not my steps retrace;  
And so I need a friend all through  
To keep me by his grace.

For there are snares I do not see;  
I am a foolish child;  
Then, Jesus, I will ask thee now  
To keep me undefiled.

My feet from falling keep, O Lord!  
My feet from wandering wide,  
Until, the last stone passed, I dwell  
Forever at thy side.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

B.C. 1872 (?) LESSON VIII. [Feb 25.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Gen. 22. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried,  
Offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11. 17.

OUTLINE

1. God's Command, v. 1, 2.
2. Abraham's Obedience, v. 3-10.
3. Isaac's Salvation, v. 11-13.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Find God's promise to Abraham  
Gen. 17. 15-21.

Tues. Read about its fulfilment—Gen  
22. 1-8.

Wed. Read the lesson verses.

Thur. Find out how Abraham could  
offer Isaac—Heb. 11. 17-19.

Fri. Learn what has been provided for  
Isaac—John 1. 29

Sat. Trace the journey to Moriah on the  
journey.

Sun. Learn how you may have faith—  
Heb. 2. 8.

DO YOU KNOW—

How old was Abraham when Isaac was  
born? Why was he a child of promise?

What did God send to Abraham? What  
did God tell him to do with Isaac? Why  
did Abraham obey?

Who went with Abraham on the jour-  
ney to Moriah? On what day did they  
reach the mountain? Who went up into  
the mount?

What question did Isaac ask his father?  
What was Abraham's reply? Who was  
bound upon the altar? What did Abra-  
ham raise his hand to do? Who told him  
to stop? What did Abraham find ready  
to be slain? What uphold Abraham in  
trial? Faith in God.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That real faith obeys God. Verse 3  
That God helps in time of need. Verse  
13.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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.

Where did God put the first man and  
woman? God put the first man and  
woman in the Garden of Eden.

B.C. 1837 (?) ] LESSON IX [March 4.

SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.

Gen. 25. 27-34. Memory verses, 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The life is more than meat, and the body  
is more than raiment.—Luke 12 23.

OUTLINE

1. The Hunter, v. 27-30.
2. The Supplanter, v. 31-34

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the death of Isaac's  
mother. Gen. 23

Tues. Find how Isaac was comforted.  
Gen. 24. 63-67.

Wed. Learn how foolish Esau was. Heb.  
12. 16, 17.

Thur. Learn Golden Text.

Fri. Learn what to look for first.  
Matt. 6. 33.

Sat. Think, why was Esau wrong to sell  
his birthright.

Sun. Learn the best inheritance. Psalm  
16. 5.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who was Isaac's wife? What were  
their sons called? Which was the elder?  
To whom did the birthright belong? What  
is the birthright?

What did Esau do when he became a  
man? What was Jacob's work? What  
did Jacob make one day? Why did Esau  
want it? What did Jacob tell him? For  
what did Esau sell his birthright? Why  
was it wrong to do this? Did Jacob do  
right to buy it? How may we sell our  
birthright?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I have a rich Father. Rom. 8. 17.  
That I must use all that he has given  
me.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

In whose image was man created? Man

was created in the image or likeness of  
God.

How was man made like God? His soul  
was created like God: immortal, holy, and  
happy

YOUR EYE ON THE MARK.

A LIGHT snow had fallen and the boys  
of L— desired to make the most of it;  
and as it was too dry for snowballing and  
not deep enough for coasting, they thought  
it would do very well to make tracks in.  
Near by there was a large meadow, and it  
was proposed that they should go to a tree  
which was near the centre of the meadow,  
and that each one should start from the  
tree to the boundaries of the meadow. The  
proposition was assented to, and they were  
soon at the tree. They ranged themselves  
around the tree with their backs toward it  
and started, each one retracing his steps to  
the tree. After they had returned they  
each looked back to see how straight the  
tracks were.

"Whose is the straightest?" said James  
Allison to Thomas Sanders, who was first  
at the tree.

"Harry Armstrong is the only one that  
is straight at all," said Thomas.

"Why," said Jacob Small, "how could  
we all contrive to go so crooked when the  
meadow is so smooth, and nothing to turn  
us out of the way?"

"How happened you to go so straight,  
Henry?" said Thomas.

"I fixed my eye on that tall pine-tree on  
the hill yonder, and never looked away  
from it till I reached the fence," answered  
Henry.

"I went as straight as I could without  
looking at anything but the ground," said  
James.

"So did I," said another.

"So did I," replied several voices at  
once.

It appears that no one but Henry had  
aimed at any particular object.

They attempted to go straight without  
any definite aim, but they failed. Men  
cannot succeed in anything good without a  
definite aim. General purposes, general  
resolutions will not avail. You must do as  
Henry did—fix upon something distinct  
and definite as any object, and go steadily  
toward it.

"GIVE ME JESUS."

A POOR African in the Congo Valley  
came to a missionary and said:

"My heart is hungry for something, and  
I don't know what it is."

The missionary said to him, "It is Je-  
sus that you want."

"Then," said the man, while the tears  
streamed down his cheeks, "give me Jesus,  
for, oh, it is so hungry in here!"

Dear little workers, are you one and all  
striving with all the power that is within  
you to "give Jesus" to these poor people  
who are "so hungry for him?" Oh how I  
trust so!

## HOW THE BOYS AND GIRLS PLAY IN JAPAN.

BY E. WARREN CLARKE.

THE most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock, and the boys fly kites and spin tops. The

girls enjoy their game very much, and are usually dressed in their prettiest robes and bright-coloured girdles; their faces are powdered with a little rice flour, their lips are tinted crimson, and their hair is done up in a most extraordinary fashion. The boys have wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors, and storm hobgoblins. Across the top of the kites is stretched a thin ribbon of whalebone, which vibrates in the wind, making a peculiar humming sound. When I first walked the streets of Tokio, I could not imagine what the strange noises meant that seemed to proceed from the sky above me, the sound at times was shrill and sharp, and then low and musical. At last I discovered several kites in the air, and when the breeze freshened, the sounds were greatly increased.

Sometimes the boys put glue on their kite-strings, near the top, and dip the strings into pounded glass. Then they fight with their kites, which they place in proper positions, and attempt to saw each

other's strings with the pounded glass. When a string is severed, a kite falls, and is claimed by the victor. The boys also have play-fights with their tops.

Sometimes I met boys running a race on long stilts; at other times they would have wrestling matches, in which little six-year-old youngsters would toss and tumble one another to the ground. Their bodies were stout and chubby, and their rosy cheeks showed signs of health and

happiness. They were always good-natured, and never allowed themselves to get angry.

On the fifth day of the fifth month the boys have their "Feast of Flags." They celebrate the day very peaceably, with games and toys. They have sets of figures with flags and processions. Out-

on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding this holiday, the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richly dressed figures. This "Feast of Dolls" is a great gala-day for the girls. They bring out all their dolls and gorgeously dressed images, which are quite numerous in respectable families. The

images range from a few inches to a foot in height. They are all arranged on shelves, with many other beautiful toys, and the girls present offerings of rice, fruit, and "saki" wine, and mimic all the routine of court life. The shops display large numbers of these images at this special season, after the holiday they suddenly disappear.

I once bought a large doll-baby at one of the shops to send home to my little sister; the doll was dressed in the ordinary way, having its head shaved in the style of most Japanese babies. It was so life-like, that when propped up on a chair a person would easily suppose it to be a live baby.

In going along, I would often see a group of children gathered around a street story-teller, listening with wide, enquiring eyes and breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating. Many of the folks also gathered around, and the story-teller shouted and stamped on his elevated platform, attracting great attention, until just as the most thrilling part of the story was reached, he sud-

denly stopped and took up a collection! He refused to go on unless the number of pennies received was sufficient to encourage the continuation of the thrilling story.

The boys delight in fishing, and will be for hours holding the line by the most and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish when there would not be a bite once in half-hour.



JAPANESE LADY AND CHILD.

side the house a bamboo pole is erected by the gate, from the top of which a large paper fish is suspended. This fish is sometimes six feet long, and is hollow. When there is a breeze it fills with wind, and its tail and fins flap in the air, as though it were trying to swim away. When hundreds of these huge fishes are seen swimming in the breeze, it presents a very curious appearance.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls"