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# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

[No 5

## HER ANGEL.

Margery cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful porch, There were beautiful people in there, and they all "belonged to the church," But Margery waited without; she did not "belong" anywhere Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who taketh the children there.

And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound; She shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around

With their harps like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall—

Ah, Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.

"Suffer the little children!" sang a heavenly voice somewhere,

Or the soul of a voice that was winging away in the upper air;

"Let the children come to me!" sang the "angel" in her place,

And Margery, listening, stood with upturned eyes and face.

"Let them come! let them come to me!" And up the aisle she sped

With eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led.

She did not say to herself: "I'm coming! Wait for me!"

But it shone in her face, and it leaped in her eyes, dear Margery!

Up the stair to the singer she ran—she touched the hem of her dress.

But the choir were bending their heads, the preacher had risen to bless

The reverent throng, and—alas, bewildered Margery,

The voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.

They look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown,

And one by one they pass with a careless nod or a frown;

But the sweetest face bent near, and—"I came," said Margery.

"For I thought 'twas an angel sung. Let the children come to me."

With a tender sigh the singer took the child on her knee:

"I sang the words for the dear Lord Christ, my Margery,

Over and over she heard the words: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him."

There were many hard words in the verse, Elizabeth thought. By-and-bye she asked a question "What is a miracle?"

The boys did not answer, but after a minute Aunt Helen said: "It is something that only God can do."

This interested Elizabeth, she tried to think of things that only God could do.

"He can make it snow," she said watching the flakes chase each other down from the sky.

Mr. Murphy was in town and there were big temperance meetings in the daytime as well as the evening. Elizabeth went to one with her mother. Coming home in the street-car she heard some men talking about her father.

"It would be a miracle if that man should give up drinking," one of them said. She knew he meant her father, because he had spoken his name but a minute before. It gave Elizabeth a new thought. Father ought to give up drinking, it made him cross sometimes, and it made mother cry. God was the one who did miracles, and when you wanted anything of God you must ask him. Elizabeth resolved to ask God "to do a miracle" to her father. Her prayer that night made mother cry again, though Elizabeth did not know it. The next day she was very happy. When father went into the library after dinner, she followed him and climbed onto his lap



THE ANGEL.

And so, for the dear Lord Christ, I take thee home with me!"

"—It *was* an angel sang!" sobs little Margery.

## ANOTHER MIRACLE.

BY PANSY.

The boys were studying their Bible verse, and little Elizabeth was listening.

to tell her secret.

"Father," she whispered, "there is going to be another miracle! I asked God to do it; he is the one who can, you know."

"This is very interesting," said father; "tell me quick what the miracle is to be."

Then Elizabeth told it all, and repeated her question:

"Don't you feel sure he will do it, father?"

But father put her down without answering and went out of the library. Elizabeth did not see him again until the next morning, when he came to kiss her good-bye before he went down town. Between the kisses she asked her question.

'Father, don't you feel sure that Jesus will do my miracle?'

"Yes," he said and he kissed her twice more; "I am sure, dear daughter, he has done it, father will never drink any more liquor."

"It seems like a miracle," said Aunt Helen, tears of joy in her eyes.

'Why, it was!'" said little Elizabeth. "I knew there was to be one."

Then Uncle Robert said softly: "And his disciples believed on him"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1899.

### GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee."—Deut. 5. 16.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."—Prov. 1. 8, 9.

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10. 1.

"For God commanded, saying, 'Honour thy father and mother,' and he that curseth father and mother let him die the death."—Matt. 15. 4.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."—Eph. 6. 1.

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."—Col. 3. 20.

Now, my young friends, let me ask

whether you will please me, and do yourselves a favour by committing all these Scripture passages thoroughly to memory. You know what I mean by 'thoroughly.' If you learn them in that manner, you will not hesitate at a single word, but be able to repeat them throughout, plainly and understandingly. Also be able to tell where each passage is found. Who will do this? Please do not defer, or lay the paper aside. If you do either, you will be likely to forget all about my kind request.

### TAKE CARE.

Take care, Bessie, take care said papa. First, Bessie tried the sharp points of the saw, then she took the pincers, and tried them on her fat fingers; then the bright chisel was in her hand; until at last her papa laid all the sharp tools out of her reach. Why, do you ask? Because she kept going a little further and a little further all the time, and he knew that by-and-bye she would be hurt if she did not "take care." Isn't that the way some children do with little sins? Somebody says, "Take care," but they go on trying and trying, all the time getting hurt a little, until at last a big hurt comes, for no one can put these sins out of reach but the Lord Jesus, and the only safe way is to ask him to take care of them all for us! That is not only the safe way but the pleasant way!

### AN INCIDENT AND ITS LESSON.

BY SANTA.

On a cloudy Sunday morning in November last, the writer left his home to go to Sunday-school. Just as he entered upon the road he met a little boy and girl with bright eyes and smiling faces. Each wore a 'Tam o' Shanter cap and was neatly and comfortably clad.

"Good morning, my little folks!"

"Good morning, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"Going? Why going to Sunday-school!"

Where do you think we are going?" was the quick reply.

"Do you like to go to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Glad to hear you say that. But who is this?"

"Oh! that's Floss."

"Why you are not going to take her with you, are you? We don't want dogs in Sunday-school."

"Oh, no! We tried to make her go back, but she wouldn't, and there she's coming right along."

We did not let Floss go into the school with us, and she looked very much disappointed. Soon after others came in, and in came Floss, too. Some thought the boys let her in for mischief. She was asked to leave, but declined politely, by wagging her tail. The superintendent went to put her out, and she ran under a seat and lay down all cuddled up in a little heap, and looked so pleadingly, as much as to say,

"Do let me stay. I want to take care of Collie and Aggie. I'll be good; I won't make any noise." So the superintendent consented, and Floss kept her promise until Collie went round to take up the collection and came where she was. Then she could not be still any longer, but went with him to his seat and got up beside him, and the scholars all laughed to see Floss so glad.

After the school was dismissed Floss jumped about and made such a fuss, ran on ahead and looked back so pleased, as if to say, "Come on now, it's all right. We are going home." I could not help but notice the change in Floss. Going to school, she was following after; going home, leading the way, and I wondered if Floss thought when these little ones left home that morning they were going astray and that she would go, and take care of them. If so, don't you think this was very kind of Floss and that they should love her in return?

Now is there not One who loves us with a greater love than any earthly friend, One who left his home in heaven and came down to earth to bring back the wandering one, and reclaim the lost. For we all like sheep have gone astray, and Christ is the Good Shepherd who will lead us into green pastures and home to God. Will we be his children and follow him?

### HELLO! HELLO!

BY ANNA PIERPONT SUTTER.

Hello, little Indian maiden,  
Away in the far-off West,  
I wish I could clasp your slim brown hand  
And touch your embroidered vest.

Do you get very sad and lonesome?  
And wear little moccasin shoes?  
Out in the woods do you play all day,  
And do whatever you choose?

Do they put your hair up in papers  
'To make it curl at night?  
Do you know any fairy stories  
Of brownies and pixies bright?

Hello, little fair-faced maiden,  
In the East so far away,  
Indian children have work to do,  
And cannot always play.

If only you'd come to see me,  
I'd tell you some stories queer,  
Of the ways of the wood and the river,  
The ways of the fish and the deer.

But better than any other  
Is a story I have heard;  
It was told by a white-faced brother;  
He said 'twas the Father's word—

That all white-faced and brown-faced  
children  
Were made by the Father above.  
So you are my own little sister;  
Will you not give me your love?

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land  
 where all have been.  
 Played beside its sparkling waters, danced  
 along its meadows green,  
 Where the busy world we dwell in and its  
 noises only seem  
 Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow  
 of a dream;  
 And it grows not old forever, sweet and  
 young it is to-day;  
 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the  
 happy children play.

And the things they know and see there  
 are so wonderful and grand—  
 Things that wiser folks and older cannot  
 know or understand;  
 In the woods they meet the fairies, find  
 the giants in their caves;  
 See the palaces of cloudland and the mer-  
 men in the waves;  
 Know what all the birdies sing of, hear  
 the secrets of the flowers—  
 For the Land of Little People is another  
 world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer; for  
 when nursery time is o'er,  
 Through the Land of Little People we may  
 wander never more;  
 But we hear their merry voices and we  
 see them at their play,  
 And our own dark world grows brighter  
 and we seem as young as they,  
 Roving over shore and meadow, talking  
 to the birds and flowers—  
 For the Land of Little People is a fairer  
 world than ours.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON XII. [March 19.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shep-  
 herd giveth his life for the sheep. John  
 10. 11.

DO YOU KNOW?

In what land did Jesus live? In Pales-  
 tine. What kind of a country was it?  
 Rough and rocky in many places. What  
 was a common business there? Keeping  
 sheep. What was the sheepfold like?  
 Who called himself the door? Why will  
 the sheep follow him? Does the shepherd  
 lead or drive the sheep? Did the disciples  
 understand the parable about the sheep?  
 They did not. What did he mean by the  
 fold? The Church. Who can enter the  
 fold and be safe? Those who love and  
 follow Jesus. Why did Jesus die for his  
 sheep? Because he loved them. What

does he give to his sheep? Eternal life.  
 How does the Good Shepherd care for the  
 children? He gathers them with his arm,

DAILY HELPS

- Mon.* Read all the lesson verses carefully.  
 John 10. 1-16.
- Tues.* Read about the door to God. Eph.  
 2. 18-22.
- Wed.* Learn God's care for his flock.  
 Ezek. 34. 11, 12.
- Thur.* Read the children's psalm. Psalm  
 23.
- Fri.* Learn the name Jesus gave to him-  
 self. Golden Text.
- Sat.* Learn how a lost sheep may come  
 home. 1 Peter 2. 25.
- Sun.* Learn another comforting word which  
 Jesus speaks to you. Verse 14.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know  
 them, and they follow me.—John 10. 27.

Titles and Golden Texts should be  
 thoroughly studied.

1. C. the True L. - In him was life—
2. Christ's F. D. - Behold the Lamb—
3. Christ's F. M. - And his disciples—
4. Christ and N. - For God so loved—
5. Christ at J.'s W. - Whosoever—
6. The N.'s Son H. - Jesus said unto—
7. Christ's D. A. - 'This is indeed—
8. Christ F. the F. T. I am the bread—
9. Christ at the F. - If any man—
10. Christ F. from S. If the Son—
11. Christ H. the B. M. One thing I—
12. Christ the G. S. - I am the good—

AT THE FRONT.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It couldn't be expected that Teddy  
 should hear so much war talk without  
 wishing to be a soldier.

"That's what we'll play," he said.  
 "But I can't play," said Annette, "'cause  
 girls don't go." She looked sorry.

"Oh! you can watch me." Teddy  
 pulled the point of his cap up high, and  
 strutted about as if that ought to be  
 enough of war for any girl to see. Annette  
 was fond of Teddy and she tried to think  
 she was getting her share of the good  
 time. But pretty soon Captain Teddy  
 stumbled and bumped his head. I am  
 ashamed to say this brave soldier cried.  
 Then Annette had her chance. She  
 clapped her hands.

"You've got hurted with a big gun,"  
 she cried, "and I'm a Red Cross nurse.  
 Oh! goody! This is a—a—hospital. Lie  
 right down."

Teddy lay down, and Annette played  
 nurse. The wounded soldier grew better  
 so fast that his nurse said he might sit up  
 for a little while. They climbed on the  
 piazza wall, and Annette put her arm

around Teddy, cuddling his head on her  
 shoulder quite like a little mother instead  
 of a nurse. There their own mother  
 found them.

"I've been to war and got hurted," said  
 Teddy, sitting up straight, quite proud of  
 his wound.

"I was the Red Cross nurse," said  
 Annette.

Mother smiled. I hope when Teddy  
 is a man he will not have to fight any  
 man except himself, but when Annette is  
 a woman I hope she'll be as good a nurse  
 as she is now, for there will always be the  
 sick and the feeble to need care.

Then mother patted the two heads, and  
 looked thankful both for her soldier boy  
 and for her Red Cross nurse.

WHAT A FLY SAID.

One day when Freddy was looking out  
 of the window he saw a fly buzzing against  
 the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," thought he, and his  
 fingers went moving along over the glass  
 till he drove the fly into a corner and  
 caught it.

"Do let me go!" said the fly, "and I  
 will show you what I can do."

"Pooh!" said Freddy, "you can't do  
 anything."

"Yes, I can," said the fly, "I can walk  
 up the wall."

Freddy was so surprised that he opened  
 his fingers and the fly flew across the  
 room and walked up the wall and down  
 again.

"I can walk across the ceiling, too," said  
 the fly.

"How do you do that?" said Freddy.

"I have little suckers on my feet that  
 help me to hold on," said the fly, "I can  
 walk anywhere, and I can fly, too. Boys  
 cannot do that."

"Well, boys are good for something and  
 flies are not," said Freddy.

"Oh, yes, we are good for something,"  
 said the fly. "We eat up the poison in the  
 air, and keep everybody from being sick  
 when the weather gets hot. You would  
 better be glad we are around."

"Is that true?" said Freddy.

"Yes, it is," said the fly, "and if you  
 hurt flies you are a bad boy."

"I never thought of that," said Freddy,  
 "but I will never hurt another fly as long  
 as I live."

HIDING THE BIBLE.

Once a Bible was baked in a loaf of  
 bread. That was in a far-away country  
 called Austria. Some wicked men came  
 into the house to find the Bible and to  
 burn it up, but the woman who owned it  
 was just going to bake bread, so she rolled  
 her Bible up in a big loaf and put it in  
 the oven. When the men went away she  
 took out the loaf, and it was not hurt a  
 bit. That was a good place to hide a  
 Bible, wasn't it? But I'll tell you of a  
 better place still. David knew of that  
 place when he said, "Thy word have I hid  
 in my heart, that I might not sin against  
 thee."



EASTERN MOURNERS.

## EASTERN MOURNERS

The people of the East have a very demonstrative way of expressing their grief. Often a band of hired mourners are engaged for a funeral, and their outcries and lamentations are very distressing to hear. The picture shows a scene in India, but the same custom prevailed in Palestine, and many allusions are made to it in Scripture. It will be a good plan to turn to them and read what is said about the custom.

## WHAT ELSIE HEARD AS SHE LAY ON THE GRASS.

BY ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.

"Come come my darlings, Dame Nature said,  
"Come come little ones it is time for bed."  
And all the blossoms began to weep  
"No, no dear mother don't put us to sleep."  
"But hark, my children, the sunbeams soon  
Will grow as cold as the light of the moon.  
The dear little birds have gone to stay  
Far away down south where warm breezes play.  
"Then off with your pretty gowns of green;  
Next summer in new ones you shall be seen.  
When the north wind rushes round your beds,  
He'll find a warm blanket over your heads.  
"The clouds have woven it high in the blue,  
Downy and soft and white just for you.  
Then the flowers shut their bright eyes tight,  
Crying, "Good-night, dear mother, good-night"

## THE RAINDROP'S JOURNEY.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

It was pretty hard to find it raining, Wednesday morning; I am not surprised that little Mabel, who was only four years old, should stand at the nursery window, with the eye-drops falling as fast as the sky-drops.

For this was the day the "Little Gleaners" were to meet, and Mabel was going to "join." Miss Nettie Palmer had come herself to ask mother, and mother had said yes. But now she could not go, for Mabel was a croupy little girl and could never go out in the rain.

And oh! what a long time she would have to wait, for the "Little Gleaners" only met once in two weeks.

"Two Sundays and two Mondays and two Tuesdays," Mabel was saying, with tears trickling through her small fingers, when mother came up to the window beside her and tapped on the pane.

"How do you do, raindrops?" mother cried. "Aren't you tired taking such a long journey?" And "Patter, patter," answered the raindrops as they ran merrily down the glass.

Mabel uncovered her eyes and raised the wet lashes. "What journey do you mean, mother?" she asked.

"From the clouds, to be sure; these little raindrop friends of ours must have taken an early start to get here before breakfast."

A pale, wintry little smile glinted across Mabel's face.

"They've stopped now, down in our front yard," she said, looking down at the wet, glistening sods.

"Not a bit of it," said mother; "that is only one station on their round-about journey; they will go on and on, for some of these raindrops will have to travel to the sea."

"To the sea!" echoed Mabel.

"Yes," said her mother; "they sink down, down, till they find some spring; they travel along in company with its water-drops, till it empties into the river; then our raindrops rush along with the great river, till it empties into the Chesapeake Bay, and then they glide more slowly and grandly with its waves out to the deep blue sea."

"And then they are done traveling," said Mabel, watching the down-pour with great interest.

"No, indeed," said mother; "the great sun sends a chariot—a winged chariot—down for them, and up fly our raindrops, miles and miles into the air, to make the clouds that float above us."

"And then?" cried Mabel.

"Then they come back and make another rainy day and spoil a little girl's plans."

Mother was smiling now, and Mabel smiled too, although a little mournfully.

"God sends every one of these raindrops on its journey, Mabel, and takes care of it. Do you think he sends them at a wrong time?"

Mabel shook her head.

"He has errands for little girls, too, as well as raindrops," said mother gently, "and we will see if we cannot find some of them to-day inside the house, for my little Mabel to do."

## "I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I have orders, positive orders not to go there,—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be womanish. Come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got?"

John took a neat little book from his pocket, and read:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it. Pass not by it. Turn from it and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, and by his help I mean to keep them."

Poor little Tom learned a trick which every one thought "so cute and cunning." You could never guess what it was. He learned to smoke his papa's pipe. The baby, sitting on his little stool, with the nasty old pipe in his sweet little mouth, was the wonder of the neighbourhood; and the foolish parents and the foolish neighbours all laughed at the little smoker.

But poor Tommy was very sick. The doctor came, and said nicotine poison from the pipe was the cause, and the poor baby must die.

When he lay cold and white in his little coffin, no one laughed; for he found death in the pipe.