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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899.

[No. 6

EASTER LILIES.

Smile praises, O sky,
Soft breathe them,
O air!
Below and on high,
And everywhere
The black troop of
storms
Has yielded to calm,
Tufted blossoms are
peeping,
And early palm.

Arouse thee, O spring!
Ye flowers, come
forth,
With thousand hues
tinting
The soft green
earth;
Ye violets tender,
And sweet roses
bright,
Gay Lent-lilies
blended
With pure lilies
white.

Sweep, tides of rich
music,
The full veins along,
And pour in full
measure,
Sweet lyres, your
song.
Sing, sing, for he
liveth—
He lives, as he said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from the
dead.

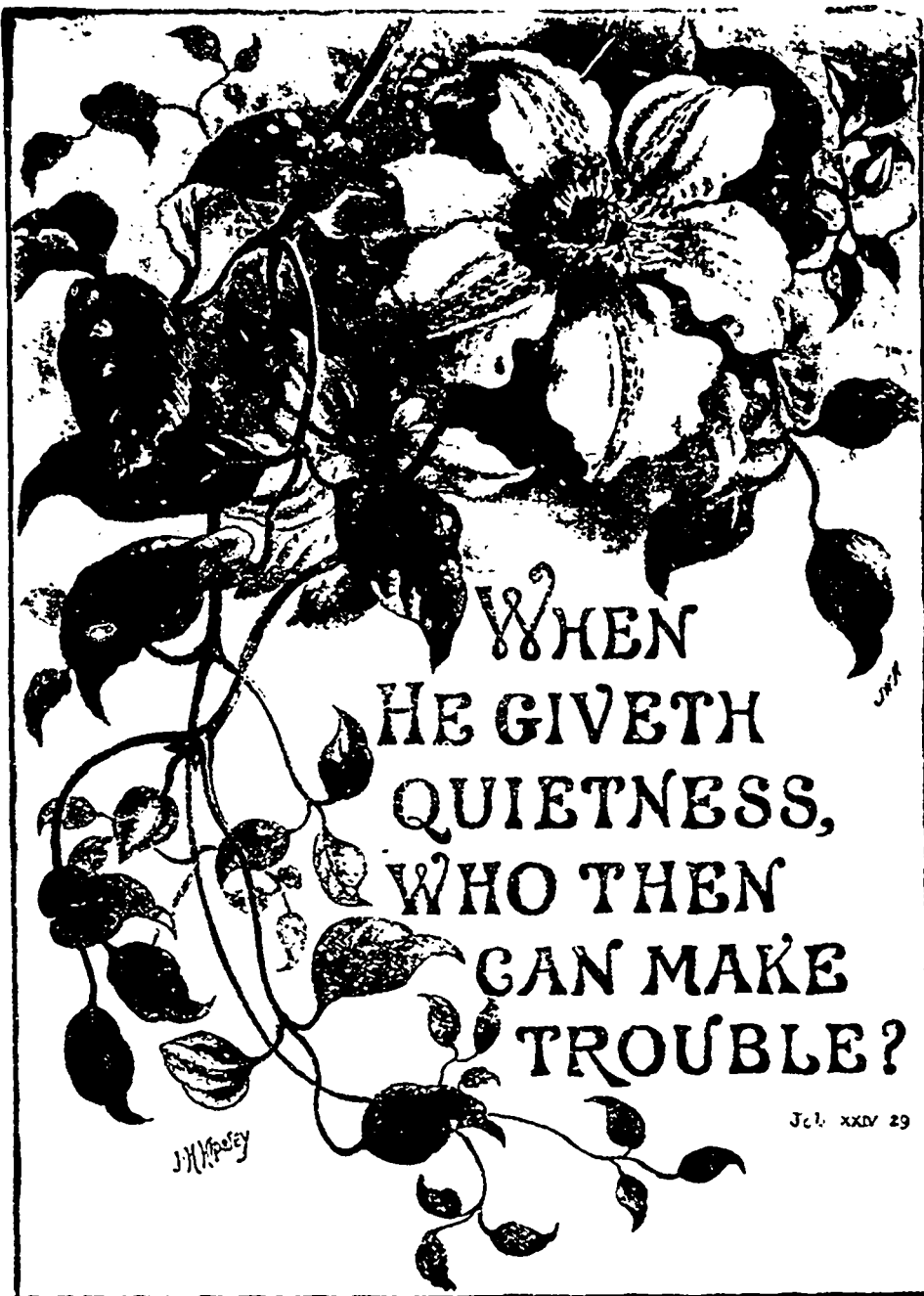
Clap, clap your hands,
mountains!
Ye valleys, resound!
Leap, leap for joy,
fountains!
Ye hills, catch the
sound.

All triumph! He liveth—
He lives, as he said;
The Lord hath arisen
Unharm'd from the dead.

EASTER LILIES.

BY DORA DAVIS.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of fun. His dancing black eyes showed that,



a wonderful Easter Day that—but I will tell you the story.

It was a pleasant morning Aunt Laura had made Jack's favorite waffles for breakfast. He knew that was especially for him, and while eating an amazing number (it would have amazed any one but Aunt Laura), made up his mind to show his appreciation in some way, and though nothing that he could do for her occurred to him, the waffles must have had some silent power, because he made ready for church very promptly and with unusual care. And that pleased Aunt Laura quite as much.

The church was all aglow with flowers, lovely lilies everywhere. Jack revelled in their beauty as a boy can, and was glad he could see and think of them till the sermon should be done. But some things seem to go by contraries in this world, and that Easter sermon, which Jack did not intend even to hear, he never forgot. Perhaps he would not have heard it if he had known it was a sermon. He really thought the good old minister had

and a hearty dislike of "sermons for grown people," as he called them. Of course he went to church. No one could live with his Aunt Laura and not go to church. Jack had no other home, and loved his motherly aunt with all his boyish heart, trying in his awkward ways to please her. And she would have liked well to know that Jack really enjoyed the morning service. Because he did not, he sometimes dreaded the coming of Sunday, always till

forgotten, for when the anthem was over he stepped down from the pulpit, right down in front of the seat where a row of little children sat, drinking in with wide-open eyes the beauty of the nodding lilies. And presently Jack was sure he had forgotten about his sermon, for he began to speak to the little ones, without any text, just as if he were talking to them, and it was all about the lilies.

"Consider the lilies," he said, and Jack

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listened, for he loved the lilies, and the minister was talking of them, of their beauty and wonderful life, how the bulbs must be placed in earth before they can give us their fragrance and whiteness, and so why we fill churches and homes with them on Easter Day.

'But these are not your offering to God, children. How can they be that? They are his own flowers, made by his hand. What will you offer to him on Easter Day?

"Lift up your little white hands to God, my children, your little white hands that have done so little wrong, and pray God that you may bring them here next Easter as pure from wrong as the lilies. But let them not be idle hands. The lilies are fragrant, your hands must be busy. Every day they must do kindly things, little things that only you can do, for this shall be the fragrance of our Easter lilies."

There were more words said that morning, there were sweet Easter songs, and Jack sat so still and walked home so quietly that Aunt Laura wondered if he had enjoyed no part of the service. But Jack was thinking of Easter lilies.

Aunt Laura wondered a good many times after that, but wisely kept silence. Not that there was any great change in her rollicking nephew. Easter lilies do not bud and blossom in a single day. But many a little thing might have been noticed if one were a keen observer of boys. The fact was that the simple sermon had found its way into Jack's heart, and though he had said nothing about it, he had sturdily resolved upon cultivating Easter lilies himself.

And the best of all was that he did it, too. Not in any very great way; often his efforts were very odd; sometimes the only thing he could think of doing for his lilies in a whole day was to keep his hands clean.

But in the course of the year, Jack never knew exactly how it came about, he found himself in the habit of thinking how the risen Christ would like his Easter offering, and of talking with him a little about it every morning before the day was fairly begun. And when another Easter dawned bright and clear, Jack would have curtailed the time for waffles rather than to miss the morning service.

THE SEA-GULL.

The sea-gull is a beautiful bird? It lives by the ocean, and also on the great lakes. It is a very pretty bird, and quite large. It gets all its food out of the water. The gulls fly low, and the motion of their broad wings is quite graceful. There are many different kinds of gulls. Some of them are white, and have black wings. Others are of a gray colour. Often they are seen far out at sea. They can swim on the water, but are mostly seen on the wing. Some of them live far toward the north pole, where the ice never melts away from the ocean, and some love the warmer seas.

CHILDREN'S EASTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Break the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone,
Death shall be no longer.

Far away good angels drive
Night, and sin, and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

Open, happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up:
Toward His brightness pressing;
Lift up, every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1899.

A LITTLE SERMON ABOUT EASTER.

Text: "Consider the lilies,"—Matt. 6. 26.

Most of you know the rest of this verse. Christ took the "lilies of the field" for his text, and preached from them a most tender and comforting sermon.

On this glad morning, when we look at the beautiful flowers in our homes and in our churches, let them be to us also a text for an Easter sermon. I was quite sure you would like this text, because children as a general thing are fond of flowers.

Easter, you will say, means that Christ rose from the dead; how can lilies teach anything about coming to life from the dead. When we have considered,—that is, studied and thought a little more carefully about them,—I think you will see for yourselves.

I knew a little girl who was very much afraid of death, especially of being "put away in the cold, dark ground." One day (in the fall), her mother, who knew that she was very fond of gardening, said to her: "Bessie, I am going to plant my hyacinths and tulips (they are a kind of lily, you know), and I would like you to come with me and hear something I have to say." Bessie was only too glad to go, so when they reached the flower-beds, her mother took up a handful of bulbs and said: "Just look at these, Bessie; suppose they should say, 'We don't want to go in the cold, dark ground,' do you think we could have any beautiful hyacinths next spring?" And after the homely little brown bulb has lain under the frozen ground so many months, what makes that spirit-like blossom spring up with such exquisite colours, and such sweet perfume? Is it not like a resurrection, a new life out of death?

Bessie saw all of the bulbs buried in their little graves, and the next spring when she beheld with delight the beautiful flowers, she said: "O mamma, it isn't such a dreadful thing to be buried after all. God must have been all this time watching and taking care of those little bulbs in the ground, to change them into something so beautiful and so different."

I seldom see a beautiful white lily that I do not think of the soul and the body. What does that flower spring from? Why, from the earth; the "dirt," as the children call it. Do you see anything in that ugly, dirty root that gives you the slightest hint of the lovely flower that is to come and breathe in the bright sunshine? So I think how wonderfully different from this body is the spirit that leaves it when we die. Let us pray that our souls, like the lilies, may be pure and white.

EASTER.

Give flowers to all the children
This blessed Easter Day—
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,
And tulips brave and gay.

And tell them, tell the children,
How in the dark, cold earth
The flowers have been waiting
Till spring should give them birth.

All winter long they waited,
Till the south wind's soft breath
Bade them rise up in beauty,
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children
How Christ our Saviour, too,
The flower of all eternity,
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent
Within the tomb he lay,
Then rose in light and glory,
To live in heaven for aye.

So take the flowers, children,
And be ye pure as they,
And sing to Christ our Saviour
This blessed Easter Day?

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON I. [April 2.]

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 32-45. Memory verses, 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—
John 11. 25.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where is it thought Jesus was just before this miracle? In Perea. Why did the sisters send for Jesus? Because he was their friend, and Lazarus was sick! How long had Lazarus been dead when Jesus came? Four days. What did they say when he came? Verse 32. How did Jesus show his sorrow? What lesson does this teach us? That Jesus cares for our sorrows. Where was Lazarus buried? In a cave. How was the tomb secured? What did Jesus ask? What did he say to Martha? For what did he thank God? What did he then call out to Lazarus? What followed? What does this show? That Jesus has power over death.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Read the beginning of an interesting story. John 11. 1-7.
Tues. Read more of the story. John 11. 17-32.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. John 11. 32-45.
Thur. Read how Jesus once raised a child. Mark 5. 35-43.
Fri. Find how Mary showed her grateful love to Jesus. John 12. 1-9.
Sat. Read from the Old Testament about rising again. Job 19. 25-27.
Sun. Tell this wonderful story to some one, and learn the Golden Text.

LESSON II. [April 9.]

THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY.

John 12. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.

DO YOU KNOW?

How long after the miracle was it when Jesus came again to Bethany? About two months. At whose house was he a guest? At the house of Simon. What friends of his were there? Lazarus and his sisters. How did Martha show her love for Jesus? By waiting upon him. What did Mary do? Was her gift a costly one? What does her having such costly perfumes show? That she was not a poor woman. Who found fault with Mary? What did Judas say Mary ought to have

done? Was this because he loved the poor? What did Jesus say? Why was he pleased with what Mary had done? Because it was a gift of love. What does Jesus always want to find in our gifts? The perfume of love.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Learn how Mary honoured Jesus. John 12. 1-11.
Tues. Read the same story told by Matthew. Matt. 26. 6-13.
Wed. Learn the Golden Text, and try to learn what it means.
Thur. Find what was the spirit in Mary's heart. Deut. 26. 10.
Fri. Learn what Jesus said about this act of Mary's. Mark 14. 7.
Sat. Find why our hearts should always be full of love. Psalm 34. 1-10.
Sun. Read hymn 896 in the Methodist Hymnal.

TED'S EASTER OFFERING

BY C. G. S.

It was at their little "mis'nary s'icty" and a bouquet of bright faces were upturned, all listening eagerly.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Trueheart, "you know that Easter is almost here, and we hope to receive great blessings; but first, I want to see how many can tell just how it came to be named Easter."

At least a dozen little Solomons raised their hands.

"Well, Earl?"

"It's a sign spring's here," he answered bravely; while Lillian added, "Papa said the seeds come up, and the chick breaks his little shell."

Janie's mother was a milliner, and this was her version: "Mamma wished Easter'd come, so the ladies'd buy new hats."

"What is your opinion, Ted?" sweetly asked Mrs. Trueheart of the little ragged urchin in the rear.

Poor Ted turned crimson, for he did not know; but Lee answered quickly: "It's when Christ arose from the dead."

"What do you think, Mabel?" asked she, amused at their answers.

"Easter lilies," responded little blue eyes; then tiny Harry, with his finger in his mouth, said, "Wabbit eggs!" at which rang out a merry peal of laughter. Mrs. Trueheart laughed, too.

"Now, pay strict attention," said Mrs. Trueheart. "Turn to Matthew 28. 1-6, and you'll see why Christians celebrate Easter. On that day our Saviour arose and conquered death. As he arose, so shall we; and I pray that on the great Easter morn each of you little darlings shall 'awake in his likeness.' In the olden time the Anglo-Saxons—our mother people—celebrated the festival of their goddess, Spring, which in their language was Easter. To them she meant the opening year, and was supposed to make the seed shoot up from the earth and to clothe the meadow in bloom. As our resurrection occurred at that period, it grew to be

called Easter. Now, children, let me remind you of our little sunrise prayer-meeting. The bell will be rung an hour before dawn, and don't forget to bring your Easter flowers—your lilies and ever-greens and violets—and all that you promised."

"But, Mrs. Trueheart," said Lee, "Ted won't have nothin' to bring."

"Oh, I am sure that Jesus will show Ted something to bring," she answered sweetly. Somehow those words sank deep into the little orphan's heart, and Mrs. Trueheart too was touched. The doxology was sung and the children hurried home with glee.

Ted remained behind, and as Mrs. Trueheart was leaving he pleadingly asked: "Please ma'am may I ring the bell—the Easter bell—for Jesus?"

"Yes, God bless you!" she said.

His heart grew light and he hurried home. Ted was a little street waif whom Mrs. Trueheart had pointed to Jesus, and he so loved the church-bell that he thought he could hear the angels singing when it rang—the angels Mrs. Trueheart told him of—and his mother was one, too. Now he had her consent, and he'd ring the bell for Jesus!

It was Easter Eve and Ted retired early, though he could scarcely sleep for fear he would be too late. When the moon grew dim he hurried toward the church. "Ted won't have nothin' to bring!" Those words haunted him! He saw visions of children with armfuls of flowers. Ah! an idea struck him. He remembered how they hunted mistletoe for Christmas, and how eager they were for that beautiful spray in the tip-top of that tall tree in front of the church. Wouldn't that be nice for Easter? He ran faster and faster till he caught the bell-rope and began to ring. How clear the tones! He was waking the children! Christ who died for him arose on that same morn! The angels were singing—his mother's voice was loudest of all—and his bell was beating time to their song! Happy little Ted!

When the last tones died he mounted the tree and soon held fast the mistletoe bough, but as he placed his foot on a rotten branch it broke. He fell to the steps, stunned. Poor little Ted!

Yes! he rang the bell for Jesus; and now he lies there half lifeless, clinging to his treasured bough.

Soon Mr. Trueheart came, and as she knelt over the little form and kissed the pallid brow he smiled and pointed his finger heavenward, his hand fell back on his breast—poor little Ted was gone!

The children came, but shrank back, affrighted at death. Their tears fell hot and fast. Lee put the crown of lilies on Ted's brow and said he did have something to give—he gave his life! They turned to Romans 12. 1, and, promising to be more faithful, took this pledge, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," in remembrance of little Ted.



OH, WHAT LITTLE HANDS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE HANDS SOME WORK MAY TRY
TO HELP THE POOR IN MISERY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

OH, WHAT LITTLE LIPS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE LIPS CAN PRAISE AND PRAY
AND GENTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS SAY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

EASTER JOY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime,
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime!
"The Lord is risen." The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near.
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time
Our happy hearts give back your chime.
The Lord is risen! We die no more.
He opens wide the heavenly door.
He meets us, while to him we clime,
At Easter time.

EASTER.

Easter, glad Easter Day, has come again. Of all the days which we can commemorate, this is the most precious. The Easter festival is the most beautiful, most radiant of the Christian year.

"The eternal triumph of the forces of good over the forces of evil, of joy over sorrow, of the living Christ over the awful mystery of death and the grave, the victory of Immortal Love forever—these are what Easter typifies, through its warm colour and life and joy, its fragrant masses of flowers, renewing their bloom after the long death of winter, and its glorious waves of music, faintly foreshadowing the songs of heaven. There is not an Easter custom or an Easter emblem but goes back, somehow, to this great underlying thought—the life and immortality that are brought to light in the Gospel."

Most of our young people know the meaning of Easter, and we feel sure that they all love it, for it is "Christ's day of glad release." After having lain in the tomb for three days, he burst the bands of death and rose in glory and majesty. Since that blessed Easter morn the day has been loved by Christian people everywhere.

Did you ever notice that Easter Sunday is usually bright and beautiful? All nature joins in a grand rejoicing. The sky seems a deeper blue; the shade-trees are putting forth tiny sprigs of green, the fruit-trees are sending out messages of love and greeting in the shape of little buds and blossoms, the first vegetables

are peeping out of their warm beds in the earth; the birds carol their sweetest songs; and indeed, it would seem that all things rejoice that Easter has come.

But while all these things make us happy and swell our hearts with gratitude, we must not lose sight of the great lesson the day teaches us. It is the anniversary of Christ's resurrection. As he has risen from the dead, so we too must one day rise from our graves. If we have been faithful servants here, we shall then have part in the resurrection of the just, and live forever with our blessed Saviour, whose death and resurrection have opened for us the door of heaven.

THE EASTER CROSS.

The Cross, dear little friends, is the symbol of pain and sadness; yet in the happy Easter-tide we wreath it with the sweetest flowers of spring. Many of you have carried your floral gifts to church, to add beauty to the dear and sacred place, while the Easter anthems were being sung. There you have twined azaleas and lilies around the cross.

The Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day he arose from the dead. And this took place in spring-time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.

"THERE THEY CRUCIFIED HIM."

BY S. WESLEY, SEN.

Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee

Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.



'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?