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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

No. 12.

THE NEW HOOP.

How proud this young girl seems of her new hoop. I wonder if she knows what a pretty picture she makes framed in by its graceful circle. This bright summer weather is the time for cut-of-door games and sports. We hope that all our little friends will make the most of it and lay in a good stock of health that will last them for a long, long time.

IN FORMOSA.

A FEW years ago a scientific American visited Formosa to make a collection of animals, insects, and flowers. While stopping in one of the villages, he told some of the boys that he wanted to get some specimens of a certain kind of snake, a very beautiful green reptile that had a poisonous bite. The boys of Formosa are just like other boys; they were delighted, therefore, with the idea of making some money. The result was that there were more snakes brought than could be used,



THE NEW HOOP.

but the professor paid for every one. Among the boys that came was a little yellow-faced fellow in wide trousers and short tunic and a skull-cap. He had two snakes. He shyly entered the professor's room, and laid the snakes on his table. The professor put some copper coins with a square hole in the centre, known as "cash," into the boy's hand. As he was leaving, the scientist tossed the dead snakes into the grass but not without the boy seeing the action. He immediately returned, and laid the coins on the table, just where he had before laid his snakes.

"Why do you return the money?" inquired the gentleman in surprise.

"You don't want my snakes, I don't want your money," replied the boy, turning away in disappointment. No amount of persuasion could induce him to touch the money. He went away and the professor never saw him again.

SLUMBER-TOWN.

MAMMA'S closed the windows,
Pulled the shades 'way down,
So the light won't bother,
When I'm in Slumber-town.
Rocking back and forward,
In a white night-gown—
That's the way to travel
Into Slumber-town.

Mamma's face grows fainter,
Eyes so sweet and brown;
Folks get tired travelling
Into Slumber-town.

Mamma ceases rocking,
Puts the baby down;
For she's reached the station—
She's in Slumber-town!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1892.

READING THE BIBLE.

WHEN Mr. Hone, who wrote the "Every-day Book," and was of skeptical views, was travelling through Wales, he stopped at a cottage to ask for a drink of water, and a little girl answered him: "O yes, sir; I have no doubt mother will give you some milk. Come in."

He went in, and sat down. The little girl was reading the Bible. Mr. Hone said: "Well, my little girl, are you getting your tasks?"

"No, sir, I am not," she replied, "I am reading the Bible."

"Yes," said he, "you are getting your task out of the Bible."

"O no," she replied. "It is no task to read the Bible; I love the Bible."

"And why do you love the Bible?" said he.

Her simple, child-like answer, was: "I thought everybody loved the Bible."

Her own love for the precious volume had made her innocently believe; that everybody else was equally delighted to read God's word. Mr. Hone was so touched with the sincerity of that expression that he read the Bible himself, and, instead of being an opponent of things of God, came to be a friend of divine truth.

HOW JIMMY WAS CURED.

JIMMY was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy; he couldn't even bear to lend his sled nor his hoop nor his skates. All his friends were very sorry, he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother. "And think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself; if you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off.

"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before; he gave away a silver-piece that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better, I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him.

Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave

Johnny my sled; I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been better ever since.—*Our Little Ones.*

DUTY COMES FIRST.

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

"MAMMA, can I go out and swing in the hammock?" asked little Harold Gray.

"Have you learned your lesson, to-day, Harold?" was mamma's answer.

Harold fidgeted with his sash, and in a little while said, "I don't like lessons."

"Oh, very well! But neither do I like stupid little boys, who don't care to know anything!" coolly said Mrs. Gray. Then she took up her own book once more, and Harold sat discontentedly pulling the seat end, and kicking the floor softly with his stubby little toe.

But soon he spoke again: "Mamma."

"Well, my son?" And Mrs. Gray looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Please, can't I go out just a little while?"

"Certainly, if the lesson is learned, dear." Then she began to read again. And Harold pouted and kicked, like a naughty little boy—which I am afraid he was, just then. But after a little while Mrs. Gray heard a voice very close to her say in rather pleading tones: "Mamma, dear!"

The book was laid down, and mamma said, as kindly as ever, "What is it, Harold?"

"I will learn the lesson, now, if you will let me to."

"Bring me your book, then."

Harold ran for his book, and mamma opened it at the place where he left off the day before.

It was filled with pretty pictures, and the little lessons were very easy words such as a boy of five years old could readily spell. Mamma explained everything they came to, telling Harold a great deal about the animals, which the book did not tell. The little fellow became so interested in the picture and lesson about a horse, that he quite forgot he wanted to play, until at last Mrs. Gray closed the book and said, smiling, "There, that will do for one day. Now you may go and play, if you choose."

"Oh, my; I forgot about the hammock, mamma; but I guess I'll go and swing a little while. It is nice to learn, after all, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear. A good education is the best thing a boy can have, and he must begin to get it while he is small."

"WOULDN'T."

She wouldn't have on her naughty bib;
She wouldn't get into her naughty crib;
She would do this and she wouldn't do that,
And she would put her foot in her Sunday hat.

She wouldn't look over her picture-book;
She wouldn't run out and help the cook;
She wouldn't be potted or coaxed or teased;
And she would do exactly whatever she pleased.

She wouldn't have naughty rice to eat;
She wouldn't be gentle and good and sweet;
She wouldn't give me one single kiss—
Pray, what could we do with a girl like this?

We tickled her up and we tickled her down,
From her toddling toes to her curly crown;
And we kissed her and tossed her, until she was fain
To promise she wouldn't say wouldn't again.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER REVIEW.

LESSON XII. [June 19.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.

Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.

All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON XIII [June 26

MESSIAH'S REIGN.

Psa. 72. 1-19. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"All things shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him"—Psa. 72 11

What is the Golden Text?
Whom shall the nations serve? Christ, the Son of David.

How will he judge the people? With righteousness.

How long will the people fear him?
"As long as the sun and moon" last.

What is said of the righteous? "In his days shall the righteous flourish."

How far will his kingdom extend?
"Unto the ends of the earth."

What will he do for the poor? "For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."

What will all nations call him? "All nations shall call him blessed."

Repeat the last verse.

Should you like to help bring Christ's kingdom?

How can you do it? By being good, by praying and by giving.

Must you wait to give till you can give a great deal? No, a great many small gifts are often better than one large one.

What words did Christ tell us to pray?
"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

What more can we do? We can try to do "his will."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Lazarus? One whom Jesus loved, and raised to life when he had been dead four days.

Who was Martha? The sister of Lazarus, who was too much troubled in making a feast for the Lord.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A POOR boy went to a house to ask if they would please buy some matches. Harry, who lived there, happened to see the boy, and to hear what he had said. Harry simply said: "Go away." The poor boy turned away with his matches, looking very downcast.

Soon after Harry thought he should like to have a run with his hoop, but he remembered that he had lost his stick. He

must have a good stick for a good hoop. He would go and ask his father for some money to buy one. He found his father very busy reading. He made his request, but his father did not answer him. Presently he asked again, when his father said: "Go away."

Poor Harry now remembered that it was just the answer that he had given the poor boy with the matches, and felt how much better it would have been to have spoken kindly. He still wanted a hoop-stick, and thought he would go to the woods close by, and try to break off a branch that would do for a stick. He was not long in finding one, but, in trying to break it, he found it was too strong for him. While he was still trying, someone stopped behind him, and said: "I think I can break it." He seized hold of the bough, and broke it off. Harry was surprised to find it was the match-boy, and, before he could thank him for his kindness, he had run away.

Harry now thought a great deal more of his rough answer, "Go away," to the poor boy, and made up his mind to speak kindly for the future.

Let us all learn the same lesson. If we do not want to buy of the poor people we meet with, let us at least speak kindly to them, for many of them have sorrowful hearts, and we should not add to their sorrows by harsh words.

CHARLEY IN THE COUNTRY.

CHARLEY was visiting at grandpa's, in the country, last summer, and had a good time. There were no other little boys there, but there were plenty of pets, such as chickens, pigs, calves, ducks and doves and colts, which suited him full as well.

At one end of the corn-barn there was a bird-house, which had been taken by a little family as their home. Charley liked to sit on the grass at the root of an oak-tree near by and watch these busy little birds flit in and out. They were blue-birds, very pretty, and when they came to understand that Charley did not mean to hurt them, they became so tame, that he could almost catch them sometimes.

There were swallows, also, that had their houses of mud under the eaves, and many other wild birds that built their nests in the orchard and in the hedge. Charley thought it a rich treat to get up early and hear these feathered songsters sing their morning lays.

When he went back to his home in the city he had many things to tell of the sights he had seen, and I am quite sure he learned some useful lessons.



TELL THE TRUTH.

Don't be afraid, little Johnnie, my boy :
Open the door and go in ;
The longer you shrink from confessing a
fault,
The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait, with a pitiful face,
And dread the confession to make,
For you know when you're naughty, the
worst of it all
Is making your mother's heart ache

But courage, my boy' Never mind if the
shoes
Are muddy, and wet, and all that ;
Never mind if your clothes have been ter-
ribly torn,
And you've ruined your pretty new hat.

Go in like a man and tell mother the truth,
Like a brave little lad ; and you'll see
How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
And is truthful and honest, can be.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say,
Be honest at work, be honest at play ;
The same in the dark as when in the light,
Your deeds need not then be kept out of
sight.

A LITTLE STORE-KEEPER.

A LITTLE store-keeper only four inches
high, and the happiest, friskiest little
fellow you ever saw ! He lives very near
my house, and I see him every morning,
dressed in a warm brown coat striped with
black—as natty a little squirrel as ever

frisked through the woods. In
the summer and fall he goes out
to gather seeds and nuts, and
picks them away in two little
leather bags. These two tiny bags
are in his mouth just back of those
sharp teeth that crack the nuts.
It is very funny to see him sit up
straight and crowd the nuts into
the little bags with his fore-feet.
When the bag is full, he shuts his
mouth tight, which closes the bag,
and away he scampers home.

His house is hidden away under
the roots of a tree, and the door is
very tiny. First there is a long,
slanting hall, and then comes the
coziest room imaginable. It is
lined with moss, and has a soft,
warm carpet of dry leaves. His
store-room is just out of his par-
lour. It has a sort of earthen
shelf, where he packs away the
seeds and nuts for winter. When

he gets into his store-room, he sits up,
puts his fore-feet behind the bags where
his nuts are tucked away, and just crowds
all the good things out while he holds his
mouth open. Beech-nuts are the little
fellow's favourite food, and he likes to
store away a good quantity of these tooth-
some, three-sided nuts. When the long,
cold days come, he shuts himself up in
his cozy home, and spends a quiet winter,
with plenty to eat.

"HALF HER FAULT."

"WHY, why! what's the matter with
papa's girlie, now?" asked Mr. Gray, ten-
derly, as his little Amy ran in crying, and
hid her face on his breast.

"Oh, it's that horrid Fanny! She does
all sorts of hateful things to me, and then
she turns and tells tales to her mother; and
she always takes her part. And I haven't
got any mother to take my part now!"

"No," said her father, sorrowfully,
glancing at her little black frock, "But
dear mamma is up in heaven, and she
would not like to see her little girl in such
a passion!"

"Well, I don't like Fanny one bit, nor
Aunt Harriet, either. I just wish they
weren't going to live here!"

"But, then, who would take care of
Amy, and look after her clothes, and see
to her if she is sick? Who would attend
to the house and the servants? All that
is a great deal of trouble; and papa is very
grateful to Aunt Harriet for undertaking
it."

Amy had not thought of this. It quieted
her a little, but she presently broke out
again:

"Well, she ought not to let Fanny tease
me, anyhow!"

"No, Fanny must not be allowed to
tease you," said her father. "But how
does she tease you? What has she done
just now?"

"Oh, she meddles with my things, and
she won't play what I want her, and she
just cross!"

"And are you sure you're as good
natured as you might be, Amy? I will
speak if it is necessary, but I had rather
you try to do better things yourself, de-
arling."

Her father's sorrowful tone touched
Amy.

"I will try, papa," she said, throwing
her arms round his neck, and kissing him.

"I guess it was half my fault, and
how!"

JAPANESE BABIES.

IN our country very young babies are
apt to put everything in their mouths—a
button or a pin or anything goes straight
to the little rosy, wide-open lips. But in
Japan they put the small babies right
down in the sand by the door of the house
or on the floor; and I never saw them
attempt to put anything in their mouths,
and no one seemed anxious about them.

When little boys or girls in Japan
naughty, they must be punished, but the
punishment is strange. There are very
small pieces of rice paper called moxa,
these are lighted with a match, and they
put on the finger or hand or arm of the
naughty child; and they burn a spot on
the tender skin that hurts very much.
The child screams with pain, and then the
hot moxa sticks to the skin for a few
minutes or two, and then goes out; but the
smarting burn reminds the little child
of his fault.

THE TALKING FACES.

"I DIDN'T say a single word,"
Annie Barton told her mother, who was
proving her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your
face talked."

What volumes our faces say! Some
speak of love and kindness, some of anger
and hatred, others of pride and rebellion,
and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking; but we
can make them say pleasant things, and
should try to have them do so.