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SUNBEAM

LARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1894.

No. 13

SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

A beautiful star led the shepherds to the place where the little child lay. With joy and awe they gathered round the Babe, and in reverence they worshiped. In our picture we see the sweet mother Mary, Joseph standing by her side, and the shepherds kneeling on the ground around them, looking upon the infant from whom they have heard from the angels to bring peace on earth, good will to men."



SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING THE INFANT SAVIOUR.

Then one night a traveller came through the forest. He was numb with cold and far from home.

Then the oak reached out its limbs to the traveller and said: "Take me and build a fire to warm you through the night." The traveller cut down the oak tree and built a fire and warmed himself, and lay down to sleep.

The fire burned on and the flames grew higher and higher, and in the flames—so the story says—a tree rose that grew and grew larger than all the other trees in the forest. Then the fairies came and made beautiful shiny leaves and pretty carved acorns for this tree.

And after a while the fire died out and the fairies disappeared, and when the sun rose there stood the mighty oak tree, with the beautiful green leaves and pretty acorns. And a voice sounded through the forest: "Behold your king."

And this is the way, the story says, the oak came to be the king of all the other trees.

FOREST KING.

Have you ever heard of an oak tree coming to be the king of the forest? It was a small, plain tree, but it never stopped growing. Its body was built with the strength of iron, and its leaves were like green shields. And its acorns were like little soldiers.

The flowers that grew at its feet knew its name, and the birds that came to its branches every day found kindly shade.

The little birds that came to its nests in its branches knew the kind oak tree that gave them shelter.

And the squirrel knew the kind oak tree that gave him its acorns for winter. The cold winter came and the squirrel must go to his winter store, so he ran to the oak and asked for all the acorns he could get. The oak shook its branches

and said, "Here, little squirrel, take them all," and the squirrel carried them away to his winter home.

Then the cold days came, and the birds flew away and the flowers died and the leaves fell down and the oak stood alone.

water, and if we have not Christ in us we may go through the most industrious Christian activities, but we will not bless anybody. How can we give to others what we have not ourselves? J. B. Miller.

TOMMY'S CHOICE

ALTHOUGH I've lots of playthings
To fill my life with fun,
I'd rather be yon Shanghai
That rules the chicken run

He stands beneath the shower
In all the pelting flood;
And gets completely covered
From head to foot with mud.

He has no nurse to grab him
And shake him in her wrath,
And give him paregoric,
And plunge him in a bath.

And put clean clothes upon him,
And make him indoors stay
To play with wooden soldiers
Until the close of day.

Ah, wouldn't I be happy?
And wouldn't it be sweet
To be that old pet Shanghai
They'll never kill to eat?

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1894.

TRUE'S MISSIONARY SWING.

"Oh, I haven't any way to make missionary money!" said True. "What can a little cripple girl do, anyhow?"

A moment later a voice on the other side of the fence was heard calling to True: "Oh, True Thomas, I hear that your uncle John has put you up the loveliest swing! Do let me come and take a ride."

"But there's no one to swing us," said True disconsolately. "Howard's gone with Uncle John fishing, and Clara is visiting Aunt Martha."

Just then a kinky head was seen rubbing itself against one of the broad planks of the fence.

"Oh, there's Dinah!" said Alice joyfully. "Let's give her a nickel to come and swing us an hour."

"But I haven't a nickel," returned True

"But I have," declared Miss Alice, with great satisfaction. "Say, Dinah Timpkins, how would you like to make a nickel—a new one that shines so you can hardly look at it?"

Dinah's head went up with such a sudden surprise that it bumped itself so hard against the board True and Alice thought it surely must be broken. But Dinah herself didn't seem to be conscious of even an ache in it as she stood before them a minute later, eyes and mouth open. What visions of red-striped candy were dancing before her! Of course she'd like to make that nickel.

"Well, come along now and swing us for an hour," said Alice, holding up the shining nickel, "and it shall be yours."

A thought came all at once to True as they were swinging. Here was the very opportunity for which she had longed.

"Alice," she said, "I do want to make some missionary money. I have thought about it all day, but there didn't seem a single thing I could do. But I do believe there is a way even for me. Suppose every time you and the other girls want to swing you pay five cents an hour. Four can swing at a time, you see. I can get Dinah to swing you at five cents an hour—four is not much more trouble to swing than one or two—and just to think, I shall make from ten to fifteen cents every time for the missionaries!"

Alice entered at once into True's plan. She offered to be the advertiser, and tell all the girls about it.

And oh, such a wonderful success as the plan proved! There was fun in it and there was money for the missionaries too. It wasn't long before almost every little girl in Eastville had taken a ride in that missionary swing. Some days True made fifty cents. Once in a while she gave Dinah an extra nickel for her work, and still she had quite a sum to put in her missionary box. Soon the story of the missionary swing got into the papers, and every little girl who went to Eastville on a summer trip wanted to try it.

I wonder how many little girls will be wanting to have missionary swings.

WHAT HE HAD TO GIVE.

"MOTHER," said little Marie Weiss, "where does Jim go every evening after supper?"

"I don't know, child," said the busy farm-wife. "Don't you go pestering Jim; he don't go into any badness, that I know. Jim's one of a hundred."

So instead of getting her curiosity satisfied, Marie was consumed with desire to know another thing, namely, what mother meant by saying that Jim was one of a hundred. A hundred what?

But Madam Weiss was one of those hurriers who are too busy to answer questions, and Marie was always bursting with questions.

If she could only get leave to follow Jim out into the soft spring twilight, she could find what he was up to and what mother meant by the hundred—he was one of

But all the children were put to about chicken-roosting time at the Farm, and so this little daughter nursed her curiosity until it got so big she kept her awake almost ten minutes. Her little brown head was put down on her crib pillow.

But one evening Farmer Weiss and his wife were attending a famous Grange meeting in the village, and the hired girl, was left in charge. She gave all the little ones permission to sit up until "mutter" came home. Marie away skipped Marie, following the mer of Jim's brown linen coat in the light.

If I tell you all the questions her little tongue rolled off, before she could get an old gig come slowly up the lane. I keep telling till the next meeting in Grange.

So I'll just tell you what she found. The farmer had given his hired boy a piece of ground in the meadow behind the house, and there Jim was busy digging and turning up his spare time.

Plant what? Potatoes? Tomatoes? Peas? No, indeed, but zinnias and scarlet salvia and phlox-drummond and slips of geranium, and mignonette.

Jim was Farmer Weiss' marked man. He was going to sell flowers, then he thought? No, it was sweeter and higher than money-making that filled all his thoughts. When he drove twelve miles to the great city, three times a week, with the waggon-load of vegetables for market, he saw swarms of poor children who stood around the stands and picked up and treasured faded blossom—hungry-eyed little children who had never seen a field of "Wouldn't it be nice to take 'em fresh, sweet-smelling nosegays?" Jim.

And Marie was so deeply interested in poor little children and their poor nosegays that she forgot to ask Jim what was one of a hundred, and a hundred

A HORSE'S SAGACITY.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the highlands of Scotland found the road blocked with snow that when ever rived he lost his way; but having confidence in the sagacity of his horse, he took the reins and let it choose its own way. For some time the patient beast went slowly yet carefully along until it came to a deep ravine; then it stepped into the drift and sank with its rider in the depths of the ravine. The gentleman, smothered by the snow, became unconscious for how long he never knew when he recovered his consciousness he found himself a few yards from the bottom of the drift with his faithful horse standing over him and licking him from his face. How the sagacious and affectionate creature got him out of the snow he never knew, yet the fact was undeniable. The horse had saved its master.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

Compact form of rugged grace,
 And uncoouth in style,
 Clear gray eye, an honest face,
 Brown, tanned cheek and bashful smile,
 Heared hat on firm-set head,
 Garments bearing scars of wear,
 Shoes o'erweighting a firm tread—
 The yeoman's sturdy heir.

Runs through forest and through field,
 Frisking Fido near his side,
 Nimble squirrels have to yield,
 The shy birds vainly hide;
 Knows just where the big fish keep,
 And where the rarest wood-blooms spring,
 Here winter-snows are drifted deep,
 And icy ponds are glistening.

Summer-time, at eve and morn,
 Bring the cows his irksome task;
 Loves to hear the dinner-horn,
 Bathe, and in the sun to bask;
 Youthful heart is filled with pride
 When first he drives his father's team,
 And when he learns to mount and ride,
 Seems to him a sunlit dream.

Lives he till he finds at length
 The farm has labour for its boys,
 As he grows in age and strength,
 His trials mingle with his joys;
 He learns he in his plastic youth
 All the silent lessons of the soil—
 The sure rewards of patience, truth,
 And filling happiness of toil.

—Youth's Companion.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LESSON I. [July 1.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

2:1-16. Memory verses, 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Into you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. Luke 2: 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Child, v. 1-7.
2. The Song, v. 8-14.
3. The Visit, v. 15, 16.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

- Read what the angel said to Mary. Luke 1: 26-38.
- Find what Mary said.—Luke 1: 38-45.
- Read the prophecy of Zacharias. Luke 1: 76-79.
- Read lesson verses from your Bible.—Luke 2: 1-16.
- Learn the Golden Text.
- Learn the first Christmas song.—Luke 2: 14.
- Learn a sweet verse about Jesus. Luke 1: 21.

DO YOU KNOW—

What was the greatest thing that ever happened? How long ago was Jesus born? From what great event do we date time? From the birth of Jesus. Whose servants were the Jews now? What had the emperor ordered? What was the emperor's name? Verse 1. Where did Joseph and Mary live? In Nazareth. Why did they go to Bethlehem? Why was Bethlehem called David's city? (1 Sam 17: 12, 15.) Where did Joseph and Mary go to sleep? Why? What happened there? To whom did an angel come? What did he say? By whom was the first Christmas song sung? Where did the shepherds then go? What did they find?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

The good news the angel brought. Verse 10.
 That the good news is for me. Verse 11.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Will God call us to account for all we think and do? At the last day God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

Does God love you? Yes, God loves everything which he has made.

B.C. 4.] LESSON II. [July 8.
 PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.
 Luke 2: 25-38. Memory verses, 27-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2: 32.

OUTLINE.

1. A Saint's Desire, v. 25, 26.
2. A Saint's Delight, v. 27-35.
3. A Saint's Testimony, v. 36-38.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

- Mon. Find who named Jesus.—Matt. 1: 20, 21.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses carefully.—Luke 2: 25-38.
- Wed. Find Simeon's prophecy about Jesus.—Verse 32.
- Thurs. Learn what is said of Jesus in Matthew.—Matt. 12: 21.
- Fri. Learn a verse about light.—John 8: 12.
- Sat. Tell the story of Jesus to someone.
- Sun. Read Hymn 886 in Methodist Hymnal.

DO YOU KNOW—

How old was Jesus when he was taken to the temple? Who took him there? What for? Who was Simeon? For whose coming was he waiting? Why did he think Jesus was coming? What had the Holy Spirit told Simeon? Where was Simeon when Jesus came into the temple? What did he do? What did he say? What woman was there? How do we know she was a good woman? What did she say when she saw Jesus? What did she do?

How should we follow Anna's example? By telling about Jesus

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I too may see Jesus. Verse 30
 That he wants to be my Saviour. John 3: 16.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

What has God made? God made everything in heaven and earth, and last of all he made man.

How did God make man? God made the body of man out of the dust of the earth

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my letters
 That all my troubles were done,
 But I find myself much mistaken.—
 They have only just begun,
 Learning to read was awful,
 But nothing like learning to write.
 I'd be sorry to have you tell it,
 But my copy-book is a sight

The ink gets over my fingers,
 The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
 And won't do at all as I bid it.
 The letters won't stay on the lines,
 But go up and down and all over,
 As though they were dancing a jig;
 They are there in all shapes and sizes,
 Medium, little and big.

There'd be some comfort in learning
 If one can get through; instead
 Of that, there are books awaiting
 Quite enough to craze my head;
 There's the multiplication table,
 And grammar, and—oh, dear me!
 There's no good place for stopping,
 When one has begun, I see

My teacher says, little by little
 To the mountain top we climb,
 It isn't all done in a minute,
 But only a step at a time.
 She says that all the scholars,
 All wise and learned men,
 Had each to begin as I do;
 If that's so—where's my pen?

A BIRD WITH A FAN.

HE is called the Wagtail or Fantail because his tail looks like a feather fan, and because he waves it back and forth very quickly. When the tail goes up it spreads out with a jerk, when it is down it closes together like a fan. It is a queer tail, and it must be very funny to watch it. To do this you would have to keep near the water, for Mr Wagtail builds his home in the warm summer days in some quiet place near a clear stream or pond.

BLESSED are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God



"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

SONGS OF THE ANGELS.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,

All seated on the ground;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands
And in a manger laid"

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

"All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

WHAT POLL SAID.

A MAN who owned a parrot taught it to say "There's no doubt about it." One day the owner resolved to sell his bird, and for this purpose he took it to the market-place. "Who will buy my bird 'only two pounds," he said. A passer-by, pleased with the appearance of the parrot, said, "Poll, are you worth so much?" "There's no doubt about it," said Poll. Gratified by the little creature's apparent intelligence, the admirer paid the two pounds and took the bird home. Some days afterward he was standing near the cage, talking to himself aloud,

when he said,
"What a fool I
was to give two
pounds for that
bird!" "There's
no doubt about it,"
cried Poll.

It is just so with some persons. They never seem to have any mind of their own, but always agree with the one they happen to be with. Very likely, too, they don't stick to their work any better than to their opinions. When one lesson is half learned Kate takes up the next, and so goes into the class without knowing either of them. John begins to collect postage stamps, gives them up for coins, and then switches off to medals. The best way is to be sure you are right, and then go ahead; or as the Book says, "Hold fast that which is good!"

THE SHEPHERD DOG.

IN those parts of the country where the people have large flocks of sheep, they always have a shepherd dog to tend the flocks. And the dog is a great help to the shepherd. He always keeps on the watch, takes care that the animals go the right way; and as soon as he sees a sheep straying from the flock, he rushes up and drives it back to its proper place.

The sheep soon find that the dog is their friend, and will obey him even when they will not listen to the shepherd.

Some years ago there was a large flock of sheep among the mountains. One night some of the lambs got frightened and ran away in three different directions. Of course the poor shepherd could not go three ways at once, so he called his dog and started him off after one band while he went another way.

He hunted all night but could not find them, and in the morning he was so hungry and tired that he made up his mind to go home. When he came to the sheep-fold he saw a flock of lambs and his dog guarding them, and he found that not a single lamb was missing, but that the smart dog had found all three bands and brought them back to the fold.



BETHLEHEM.

BETHLEHEM.

"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda. For out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."

THERE came a little Child to earth,
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed
His birth
High and low.

Out of the night so calm and still
Their song was heard,
For they knew that the Child on Be-
thlehem's hill
Was Christ, the Lord.

IN SUMMER TIME.

BY S. D.

"Oh, I want to take a peep at the fishes."

"Stop, then, and I will hold you." Lulu and her brother were taking a walk in the woods. She was a kind little girl and was willing to wait while he looked down into the tiny brook.

"Oh, I see some little fishes!" he cried. "See how they scoot about. I guess they are playing tag."

"Lulu," he said, as they walked on, "you s'pose the little fishes are glad sun has come?"

"I guess so," she said. "I guess everything is glad. We are glad."

"And the little birds. I know they must be glad, because they sing so."

"And the bees. They go humming about to find honey in all the pretty flowers."

"Do you believe the flowers are glad too?"

"Well, I think they must be, because they are so sweet. And because God loves them. And the trees and vines too. How they seem to smile in the sun. Yes; I think that everything that God makes must be happy."

Do you think Lulu was right? But of all happy things, what do you think of a little brother and sister who love each other?

I hope all our little SUNBEAM readers are enjoying the summer, with all the thoughts of the good Father.