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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1892.

No. 11.

UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

LITTLE JACK has been trying to make a boat out of a piece of wood, and has brought it to Uncle Dan for his inspection. Uncle Dan, as the children call him, though he is not his uncle, is a kind-hearted, pleasant, jolly old sailor who lives in a strange-looking little house. He is sitting in the doorway of it. Jack looks at it and sees you can guess what it is, or was. It is nothing more than the hull of an old vessel which was washed ashore during a terrible storm. You see it has a thatched roof, and is fixed up quite snugly. It is exceedingly cosy inside, and sure you, and the man would not get with his old top for the finest use in town. But when he returns to Jack Uncle Dan takes a look at the little boat and shakes his head. It has



UNCLE DAN'S LESSON.

one fault, only one, and a little one at that, but as the old sailor points it out to the boy and tells him that, although it is a very small fault, it is enough to make

the little boat unseaworthy, he also points him to a higher lesson, for the old man is a Christian, in these words. "Remember, Jack, my boy, it isn't always the big

things that do the most harm. It is the little sins, the little faults that are allowed to go unchecked, that grow and spoil a character and a life."

things that do the most harm. It is the little sins, the little faults that are allowed to go unchecked, that grow and spoil a character and a life."

READY BEFORE-HAND.

"WHAT are you doing now? I never saw a girl who was so continually finding something to do."

"I am only going to sew a button on my gloves."

"Why, you are not going out, are you?"

"Oh no, I only like to get things ready beforehand; that is all."

And this little way, persisted in by Rose Hammond until it had become a fixed habit, saved her more trouble than she herself had any idea of—more time, too. Ready beforehand—try it children.

So surely as you do, faithfully, you will never give it up for the slipshod time-enough-when-it-is-wanted way of doing things. Remember the old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine."

EVENING PRAYER.

When the light is fading
 From the western sky,
 And the calm stars glisten
 In the heavens high,
 Then good-nights are spoken,
 Toys are laid away,
 And the little children,
 Kneeling, softly pray

Dearest Lord, we thank thee
 For thy care to-day;
 Make us good and gentle,
 Take our faults away:
 Bless the friends who love us;
 From us evil keep;
 Let thy holy angels
 Watch us while we sleep.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1892.

"JUST AS I AM."

LITTLE Mary was very bright and intelligent; but, dear children, she had a very naughty temper, which often caused her great trouble. If her mother corrected her faults she was much offended, or if the baby was cross, she would slap its little arms, and be such an unkind girl through her passionate anger.

Although she went to Sunday-school and heard of the meekness and forbearance of Jesus, she did not improve, but rather grew worse to outward appearances.

One Sunday her teacher pleaded earnestly with her scholars to accept the Saviour, who had died for the most sinful and vile, and was willing to save all who trusted him, however bad they were.

Mary was greatly moved by her teacher's words, and thought of all her sinful temper, and passionate outbursts of anger, and longed to be different, that she might come to Jesus; but she had heard it was—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me."

Her eyes were opening and she saw herself lost and sinful, but if she came to Jesus all could be cleansed by his blood. The solemnity of it overcame her so that great tears of repentance stole down her cheeks, and her kind teacher sought to comfort her with the blessed assurance that all who come to God and plead the name of Jesus for forgiveness shall be forgiven and have strength to resist temptation through him who died to save them.

Amid sobs she said she would trust him, and kneeling down asked to be forgiven for Jesus' sake, who she believed had died for her. So real was her conversion that her little sisters noticed it, and said: "Oh, mother, sister Mary's turning good, for she never beats us now, or gets in a temper." And it was so, through God's grace, who gave her strength to live for him. Her mother saw her little Bible was daily used, her dear girl changed from a passionate, self-willed child, to a little Christian, who sought to live first for Jesus, and then for those around, and her joy in believing was very great, for she felt that he was ever near her in times of temptation, and though she often failed to do his will, still though "faint, she was ever pursuing."

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A LITTLE mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed—suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again.

There are traps for children, and very

tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember, the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 16. 25.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED

"I SHALL never forget," remarked a friend of ours, "an incident of childhood by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to the neighbouring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at those Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so trembling went into the sitting-room. To my great relief the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple with inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule and a laughing-stock for my companions.

"I tell you, boys and girls, if you give many dollars to have the memory of the event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime."

THE BIRD'S CONUNDRUM.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL

"You were a naughty bird to-day;
It shocked me, do you know,
To see you fly from Brother Frank
And pick at Cousin Joe.
Now, tell me why you acted so?
There! don't begin to sing,
But tell me why you were so rude,
You saucy little thing!"

THE BIRD'S REPLY.

"I had to fly your Brother Frank,
Or else stay and choke;
He had a nasty cigarette;
I could not stand the smoke.
And with your Cousin Joe 'twas worse;
He put his mouth to mine,
And oh! I thought I'd faint away,
For he'd been drinking wine.
Now, birds they never do such things;
No crow or parakeet
Or other birds would swallow wine
Or smoke a cigarette.
We drink but from the rippling brook,
Or sparkling drops of dew.
Now, I've a question, Minnie dear,
I'd like to put to you—
Please, tell me why does man alone
Drink of the drunkard's cup?"
Then Minnie hung her head and said
She'd "have to give it up."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 585.] LESSON X. [June 5.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan 3. 13-25. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. 43. 2.

What did King Nebuchadnezzar make?
An image of gold ninety feet high.
What did he command everybody to do?
To bow down and worship this image.
What was to be done to those who refused? They were to be thrown into a furnace of fire.
Who dared to refuse? Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.
What had God said? "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images," and "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Can you repeat the first and second commandments?

How did King Nebuchadnezzar feel? He was very angry.

What did he say to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego? That they should surely be thrown into the fiery furnace if they did not bow down to the image.

How did they answer the king? "Our God . . . is able to deliver us."

Did they know God would deliver them? No, but they meant to do right anyway.

What was done with them? They were bound, and thrown into the furnace.

What shows that the fire was very hot? The men who throw them in were burned to death.

What did the king see in the furnace? Four men, walking about unharmed.

Can you tell me the rest of the story?

Does the Golden Text mean that God will always keep our bodies from harm? No, but he will be with us and make every pain and trouble work for our good.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Herod the king? The king of Judea, who killed the young children in Bethlehem, hoping to kill the Christ.

Who was John the Baptist? The prophet who told the Jews that Christ was come.

B.C. 588.] LESSON XI [June 12.

THE DEN, OF LIONS

Dan. 6. 16-28. Memory verses, 19-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"No manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."—Dan. 6. 23

Who was the king of Babylon now? Darius.

Whom did he choose to be first among his princes? Daniel.

What did the other princes try to do? They tried to find some fault in Daniel, but they could not.

What plan did they think of at last? They asked King Darius to make a new law.

What was the law? That whoever should ask anything of either God or man, for thirty days, except of the king, should be cast into the lions' den.

Did Daniel stop praying because of the law? No; he kept on praying three times a day, just as he had always done.

Why did he not pray in his heart and not let any one know it? Because he wanted to serve God openly, and let all

the people know that he loved God more than he feared the king

How did Darius feel when the princes told him what Daniel had done? He felt sorry, but he could not break his own law, so he commanded Daniel to be cast into the den of lions.

What did he say to Daniel? "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

What did King Darius do very early in the morning? He went to the den of lions and called to Daniel.

What did Daniel answer? "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths."

What does the Golden Text say about Daniel?

What did King Darius command all people to do? To fear the God of Daniel, the living God

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Herod the tetrarch? The ruler of Galilee, who cut off John the Baptist's head.

Who were the disciples of Jesus Christ? All who learned of him as their Master

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER."

"If I could only see my mother!" Again was that yearning cry repeated, "If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: "If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

"O that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—O so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember this: O if I could see mother!'"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him. Boys, be good to your mother.



BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

WHAT a happy little girl. Nothing to do but twine daisies and buttercups into chains and crowns and beautiful wreaths. Out in the woods from morning till night listening to the birds sing and chasing butterflies over the grassy slopes. But this little girl doesn't always have so little to do; she has to go to school and study her lessons the same as other little girls. But this is holiday-time and she is making the most of it while it lasts, for it will soon be over and she will have to go back to school and study.

PAUL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

ONCE there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight and it would be "just like truly camping." So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent; a pair of blankets and a sofa cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, and some ginger bread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to put in his ears—to keep out little bugs and things. She had the hired man

help him drive the stakes and fasten the crumb cloth over them. The hired man of his own accord brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt and his big sister good-bye, and shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the "Rocky Mountains," as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catchpins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was dreadfully still; but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard, the brave cross-bow, with its pin pointed arrows, promised safety, while the blankets, sofa cushion and the soft hay were

all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made out-doors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other, and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out wasn't delightful in every way.

It was nearly half-past eight. Mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary, rehearsing her elocution exercise. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall door open and the tiny feet go stealing up stairs. When the elocution exercise was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went up stairs; but before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There, in the starlight, she saw the brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, "Were you lonesome, dear?" and Paul whispered back, "Kind of lonesome—and I heard something swallowing, very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?"

Faithful mamma didn't "tell"—not until long afterward, when Paul had grown

to be so old and so big that he went "truly camping" far away to the Rocky mountains.

And what was the "swallowing" that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imagined noise. Don't you?—*St. Nicholas.*

"THE LORD'S PART."

NANNIE had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part of it."

And when she got it in smaller coins she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday."

And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule and dropped in—two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord?"

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own. So, if you give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

HONOUR IN OUR BOYS.

THERE is great confusion in boys' notions of honour. You should not go to your teacher with tales of your school mates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did the mischief, or broke a rule, no matter what the result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honour which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. The most cowardly injuries and injustices among boys goes unchecked and the weaker are abused and bullied in every way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, prevaricate, or keep silence to screen the guilty. Teachers and parents ought to put down this ignorant, pet "sense of honour" for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong and responsible for the original meaning. It is a pity that boys and grown up people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and fraud into points of genuine honour and courage.