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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1884.

[No. 9

MAY-DAY.

FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

MAY-DAY is at hand. The Sunbeam sends you a picture of its May-queen.

May has long been called the merry month—the merry month of May. No wonder. It is the month in which the green grass, the opening leaves, the upspringing flowers and sunny days, invite us out of doors. Feast eyes ears, eye, and nose too, on the sights, sounds, and odors of the woods and gardens. Then, outdoor sports begin among the children. Croquet, foot-ball, base-ball, singing, walking, running, and playing, are in order. Merry indeed! Who can help being merry on May-day? The thought of it makes my old blood leap in my veins, and almost inspires a wish that I were a boy again.

May-day is a very ancient festival. Those grand old heathens, the Romans, kept it by making offerings at a shrine of the goddess Flora, who, by the way, was no goddess at all, only an image of a lovely girl like the May-queen in the picture. Those cruel old



THE MAY-QUEEN.

Druids, the Druids, also taught our English forefathers to keep it, by lighting big bonfires on the hill-tops on May-day eve to welcome the coming of spring. And in the long, long ago, English young men and maidens use to rise shortly after midnight,

go into the woods, cut down branches, gather flowers for garlands, and, returning at day-break, decorate their doors and windows with their floral spoils. They made the May-day evening merry indeed with rustic roundelays and hearty laughter.

by crowning their best beloved companion with flowers, and by gathering violets, wind-flowers, primroses, and other May flowers, in the woods and gardens. It should be to them a day of gladness and a day of hope, a day of thankfulness to God

Even kings and queens, with their lord and ladies, used to keep May-day somewhat after the same fashion. Bluff old Harry the Eighth, wicked though he was in many things, with his grave queen, Catherine, and a gay retinue of knights, barons, and ladies, all armed with bows and arrows, rose at day-break and rode out into the country to shoot in the woods, to "take a little air and gather May-dew," which latter—the May-dew—the ladies thought to be a capital wash for their pretty faces. How much ladies think of their faces, don't they?

Dancing round the "May-pole" was once very common in England. The "Jack in the green"—a skeleton box covered with green leaves with a youth inside—was also a thing common on May-day, especially among the poor chimney sweeps. But these old practices are passing away, and the day is now merely a red-letter day—a pleasant remembrance of the reign of lovely spring.

Children, however, should still celebrate May-day, especially in the country,

for his goodness, a day of love to all. Sweet young friends, I wish you all a merry May-day!

"JESUS WEPT."

ONLY two little words,
But O what grace!
Only a tear-drop
On a meek, sad face!
Far off at Bethany,
Long, long ago,
A lit'le act,
Simply done.
But that little tear,
Falling to earth,
Warmed by its gentle power
Into glad birth
A seed of human love,
Since grown to such beauty
That it makes life more glad,
And makes far less sad
Earth's hardest duty.

—The Helper.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1884.

RIGHT IN MEETING.

ONE Sunday little Annie May, who lived in the country, went to church for the first time.

She wore a blue dress, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with blue strings tied under her lute of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing.

Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden indeed.

Elder Rogers was the preacher.

Annie knew him very well. He came to her papa's house often in a big covered carriage, and he brought her apples in his

pocket, and took her on his knee and told her stories while she ate them.

Annie remembered all this; and when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit she slid off her seat and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before any body knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth.

"I've come to give you a kiss," said she, "and I want you to tell a story."

The congregation smiled—all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled, too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story.

Annie climbed up in the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open; and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake.

"I'll bring you the story to-morrow," laughed the elder.

"And apples?" asked Annie.

Wasn't she a funny little girl? But she didn't know any better, you know.—

Youth's Companion.



CALLING NATURE'S CHILDREN.

BY SYLVIA BROWN.

SAID the South Wind to the Sunshine,

"It is time for us to go

Northward, waking up the rivers

Underneath the ice and snow."

Said the Sunshine to the Robin,

"Go with us into the North;

With your gushing songs of gladness,

Call the sleeping blossoms forth.

So the South Wind bore them onward

Til the fields of ice and snow,

Frightened by the many voices,

Crept into the earth below.

Then the Sunshine sent his glances,

Warm with sweet, caressing love,

Down among the bud-sheathed blossoms—

Wooded them to our earth above.

Through the orchard flew the Robin

Calling every living thing

To rejoice in all its being

For the tender kiss of Spring!

Every brown tree in the forest

Heard the drumming on its bark—

Heard the Robin's gushing anthem—

Heard the sweet notes of the Lark.

Listen! Nature's children waking

Up the valley of the North!

Soon with beauty, song, and perfume

They shall gladden all the earth.

Little children shout with laughter,

Gurgling bits of song arise

From the brooklets, while the blossoms

Laugh in silence to the skies.

—Advance.

SPRING CAROL.

THE morning's bright, our step is light;

Our hearts are full of glee;

We'll hie away to meadows gay

Wild flowers fair to see.

With hand in hand, a merry band,

We tread the dewy way;

Happy are we as song birds free

Who join our joyous lay.

Father above, we read thy love

Where'er we turn our eye;

In vernal green, in sparkling stream,

And you bright azure sky.

In forest shade and grassy glade,

Where bloom the flowers fair,

Whose robes of white and color bright

Reveal thy loving care.

Thus in life's morn we would adorn

With love our pathway here;

Lord, give us grace, each in our place

Some pilgrim hearts to cheer.

And may our life be free from strife

As this fair morning's calm;

And sweet our lays of ceaseless praise

As its unwritten psalm.

COOL!

A LADY walking down town saw a little boy pinching his younger brother, who crying bitterly. "Why, my boy," said to the young tormentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong? What would you do if you should kill your little brother?" "Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants; go to the funeral."



A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;

"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;

I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,

And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.

It's over and over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge,

And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;

I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.

And that is the way I learn to hem:
With hemming stitches—do you know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch too, I guess,

It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 'twasn't for the thread;

But the knots keep coming, and besides—
I shall have to confess—

Sometimes I slip my thimble off and use my thumb instead!

When your thread knots, what do you do?

And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;

He's more than forty, and his hair has grey mixed with the black;

Well, he can't sew: he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!

You mustn't think me proud, you know,

But I am seven and I can sew!"

JOHNNY PIG.

BY MARGARET FAYINGE.

LITTLE Johnny Eataway's playmates called him "Johnny Pig," and I don't wonder that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over, and he had eaten so much he couldn't eat any more, he would beg his mamma, with a dreadful whine, not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much, I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by and by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of a bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one very cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paregoric for the baby, who had a pain, (paregoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with,) when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half full of pretty pink packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop, and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home, and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one?" begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, "I don't give them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing, until the man—it was quite dark now—said, "Well, as I have only a few left and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank you (greedy boys are never polite,) sat down on the nearest door-step, laid the bottle of paregoric by his side, tore of the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinders, and stamped, and choked, and sputtered, and

wiped his mouth again and again on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap!

—Wide A. C.

THE LITTLE FARMER BOY

Oh pa, I'm twelve years old to day,

I'm old enough to work, you say,

Please give a patch of land to me,

I'll work it as it ought to be.

If I can have a patch of corn

I'll cultivate it night and morn

Then I can go to school, you know,

And learn to be a farmer too.

Am up by sunshine as a rule,

Could hoe my corn till time for school,

Then in the evening, I am sure,

There's time for work an hour or more.

Will work my rows out straight and true,

And then I'll plant it as you do,

And when I leave off work at night,

Will hang my hoe up clean and bright

I wish to do my chores each day,

And help my mother all I may;

Then work my little patch alone,

And have the crop my very own

Oh, thank you pa, I know you would

Give it to me, because you're good,

I'll try to have the neatest patch—

Why pa, we'll have a farming match.

Thus spoke the little farmer lad,

Who tried to have and always had

As neat a patch as could be found

For many miles the country round

TRUE COURAGE.

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades.

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on the knee of one of his trousers. One of his school-mates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggle, if we hope to come out right.

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who does not mind when spoken to:
I hope it isn't you'

There is a child, a boy or girl—
I hope that such are few—
Who struck a little playmate friend:
I trust it wasn't you'

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry that I do—
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know the boy—
I cannot love him, though—
Who robs the little birdie's nest:
That bad boy can't be you!

There is a girl, a girl I know—
And I could love her too—
But that she's very proud and vain:
That surely isn't you!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57.] LESSON V. [May 4.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 Cor. 13. 1-13 Commit to memory verses 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Worth of Love, v. 1-3.
3. The Work of Love, v. 4-7.
3. The Greatness of Love, v. 8-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What is charity? Love of God and man.
When are all gifts, however great, useless?
When love is lacking.
What must go with faith? Love.
When does kindness to the poor profit nothing? When given without the spirit of love.
What is long-suffering? Bearing wrong patiently.
What only can endure all things? Love.
What is said of all other things, knowledge and prophecy? They shall vanish away.
What do we only know in part? God and his love.
How do we see God? As in a glass, darkly.
When shall we see plainly? When God gives us light.
What abideth forever? Faith, hope, and charity, love.

What is faith? Trust in God.
What is hope? Expecting all good from God.
What is it to have charity? To be like God.
When do faith and hope become love? When we see God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Have faith in God;" because he has already done so much for you.
"Hope in God;" because he is able and willing to save you from sin.
"Love God;" because he gave his dearly beloved Son to die for you.
"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The future knowledge.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Which are the Ten Commandments?
The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying:—
I. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

A.D. 57.] LESSON VI. [May 11.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

1 Cor. 15. 50-58. Commit to memory verses 56-58.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Death is swallowed up in victory. 1 Cor. 15. 54.

OUTLINE.

1. A Mystery, v. 50-53.
2. A Victory, v. 54-57.
3. A Duty, v. 58.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What cannot inherit the kingdom of God? Flesh and blood.
What is meant by flesh and blood? Our natural bodies.
Why are our bodies corruptible? Because liable to sickness, decay, and death.
What must take place before we can enter heaven? We must become incorruptible.
When shall we be changed from the corruptible to the incorruptible? At the last trump.
How shall we be changed? A spiritual body will be given us.
What is the mystery Paul speaks of? That some believers will be alive when the trumpet shall sound.
Shall all be changed, the living and the dead? Yes, in a moment.
When this earthly body shall be changed into a heavenly body, what prophecy will be fulfilled? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What is the sting of death? Sin.
Who has taken the sting away from death? Christ, the Saviour from sin.
What is the strength of sin? The law.
Who has fulfilled the law? Christ Jesus.
Who gives us the victory over death? God, through the Lord Jesus Christ.
What must we do, therefore? Stand fast in the faith of God

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Do you refuse it? Then you turn from Christ, and love sin and evil and self.
Do you accept it? Then you hate sin and evil and self, and love Christ. "If I have done iniquity, I will do so no more."
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of the dead.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

GIVING THE HEART.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had only numbered five summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?"
The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love any body?"
With a look of surprise the child answered: "I love you; I love my father, my sister, and Henry."
"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands."
The child's face looked bright with a new thought.
"And you ought," continued his mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother, and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever."
—*Household Magazine.*