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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1897.

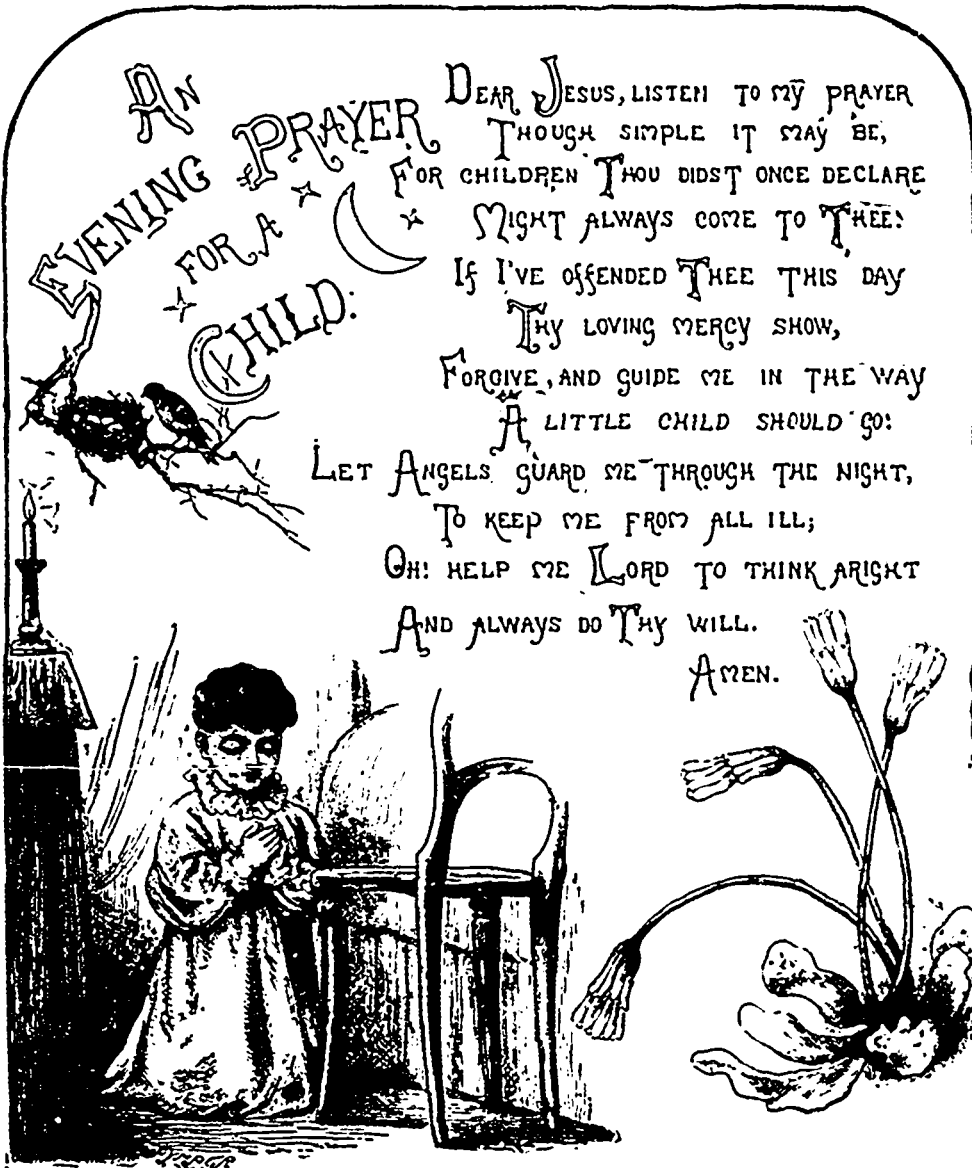
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NELLIE'S UNLUCKY DAY.

"After this I shall always believe that it is bad luck to put things on wrong side out!" cried Nellie, flinging herself into the room and tossing her hat and books in an untidy heap on the floor. "I was late to school, and did not have time to study my history lesson, so it wasn't perfect; and besides that, the girls were just horrid all day. I knew how it would be when I put this old waist on wrong side out this morning; that's what has made all the trouble!" and when she had finished this speech she looked at her mother, for she knew well what she thought of such silly superstitions; but Nellie was in a reckless mood to-day, and rather enjoyed the idea of shocking somebody. What, then, was her surprise to hear her mother say, "Yes, Nellie I think that was the cause of all your trouble."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Nellie, "I thought you did not believe in such things!"

"Nor do I, Nellie, in the way that you mean," said her mother, "but come and sit beside me here, and I will try to make you understand. Putting your waist on wrong side out had nothing whatever to do with your unlucky day, any further than putting you out of temper. You were in a hurry, and when you found that your waist was on wrong you were very angry, much more so than you had any occasion to be. It was provoking, but if you had taken it off quietly your whole day would have been different."



"Why, mother," said Nellie, in an injured tone, "I don't see why you say that."

"Listen," said her mother, "and I will tell you. I was watching you, Nellie, and I saw you take your waist and jerk it roughly off, so roughly that you ripped out one of the sleeves and were obliged to sew it in again. You twisted your thread, made knots in it, and took so much longer than was necessary, because you were angry, that you were very late for breakfast, consequently late to school, where you must have arrived in such a bad temper that I am not at all astonished that you could not learn your history,

or that the girls were 'just horrid,' for girls are very apt to treat you as you treat them, Nellie. And I have no doubt that you might have heard them say how disagreeable you were;" which Nellie could not deny, as Fanny Brown had told her she was "as cross as two sticks."

"And now do you see, Nellie," her mother asked, gently pushing back the hair from Nellie's flushed face, "who has been to blame for this unlucky day?"

"Yes, mother, I do," said Nellie honestly, "I was really trying to believe that the horrid old waist had had something to do with it; but now I see that after all it was my own fault. Don't you suppose, mamma, that that's why people say it's unlucky to put things on wrong side out, it makes you so dreadfully provoked that you just bring the troubles on yourself?"

"I certainly think that is the most sensible view to take of it, Nellie, and I hope that when you feel inclined to be provoked you will remember this unlucky day" And Nellie felt sure that she would.

THE HAPPY BOY.

A deaf and dumb boy was once asked if he was happy. His answer was

"I have God for my Father, Jesus for my Saviour, the Holy Spirit for my Sanctifier, and heaven for my home. Yes, I am happy."

Dear little friend, can you say as much?

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day;
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about.
The five little brothers grow very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout.
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do
you say?"
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped.
When somebody found that carriage of
leather,
O, my! how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone
knows,
And the five little brothers were five little
trees.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 3, 1897.

THE JESUS-TEACHING.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was: "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said: "It seems to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower seeds, little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers said, 'Oh, how beautiful! I must have some, too; won't you please give me some seed?' Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed. And so with Christi-

anity: when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus-teaching, then they say 'We must have it, too!' And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

A LITTLE GIRL'S LOGIC.

A little girl, six years old, was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!"

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out yourself?"

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery. "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

"I didn't mean to," said Benny, the other day when he left his sled lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old clergyman will never walk without a crutch again.

We shall miss his grey head and wise counsel and solemn prayer in our sick-rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step, and all because Benny "didn't mean to."

The careless nurse that held little Gracie, when she was a lively, strong, rosy baby, six months old, jumping and throwing herself about in all directions, tried to read a story-book and tend baby at one time. Gracie gave a jump, and fell back over the arm of the sofa, and injured her spine, so that from being the pride and joy of the house, she became a puny, wailing, deformed child, whom no doctor could cure. It was little comfort, as her mother sat up at night and soothed her distress, and her father tried all that wealth could do to make her straight and strong, to hear the nurse say, "I didn't mean to."

When little Johnny shocks his mother by saying bad words and using coarse slang phrases, it does not make the matter much better to have his big brother, from whom

he learned it all, say, "I didn't mean to say such things before the children."

Some young girls were working in a powder factory one day, full of life and happiness. They all expected to lie down in their homes as usual that night. Death seemed as far off to them as it does to you. One of them carelessly threw a pair of scissors to a friend sitting near. They hit a cartridge, and caused a terrific explosion, which sent a large number of young girls and men into eternity in an instant of time. When the relatives were weeping and wailing, and trying to find the dead bodies of their dear children among the charred remains of the victims of the accident, how little consolation was it to hear one say, "She didn't mean to."

I heard a father tell his son one day, "My boy, that's no excuse; don't let me hear that again; mean not to."

Very few mean to scatter sorrow and distress and woe in the path of others. None mean to lose their own souls, and few wish to ruin those about them. When the mischief is done, how poor the excuse, "I didn't mean to!" How much better to mean not to!—*Southwestern Methodist.*

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are are sure to be gentlemen.

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, "Look, O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!" Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose." "How, papa? tell me how." "By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

"I WISH" AND "I WILL."

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

"I Wish" and "I Will," so my grandmother says,
Were two little boys in the long ago.
And "I Wish" used to sigh while "I Will" used to try
For the things he desired; at least that's what my
Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

"I Wish" was so weak, so my grandmother says,
That he longed to have some one to help him about.
And while he'd stand still and look up at the hill,
And sigh to be there to go coasting, "I Will"
Would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says,
And all that "I Wish" ever did was to dream.
To dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high,
While "I Will" went to work and soon learned, if we try,
Hills are never so steep as they seem.

"I Wish" lived in want, so my grandmother says,
But "I Will" had enough and a portion to spare;
Whatever he thought was worth winning he sought
With an earnest and patient endeavour that brought
Of blessings a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone "wish,"
A method she seeks in his mind to instill
For increasing his joys, and she straight-way employs
The lesson she learned from the two little boys
Whose names were "I Wish" and "I Will."

FIRST LOVE CONTINUED.

Now here is something that Aunt Bertha likes: "Judge Gary, who presided over the trial of the Anarchists, is considered the sternest man on the Chicago bench. But there is a soft side to his heart; the side that ought to be soft. Those who know them best say that he and Mrs. Gary are as fond of each other as when they were first married, though the heads of both are white with age. She bids him good-bye at the door when he goes out in the morning, and watches him till he turns the corner, when he invariably looks back and waves a final good-bye, and his return at evening is greeted with as much joy as in the brave and bonny days of old." That is the way in which the early romance of love should be kept through the struggles of life.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II. [July 11.]

PAUL AND THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

Acts 16. 22-34. Memory verses, 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts 16. 31.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What came upon Paul in a little while?
Why were the masters of the fortune-teller angry?
Why were the people angry?
Which of the ministers did they seize?
How did they treat them?
How did the jailer show his ill-will?
What sound was heard in the prison at midnight?

How could Paul and Silas rejoice in such trials? They knew God would bring good out of evil.

What happened then?
Why was the jailer so frightened?
What was he about to do?
Who called to him?
What did he ask Paul and Silas?
What did they tell him to do?
What did he and all his family do?
How did he show that his heart was changed?

What good came from this evil treatment? The conversion of a whole family.

REMEMBER—

That God is with his children in time of trouble.

That no chain is too strong for him to break.

That he knows how to bring good out of evil.

LESSON III. [July 18.]

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA.

Acts 17. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily.—Acts 17. 11.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

When did Paul and Silas come out of prison?

Who set them free?
To whose house did they go?
Where did they go next?
After whom was this called?
What did Paul and Silas do on the Sabbath?

What did they teach the people?
Who became believers?
What did some wicked Jews do?
What charge did they make against Paul and Silas? Verse 6.

How did Paul and Silas escape?
Where did they go?
How did the Bereans show themselves noble?
What came from earnest study of the Scriptures?

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Do you read the Bible every day?
Do you read it to find the truth about Jesus? If you do, God himself will be your teacher.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"Kittie, dear, will you run up-stairs and bring me my work-basket from my table."

Kittie put down her book and went slowly out into the hall and glanced up the wide stairs.

"Mamma, Susan hasn't lit the gas yet; it's all dark up there."

"Don't you think you can find your way to my room, dear? Surely you don't need a light for that."

"But it is so very dark, mamma, and I—"

"Come, Kitty, don't be foolish," interrupted her mother. "There is no need of your having a light to go up-stairs. You are getting to be a great big girl, and it is quite time you—"

"There's Susan?" exclaimed Kittie, as the light was lit in the hall above, and she dashed upstairs and followed the girl into the room, keeping very closely beside her, and only breathing freely when the gas was lit.

"Did you go up in the dark?" asked her mother, as Kittie entered the room with the basket.

"No, mamma, Susan went in and lit the gas," she said, hanging her head.

The next day after her lessons were over Kittie's mother said, drawing her to her side:

"Now, Kittie, you must try to overcome your fear of the dark. What is it you are afraid of then any more than in the light? You are nine years old, Kittie, and it is foolish for such a big girl to be afraid of nothing. God is with us in the dark just the same as in the light, and why should you be any more afraid? Now will you try, dear?"

Kittie said yes, and resolved she would, and then her mother gave her a verse to learn and remember: "Darkness and light are both alike to Thee."

Her mother said no more about it at the time, but a few evenings later she asked Kittie to bring a book from the third story. Although the halls above were entirely dark Kittie started bravely up, and her mother heard her singing on the third-story stairs in a voice that would tremble a little, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!"

She said nothing when Kittie came back, but her pleased face told as plainly as words could have done that she knew Kittie had remembered that darkness and light are both alike to God.

THE LITTLE LAD'S ANSWER.

Our little lad came in one day
 With dusty shoes and tired feet,
 His play-time had been hard and long
 Out in the summer's noon-tide heat.
 "I'm glad I'm home," he cried, and hung
 His torn straw hat up in the hall,
 While in a corner by the door
 He put away his bat and ball.

"I wonder why," his auntie said,
 "This little lad always comes here
 When there are many other homes
 As nice as this, and quite as near."
 He stood a moment deep in thought,
 Then with the love-light in his eye
 He pointed where his mother sta,
 And said, "She lives here,
 that is why!"

With beaming face the mother heard;
 Her mother-heart was very glad.
 A true, sweet answer he had given
 That thoughtful, loving little lad.
 And well I know that hosts of lads
 Are just as loving, true and dear;
 That they would answer as he did,
 "'Tis home, for mother's living here."

THE MUSICAL BOX.

Some kind friend has made this little girl a present of a musical box. When she turns the handle a little figure of a monkey dressed up in some sort of clothes begins to dance on the lid. But though she understands that the figure is not alive, her dog does not; as soon as the monkey moves he jumps up and barks at it, as if he thought it was really alive. Even the little puppy cannot quite make out what all the noise is about. The other little puppy, however, cannot see the monkey from where it sits, and so it keeps still and listens to the music. If it were able to speak we feel sure it would think with us, that, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

PLAYING DOCTOR.

It was raining out-of-doors, and it was raining in the house. At least that is

what mamma said when she came in and saw the two little girls crying.

"Well, well!" she said, "this is a little too much April weather. Let us see if we can't have some sunshine in the house, even if it does rain."

She went out, and in a few minutes there was a rap at the door, and in walked brother James, with his father's hat and cane.

"Ladies," said he, bowing very low, "I understand there is a case of measles in your family. My name is Dr. Buzzfuzz, which dear child is ill?"

He looked so funny, and he drew his merry face into such a frown that both little girls began to laugh.

In a few minutes the sun was shining in-doors, and the little folks forgot that it was not shining out-of-doors in their delight.

HOW GLENNIE WAS CURED.

There was no use to deny it; Glennie was a very cross boy. He was almost always good-natured, but one day he was as "cross as a bear," as his grandma said. He was making her a visit. She tried to please him, but he would not be pleased. At last she said, "What is the matter with you, Glennie? You are awful cross. Can't you be a little better-natured?"

"No, grandma, because I feel cross. I guess I'll have to whip it out of me." At that the little fellow took a stick and began to beat himself about his legs and shoulders. Pretty soon he looked up wearing a smiling face instead of the cross one he had worn all the morning, and said: "There grandma, it's all gone." His aunt came into the room not long after, and he said to her: "Auntie, I've met with a change." She told him she was glad, for he needed it. He was only a little boy not more than four years old.

I can tell you of a better way than Glennie's whenever you feel cross or naughty. Just go by yourself, kneel down, and ask the Lord Jesus to take the naughty feeling away from you. He will do it every

time if you are in earnest. It is wicked old Satan that puts anger and naughty feelings in your heart, and makes you say and do wrong things. But Jesus is greater than Satan.

"PLEASE, GOD, FORGIVE ME."

Bertie and Susie, two little four-year-old girls were playing on the grass together when Susie said something naughty. She right away looked upward and said "Please, God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."



THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Shocking! I am astonished that a mother should laugh when her child is so ill. I fear you must be an unnatural parent," said Dr. Buzzfuzz.

"Oh, dear doctor," said Grace, "I was only laughing for joy that such a wise doctor was sent to me. I am sure my dearest child will get well at once, now that you have taken the case in hand."

"Hum! ah! indeed! Let us see the patient."

Grace brought out her doll at once, and after the doctor had felt her pulse, and examined her lungs, he shook his head and said, very gravely:

"Very sick child, ma'am, very sick; but do not be alarmed, ma'am, I will pull her through. Why, ma'am, Mrs. LeGrand Montmorency's child was at death's door, ma'am, but I saved it, ma'am. Here, this young woman is the nurse, I suppose? Have her prepare some gruel at once."