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SUNBEAM

RECORD SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894

No. 12.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

is not the kind of "art studio" we see to find, is it? But it is an artist's workshop, all the same. It is a pity that the sketching on the wall is so dim we scarcely judge the ability of the young man from it, and the cat's head he is at the drawing is in such an satisfactory size. We are certain that it is going to be a cat. The boy must have been doing some wood work. The ship and the walking-stick, the partially carved dog and mens of this work. If she goes on at it and continues to improve, week by week, we may likely hear of him as some artist or first-class carver, but he will need perseverance, taste, "skilled fingers."

KATE AND PATTY.

was Christmas Day, but she stood by the window, looking out on the falling snow, a very sober face. "What is the matter, Kate?" said auntie. "Why don't you play with your new doll?" "I don't care for her now," said Kate. "Why not?" "I thought you liked her very much last year." "I did; but my doll has a wax head and a crimson dress, and I've seen Mary's to-day, and it's ever so prettier. She's a wax head, and dressed in blue silk. I don't like my doll either; I wanted gilt-and-white ones of flowered ones. And see, it's so nice, and I shan't get a ride to-day." "I thought a few minutes ago, dear, shall I tell you a little about the doll I read last Christmas?" "Yes, auntie, please." "A little girl named Patty lived with her mother in a basement-room—one room,

Katie—in a large city. They were very poor, and the mother had to go out to work, leaving Patty alone a great deal. On Christmas Eve the poor woman was going home from work, looking in at the lighted shop windows, and wishing she could buy a gift for her little girl. She did not think

piece, Katie. You don't know how pleased she was. Home she went with a cheerful heart, and when the little girl was in bed and fast asleep, she slipped into her stocking the sweets and broken pipe. Very early Patty awoke, and she fairly screamed for joy when she found them.

"For hours of that day she blew bubbles happy as a bird. What would she have said, Katie, to your Christmas gifts?" Kate looked ashamed. "I was not good, auntie," she said. "I don't deserve my pretty things." Auntie kissed her, and she went to her play with a bright face, and kept it.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

UBECHÉ

UBECHÉ lived away off in a village in Africa. There was a fence built around the village to keep off lions and tigers, and the little African boys and girls generally played inside the fence. But one day Ubeche went out with his mother to gather berries. Some men came by on camels, and they carried Ubeche off hundreds of miles, intending to sell him. But one night they lost him.

The next day a good missionary lady was sitting by the bank of a river, when a poor, ragged boy came up to her and asked her for something to eat. It was Ubeche, who was trying to find his way back to his home. The missionary lady did not know the way to his home, but she was so sorry for him that she took him home with her, and washed him and gave him some supper. Ubeche had never heard about the Good Shepherd, and the missionaries told him about Jesus, and taught him to read and write. He lived there for many years, and when he died everybody remembered him as a noble Christian boy.

of herself, though she shivered with cold. She was not going to have turkey or roast beef, pudding or pie, for dinner next day, but she said to herself they should not be hungry, and that was a great deal. They had bread and milk and potatoes. And she spent one bright penny—all she could spare—to buy some sweets for Patty. But as she walked along she saw something white on the pavement. She stooped and picked up a piece of clay pipe—only a

POLLY'S SWEEPING.

WHILE mother was sweeping
Her cottage one day,
She heard little Polly
So plaintively say

"Mo's tied up my hair
Wiv' a hood like 'oo,
Oh, please let me 'sweep
Wiv' a broom—Oh, do."

So mother let Polly
At house-cleaning try;
But sad to relate,
It all ended in cry.

For Polly found out
That the broom wouldn't go.
For why? It was stronger
Than Polly, you know.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894.

WHAT DOES UNSELFISH MEAN?

THREE little children were sitting in the room, one evening, while their mother was busy ironing—Johnny, Fred, and Louise. Johnny was nine years old, and he read aloud to his little brother and sister. Whenever they came to any hard word that they could not understand their mother would tell them what it meant.

Louise held up her hand for attention. "I'd like to have mother tell us what 'unselfish' means. Maybe I know, but I want her to tell it her way," said the child.

"I will illustrate it by a little story when Johnny is through reading, and I have done ironing," said their mother.

Then, after the space of an hour, she told this story:

"Once upon a time there were three little children, and their mother told them that she would give each one a penny for every six eggs he brought into the house. The oldest child brought in six or eight

eggs a day, but the younger ones couldn't find any. The nests were all low down in quiet places, easily reached.

"The eldest of the three little ones thought of a plan that pleased him exceedingly, and he put it into execution.

"He would peep into the other nests slyly, and if there were no eggs in them he would take those out of his nests and put them in theirs, and let his little brother and sister think they had been laid there.

"That is what one calls an unselfish act. He was glad to give up his own pleasure to make his little brothers and sister happy, though I believe his delight was greater than theirs. You should all seek to be unselfish—study the comfort and happiness of others before your own. If there is anything good or enjoyable, try and help someone else to get it. Never fear but you will be happy enough. An unselfish person is rarely unhappy.

Just here the mother's eye fell upon Johnny. Little fellow! he was appearing unspeakably full of some kind of emotion. His hands were thrust down into his pockets, and he looked right into the grate, just as though he thought the red blazes were something wonderfully new and beautiful. His face was red too, but then the reflection of the glowing fire might have made that. He twisted his head round uneasily when his mother's eye fell upon him.

"That boy in the story was our blessed little brother Johnny, wasn't it, mother? Say, wasn't it, Fred? Say, all of you. Oh! oh! I thought my hen pitted me, and laid lots of eggs just to please me, and there it was our Johnny all the time!" And Louise flew to the little hero, and pulled his head about, and hugged him, and kissed him, and there he sat looking just as ashamed as though he had stolen somebody's hens' eggs, and been caught at it.

"Oh, who told you that, ma?" said he, looking down, modestly. "I didn't want 'em to know if ever——"

"Oh, maybe a little bird sang it to me," said the glad mother, laughing.

"Nobody can do anything that our mother won't find out," said Fred, laying his hand on Johnny's shoulder.

"Now we know what unselfish means, don't we?" said Louise, "and I mean to try and be just as unselfish as ever I can." And here she flew at her little brother Johnny, and began fuzzing up his hair and patting his cheeks, and all the while proud of the shy, kind brother, who had set such a sweet example of unselfishness before them.

MASTER BRIGHT-FACE.

THAT'S what everybody called him, although, of course, it was not his name. His real name was Philip Augustus Grey. But his every-day name was Master Bright-face.

He always was smiling. I never saw him frown or pout, like some children do. Once somebody asked him why his face

was always so bright, just like the shine? "Don't know," he answered, "less it's 'cause I love the sunshine so. I get up in the morning, as soon as light, to watch the sun rise, and when goes to bed I go too."

There was more in his answer, perhaps than he knew, for the old adage, "Rise early, and early to rise, makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise," is true. He makes bright faces and cheerful temp-

FILLED WITH LIGHT.

A WISE man in the East had two pupils to each of whom he gave, one night, a sum of money, and said:

"What I have given you is very little, yet with it you must buy at once a thing that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a large quantity of hay, and, cramming it into the room, said:

"Sir, I have filled the room."
"Yes," said the wise man, "and it is a gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a thought of the money, bought a candle, and, lighting it, said:

"Sir, I have filled the hall."
"Yes," said the wise man, "and it is a light. Such are the ways of wisdom, that seeks good means to good ends."

This teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a good way. They learned that it was not a thing to fill, and another thing to fill, but a thing to light. One of them knew this before, but the other seemed not to know it—he was a simpleton. (There are many such in the world.)

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed the money, she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents more," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

"Jim ran off shouting his also. He was a good many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," came to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the papers were sold except one young lady. She looked at the little boy and bought a paper of his for a cent. She handed him a first-class ticket. Jim was going to give her the ticket when she smiled at him and said:

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little cake for his sister. Kitty gave him a piece of it and as they were eating it, he said, "I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.

ROBIN AND THE BABY

Up in the tree-top
Over my head
Cherries are ripening—
Black, white, and red;
Robin is swinging
On a green bough—
Swinging and singing
Merrily now.

Up in the tree-top
Singing is still;
Robin is working
Now with a will
Picking the cherries
Juicy and sweet.
I envy you, robin,
Such a fine treat.

Under the tree there
Something beside
Robin and cherries
Now I have spied,
Her fingers and mouth
Both in a sad plight;
You little marauder,
Leave her a bite!
—Our Little People.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

1000.] LESSON XII. [June 17.

THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD.

23. 29-35 Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is
d.—Prov. 23. 31.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Woes of Wine, v. 29-32.
- 2. The Work of Wine, v. 33-35.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

- Mon. Read lesson verses from your
ble: Prov. 23 29-35.
- Tues. Learn why we need help from
ten bd.: Eph 6. 11, 12.
- Wed. Find how we may overcome sin.
n age h.: 6. 16
- Thur. See what God says about wine.
e pepv.: 20. 1.
- Fri. Learn our only safety. Golden
okedx: 1.
- Sat. Find who cannot enter heaven. 1
a fir.: 9. 10.
- Sun. Learn why we should be temper-
d: 1. 1 Cor. 6. 19.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where does the broad way lead? Do
it, boy, walk in it? Is it a happy com-
ny? What may be found in the path?
lad has is the sign of the fire within? What
inst: the fire within? Evil appetite.
Who are these people? What is God's

word about the wine? Why does it do-
celve many? What is it like at the last?
How does wine affect those who take it?
What do the lips speak? Where do the
feet go? What shows that the man be-
comes a prisoner? What is the cure for
this disease? Who will be cured? Those
who trust God.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God speaks to me. Verse 31.
The sad fate of the drunkard. Prov.
23. 21.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What can God do? God can do what-
ever he will.

Does God know all things? Yes, God
knows all things; every thought in man's
heart, every word and every action.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord's portion is his people—Deut.
32. 9.

A WORD WITH TEACHERS.—Put on the
board, before the children gather, a land-
scape window containing twelve panes of
glass, numbering from one to twelve. Ask
how many lessons we have had during the
Quarter, and tell that we want to look
through one of these window lights at
each lesson.

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12

A WORD WITH CHILDREN.—Will you
not help your teacher to see a great deal
through this window? I will tell you how
you may help.

Take your lesson-book and your slate at
home, and draw a window like the one in
the book. Try to remember who the first
lesson is about. If you have forgotten,
turn to it in the book, and then print on
the window pane, J. P. P. That will help
you remember the title. Then print two
or three words of the Golden Text. Read
the Lesson Story also, and do the same
with each lesson for the Quarter.

BENNIE BLACK is not a pretty little boy,
but everybody smiles at him and pats him
on the head, and says what a nice boy he
is. Bennie is always willing to go on an
errand for any of the ladies he knows,
and at school he does so many kind little
things for the teacher that I think this is
the reason everybody likes him. Do you
know him?

A PRECIOUS PEARL IN CEYLON.

BY MARGARET LEITCH.

WHEN the Society of Christian Endeav-
our was started in Ombioville, Ceylon, a
little boy who lived near the church was
attracted by the singing, and always at-
tended the meetings. When others were
joining the society, he came forward and
said he wanted to join. He was a very
little fellow, with a head shaven except a
little round place on the top, where the hair
was tied in a knot. He was from a hea-
then family. When I told him he was too
young, tears began to gather in his eyes.
He said he could read but had no Bible
portion. I told him he must buy one, and
the next day he came, bringing some
vegetables with which to purchase a Tamil
gospel of St. Matthew.

At the next meeting of the society he
showed his gospel, in which, according to
our rules, he had read ten verses a day,
and had learned the Lord's Prayer. Seeing
his earnestness, we let him join the society,
and he proudly wrote his name in large
Tamil characters, Vidamutthu, which
means "Precious Pearl." At the next
meeting he brought in two of his com-
panions.

One evening last week, as I was taking
a moonlight walk, I heard a little voice
laboriously reading something aloud. I
stopped to listen; it was the Sermon on
the Mount. I peeped through the hedge,
and saw a family circle—a father, mother,
and four children—all listening, and this
this little seven-year-old Vidamutthu read-
ing aloud by the aid of dim native lamp.
After reading he sang a verse of a hymn,
then he prayed a little prayer, and at its
close recited the Lord's Prayer.

The next Sabbath his mother came to
church although before this she had always
refused our invitations. I asked what led
her to come, and she said her little son
begged so hard that she could not resist;
that he prayed for her every night, and she
had decided to become a Christian. Since
that time she come regularly to church.
This is the story how one little pearl has
begun to reflect Jesus.—Missionary Link.

MODEST AND TRUE.

WILLIE was a child who really loved
Jesus, and tried to do what was right to
please him. One day a lady met him in
the street as he was coming from school.
He had a copy-book in his hand.

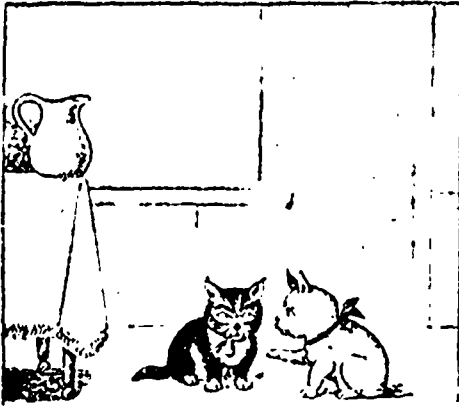
The lady said, "Will you let me look
at your book, Willie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How very neat it is—not a blot!" the
lady said, as she turned over the leaves.

"Oh!" Willie meekly remarked, "my
governess scratches out all the blots."

He did not wish the lady to think better
of him than he deserved. It would have
been easy for him to have remained silent,
and then the lady would have thought his
book never had any blots. But it would
have been false; that would have been a
great blot on his heart.



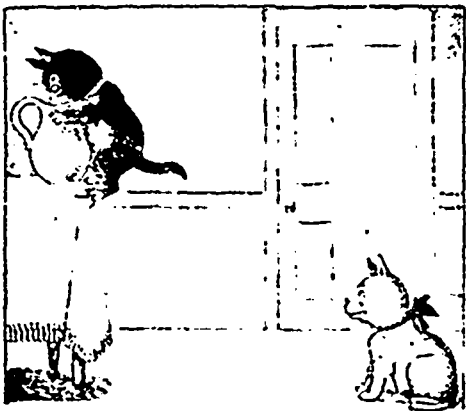
1. THERE is the pitcher full of sweet milk, and there they are on the floor longing for a taste of that milk. How are they to get it? Blackie and Whittie sit and think.

A SMART BIRD.

WHEN the lapwing wants to procure food, what do you think he does? He seeks a worm-hole, and stamps the ground by the side of it with his feet, just as big boys do when they want to get worms for fishing. After doing this for a little while, the bird waits for the worm to come out of its hole. It is sure to come when the ground trembles, to get out of the way; but the bird is all ready to seize him, and that is the last of the worm.

These birds also go to mole-hills. They know the moles are always looking for worms to eat, and sometimes frighten them. Then they come up above the ground, and are quickly seized by the lapwing. A boy or girl could not be smarter than that.

A SUPERINTENDENT, in addressing his Sabbath-school, said: "Were I to inquire of you the way to the next town, you would no doubt be able to tell me; but should I ask of you the way to heaven, what answer would you give me?" He paused, and a very little girl replied: "Jesus Christ, sir, is the way."



2. BLACKIE is a good-natured RASTEN and agrees to do as Whittie suggests, and there he is with the jug between his paws at last. Naughty little Whittie sits smiling on the floor, for he sees what will happen. Do you?

SWINGING IN DREAMLAND.

SWING, baby, swing to dreamland,
There, sweet, in slumbering,
My song will blend in seem-land
With songs the angels sing;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollows folden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swinging, swinging,
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish upspringing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Altho' thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

PIERRE'S EGGS.

PIERRE, Jacques, and Louisa were little Swiss children. One evening Pierre brought home six eggs that he found under a bush. "I am afraid that they are not good," said his mother, "but I will put them under the black Spanish hen and we will see. Now, Pierre, while we wait for papa, say that long text of yours that I may see whether you know it."

Pierre put his hands behind him and stood up in front of his mother to recite. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good, and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil, for out of the abundance of his mouth his heart speaketh."

"What does it mean?" asked Louisa.

"It means that if your heart is right you will do right things; if your heart is naughty you will do wrong things. You will speak out whatever your heart is full of. But it means, too, my darling, that if your heart is full of love, your mouths will speak sweet, kind words such as I heard in the barn to-day.

"You are like Pierre's eggs, children. See how fair and clean they are outside; one looks as good as another, but we cannot tell whether black or white chicks will come out. So I can't see what thoughts are growing in your hearts; when they come out of your mouths they may be something black and sinful, or good and sweet."

The eggs were put under the black Spanish hen, and every day the children looked into the lumber room where she sat in her basket to see if the chicks had come.

One morning they heard some soft little sounds, like "peep, peep, peep," and there were the egg-shells on the floor and four little chickens in the basket.

"See one is almost white like a good thought," cried Louisa, and she caught it up and kissed it. The boys laughed, but they looked sober when they saw how much black there was about the others. That they might always remember the lesson they had learned from the eggs, their mother suggested that they should name the white one "Love," and the others "Passion," "Greedy" and "Dunce."



3. POOR Blackie has fallen into the net for him and is caught by the net Bridget.

A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

A LADY sat before a window one evening watching the moon as it rose high and higher, making a path of silver light through the trees.

Little Willie climbed into the lady's lap and looked out soberly. Pretty soon he said, "Where are the angels, auntie? I don't see them carrying the people down. Perhaps Willie had been told that angels bring us when we come to live on earth. No wonder he thought the path was just fit for angels' feet!

How good our Father is to give us a beautiful world! Look up at the sky; then look at the green fields and trees. There is a stream of bright water falling over rocks. Everything is beautiful. God made it all for us to enjoy.

Do we ever thank him for the beautiful world he has given us?

But there is a fairer world than this. We shall see it some day if we love and obey God in this life.

WE have heard of a mission band called "Fragment gatherers." They went among their relatives and church friends and gathered all the old rags, papers, and iron. It was wonderful how fast the "fragments" were made into pennies, and how the pennies grew into dollars for missionaries.



4. And Whittie gets just what he has been licking his lips for ever since they were first.