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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

No. 13.

## DON'T.

I might have just the mostest fun  
If 't wasn't for a word,  
I think the very worstest one  
'At ever I have heard.  
I wish 'at it 'd go away,  
But I'm afraid it won't,  
I s'pose 'at it 'll always stay—  
That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise,"

And "don't go  
out of door;"  
And "don't you  
spread your  
stock of toys  
About the par-  
lour floor."  
And "don't you  
dare play in  
the dust;"  
And "don't you  
tease the cat;"  
And "don't you get  
your clothing  
mussed;"  
And "don't" do  
this and that.

It seems to me I've  
never found.  
A thing I'd like  
to do  
But what there's  
some one close  
around  
'At'sgota "don't"  
or two.  
And Sunday—'at's  
the day 'at  
"don't"

Is worse of all  
the seven,  
O goodness! but I hope there won't  
Be any "don'ts" in heaven.

## ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

Poor little Rosie! while the beautiful summer days glide by, she has to lie in bed in the hospital, weary and tired, and longing to be able to go out and enjoy herself like other little girls. She is probably in bed with some wasting fever that needs great care and good nursing. In our illustration she lies there sound asleep, with her thin little hands on the counterpane and her beautiful hair flowing loosely over the pillow. Outside the sun is just setting behind the farmhouse in the distance, and

everything is looking so lovely that it does, indeed, seem a pity that little Rosie cannot be out too, and enjoy it all. On the window-sill by the bedside is a jar with a lovely bunch of roses in it which have been brought, perhaps, by some kind friend. It is a great trial for a little person to be in bed with illness during the summer months, and we hope our friend, little Rosie, will soon be well again and out in the fresh air with her companions.

comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, 'Take this seat, mother,' or, 'Sit here, Annie,' but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say 'the governor,' in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, 'Good evening, sir.'

Sometimes when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, 'Let me carry that for you, mother,' but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, 'Come, hurry up!' just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.



ROSIE IN THE HOSPITAL.

## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

"When I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, on the cars, on the boat, at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

"But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions that help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

"Sometimes when mother or sister

"Such 'little' things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts, these gentle acts, which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong, and brave, and noble; and then gentle, and that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since."

To indulge anger is to admit Satan as a guest.

## THERE'LL BE SOMETHING TO DO.

There'll be something in heaven for children to do;

None are idle in that blessed land;  
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind,  
And employment for each little hand.

## CHORUS:

There'll be something to do,  
There'll be something to do,  
There'll be something for children to do.  
On the bright sunny shore,  
Where there's joy evermore,  
There'll be something for children to do.

There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,

As they wander the green meadows o'er;  
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest abode

All the good that have gone there before.

There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,

To the dear ones who linger below;  
And it may be our Father the children will send

To be angels of mercy in woe.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 19, 1897.

## "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

D. VIRGINIA FABLEY.

Hundreds of children have spent many a pleasant hour in reading Andersen's stories and fairy tales; and for the children who are not yet able to read them, there is laid up a very rare treat. Hans Christian Andersen was born in 1805 at Odense, a town of Denmark, on the island of Funen. He was the son of a poor shoemaker, and at an early age began to help his father mend shoes. The people of Odense often employed him to "run

errands" for them, because he was a thoroughly honest boy, and always paid him for his services.

Young Hans was a favourite with grown-up people, and the children truly loved him because he was so good to them. Indeed, his love for children, his desire to please them, and to make their little lives bright, caused him to be known everywhere as "the children's friend." Even from the time he was a very young boy he would, whenever he had any leisure time, gather a number of little boys and girls around him and amuse them by telling the most wonderful stories, all of which he drew from his rich imagination. After a while the children formed a habit of congregating near the shoemaker's shop to watch for their young friend, so eager were they to hear the delightful tales from his childish lips. They liked also to watch him cut pretty designs from paper; for while he told them quaint stories there would fall from the scissors held in his awkward-looking little hands fairy scenes, bunches of flowers, dancers and numerous other objects. While Hans was still a child his father died, and he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. At the age of fourteen he went to Copenhagen; there he made many efforts to obtain work enough to furnish him with proper food and clothing, but was not very successful; so the youthful genius passed many months in adversity. But his honesty, his lovable disposition, and his rare talents finally gained for him generous friends, who placed him in the university at Copenhagen and had him educated. So the years passed, and Hans Christian Andersen continued to be loved by old and young. Ever and always he was "the children's friend," and he loved them with a love akin to passion. To the children he yielded place and gave time that men and women never even dared to expect; he never considered any child's questions as "too silly to be answered." Because he so truly loved the children he understood them and they understood him—he was their play-fellow, their confidant. To him the children brought their troubles, for he could always help them and find a balm for their wounds. His religion was sweet and childlike. Often he would say: "God has made it so, therefore it is right;" or, "God has said it is wrong, therefore it is wrong." One has but to read his sweet story called "The Loveliest Rose in the World," to know how grand and yet how simple was his religion. When he was a small boy everyone had said that "he would make a grand writer," and, as everyone knows, he did. His stories and poems have been highly praised, but his fame rests chiefly on his matchless fairy tales that were written to delight and instruct his little friends, "the children."

I suppose a good many juniors have read his stories, and I hope this little article will call the attention of many more to his delightful stories. I hope you will read them, for they cannot fail to instruct and please you.

"Andersen's Fairy Tales" have been

translated into many languages. He died on the fourth day of August, 1875, and the child-world lost a noble friend that ever had its interest at heart. The children knew it, too, and little ones of many lands joined hands and hearts in sending many heartfelt tributes of love to the funeral of "The Children's Friend."

## SPIDERS.

"Oh, mamma!" screamed Ethel. "Oh! oh!"

"What is the matter?" said mamma, running towards Ethel, who was still screaming loudly.

"A spider! a spider!" cried Ethel.

Mamma brushed the spider from Ethel's dress, and taking her in her lap wiped away her tears, saying,

"My little girl should not be afraid of a spider. Most of them are quite harmless, and very likely they are afraid of you."

Ethel was still sobbing and mamma continued to hold her.

"Did you ever watch a spider spinning his web?" asked she.

"Oh, yes, mamma. He runs up and down, up and down," said Ethel.

"Yes, my dear; the spider can spin a beautiful silk rope of over four thousand threads in a very short time. Would you not think it a great thing to be able to make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And he has eight eyes," said mamma. "Perhaps he wonders how you can get along with only two."

"Some spiders are affected by changes in the weather," continued mamma. "There was once a man shut up in prison who noticed that at the approach of rain all the spiders in his cell disappeared and that as soon as they appeared again the rain ceased. You must not think the spiders caused the rain. They were affected by the state of the atmosphere."

"This man also observed the actions of the spiders at the approach of cold, and once, when the armies of his country were about to surrender because the ice on the rivers was breaking up, he knew by the conduct of the spiders that more cold was coming and sent word to the commander to hold out a little longer and he would be able to cross the rivers on the ice. He did so, and was enabled to conquer the enemy."

## IN A MINUTE.

Children, don't say, "In a minute," when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time than it will after you have been spoken to half a dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself will be as well pleased with work done that way, as with that cheerfully and promptly. Promptly means right off, you know.

## WHAT MARGERY SAW.

Do you know why Margery's eyes are bright

As the moonlit drops of dew ?

Do you know why Margery's heart is light,  
And Margery's tears are few ?

This glad little maid has found by chance  
The fairies' woodland ring,

And there has she seen the fairies dance,  
And has heard the fairies sing.

Oh, I wish we could!—but we need not  
strive,

For this is the fairy law,  
That only the best little girl alive  
Can see what Margery saw.

Their ring is deep in the cool dim wood,

The murmuring brook beyond,

'Tis a magical, mystical neighbourhood

On the shore of a sheltered pond;

The crickets chirp in the twilight hush,

And the katydids blithely call,

And the wonderful trills of a fluting  
thrush

On the ears of the dancers fall.

And I'm sure we are anxious, you and I,

To discover that ring ourselves;

And, creeping close to it, soft and sly,

To see the frolicking elves.

Oh, Margery knows how they skim the  
ground,

And flutter their gauzy wings!

And Margery knows the liquid sound

They hear when the wood-bird sings.

The firefly shimmers his tiny spark,

And the owlet winks and stares,

When the madcap fairies tread the dark

In scores and dozens and pairs.

But to find that dancing-ring, and see

The feather-foot fays arrive,

There is only one way, and that's to be

The best little girl alive!

## CHING AND CHANG.

The wish to appear different from what  
we are sometimes brings people into trouble,  
and sometimes into a ridiculous position.  
The Chinese have a good story illustrative  
of this:

There were two short-sighted men in  
China, Ching and Chang, who were always  
quarrelling as to which of them could see  
farther. As they had heard there was to  
be a tablet erected at the gate of a neigh-  
bouring temple, they determined they  
would visit it together on a given day, and  
put the visual powers of each to the test.  
But, desiring to take advantage of the  
other, Ching went immediately to the  
temple alone, and, standing close to the  
tablet, saw an inscription with the words,  
"To the great man of the past and the  
future." Chang also went soon afterward,  
peering yet closer, and, in addition to the  
inscription, "To the great man of the past  
and the future," read, in smaller characters,  
"This tablet is raised by the family of  
Ling in honour of the great man."

On the day appointed for the contest,  
standing at a distance from which neither  
could read, Ching exclaimed: "The inscrip-

tion reads, 'To the great man of the past  
and the future.'"

"True," said Chang: "but you have left  
out a part of the inscription, which I can  
read, but you cannot, and which is written  
in small letters: 'Raised by the family of  
Ling in honour of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said  
Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wrath, and, after much  
abusing each other, they agreed to refer  
the matter to the high-priest of the temple.  
He heard their story, and then said,  
quietly: "Gentleman, there is no tablet to  
read; it was taken inside the temple  
yesterday."

Ching and Chang were both served right.  
They were a precious pair of hypocrites.  
They could not see half so well as they  
pretended.

## SPORT.

Sport is the name of a little white dog  
in our neighbour's yard. In the same yard  
there lives also a little boy whose name is  
Clifford. The boy and the dog are great  
friends, and when one of them is seen any-  
where you may be sure the other is not  
far away, excepting when the boy is at  
school or in church, and he is a faithful  
attendant at both places.

One day last January Clifford went on  
an errand into a neighbour's house. He is  
a good errand-boy, as he is always careful  
to deliver his messages in good order to the  
right person. When he had done the errand  
on which he was sent he promptly started  
home with an answer from the lady on  
whom he had called. As he left the yard  
he closed the gate before Sport knew that  
he was ready to go, as he had been playing  
about the yard.

After awhile the lady of the house heard  
a dog crying at the door, and as she is a  
great friend of animals she hastened to see  
what it meant. When she opened the  
door Sport was standing at the step, lift-  
ing his paw and crying as if it had been  
badly hurt. He limped around on three  
legs, and licked the foot that seemed to be  
so sore. Not knowing what else to do, the  
lady closed the door, for it was very cold,  
until she could get a shawl to throw about  
her as she went to report the matter to  
Clifford's mamma. When she closed the  
door the cry of the dog was more pitiful  
and louder than ever. When she again  
appeared at the door with the shawl about  
her and started for the gate Sport's foot  
had healed so suddenly that he scampered  
along with her and escaped into the street  
as soon as there was an opening large  
enough for him to get out of the yard.

This sounds like a made-up story to  
show how smart a dog may be made by  
training, but it is neither made up, nor has  
the dog been trained to perform the trick.  
He may have seen that the children get  
sympathy and help when they cry and  
hold up their hands, but this trick was  
new, and an amusing surprise to all who  
knew Sport.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 27.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

This gospel of the kingdom shall be  
preached in all the world for a witness  
unto all nations.—Matt. 24. 14.

Titles and Golden Texts should be  
thoroughly studied.

1. P. W. M. - - Jesus Christ—
2. C. of C. - - Whosoever believeth—
3. G. C. at A. - Then hath God—
4. P. D. from P. - The angel of the—
5. P. B. his F. M. J. Go ye into all—
6. P. P. to the J. Through this man—
7. P. P. to the G. I have set thee—
8. The C. at J. - Through the grace—
9. C. L. F. to G. W. I will show thee—
10. S. of the T. - Keep thy tongue—
11. P. A. to T. - From a child thou—
12. P. R. - - - It is good neither—

## THIRD QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [July 4.

## FIRST CONVERTS IN EUROPE.

Acts 16. 6-15. Memory verses, 13-15.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The entrance of thy words giveth light.  
—Psalm 119. 130.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Who travelled with Paul through Asia?  
Which Asia was it?  
What did these four ministers do?  
What is a minister? One who serves.  
Who was their leader?  
To what town on the sea-coast did they  
come?  
Who spoke to Paul that night?  
What did he say?  
How did he speak? In a vision.  
What other helper had joined Paul?  
What books did Luke write? The gos-  
pel of Luke and the Acts.  
Where did they all go?  
How did they travel?  
To what city did they first go?  
Where did they go on the Sabbath?  
Who heard about Jesus and believed?  
What did she persuade the ministers  
to do?

## WORDS FOR ME.

God wants to be MY Leader.  
He will tell me where to go if I listen.  
He will go with me and help me work  
for him.

Religion cannot pass away. The burn-  
ing of a little straw may hide the stars  
of the sky, but the stars are there, and  
will reappear.

## AT BEDTIME.

When my good-nights and prayers are said,  
And I am warm tucked up in bed,  
I know my guardian angel stands  
And holds my head between his hands.

I cannot see his gown of light,  
Because I keep my eyes shut tight.  
For if I open them I know  
My pretty angel has to go.

But while my eyes are shut I hear  
His white wings rustling very near;  
I know it is his darling wings,  
Not mother folding up my things.

## THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY BEECHHOLME.

"Mother said 'Come straight home,'" urged Jessie.

"Well, this is straight; it's only going through the wood instead of along the dusty old road. Come along, Jess. Look how shady and pleasant it is in there, just like Dene Wood, where we used to gather primroses before we came to live



LEARNING TO READ.

here. Perhaps there will be primroses and violets here."

"Mother does love violets," said Jessie; "but then, Edgar, we know our way over every little bit of Dene Wood, and this looks so big and——"

"Well, come or not, just as you like," shouted Edgar, already half over the stile leading amongst the tempting shades, and poor Jessie could not choose but follow, for she was too timid to attempt to go home alone.

And indeed it was lovely in the wood—"far nicer than Dene Wood," Edgar declared, and Jessie soon forgot her fears when, in a clear place among the trees, on the loveliest fairy-like banks, she found two or three real violets.

"You see, Jessie," said Edgar, "the path leads quite straight along the side of the road, so we are going straight home after all."

But, unnoticed by the children, they were gradually leaving the edge of the wood and going farther into its depths. After walking what seemed to Jessie a very,

very long time, she ventured to put into words a thought that was in Edgar's mind also. "Aren't we a long time getting through the wood?"

"We shall be out directly," said Edgar doubtfully.

But they seemed every moment to get into more difficulty as the trees grew thicker, and they could hardly see the path.

At last Edgar gave up. "We are lost, Jessie," he said, with a very pale, anxious look on his face.

"Like the babes in the wood," said Jessie, feeling quite important for a moment. "O Edgar, what will mother do?" And Jessie at that thought began to cry.

"We shall not be lost long; don't cry," said Edgar, trying to speak cheerfully. "Be quiet, Jessie, while I shout." And he put his hand up around his mouth and gave a long, shrill "Halloo."

Both children were terribly startled when, as if by magic, a little old woman appeared from behind the trees and asked what was the matter.

"We are lost," said Jessie, in a half-frightened tone, for she was quite inclined at first to think that the little old lady,

"Well, well, child, you have had your punishment. Come now with me and rest a bit."

"Can't you tell us the way home?" said Jessie, who had quite decided the old woman was good, as she had read "Pilgrim's Progress." "Mother will be so frightened."

"Who is your mother, my dear child?"

"Mrs. Briggs, and father is the Wesleyan minister at Bursham."

But Jessie was more surprised than ever when the old lady gave her a hearty kiss, and told her she was the image of her father.

"Do you know him?" said Edgar.

"I do very well, my boy, and, what's more, he is coming to preach at our little chapel to-night, and you can stay with me till he comes."

Edgar looked as if he would like to do so, but Jessie said, "Oh, thank you; but mother would be so frightened."

"Well, my dear, she very likely would, but you can't possibly find your own way home, and I have no one to send with you, and it is too far for my old legs—and for your young ones, too, I'm afraid. Well, come and rest a bit, at any rate." And the children thankfully agreed.

What a nice little cottage it was! only so lonely—just on the outskirts of the wood.

Mrs. Spires—that was the old lady's name—gave them some bread and butter and milk; and then she remembered that Jones' milk-cart passed every night, and she was sure he would take the children to Bursham, as it was only a little out of his way.

So the children's adventure ended happily—more happily than at least one of them deserved—for the ride in the milk-cart was quite a treat. But when they drew up at their own door, and saw mother's pale face, and heard her tell how alarmed she had been at their long absence, they resolved, or, perhaps, I should say, that Edgar resolved—not to travel from the straight road onto the Enchanted Ground again without a sure guide.

Later on in the summer their father took them himself through the wood to see old Mrs. Spires. You may be sure she was delighted to see them, and Jessie told her how she had taken her for a fairy, which amused the old woman very much indeed.

## KATIE'S PRAYER.

Katie climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this: "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer; don't you?