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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1894.

No. 10

SHOCKINGLY SHOCKED.

to his little boy, as known for lack of a was his name is called. Busybody, has lived an electric always. He saw of a battery and the wires, and like a boy-nine out of a hundred goodies, he seized hold of the handle. His countenance tells how he felt. He was thrilled through and through, just like a swimmer when he takes his first swim in the water—that is, he feels better after it is over. Possibly this boy seems to be in deep distress, unable to calm himself. Like other boys, Harry finds it difficult to get into a game, but a great deal to get out of it, and wonder if his mother knows he is there; wonder if she does not wish that he were not doing it. Harry there are a great many grown-ups and girls who talk about all their business; and they often get hold of the handles themselves, and, like our young, and did



SHOCKINGLY SHOCKED.

not think much before he acted; but those older children who are always strolling around trying to pry into other people's affairs—why, let them be shocked a few times, right severely till they learn better.

WINNING BY KINDNESS

A LITTLE girl one day had some fruit given to her, and she ran to show it to her mother.

"How very kind to give you so much!"

"Yes; but she gave me more than this. I have given some away."

Being asked to whom, she answered:

"I gave it to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

"Why did you do that, dear?"

"Because I thought it would let her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she won't, perhaps, be rude to me again."

Little reader try the experiment and see how it works.

"Your horse has a long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he. "It's a bit too long."

THE MODEL LITTLE GIRL.

FRIKKY as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet—
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Bright as is a diamond,
Pure as any pearl—
Every one rejoices in
Such a little girl.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove—
That's the kind of little girl
Every one will love.

—Presbyterian.

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TORONTO.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1894.

STARTING FOR SCHOOL.

THIS is a new event in Jamie's life and one much to be dreaded by him, if we judge by the fearful expression of his face as he looks up at his mother. He is going to school for the first time.

He talked of nothing else for a long time before and could hardly wait for the eventful day to arrive, and now that it has really come he is sorrowful and dreads it.

His mother feels anxious at having her little boy go from her for the first time alone, but she knows that she cannot always keep him with her, he must learn to help himself, so she encourages him and gives him wise counsel, as good, loving mothers will, and sends him off with a kiss and a smile that reassures him.

His faithful dog Rover is patiently waiting to escort his little master.

Soon they are on the way, and I know that ere the day is over Jamie will laugh at his former dread.

My dear boys and girls, make good use of your time in school. Do not waste it, for your success in the future depends largely upon the manner in which you spend your school days. The lazy, don't-care boys and girls in school are not the ones that make bright, successful men and women. They are not the ones that benefit their fellow creatures. You will generally find that a lazy person is a very selfish one. There is no time for indolence in this busy world. The Scripture says: "Be not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

In all things we must have that end in view, "serving the Lord." We must do everything as well as we can and with all our might.

THE HORNETS' NEST.

HORNETS built a nest one summer in a tree on the playground, and at first gave the children a great deal of entertainment. The youngsters were amazed to learn that such a nest could be made from old wood, dead leaves and waste; and they watched the growth of the nest with great interest. But the hornets did not care for company, and warned the children to stay away.

One of the most peaceful of the boys stood near the nest one day, watching carefully the little workers; suddenly something struck him on the lip; a moment later he felt a sharp sting, and then came the pain. Not until he saw the hornets fly away did the lad know what had hurt him. Suffering much and frightened more, the boy ran away screaming and calling to his absent brothers for help. Hearing his cries the lads came; learning what was the matter, they gathered stones, sticks and clubs and moved towards the nest, determined to destroy it.

"Where are you going?" asked a farm-hand. When told, he advised: "Don't; let them alone. They'll sting all the more if you stone or club them. And if you destroy the nest, they'll soon build another; perhaps in a worse place."

"But they have spoiled our playground," urged a boy.

"What if they have? There is plenty of ground; make another. The world is big; hornets can't take all of it. They will leave what they've taken as soon as cold weather comes."

"But the nest will be there," suggested a boy; "and the bees will be back in the spring."

"No, they won't. When they go in the fall they go for good. What if the nest does stay? That can't hurt; it'll be yours then; you can handle it and show it to folks, and see that it is light, empty and hollow. New hornets will not come back to an old nest."

"But they have stung Ted. We want to pay 'em off, and get even," pleaded a boy.

"Let the debt stand; it won't hurt you; but you may get hurt if you pay it off. What's the use of getting even when you can stay ahead? Let the hornets alone, and you will be ahead; will have one

sting that they never settled for. Hornets are mean things and as ugly; you don't wonder that they are; they do not know how to make themselves of good. All they can do is to steal and eat ripe fruit, make worthless paper, and sting people; they can't gather honey; make wax to put it in; they know they are useless, and so, of course, they cross. Let them alone; let them get good of life for the little time they stay even if they do no good in the world."

The hornets were not disturbed. When Autumn came the nest was empty, and the boys took it down to examine and show to friends as a curiosity; then they thanked the farm-hand for saving them trouble and pain, and for enabling them to get such a curiosity.

Those boys were wise, the farm-hand was wiser; they gave a lesson to us.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TEDDIE.

"THE nuts are ripe!" shouted Ted, running into the house with half a dozen brown chestnuts in his chubby hands.

"Hum!" said brother Charlie, looking at them critically, "they'll be better at another hard frost."

"Oh no, Charlie, they're real good now," declared Teddie, popping one into his mouth. "Won't you go nutting this afternoon, and take me with you?" added Teddie, appealingly.

"No; 'twouldn't pay. I'm going to wait for a hard frost," answered Charlie, taking down his hat and going out doors.

At supper time, Charlie was met at the door by his mother with the question "Where's Teddie?"

"I don't know," answered he. "Isn't about the house somewhere?"

"No; he's been gone the whole afternoon. I thought he was with you," said his mother, with a worried look in her eyes.

"I wonder!" said Charlie. And off he ran like a streak to the chestnut grove.

Was that somebody sobbing down me the big tree?

"Hello, little fellow! What are you doing on the ground? Why don't you come home to supper? Found so many burrs, you don't want any? What are you doing for? Got burrs in your knee?"

"O Charlie, I fell and hurt my foot; can't walk 't all, and I thought nobody ever find me." And Teddie sobbed again.

"Ho! you didn't believe brother, I tried to shake down nuts before they were ready to come, and shook yourself down. Never mind, Teddie, I'll carry you to mother."

The little ankle was sprained. They were thick upon the ground before Teddie was able to go with Charlie to get them.

SHORT is the longest day of life.
And soon the prospect ends;
But on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

WORK AND PLAY.

THE boys were waiting in the road
For Joe to come and play:
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"
Impatiently cried they;
"We've waited nearly half an hour,
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.
"I'll be there—when my work is done;
Not till then," he replied.
"Come on, come on; the work can wait,"
They urged, "till by-and-bye."
"It might, of course, but I don't think
It will," was his reply.
When I've a task to do, I like
To do it right away;
"Work first," my father says, "then fun;
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that
Is what I like to hear;
But many boys will not agree
With Joe and me, I fear.
Play first, and last, and all the time,
Would suit most boys, I know;
But that, I'm very glad to say,
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,
Don't put it off, and say
You'll do it when you've had your fun;
But do it right away.
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,
A habit to deplore;
Who promptly does his work enjoys
His pleasure all the more.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.
OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

1571.] LESSON VIII. [May 20.
THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES
Exod. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

will deliver him and honour him.—
Psalm 91. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Among the Bushes, v. 1-6.
2. In the Palace, v. 7-10.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

- Mon. Read about the baby Moses. Exod. 2. 1-10.
- Tues. Read about the Holy Babe. Matt. 2. 1-11.
- Wed. Learn how the Holy Babe was a baby. Matt. 2. 13-23.
- Thur. Learn where is a place of safety. Psalm 27. 5.
- Fri. Read a short story of Moses. Acts 7. 20-23.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Find who is the children's guide. Psalm 23.

DO YOU KNOW—

Why did Pharaoh order the boy babies

to be killed? What good came out of this cruel order? What was prepared for a great work.

To whom was a baby boy born? Why did his mother hide him? What did she do when he was three months old? Who waited near by to see what would be done? What was the sister's name? Miriam.

Who came down to the river to bathe? Who did she find? How did she feel? How did she find a nurse for the baby? Who was it? What was the baby named? What does Moses mean? Drawn out. Where did he live? What was he taught?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God cares for me. Psalm 121. 5.
That his love never changes. Heb. 13. 8.

CATECHISM QUESTION

What is the state of those who do not forsake their sins and believe in Jesus Christ? The wrath of God abideth on them?

B.O. 1491.] LESSON IX [May 27.

MOSES SENT AS A DELIVERER.

Exod. 3. 10-20. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear thou not for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Message, v. 10-16.
2. The Promise, v. 17-20.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

- Mon. Read about the burning bush. Exod. 3. 1-9.
- Tues. Read lesson verses from your Bible. Exod. 3. 10-20.
- Wed. Learn why Moses was safe. Golden Text.
- Thur. Find how strong was Moses' faith. Heb. 11. 24-27.
- Fri. Learn why the Lord loved Israel. Psalm 135. 4.
- Sat. Tell the story of Moses to some one.
- Sun. Learn Hymn 607 in "Methodist Hymnal."

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Moses grow up? Whom did he remember? What did he try to do at one time? Where did he then go?
When did God call Moses? What did he ask him to do? What encouragement did he give him? What did Moses fear? What did God tell him to say to the children of Israel? What did he tell him then to ask Pharaoh? Was this the Pharaoh in whose palace Moses had lived? (Chap. 2. 23.) What did God say he would work in Egypt?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That there is a work for me to do.
That God will show me my work. Exod. 18. 20.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why does not God take away the wicked at once? He gives sinners time to repent.

What will become of those who do not repent? After death they will be cast out of God's presence forever.

A BABY MUSICIAN.

WHAT would you think if your little brother only four years old, should sit up on a high stool at the piano and play beautiful pieces of music?

"Oh!" you say, "That is a fairy story. No real baby boy could play on the piano. He might drum and pound, or even play 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' with one finger; but play beautiful pieces of music, Oh never!"

Don't be quite so sure, little people. Almost all the great musicians began to play when they were very little children indeed. One of the greatest, really played wonderfully long, difficult pieces when he was only four years old. When he was six years old, he composed music himself, that is, you know, made up the music, as you would say. He had a sister four years older than he, who was almost as wonderful a musician as this little boy. When he was six years old, and his sister ten, their father, who was a great musician too, and had taught them, took them to Vienna, to play before the king and queen. Little Johann Wolfgang Mozart, the baby musician, thought that one of the princesses, named Marie Antoinette, was very beautiful. He put his arms around her neck, and said, "I love you, and when I grow up I am going to marry you." The poor princess married a king of France, and after many unhappy years, had her head cut off by the French people. But the baby Mozart grew to be a man, and wrote much of the most beautiful music that is played at the greatest concerts. So you see that it is not impossible for a mere baby to play beautiful music, if God has put the music into his soul.

THE FIREFLY LESSON.

I WONDER how many of my readers have seen fireflies. I suppose nearly all of you have. Well, then, I will tell you the lesson little Jessie Brown learned from them. She and her mamma were sitting on the porch, and Jessie said, "Mamma, why can't you see the fireflies' light in the daytime?" Mamma replied, "Because everything is so bright all around that their light is not noticed. They are like good people. When we are happy and everything all around is bright we do not notice their kind words as much as when we are in sorrow, and all about us is dark, and they comfort us. They seem to us to shine like a bright light, and drive our sorrow and darkness away." I hope my readers will all try to be like the firefly.



MOSES, HIS MOTHER, AND MIRIAM.

WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

We are but minutes, little things,
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes, each one bears
A little burden of joys and cares.
Take patiently the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet ye may:
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

AFRAID TO WAIT.

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. Sims, stepping out from Broadbent's store, "why, it's been raining!" She raised her wide sunshade, and hurried to catch the street-car.

It was a long ride, for Mrs. Sims lived away out of town, almost as far as the horse-cars travelled.

And "Dear me!" she said again, for as she drew near her yard fence, there, just outside of the gate, stood her two babies (she called them her babies, though Posie was five and Reuben seven), getting as wet as anything. True, they were wrapped up in the library table-cover, and had sister Lucy's best blue silk sunshade over them, but the gilt fringe of the table-cover was sweeping the ground, and the blue silk sunshade was tilted back until it only sheltered the back rim of their curls.

"What in the name of sense—" exclaimed Mrs. Sims, as she stepped out of the street-car, and then she stood still, right in the rain, to laugh. She ought not to have laughed, for the gilt fringe of the table-cover was fast losing its shine, and Lucy's sunshade was never meant for such use as this. But they looked so comical.

"What are you doing out here in the rain, tramps?" she asked.

"We tum to meet you, mamma," said Posie.

"And why didn't you stay under shelter, in all this rain?"

"We were 'fraid to wait," said Reuben, very soberly. "You see, mamma, we've gone and broke your blue vase that you painted last week; we didn't mean to, but we did, and we thought maybe if we waited, we would feel like not telling you, so we come to meet you, 'cause then we'd have to toll."

"Hurrah for my babies!" said Mrs. Sims, "and whenever you feel afraid you won't do what is right, just start right out to do it."

They never heard the blue vase mentioned again.—E. P. A.

FRANK AND CARL.

FRANK and Carl live in a big city. Their father died when they were very little fellows, and their mother had to work every day to keep her two boys clothed and at school. As the boys grew larger, she grew paler and thinner. Frank and Carl—who loved her dearly—knew her ill-health was caused by working so hard for them. One night after they had kissed her good-night, they went up to their little room to bed. They both felt sad because they noticed that their mother had been crying, and they put their heads together to see what could be done. At last they made up their minds to sell newspapers. So they agreed to get up early the very next day and go to work. They had just one penny, but they worked so hard and patiently that they took home several pennies, and got back in ample time for school. Upon their return in the afternoon they wrote a pledge for mother to sign, that if she would not work a bit at her sewing in the afternoon they would make one-half enough to support them all. Mother made the promise, and they went ahead working at almost anything that was honourable; and they succeeded too. Mother got stout and well, and when summer came on, and it was hot and uncomfortable in the city, Aunt Jane came and took every one out to the country for the whole summer. Little Cousin Joe thinks his cousins are very smart indeed, and they all have splendid times together. Frank and Carl often think how thankful they ought to be that mother is well again. They feel that God has been good to them. He always helps those who try to help themselves.

PRIDE REBUKED.

THE life and death of our Lord Jesus are a standing rebuke to every form of pride to which men are liable.

Take for instance:

Pride of birth and rank—"Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Pride of wealth—"The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Pride of respectability—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "He shall be called a Nazarene."

Pride of personal appearance—"He had no form of comeliness."

Pride of reputation—"Behold a gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!"

Pride of independence—"Many of them ministered unto him of their own stance."

Pride of learning—"How knoweth man letters, having never learned?"

Pride of superiority—"I am among as he that serveth." "He humbled himself." "Made a curse for us."

Pride of success—"He came to his own and his own received him not." "Neither did his brethren own him." "He was despised and rejected of men."

Pride of self-reliance—"He went down to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

Pride of ability—"I can of mine own self do nothing."

Pride of self-will—"I seek not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Pride of intellect—"As my father taught me, I speak of these things."

Pride of bigotry—"Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is on our side."

Pride of resentment—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Pride of reserve—"My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death." "Tarry here, and watch with me." "The Son of man must suffer many things and be rejected."

Pride of sanctity—"This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

THE MUSIC OF ALPINE CHILDREN.

If it be possible to find a human being that is merely a mirror of nature, nothing more, take those children who spend their years in the uplands of the Alps in Southern Europe, watching flocks of goats and sheep with their tinkling bells, sitting all day in the sun, hearing the shrill cicada and the whisper of the pines, and the eternal babble of the stream saying nothing, playing no game nor solemn and silent, with their great eyes looking upon you as you pass without a word of surprise. Put these strange children, who seem as absolutely absorbed in nature as it is possible for man to be, that picture these wilds like the grasshopper, or the anemone, or the turtle-dove, have a note, like the last of the three. They have their little pipe or flute, and at intervals you hear them playing a melody which, however it may vary with the country, is, so far as I know, invariably sad in its tone; and when you hear it, you feel that here is the real, the subtle, the adequate expression of that element in human life, that acid without which the sweetness clogs and becomes a burden. When you hear such a melody—and taking its most simple and perfect expression—you cannot but feel that he who expressed what words cannot tell, we cannot explain to our civilized friends, but what this silent child has felt without conscious effort or theory.