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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

[No. 12

CHINESE LADIES.

The girls of China, you know, have their feet bandaged up when they are little, the toes bent under their foot, and thrust into a small shoe that prevents them walking with any comfort when they grow up. They, therefore, seldom go beyond their gardens, and are rarely seen in the street. The ladies in the picture are of high rank. You see how richly dressed they are, and what rich silk mantles they have. The poor women of China are more fortunate than the rich ones, in that they have the use of their feet and can walk about. But all of them, rich and poor, except a few Christian converts, are heathens, without a knowledge of the true God, and full of fear and terror of the unknown future. Let us try to send them the Gospel to enlighten their darkness and bring them to Christ.

POOR TIM.

Poor Tim was a patient in the Children's Hospital, Toronto, so unlike the Tiny Tim of the famous "Christmas story"; a child, but five years old, that was brought in drunk by his drunken mother, who had to be assisted to stand upright while she handed the child to our care. "Tim" had been burnt by falling into the fire while under the influence of liquor, and his parents were too drunk to pull him out. Tim was "a Turk" indeed. After roaring lustily for his mother, while we cropped his hair and stripped him of his ragged shirt, and still more ragged pants, held up by a bit of string over one shoulder, he was bathed, his sores were dressed, and Tim was put to bed to sleep off the effects of the vile stuff given to him under the plea that it was to keep him warm, as they had no fire. His first request on waking was, "give us a

chaw"; this was unintelligible to us until he made it plainer, "I want some bacca." On being told that he could not have tobacco, oath after oath came from his baby lips like foul water from a well. To

began on the sheets and treated them in a like manner. He was reasoned with, coaxed, and threatened, and finally, at the doctor's orders, tied down with sheets, but he slipped through his bonds like an eel and set to work to reduce the blankets to a like condition as he had left the sheets. His father came to see him the following Sunday (the mother being in gaol) and when he left, lo! Tim was in possession of his coveted "chaw of bacca," but which was of course taken, though not without a scene, from the mouth of this five year old. When asked if he knew who Jesus was, he promptly answered "That's what father says when he licks mother." Think of that answer from a child of such tender years in the City of Churches! Tim's burns rapidly healed in spite of his bandages being systematically torn off again and again. We applied to the Mayor to have him taken care of, somewhere, somehow, but in anywise not to be allowed to return to those parents. He, good man, with sorrow informed us he was powerless as we were, because Tim had committed no crime. We appealed to several of our city ministers, many of whom had seen Tim at our annual meeting; but while they were able to send missionaries out to far countries to the heathen this poor little worse than pagan orphan could not be helped, and so Tim, when recovered, was returned to his parents, not to his home, for home they had none, and as they changed their name, as well as the place of their abode, he was soon lost sight of amid the multitude in our city.



CHINESE LADIES.

say "he swore" would give but a faint idea of Tim's language; he bubbled up with the vilest oaths and the rudest expressions; he tore every bandage from his burnt arms and hands; he tore his night-shirt to ribbons, strip by strip, commencing at the bottom; finishing that, he

Yet Tim was not all badness. During the six weeks he remained in the hospital he never hit a child nor hurt one in any way, though he would call them to his bedside, and after filling his mouth full of water, would send the contents into their faces and thoroughly enjoy their discom-

fort. When taken out of the ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honour! Poor Tim! May He who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1899.

MABEL'S BIBLE VERSE.

BY ADELE E. THOMPSON.

"Be ye also holy; for I am holy," read Mabel over with a puzzled face. She was learning her Sunday-school verse.

"Mother," she said at last, drawing her little chair over to where her mother sat sewing by the window, "I don't understand my verse. What does 'holy' mean? 'Be ye holy.'"

Mrs. Parsons laid down her work and thought a moment before she said, "I will explain it to you as well as I can, my dear. If I say that Baby Freddy is healthy, what do you think I mean?"

"Why, that he is as well as he can be. Mrs. Moss said yesterday, when I had him out in his carriage, that she didn't know when she had seen such a healthy-looking baby."

"And when I say," continued her mother, "that this vase on the table is whole, what do I mean?"

"That it isn't cracked or broken or anything."

"Exactly. Now these words holy and healthy and whole all come from the same German word *heilig*, which means both holy and healthy. So you see to be holy

is to be complete and healthy. If Freddy had the scarlet fever, would he be healthy.

"O, no, he would be sick."

"And if he were poisoned with the poison ivy, as you were last summer, would he be healthy then?"

"Not till he got over it."

Perhaps the baby knew that they were talking of him, for he turned from his play on the carpet to laugh and coo and wave his chubby little hand at Mabel.

"And if one of his hands was cut off," went on Mrs. Parsons, "would his little body be whole?"

"O, no!"

"Then, dear," said her mother, "if your soul is sick with sin, whether it be the large sins like theft and murder, or the smaller ones of falsehood, or disobedience, or selfishness, it cannot be a holy, a healthy soul, nor if it is poisoned with evil or unkind thoughts. And if, too, something has gone from the soul, if truthfulness has gone, or purity, or kindness, it cannot be a holy, a whole soul. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, mother," answered Mabel.

"You must also remember that to keep your soul whole, you must be careful of it, as I am of this rare vase, that nothing shall break or mar it; and that it may be a healthy soul you must watch it all the time, as I do you and Freddy, that it does not get sick with sin."

"Then it is something for me. I thought it was only for grown-up people."

"God asks nothing, my dear daughter, that even a little child cannot do, according to her strength."

FINDING THE WAY.

BY PANSY.

Hugh was to go to Mr. Robinson's office on an errand, and everybody was telling him which way to go.

"Turn by the stone schoolhouse," said Albert, "and go across to Fourth Street."

"Oh, no!" said Horace, "that is not the best way. Go to Carter's block and turn to the right, and cross Fisher's Lane, then turn to the left again, and then to the right."

"Now if I was going," said sister Mary, "I should go straight down to Darby Road and turn at the avenue."

"Oh, dear!" said Hugh, "I'm all mixed up. Can't somebody tell me how to go?"

Uncle Edward turned from his writing desk: "I'll be the way for you, my boy, if you wish," he said. "I'm going directly past Mr. Robinson's office, and I know the shortest road."

This was fun. Hugh was led a zigzag path, sometimes up hill and sometimes along a very narrow stony road, but all he had to do was to walk by his uncle's side and he reached the office safely. This was on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon, Hugh and his sister Mary tried to see which could say the golden text the quicker. "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Uncle Edward," said Hugh, "wouldn't it be nice if Jesus could lead us along the right way, now, just as you did me, yesterday?"

"He can," said Uncle Edward; "all we have to do is to follow in his steps; he knows the way home; and there is something, my boy, to remember: there is only one Way to reach that home."

"The Father's house, where there are many mansions," said Aunt Laura softly.

THE KIND-HEADED STATUE.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

The quiet Orange Free State,
On peaceful profit bent,
Is ruled by wise Paul Kruger,
Its former president.

So stoutly had he carried
The burdens on him laid,
The grateful Boers decided
To have his statue made.

Their plans were quite completed—
A statue big and tall,
So set that all the city
Might see the great "Oom Paul!"

But first—as was a proper
And gracious thing to do—
They called on Mrs. Kruger,
To get her notions too.

Then spoke that royal woman,
With simple, kind intent:
"Be sure to put a hat, sirs,
Upon the president:

"And hollow out the top, please,
That rain may fill it up,
And all the birds may find it
A useful drinking cup."

So spoke dear Mrs. Kruger,
And gratefully, I think,
The birds will sing her praises
Whene'er they take a drink.

Ah, happy is the nation
Whose ruler cares for men;
And if his wife takes thought for birds,
Why, it is blest again!

A successful merchant, an extensive employer of young men and young women, when asked to name the two qualities which most favourably impressed him in a young person, replied, without hesitation: "Loyalty and modesty." What a picture of true serviceableness and beautiful character in those two words! Bear it in mind, young friends, those of you who long to succeed in life. It is not apparent "smartness," or aggressiveness, or self-confidence, or polished manners, or the worldly air that wins the approval of an employer, but self-repression and faithfulness to trust. Be modest and loyal, and you will be valued and esteemed by those you serve.

"I DON'T WANT TO."

BY JULIA A. WILLIAMS

There's a lazy little sprite, that takes
supreme delight

In spoiling children's faces. Deary me!
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished
often to myself

He was out of sight forever at the bot-
tom of the sea!

Just look at Freddie's lips when asked to
pick up chips,

Or rock his little sister, Baby Grace.

"I don't want to" (that's his name) begins
his little game,

And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddie's
pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas
an easy task,

Slipped over little Ellen's face to-day,
When mamma kindly said: "Please, daugh-
ter, bring my thread,

'Twill take you out a moment from your
play."

"I don't want to." There he goes, whining
always through his nose.

Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!
The smiles he puts to rout, and the dimples,
I've no doubt,

If they were drops of water, would almost
fill the sea!

RALPH'S HARD LESSON.

"Why do you look so sober?" asked
Ralph's mother. "The verses are not
hard; and I think you know three of them
already; see if you don't?"

Ralph began slowly: "If ye love me,
keep my commandments. And I will pray
the Father, and he shall give you another
Comforter, that he may abide with you
forever; even the Spirit of truth;—" there
he stopped.

"Don't you know the rest of the verse?"
his mother asked. "Oh, well, never mind,
you'll soon learn the other two."

His mother thought it was the long
lesson that made him so quiet, but it was
something worse than that. Ralph was
in trouble. It had happened the day
before, in school.

"Ralph," the teacher had said sud-
denly, "did you throw that paper ball?"

"No, ma'am," said Ralph. But he had
thrown it. How mother's heart would
have ached if she had known that her little
boy did not tell the truth!

Ralph was not comfortable. His trouble
followed him home, and the next morning
when they began to study the Bible verses
it was worse than ever. They were
about a Comforter, and he needed comfort;
but this Comforter was the Spirit of
truth!

Life kept growing harder and harder for
Ralph: his Saturday was spoiled. At night
he cried so hard that his mother thought
he must be ill.

"O mother!" he said, "O mother! I'm
not sick, but I'm bad! and the Comforter
will not come to me!" Then he told her
all about it.

How do you think Ralph got back his
happiness? After he had told Jesus all
about it and asked his forgiveness, the next
thing was to tell the teacher what he had
done; and oh, how hard that was! But
Ralph knew that it was the only road to
real comfort. When it was all over, he
said: "Mother, I am so glad that it is all
right now. I want to have the Spirit of
truth stay with me forever."

BRIGHT'S STORY.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

My great trial has always been—a pug
nose. People have said right before me,
"Oh, what an ugly nose!"

It hurts my feelings dreadfully, although
others often say, "Isn't he cunning? his
nose is so saucy."

I had a pretty hard time of it in my
younger days, with a man who wasn't
good to me. But the day my little mistress
came to see me was a wonderful one for
me. She had such a kind, sweet face!
She couldn't understand me very well, but
I tried to show her how much I wanted
her to take me. She begged her father
who was with her to let her have me.

"I wonder if you'll grow tired of him
as you have of some other things, Polly,"
he said. "Your mother has enough care—
will you take the whole charge of this
new pet?"

"Honour bright," said Polly very soberly,
and in a few minutes she carried me off.
She named me "Bright" at once. And, al-
though she has had me a long time, she
isn't tired of me yet. She never forgets
me; that is, only one day when she ran off
to school without giving me my bath, and
another when she went to the picnic and
forgot my breakfast.

She teaches me tricks. We had our pic-
tures taken doing one. Polly teaches
school. She reads out of a book, and
whenever she strikes the book with her
pencil, I bark—twice, if she strikes twice;
three times, if she raps three times.

Polly says she thinks everybody ought
to be kind to animals, because, while they
know so much, they can't talk.

A POINTED REPLY.

Some folks think that all the brains are
found in city folks. Here's an instance in
which the country boy shows wit too
sharp and quick for his city cousin:

A young woman from the city, rambling
along a country road, met a barefooted lad
carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it.

"You are a good-for-nothing, wicked
boy," she said. "How could you be so
cruel as to rob that nest? No doubt the
poor mother bird is now grieving over the
loss of her nest and eggs."

"Oh, no," said the lad edging away,
"the mother bird's not grieving. She's on
your hat."

A great light then shone around the
young lady from the city. She has re-
moved the bird from her hat, and now,
"sees clearly to pull out the mote," etc.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW

June 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This a faithful saying, and worthy of all
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the
world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 15.

Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly studied.

1. The R. of L. - I am the Resurrection.
2. The A. in B. - She hath done—
3. Jesus T. H. - I have given you—
4. J., W., T. & L. - Jesus saith unto—
5. The C. P. - - I will pray the—
6. The V. and the B. I am the vine.
7. Christ B. and A. He is despised—
8. Christ B., H. P. He came unto his—
9. Christ B. P. - - I find no fault—
10. Christ Crucified. The Son of God—
11. Christ Risen - - Now is Christ.—
12. The N. L. in Chr. Let the peace—

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 2.

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

Hosea 14. 1-9. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—
Hosea 6. 1.

DO YOU KNOW?

What is a prophet? A man who brings
messages from the Lord. Who was Hosea?
A prophet of the Lord. When did he live?
Hundreds of years before Christ came. To
whom did he bring messages? To the
people of Israel. What had many of the
Israelites done? They had gone away
from God. What was their great sin?
Idolatry. What did Hosea urge the people
to do? Verse 1. What did he tell them
to take with them? When we have done
wrong what should we always do? Tell
the one whom we have wronged. Who
will always hear and help us when we
come back to him? The Lord. What are
idols? Whatever we put in the place of
God. Learn whose are the only right ways.
Do we walk in them?

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Hosea
14. 1-9.

Tues. Read another invitation by Hosea.
Hosea 6. 1-3.

Wed. Learn something about Ephraim.
Hosea 7. 8-16.

Thur. Learn a sweet invitation to a sinner.
Golden Text.

Fri. Find what causes people to fall.
Verse 1.

Sat. Learn a proof of God's great love.
Verse 4.

Sun. Learn how and where to find
wisdom. Prov. 2. 1-6.



A STREET SHOWMAN.

A great deal of the business and pleasure of the Chinese has for its scene the public streets. Their houses are small, the shops and bazaars are diminutive and crowded, so itinerant restaurants, barber-shops and other crafts are to be seen in the streets. In our cut is shown a characteristic scene, where for a very small coin the itinerant showman will exhibit his pictures which slide up and down in a light framework which he can carry on his back.

BECOMING A SOLDIER.

LA HERMAN HAIGOOD.

Ned's big brother was a soldier, and Ned never tired of hearing stories about army life. He thought it would be fine to be wakened every morning by a bugle, to drill and eat when the bugle said so, and then to go to sleep at the command of "Taps." In the morning before the rest of the family were up, Ned would go about crying at each door, in imitation of the bugle's reveille, "Can't get-em-up, can't get-em-up, can't get-em-up in the morning!"

Ned begged his soldier brother to get him a bugle, so that he could be a soldier, too. But Tom said that Ned could not blow a bugle. Then the boy asked for a gun. He wanted to be a sentry and cry "Halt!" every time anybody tried to cross his line. Still his big brother only shook his head. "Well, please get me a

drum, so that I can be a drummer boy and go to war," urged Ned.

Tom looked serious as he took his little brother on his knee. "You're trying to be a soldier wrong end foremost, my boy," he said. "Before even a soldier gets a gun or is promoted to be a bugler or a musician, he must learn always to obey without delay or questioning. Are you that kind of a soldier yet?"

Ned looked sober and made no answer.

"Then the soldier has to respect the officers and the flag. I wonder if Ned is always respectful to mother? And the soldier, before he gets a gun, must be taught habits of neatness and carefulness. You see, my laddie, there is more in soldiering than guns and bugles."

"I guess there is," added Ned, as he slid to the floor. "Anyway, I'm going to try to be a soldier."

HELEN'S DOVES AND RAVENS.

"I don't know what to think about when I go to bed, mamma," said little Helen; "I see things in the dark."

"If you should see a flock of black ravens and a flock of pure white doves coming toward you, which would you hold out your hands to?" asked mamma.

"The doves, of course," answered Helen.

"I think you would. You might not be able to keep the ravens from flying past you, but you would not try to keep them near. You would coax the doves to stay. Try this, with the thoughts that are like flying birds at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute, in your mind, to the troublesome thoughts you call scaresome. Let the white doves of thought come in and stay till you go to sleep. First, send up a little prayer to Jesus to give you thoughts about him. Then say over some Bible verse or some little hymn that you know. If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts."

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Dr. Payson, the famous and beloved preacher, of Portland, Me., used to tell the following pointed story. It has a moral for all Christian workers:

One very stormy Sunday he went to church, more from habit than because he expected to find anybody there. Just after he had stepped inside the door, an old negro came in and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach there that day, explaining that he was a stranger in town and had been advised to go to his church.

"Upon that," said Dr. Payson, "I made

up my mind to preach my sermon, if nobody else came."

Nobody else did come, so the Doctor preached to the choir and the old negro.

Some months afterwards he happened to meet the negro, and, stopping him, asked how he enjoyed the sermon that stormy Sunday.

"Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clar', Doctor, I nebber heard a better one. Yo' see, I had a seat pretty well up front, an' whenebber you'd say something pretty hard like 'g'in de sins ob men, I'd jes' look all roun' ter see who you's a-hittin', an' I wouldn't see nobody on'y jes' me, an' I says to m'self: 'He must mean you, P'omp, you's sech a dretful sinner.' Well, Doctor, dat ar sermon set me a-thinkin' what a big sinner I war, an' I went an' j'ined the church down home. I's a deacon now."

A NEW PET.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

What do you think I'm holding here?
A real, new, cunning sort of pet,
He isn't very big just yet,
And p'rhaps it is a little queer
To make a pet of him, I know,
But he's as clean and white as snow.
A kitten—no, indeed, he's not,
Why, everybody has a cat!
A rabbit—no, he isn't that,
Though he's pure white, without a spot.
A puppy dog? No!—guess again.
I'll give you till I've counted ten.
A rat? Oh! do you s'pose I hold
A rat up in my arms so tight?
A guinea-pig? No—o, not quite—
You'll never guess until you're told,
He'll not be pretty when he's big,
But now he's just the cutest sight,
A dear, white, cunning little pig!

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" the gentleman asked.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause. "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman; "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a wood-pile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."