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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

[No. 12.]

THE LILY POND.

"Just a wee bit farther, Ned," cries baby Bess. "O! what lovely ones. See! one, two, three, seven, eleven." So the little one counts in her strange enumeration.

Brother Ned gives one more stroke of the oar, while cousin Helen pulls the rudder string a little to the left.

"There you are," cry all our children at once.

"Now, Ned, gather as fast as you can, but, Bess darling, don't you touch them, because water-lilies have great long stems which reach way down to the bottom of the pond, and if you pulled too hard you might fall out."

So little Bess sat patiently in the bow of the boat obeying her sister Marjorie's command.

Helen and Ned gathered in the lovely waxen lilies while Marjorie decorated the sides of the boat with them.

Little Bess did her part too, for she discovered two beauties hidden behind the reeds, which the other children didn't notice.

Down went Ned's arm again—and a good thing it was that his sleeve was well rolled up—and triumphantly he pulled up the big white flower that had been hiding slyly from sight. Another plunge and the other one was seized.

"These two are for baby Bess," said Ned.

"Yes, indeed," said Marjorie and Helen, "because she spied them first, and besides she was a little jewel to sit so quietly."



THE LILY POND.

"Alwite," lisped little Bess. "Ise'll take 'em, 'cause I'm going to 'sprise fader and muder with 'em." And that morning for breakfast what do you suppose Mr. and Mrs. Kerr found before their places at table? Why, sure enough, there were their porridge plates, but instead of the porridge and cream, the dish was filled with water on which floated Bess' lilies.

with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After a while she looked toward the door and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She thought Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

THE IDOL- BREAKING BOY

A little boy, the son of a heathen father, once broke with a stick all his images except the largest, then he put the stick into the hands of the idol that was left.

When his father saw it he exclaimed: "Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers."

"Nonsense!" said the father, "you did it and to pay you I'll beat you with the same stick."

"But," said the boy gently, "how can you trust to a god so weak that a child's hand can destroy him?" Do you suppose that if he can't take care of himself or his companions he can of you and of the world?"

The heathen stopped to think. This was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and kneeled down to pray to the true God, and called him "my Father."

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She talked as if she were a teacher

THE CORAL.

Under the sea, in it's sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red;
Baby's rattle and necklace too
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear.
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony'
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in it's sandy bed.

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TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1897.

THE GIRL'S REVENGE.

Two men in the south of Africa swore eternal hatred to each other. One of them found at length the little daughter of his enemy in the wood. He ran quickly to the young girl, cut off two of her fingers, and sent her home bleeding, while he with brutal joy, shouted, "I have had my revenge!"

Years passed, and the little girl was grown up to a woman, when, one day, a poor, gray-headed beggar came to her door, earnestly begging for food. The young woman recognized him immediately as being the same horrible man who cut off her fingers when she was a child. She went into the cottage instantly, and desired her servant to bring him bread and milk. She sat down near him, and watched him while he ate. When he was ready to go, she pointed to her hand and said: "I, too, have had my revenge!"

The poor man was quite perplexed and confounded at this, for he did not know that the little girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of that sweet verse, the last of the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Which revenge was the sweeter?

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day!" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie, giving Bobbie an encouraging nod.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie complacently.

"Oh yes, there are," said mother, as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could.

Bobbie was restless, and hummed a tune softly once while she was talking, because he "forgot." Once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" On the whole, even mother was afraid that Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day when Bobbie sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house, and listened to John Walker while he coaxed.

"It's just a little way—not more than two blocks from here; and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Walker. At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnny Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf!"

"Don't you go callin' me names!" said John, his face growing red. "I am three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means. 'Take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' b'lieve be good. You're makin' b'lieve my mother wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mother told me 'bout it this mornin'. I'm a-goin' in now; I don't like to play with wolves."

And wise Bobbie trudged away into the house.

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well; don't you? And, better still, he did exactly what it said.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be rough," said one of a bright-eyed little group, "but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensy-weensy mad word, all the rest must say one, too: and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate quarrels; and if you will call one of them, he will fly away with the ugly words."

"But O mumpsy! how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen now, and I will call one;" and the mother began to sing:

There is a happy land
Far, far away.

In a minute five little voices joined hers; and when they had sung the last "aye," every face was bright and smiling.

The next day mother heard a clatter in the nursery, and presently one little voice piped up:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand.

These verses were sung through, but some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had "Drops of Water" died away than another voice began, "Where, O Where Are the Hebrew Children?" and as none of them could keep from singing the chorus, no more quarrelling was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterwards.

"OUR LITTLE DOT."

A writer in the New York Sun describes a scene which he witnessed late one evening in the streets of St. Louis. A group of gamins were hanging about an old gray-haired woman, shabbily dressed, who carried a large package under her arm. The writer of the sketch followed, thinking to say something at the right moment.

The boys were jeering, and the woman was begging to be let alone. By-and-bye she sat down on a doorstep. Then the young Arabs gathered thickly about her.

"Give us a song, old woman!"

"If you'll dance us a jig, we'll let you off."
"Open the bundle, and let's see what you've got."

When there was a moment of silence, she replied: "Boys, come closer round me. I've got something here to show you."

They crowded up to her, and she removed the newspapers which concealed the object she was carrying, and held it up before them.

If a bombshell had dropped among them, it would not have scattered them more quickly. What do you suppose it was? A piece of board about three feet long by a foot wide, painted white; and on it in black letters the epitaph:

OUR LITTLE DOT.

Died October 7, 1886.

It was the headstone for a child's grave, such a headstone as only the poor and lowly erect over the grave of a loved one. Out of pity for her poverty and sorrow, the painter may have done the work for nothing.

The boys could read: and as each read for himself, he turned and vanished in the darkness. The last one to go took off his ragged cap and said: "We didn't know it, aunty; please excuse us."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl.
And the walk like a well-heated brick,
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XI. [June 13.]

PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 1. 1-7; 3. 14-17. Mem. vs., 3. 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

From a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—2 Tim. 3. 15.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where did Paul first see Timothy?
Who was his mother?
Who was his grandmother?
What did they teach Timothy?
Who taught him about Jesus?
Where did Paul take Timothy?
What did he become?
What does Paul call him in this lesson?
Where was Paul when he wrote this letter?
Why did he write it?
How did he show his love to Timothy?
What did he remind him to do?
Why should we use our gifts for God?
What were some things Timothy had to be thankful for?
What are some of God's good gifts to you?

QUESTIONS FOR ME.

Do I try to learn the Holy Scriptures?
Do I believe they will make me wise?

Am I thankful for my good friends and teachers?

LESSON XII. [June 20.]

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Rom. 14. 10-21. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. 14. 21.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To what Christians did Paul write a letter?
What are Paul's letters to us? God's word.
Whom does this letter teach us to watch?
Who is our Judge?
What must we give some day to him?
What did the Jews think was wrong?
Did Paul think so?
Why should we be careful of our example?
What will make it easy to deny ourselves? Love in our hearts.
For whom did Christ die?
How can we become like Christ? By doing as he did.

LITTLE CHRISTIANS—

Watch themselves, and not others.
Try to help and not hinder others.
Deny themselves for the sake of others.

A SAILOR'S PLEDGE.

Returning recently from Hong-Kong, an old sailor had an accident and was badly scalded; he was very ill. When he began to recover the doctor said, "You must take some port wine." "No," said the old sailor. "I am a teetotaler." "But," said the doctor, "you need it to strengthen you." "Doctor," said the old man, "do you think I shall die if I don't take the wine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then," said the sailor, "when you get into the St. Katherine's Docks, go round to the little temperance room and tell them that the old man died sober." But he did not die!

LOST TREASURES.

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson; "before you go into the land of dreams you will kneel here at my knee, and thank your Heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."
Mamie came slowly toward her mother, and said: "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."
"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."
"But, mamma, I don't think that God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."
"You are not trying to be naughty now, my dear, are you?"
"No, I am not naughty now."
"Well, then, come at once."
"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, he forgives us; then we are happy, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"But, mamma, even so, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of what you have lost may help you to be careful in the future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning again."

A RIDDLE FOR GRANDMA.

"Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess," cried two little girls, bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine.

"A riddle, hey?" said she. "It can't be a very big one if you two can carry it. What is it, then?"

"He says: How can Maud and I be his sons when we are his daughters?"

"Well, the answer to that riddle is that you cannot be his sons, and I'm glad of it. I think that little daughters are the sweetest things on earth."

"No; but, grandma, he says that we are his sons," insisted Clara.

"Well, perhaps you can make as much noise as sons."

"That's not the answer, grandma," said Maud. "Give it up!"

Grandma made a few more guesses, and then gave it up.

"He says that we are his s-u-n-s," cried Clara gleefully, "because we make sunshine for him. See, grandma!"

"Yes, I see," said the old lady, smiling down at the two bright little faces, "he makes sons of his daughters by spelling them with a 'u.'"

AN IRON EGG.

In a certain museum in Ger many there is to be seen a large iron egg, now very rusty. The story about this egg is that there was once a German prince about to marry, and a little time before the ceremony, the expected present from the prince was delivered to the young lady, who was very eager to see it, but when she opened it, to her astonishment and disgust she saw a large iron egg. She threw it down in a passion, but when it touched the floor a secret spring was pressed, the egg flew open, and a silver yolk came out. This pleased her better, so she picked it up, and touching another secret spring, out of the silver yolk came a golden yolk. This she fingered until another spring was pressed, and then a beautiful jewelled crown came out of the golden yolk. Again there was a secret spring in the crown, and out of that came an engagement ring. Imagine the lady's great joy and delight that the ugly iron egg should have conveyed such a lovely present to her. Some people treat their Bibles like iron eggs, and never find the jewels inside.

A PRIZE BOY.

He wouldn't burst in with an Indian yell,
And shy his hat up at a peg—

O, no!

He never came near tumbling into a well
While tempting the brink, on one leg—

That's so!

The boy that I tell of is different quite;
He couldn't your feelings annoy;
He never does anything but what is right—
This wonderful, good little boy!

He doesn't drum tattoos on table and pane,
Nor squirm like an eel on a hook—

O, no!

He studies his lessons, again and again,
No matter how hard is his book—

That's so!

The treasure I mention no faults ever hid,
He shines a perpetual joy!

But he doesn't live anywhere here—if he
did,

O, wouldn't he be a prize boy!

THE TEMPTATION.

No person can go through life without having temptation of some sort placed in his way. We may not all of us be tempted to steal, but in one form or another it is sure to come. No doubt this poor boy in our picture feels the temptation very strongly. One of the ladies we see in front has dropped her purse, and this penniless fellow sees it. "If there is money in that purse," he thinks, "I shall be able to get some food for mother and the little ones at home, and have a good meal myself into the bargain." We are sorry for the lad, for it must be very hard to resist. However, we believe that in the end his nobler feelings prevail, and he runs after the ladies and restores the lost article. We feel sure that the kind lady, when she gets her purse back again, will reward him handsomely for his honesty, and that his wants will thus be satisfied.

HINTS FOR CHILDREN.

Hear while others speak. Do not interrupt them till they are done. Fear God. Honour all men. Render thanks for all favours. Revere superiors. Respect equals. Be courteous to inferiors. Do not contradict your elders. Regard religious worship. Do not pry into secrets. Do not tell tales. Do as you would be done by. Love God with all your heart. Love your neighbour as yourself.

SUNSHINE.

There was a poor widow once living on a stony little farm a great way from any neighbours. She had an idiot boy to care for and a great deal of work to do, and but little money and few friends and a great deal of trouble. And you could always see by her face that she was not happy; her skin was wrinkled and she had scarcely ever a smile for any one, but wore a dark, sad look all the time that made one feel like crying just to see her.

She didn't get to church very often, partly because she had so much to do and partly because she was so unhappy she did not care to go. One pleasant morning, however, in the summer-time she went, but felt so strange that she sat down in a corner where she thought no one would see her.

But Mrs. Noble saw her in the lone corner; as soon as the meeting was over she hastened with her cheery step to shake hands with her and bid her good morning.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Barnes, and how is your boy? I'm glad to see you out."



THE TEMPTATION.

"Here you come smiling at everybody," said Mrs. Barnes, without trying to answer Mrs. Noble's questions. "You seem just like a streak of sunshine. It does me good to look at you, but I don't see how you manage it, for you've plenty of trouble like other folks. But you never let anybody see it; you hide it all away."

"That's the right way."

"Well, I can't do it," said the poor woman. "I'm just bent double with my burdens, and everybody has to see how I go hobbling along."

"You are not honouring the Lord in that way," said Mrs. Noble. "He invites you to cast your burdens on him."

"I know it, but I can't seem to do it. I wonder if that's the reason you are always like sunshine?"

"It's the only right way for us, my friend. And then she talked to the poor woman about the dear Saviour who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well, I'll think over what you've said, and I'll try," and Mrs. Barnes turned towards her home.

If she does what Mrs. Noble has told her about, she will find the sunshine in her own poor little home as well as in her friend's bright, cheerful face. The sun always shines where Jesus is. He is himself the Sun, and if we will open our hearts and let him come in and live there as he wants to, we may carry the sunshine about with us wherever we go.

THE QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was once a little brown hen,
A dear little, queer little hen,

Her work was to lay

Just one egg every day;

And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right there,
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,

Her egg she would lay,

Her one egg every day,

This good little, queer little hen.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say,
Lay an egg from a tree every day,

And what good was the egg?—

Just tell that, I beg—

That fell from a tree in that way?

But some people do things just as queer;
I know it; I've seen it, my dear.

They have a good thought,

But it just comes to naught;

From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.

If we do a right thing,

If a good thought we bring,

Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.

THE "THY-WILL-BE-DONE" SPIRIT.

Susie wanted to join a picnic. She wanted to go very much indeed. Her mother knew it. She was sorry not to let her go, but there were good reasons for refusing. Susie asked her mother, and she said, "No, Susie, you cannot go."

Mrs. Barnes expected to see her daughter look disappointed, instead of which she bounded away, singing merrily as she went.

"I was afraid of seeing you disappointed," said her mother, much relieved to see her daughter's cheerfulness.

"I have got the 'thy-will-be-done' spirit in my heart, dear mother," said the child, sweetly.

No one else can do the work you have been sent into the world to do; others may do some other work, but not your work.

A teacher asked a class of boys in a Sabbath-school what was their idea of heaven. The smallest one answered: "A place where—where—you're never sorry."