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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1894.

No. 9.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers that bloom are none more beautiful than the modest little flowers that come the early Boys and always seem to know just where they are going to go through the mud by some mysterious instinct. The little flowers are very shy, however, and have a habit of hiding themselves with a number of moist, dead leaves of the last year of growing drooping beneath a protecting leaf to make their search for more interesting. The children in our picture had a very successful hunt and were coming home with a large number of bright bunches and with one fine wreath. Our Canadian girls are so busy with many pretty flowers of spring—the little bells of the "Slipper," and pink and white violets, as the Tooth Violets, the fragrant violets, the marigold and lovely three-



SPRING FLOWERS.

leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a number of names by our boys and girls, who have a happy way of christening these objects of their love to suit themselves.

## HE'S A LITTLE FELLER.

Down in Frankfort street the other cold day I found a new boy seated on a grating the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered with a ragged and dirty handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside, he cautioned

"Look out, now, and don't hurt him!"

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care and there, on one of the iron bars, all huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow.

"Where did you get him?"

In the street out there Got so cold, he was tucked in."

"And what will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go."



BIRDS.

**LITTLE** bird, could I but know  
What you say while singing so,  
Should have some word for praise,  
Even in the darkest days.

When the day is dying slow,  
And your trills are soft and low,  
I have almost thought I heard  
Human speech from singing bird.

When I hear your voice at morn,  
From the snowy blossoming thorn,  
Much I wonder how the night  
Taught you such a wild delight.

Did the lilies, in their sleep,  
Whisper secrets strange and deep—  
Words too sweet for mortal ear,  
Minstrel of the blossoming year?

Did the warbling woodland stream  
Drop its music in your dream  
Or the fragrant zephyr, born  
Of the newly-wakened morn?

Have the violets in the grass,  
Breathing sweetness as you pass,  
Told you, trembling 'neath the dew,  
Stories of the heaven's bright blue?

Sing on, bird, forever sing;  
May good spirits speed your wing!  
Sing to all, dear bird, but see  
What you sometimes sing for me.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

[1690-35.] LESSON VI. [May 6.]

JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

50. 14-26. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining  
light, which shineth more and more unto the  
perfect day.—Prov. 4. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Fear, v. 14-18.
2. Forgiveness, v. 19-21.
3. Faith, v. 22-26.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

**Mon.** Read about Joseph's last days.  
50. 14-26.

**Tues.** Find what his life was like. Gol-  
d. Text.

**Wed.** Read about the burial of Jacob.  
24. 32.

**Thur.** What does Joseph's example teach  
us to be? Eph. 4. 32.

**Fri.** Find how Jesus wants us to repay  
Him. Matt. 5. 38-48.

**Sat.** Learn why we love the story of  
Joseph. Prov. 10. 7.

**Sun.** Learn a good prayer for us. Psalm  
121.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jacob die? Where was he  
buried? For whose sake did the Egyp-  
tians honour him? For Joseph's sake.

Who began to feel afraid now? Why?  
What did this show? A bad conscience.  
What was a messenger sent to tell Joseph?  
Why did Joseph weep when he heard it?

What did his brothers say when they  
saw Joseph? How did he speak to them?  
What spirit did he show them? The  
spirit of love and forgiveness. How should  
we treat our enemies? (Answer to your-  
self.)

How old was Joseph when he died?  
Where did he say his brothers would go  
some day? What did he ask them to do?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God can bring good out of evil.  
Gen. 50. 20.

That God teaches us how to treat ene-  
mies. Rom. 12. 20, 21.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ? To  
believe in Jesus Christ is to receive his  
words, and to trust in him alone for salva-  
tion.

1706-1600.] LESSON VII. [May 13.]

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 9-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—  
Psalm 124. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Small Beginnings, v. 1-5
2. Great Increase, v. 6, 7.
3. Sore Affliction, v. 8-14

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

**Mon.** Read the story of bondage. Exod.  
1. 1-14

**Tues.** Read about deliverance. Deut. 26.  
5-11.

**Wed.** Learn how God helped his people.  
Psalm 105. 24.

**Thur.** Learn how Israel trusted the  
Lord. Golden Text.

**Fri.** Read about the bondage of sin.  
Rom. 7. 14-19.

**Sat.** Learn where deliverance is found.  
Eom. 8. 1, 2.

**Sun.** Find a word of hope for you.  
Luke 12. 32.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who went with Jacob to live in Egypt?  
How many of Jacob's family were there  
now? Who brought them there to save  
them from death? (The good Joseph.)

Who died after Joseph did? What did  
their children grow up to be? What did  
the new king of Egypt see? What did he  
fear? What did he want the Israelites to  
do? What was the new king's name?  
What kind of a man was he? What did he  
tell the Egyptians to do? What were the

Israelites forced to do? What had the  
Lord promised Jacob? How was he keep-  
ing his promise? By increasing the num-  
bers and strength of the Israelites.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That sin is a hard bondage. Rom. 7. 24  
That God saves those who trust him  
Luke 1. 71.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Can you do all this of yourself? I can-  
not repent and believe of myself; but God  
will help me by his holy Spirit, if I ask  
it of him.

THE CHILDREN AND THE MOON

DOWN in the west the sun was sinking  
and the darkness seemed chanting a lulla-  
by to nature. The birds twittered among  
the green boughs of the trees, and the  
barking of a fox on a distant mountain  
broke in upon the weird stillness of night.

Two children were sitting alone, in a  
wide field, listening to the sounds, and  
weeping silently as they crept nearer to-  
gether on the dew-dampened grass. (They  
had been playing ball throughout the  
golden hours of the afternoon, and before  
they realized it, the sunlight had disap-  
peared and they were alone in the dark-  
ness. Suddenly they heard a great,  
friendly voice speaking to them.)

"Good evening, children."

The children shut their eyes tight, and  
were as still as mice.

"Good evening," repeated the voice; "and  
why are you so late upon the field?"

The voice sounded so friendly that the  
younger whispered to the other, saying,

"Will you not tell him that we lost our  
way?"

"I think I will." Then, half opening  
her eyes to glance around, she cried aloud,

"The night is so dark and gone is the day,  
And home to mamma we can't find our  
way."

"Well, well," replied the voice, "we will  
see if I can guide you."

Then the children looked up and saw a  
great round face in the heavens that smiled  
pleasantly at them, and they knew it was  
the moon that had been speaking to them.

"O moon, dear moon, do guide us, we pray,  
O'er the hill and the fields to our home  
far away;

For our papa and mamma we want to  
see soon,

Do guide us, we pray thee, O beautiful  
moon!"

"Yes, yes, that I will," replied their good  
friend, and thereupon he hung out his  
lantern, which made everything almost as  
bright as day, and the children rose from  
the grass and hurried home to their mother,  
who had been in great fear for their safety.  
At the door they paused and said,

"We thank you, we thank you, O beau-  
tiful moon,

For guiding us home by your light,  
And now with our fingers we'll throw  
you a kiss,  
And wish you a very good night."



JACOB GOING INTO EGYPT.

## BE PROMPT.

"WHY is Fred like the cat's tail?"

The whole family—father and mother, brother and sisters, all except Fred—stood waiting, muffled and gloved, for him to be ready to go with them to the lecture. (Hardy Fred had been loitering about, doing nothing in particular, in a dreamy aimless fashion, and had yet to brush his hair, don his boots, overcoat, cap, muffler, and mittens, when roguish sister Mary propounded this conundrum, as the sedate old family cat walked across the floor, and took possession of the cushioned chair.)

"Don't you see? Because he is always behind."

Fred turned from the glass with cheeks a little flushed by the laugh which Mary had raised, hurried into his outer clothes, and by the time the rest had waited for him full five minutes, he was ready.

"Always behind." Yes, that is his failing. He is as quick-motoned as other

boys; can run as fast, jump as far, and can skate as well; but he is always the late one. He is seldom ever ready to sit down to his meals when the rest are; perhaps will get absorbed in a book, and forget to wash or brush his hair, till the rest are taking their seats. I should be sorry to tell you how often black marks stand against his name on the school register, such a habit he has fallen into of waiting till the last minute before he starts. And on Sunday morning he will sit reading, or dreaming over something, and never seems to think of getting ready for Sunday-school till it is almost time to go. Then he is in a great flutter, and can't find this, that and the other thing; the whole family have to help him.

Well, it is only a habit; but it is a very bad one. Fred must leave off dreaming, and fall to doing instead. Promptness in action has done untold good and saved multitudes of lives, while tardiness has destroyed myriads.

## TWENTY TIMES A DAY.

TWENTY times a day, my dear,  
Twenty times a day,  
Your mother thinks about you,  
At school or else at play.

She's busy in the kitchen,  
Or she's busy up the stair,  
But like a song her heart within  
Her love to you is there.

There's just a little thing, dear,  
She wishes you to do.  
I'll whisper, 'tis a secret,  
Now mind, I tell it you.

Twenty times a day, dear,  
And more, I've heard you say,  
"I'm coming in a minute,"  
When you should at once obey.

At once, as soldiers, instant  
At the motion of command;  
At once, as sailors seeing  
The captain's warning hand.

You could make the mother happy  
By minding in this way,  
Twenty times a day, dear,  
Twenty times a day.

## THE PANSY PREACHER.

If anything was missing, we laid it on the Jenk family that lived around the corner, who would take anything from silver spoon carelessly shaken out from the table-cloth, to the lawn mower or the waggon. The safest way was to run off the premises with a stern hand; yet when a bright little face looked over the fence at me seated on the ground weeding my pansies, I didn't have the heart to look stern and order her off. "Say," said my unwelcome visitor, "ain't they pretty? They've all got little faces. Give me one. I think I, a child that will see a face in a flower, there is some hops for; and I'll give them if they won't be "pansy preachers" and give a little lesson. So I took a pot, and in two of my prettiest plants, and gave them into the dirty little hand, saying, "You must look into their lovely faces every day when you are good, but when you are naughty you musn't go near them. A few days after, I missed my new scissors and thought they must have been snatched out with the table spread; and as Polly Jenk was hovering around, I suspected her, and thought my pansies didn't "preach a little preach," after all.

That evening I was called down to one of those miserable Jenks that refused to leave the back gate until she had spoken with me. Polly held up the scissors and said: "I took 'em up off the ground, was goin' to keep 'em; but my pansies wouldn't look at me, so I brought 'em back." How glad I was that my little lesson was not in vain! Flowers were the key to the child's heart. I occasionally gave her plants after that. She didn't "preach good" all at once, but years after was a trustworthy woman.