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# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1899

[No. 1.]

## ALICE'S TALENT.

Alice sat with her Bible on her lap. She had been reading, but now she sat very still, with a troubled look on her face. "Oh, dear!" said she after a while, "I don't believe I have got any talent. Now, there's Emma. Miss Wilson says she certainly has a talent for music, and Lou Benson can draw anything she sees, and is going to take painting lessons; but I don't seem to have a talent for anything. Maybe it only means grown people; but the verse says, 'He called his own servants, and oh, I do want to be one of the Lord's servants.'" And one or two tears fell on Alice's open Bible.

Aunt Bell happened to pass through just then, and noticing Alice's downcast face, stopped to ask, "What is the matter with this little girl?"

"Because, oh, because—I don't seem to have any talent, Aunt Bell."

"Let us read those verses over together, dear," said auntie. "It is a good thing to think about what we are reading, Alice, if we cannot discover at once what our talent may be."

So Alice and Aunt Bell read the parable together.

"Do you notice, Alice," it says, "to every man according to his 'several ability'?" What does that mean, do you think?"

"As much as he was able to have or to do; don't it, auntie?"

"Yes. and I don't think the Bible anywhere tells us we must do any more than we are able to do. G. 1 gives each one of us talents according to our several ability. You are only a little girl and he requires of you only a little girl's work."

"But what can I do, auntie? I can't sing in the choir, as Emma does; I can't give to our mission society as Lizzie Barr

does, for her father gives her more for her monthly spending money than I can have in a whole year. I'm not smart about writing compositions as Nellie Gifford is. So what can I do?"

"All those things are talents certainly.

Alice, going slowly down-stairs, "I believe I'll go over to Nellie Gifford's and talk with her about it. Maybe we can find some opportunities to do good."

She was taking her hat from the rack when Brother Will came whistling through the hall.

"O Allie!" said he, "you're the very girl I'm looking for. I want these gloves mended, please, and a button on my overcoat, and I'm in a hurry." Alice was about to say, "I'm in a hurry, too;" but she kept back the disobliging word, and only said, "Wait till I get my basket."

Then she sat down and mended the gloves, replaced the missing button, and neatly sewed a ripped place in the overcoat lining.

"I wonder if this can be called an opportunity," she said aloud, as she worked, forgetful of Brother Will's presence; for he had taken up a newspaper and was half hid behind it.

"To be sure it can," said Will, laughing. "A very good one for me too. I advise you, Allie, to always make the most of opportunities, when you can help people as nicely as you are doing now."

"I was thinking about the talents," said Alice, simply. "What is yours, Will?"

"It seems to be to make work for a dear little sister. Really, I'm afraid I don't think as much about that as I might—or ought. Is that done? I'm much obliged." And Will kissed her and went off in a quick way, as if he feared she would say more.

"Dear little Alice" she did not know she had improved two opportunities, and that her words were stirring her brother's conscience uneasily.

"It's too near lunch time to go to Nellie's now," thought Alice. "I can read



ALICE'S TALENT.

But, Alice, did you ever think about opportunities? There is a great talent given to all—"

Somebody called Aunt Bell just then, and with a hasty kiss to her little niece she left the room! "Opportunities!" said

my 'Life and Adventures in Japan' until the bell rings.' But as she went into the sitting-room, where she had left her book, grandma, who was engaged in knitting, said

"Can my little girl stop long enough to pick up these stitches for grandma? My old eyes won't let me see to put them on just right."

So Alice patiently took up the dropped stitches in grandma's knitting, and the lunch bell rang just as she finished. She could not help giving a little sigh as she thought of her book; but grandma stroked the curly hair, and thanked her in a way that made Alice feel that grandma knew of the small self-denial. Somehow grandma always seemed to know things without anyone telling her. In the afternoon Alice had to go to her drawing class. When she came home and was laying off her wraps in the hall she heard mother and Aunt Bell talking in the parlour.

"I was in to see Mrs. Elton this morning," said Aunt Bell, "she has been so shut up all winter, she has no nurse, and cannot leave her baby."

"I have missed her from church and prayer-meeting," said mother, "she used to go so regularly."

Alice went into the room and sat down to her book, but somehow she kept thinking about Mrs. Elton and prayer-meeting.

"Mamma," said she very slowly, and colouring a good deal, "would you care if I went over to Mrs. Elton's and took care of her baby, so she could go to prayer-meeting?"

"Certainly not, my dear. I think it would be a very kind, neighbourly thing for a little girl to do; but be very careful with baby."

"Indeed, it's very good of you, Allie," said Mrs. Elton, when Alice made known her errand. "I have wanted to go so much."

Alice took faithful care of her little charge, and felt not a little weary when the mother returned. But Mrs. Elton's brightened face and heartfelt thanks were a sweet reward for one hour's work, and her own heart told her it was more blessed to give than to receive.

"Has Allie found any opportunities to-day?" asked Aunt Bell, as she told Alice good-night.

"So many, auntie, that I feel almost afraid of such a great talent. Though, to be sure, I have done only very little things."

"Your Bible says, 'Despise not the day of small things.' There are few of us, dear Allie, who do realize what a great talent opportunity is. In the meanwhile, look for it, and try to trade it well, and you may gain even ten talents."

It is said that the British and Foreign Bible Society distributes 13,000 copies of the Scriptures every day, and about 4,000,000 every year. All lands are now feeling its power.

The man who walks with God makes no crooked paths.

### SING A SONG OF PENNIES.

BY E. B. P. MURPHY.

Sing a song of pennies—  
Did you hear them fall  
In the little mite-box,  
Shining ones and all?  
When the box was opened  
They all began to sing:  
"Let us carry far and wide  
A message from the King."

Many heathen children  
Need a helping hand;  
Dusky little brothers  
In a foreign land.  
Long have they been waiting  
A message from above.  
All the pennies help to tell  
The story full of love.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1899.

### PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure it was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times had it passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day."  
"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"Do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"O, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"Is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Weil, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment,

and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all; but there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?

### TAKING FATHER'S WORD.

There was once a great preacher by the name of Monod. In one of his sermons he told a story about two little girls who were watching the sunset. The older one told her sister to notice what a long way the sun had travelled since morning. The little one reminded her that her father had told them that morning that the sun did not move.

"Yes," said the older sister, "but I don't believe it. I saw the sun rise over there this very morning; and now it is away over here. How can a thing go all that distance without moving? If we didn't move, we should be always where we are now, up on this hill."

"But," said the little one, "you know father said it was the earth that moved."

"I know it," said the other, "but I don't believe that either. I am standing on the earth now, and so are you. How can you pretend to think it moves when you see it does not stir?"

Said the great preacher: "These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world. There never has been and there never will be any other division but they that take, and they that will not take, their Father's word."

What Father do you think he meant?

### AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

One day a group of children were playing out of doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school bell rung. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one, "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented; but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text: "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home his little daughter, walking beside him, said: "I liked that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied: "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her papa thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

WHEN MAPLES SET THEIR LEAVES AFIRE.

BY CONSTANCE EVELYN DECKENS.

The cricket sings in monotones,  
The air is full of golden dreams;  
How perfect dying nature seems  
When maples set their leaves afire.

Bright summer is not yet asleep—  
I found her by the beeches wide,  
And where belated violets hide  
Their purple hoods beneath the hills.

And where by fences old and gray,  
That hoard the wealth and light of moon,  
Pale, sapless grasses bow in June,  
Lift silver fingers to the sun.

White autumn mists about her feet.  
And yellow-coated leaves are seen,  
Her bridal gown of riches green  
Is bordered with a scarlet hem.

The cricket sings in monotones,  
The air is full of golden dreams:  
How perfect dying nature seems  
When maples set their leaves afire.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON XI. [June 11.

CHRIST RISEN.

John 20. 11-20. Memory verses, 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—  
1 Cor. 15. 20.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where was Jesus buried? In a new tomb. What had he told his disciples? That he should rise the third day. Did the disciples remember this? It does not seem that they did. Who did remember it? His enemies. What did they do? They set a strong watch at his tomb. When did Jesus rise? Early on the first day of the week. What is this day often called? "The Lord's Day." Who went first to the tomb on this day? What did they carry with them? What troubled them very much? Whom did Mary Magdalene go to tell? Who came back with her? Peter and John. To whom did Jesus first appear? How did she know that it was Jesus? How did Mary show her love and faith then? By doing just what Jesus told her to do.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson very slowly and thoughtfully. John 20. 11-20.

Tues. Read Matthew's story. Matt. 28. 8-20.

Wed. Find how Jesus ate before the disciples. Luke 24. 36-43.

Thur. Learn how Jesus prepared breakfast for the disciples. John 21. 1-13.

Fri. Find how he taught a lesson of service. John 21. 15-17.

Sat. Learn what we each should seek. Col. 3. 1.

Sun. Read about knowing the voice of Jesus. John 10. 3-14.

LESSON XII. [June 18.

THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST.

Col. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.—  
Col. 3. 15.

DO YOU KNOW?

What is our lesson about? New life in Christ. How could Christ rise from the dead? Because he had power over death. Did Christ ever give new new life to the body? Yes, to Lazarus and a few others. What is meant here by new life in Christ? New life of the Spirit. What is it to be "risen with Christ"? To have new life of the Spirit. What things shall we seek in this life? Why is it foolish to seek earthly things? They do not last. Who is our life? What will take place when he shall appear? What kind of things must we "put off"? What must we "put on"? Why should we forgive those who do not treat us right? What should we put on above all things? What will rule in the heart if we do this?

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read all the lesson verses. Col. 3. 1-15.

Tues. Find who came to teach us the way home. John 1. 1-6.

Wed. Learn why it is foolish to set the heart on earthly things. 1 Cor. 7. 31.

Thur. Learn all the things we are told to "put off." Verses 8, 9.

Fri. Learn what we are to "put on." Verses 10, 12, 14.

Sat. Read the description of Charity. (Love). 1 Cor. 13.

Sun. Learn whose peace is spoken of in verse 15. John 14. 27.

WHAT A BOOK SAID.

Once on a time, a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil, or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

FUNNY LITTLE PEOPLE.

It was his first day at school. "Well, what did you learn?" asked his aunt. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

It is said that the little daughter of an American minister at Copenhagen, while attending a children's party at the royal palace, became sleepy, and his Majesty beginning to talk to her, as her eyes closed and her head dropped on the arm of a sofa, she said innocently: "Mr. King, don't bother me."

THE BEST PLAN.

"Oh, mother," said Cliff, "what am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face from the wide sea, on which were the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails. Cliff was standing before her with his bucket in one hand, and his new balloon in the other, looking very much puzzled.

"We've been building a fort, mother, and Joe wants to build it so near the water that in a few minutes, it will all be washed out to sea, and spoil it all for us."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore with vexation; "I've tried and tried and tried, and I can't make him do it."

"How did you try?" asked the mother. "Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came. "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, banging his head, "Then I knocked him over and made him cry."

Did he take the best plan? No, indeed, we are very sure he did not.

## DR. PENNYROYAL'S PRESCRIPTION.



1. "What this child really wants, madam, while teaching is a

## A LITTLE PESSIMIST.

BY ISABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN.

The sad little Princess sat by the sea,  
"Alas," she sighed, "and alackaday!"  
And she rested her book upon her knee,  
And her eyes gazed dreamily far away.

"All of my fairy tales end the same—  
They lived, and they loved, and then  
they died—  
The wicked enchanter's always to blame;  
Oh, for something quite new," she  
cried.

"I'm sick of my dolls with their china  
eyes,  
I'm sick of reading of giants and things,  
I'm tired of death of candies and pies,  
I hate my crown and golden rings."

And then her nurse felt of the Royal  
head,  
Looked at her tongue in a knowing  
way,

"Your Highness had better come home to  
bed,  
You've eaten too many plum tarts  
to-day."

## A JUNIOR MISSIONARY RALLY.

Did you ever go to one? The one held  
last month in our church was my first, but  
I sincerely hope will not be the last.

The morning was far from pleasant, but  
what mattered it to the two hundred and  
twenty-five bright-eyed, enthusiastic chil-  
dren, who from "all the country round  
about" sallied forth as "delegates" to  
their first convention. In the address of  
welcome, the boy president of a boys'  
brigade said: "Boys and girls are generally  
left out in Conferences, but to-day we have  
one all our own. We feel honoured in the  
responsibility resting upon us. We want  
this to be the happiest day of our lives.  
We want you to make yourselves at home,  
and speak as friends. We hope that you  
will meet God here, and know him better,

that at the end of the day you will say:  
'It has been good for us to be here,  
for we have met and talked with  
Jesus.'"

The response was given by another  
boy president, who said: "If our great-  
grandfather could walk in upon us this  
morning, when chestnut trees are full  
of nuts, he would come to the conclusion  
that either the children of this generation  
were different from the boys and girls  
of his time, or else there was something  
very important on. The children are  
the same, but he would be right in the  
second conclusion. We have met in the  
spirit of the children's crusades of the  
thirteenth century to battle against the  
evil that is in the world. As Christ's  
faithful soldiers it is necessary that we  
should be drilled. We have come  
here to-day to get new inspirations,  
new ideas."

A Chinese missionary in the full cos-  
tume of a Chinese mandarin told many  
interesting things about China. Songs  
were sung by a mission band of thirty  
little girls. One-minute reports, giving  
number of members, number of meetings



2. "Leggo, you young cannibal, leggo!"  
"Let go, baby dear; if baby should swallow it,  
it would make baby sick."

held, and amount of contributions, were  
read by the secretary of each society, and  
the morning session closed with a  
Question Conference, in which half a  
dozen questions were answered by all  
the societies in turn.

Then did we go home? Not a bit of  
it. We stayed for a delicious lunch, for  
a short hour of conference on the part of  
the leaders, and an hour's play on the  
pleasant lawn of the church for the  
"delegates," and then gathered together  
in the church for another short session of  
an hour.

The Children's Circle had an impres-  
sive mite-box opening. A large gospel  
ship, all rigged for a journey to heathen  
lands, was seen in front of the pulpit.  
One by one the little tots brought  
their mite-barrels and put them on the  
deck of the vessel; then the doll mis-  
sionary and his wife took their positions  
at the stem and stern, while verse after

verse intended to cheer them on their way  
were recited by the sweet childish voices.  
Fifteen dollars were found in the barrels.

This was followed by an interesting  
address on "Home Missions," and we  
went home in much the same state of  
mind as the people of a church of whom  
the speaker told the following story: "A  
man and his wife were late to church one  
Sunday. Finding the people all coming  
away, they asked: "Is the sermon all  
done?" "No," was the reply; "we are  
just going home to do it."

This rally was an experiment. We have  
proved it a success. Who else will try it."

## A DEAD LOSS.

"Come, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peter-  
son, "before you go into the land of  
dreams you will kneel 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 have been naughty dear, that is  
the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants  
little girls to come to him when they are  
naughty."

"You are not naughty now, 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 him how very sorry you  
are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are  
sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then  
we are as happy as if we had not done  
wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then mamma 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  
your loss may help you to be more care-  
ful in the future, and we will ask him  
to keep you from sinning against him  
again."



3. "What that child really needs, madam, is a  
muzzle!"  
—Scribner's Magazine.