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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1891.

No. 16.

THE SIEGE.

CATS and dogs do not, as a rule, make very good friends. Perhaps, doggie is usually to blame for this. He never seems able to come near a cat without behaving rudely, and barking at her until she flies in terror to some place of shelter. With her sharp claws, kitty can easily climb a tree and so get out of her enemy's way. Three kittens were playing happily together in a garden when a black and white dog, named Spot, came along and frightened them away. Up a tree they scrambled and then down into a nice, comfortable hammock they climbed. Here they are safe out of Spot's reach. He thinks he will just sit still under that hammock until the kittens are lite so hungry they will have to come down. But Spot forgets that he soon grows tired and hungry himself, and in a few minutes he will run away to his master. Then the kittens will go on with their game



THE SIEGE.

of "Cat's leap frog. Some little boys I am afraid are something like naughty Spot and think it fun to spoil some other boys' or girls' game. But we think none of our boys would act like that. They have been taught the Golden Rule. Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them."

TALENTS fostered under difficulties develop brightest, graces grow stalwart beneath storms of opposition. If you are a precocious child and your every bright idea is anticipated and praised, you will soon become conceited and hopelessly effeminate, but the boy or girl of robust or native talent, whose early aspirations are rudely crushed by some unkindly hand, grieving for a while, soon recovers patience.

INDIAN babies are tied to boards and will lie down or stand up for hour without any attention and never make a bit of noise.

MY FRIEND

I HAVE a friend whose eye
Ne'er leaves me, day nor night.
My ways and wants forever lie
Within his loving sight.

His love I'm prone to task
With many a wild request.
He answers better than I ask,
And gives me what is best

My faithful Friend is strong;
Could earth and air and sea
Make league with hell to do me wrong,
His word should shelter me.

Upon his wide command
Flout the vast worlds like dust.
Secure I dwell beneath his hand,
And love, obey and trust.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1894.

THE ORPHAN FLOWER SELLERS.

MARIAN LEVERE was left an orphan in her twelfth year, with no brother or near relative to take care of her, and an only sister, five years old, dependent on her for support and protection. Her father died before her mother several years, and left only a small cottage and flower-garden, from which the widow was able, by diligence and strict economy, to procure a meagre support for herself and children. At her death the little property was placed in the hands of an honest but inefficient friend, who did nothing to improve it, and managed, in a blundering way, to render it almost useless. Marian, however, with a sagacity beyond her years, improved the flower garden and made it support herself and little sister comfortably. Her bright face and cheerful manner made her a favourite with all who knew her, and seldom failed to bring her customers.

Occasionally the supply of provisions ran low, and she felt anxious for to-mor-

row; but he—ho feeds the young ravens, and takes care of the sparrows, never suffered her and her little sister to suffer. The two children used to go and stand at the corner by the old church, with a basket of flowers for sale. The flowers were always fresh, and of the richest and rarest quality. Occasionally the two passed along the streets with their flowers so arranged as to attract attention; but usually they remained at their "stand" on the corner. One day, as Marian was offering a bouquet of flowers for sale, a stranger stopped and gazed earnestly at her for a moment, and then said:

"May I ask your name, my young friend?"

Marian responded: "Levere is our family name."

"Levere!" exclaimed the stranger. "What was your father's Christian name?"

"Pere."

"Is it possible? When did he come to this city?"

"In the spring of 1861, the year my little sister was born."

After a few moments' conversation, the stranger made himself known as the youngest brother of Pere Levere. He had returned from a residence of ten years in California, with an ample fortune, and was seeking his brother's family, and thus accidentally came upon the only survivors.

"The Orphan Flower Sellers" were taken care of by this kind friend, after a few years married well, and are living with their husbands, the bachelor uncle who took charge of them spending his time with them. He was attracted to Marian Levere by her striking likeness to his mother. They often tell the story of the "Flower Girls," and always refer their good fortune to the providence of God, in answer to a mother's prayers. They are both earnest, active, Christian women.

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

CAUGHT FAST.

A SHIP was once sailing toward a low, flat coast. Two miles out it cast anchor, because the water was not deep enough for it to go farther. The captain wanted to go ashore, and started in a small boat and went to the shore. As he was walking fast along the shore, he came to a heavy chain, and, not noticing that it was there, stuck his foot into one of the links. He tried to draw out his foot, but found it was fast. The men on the ship saw him struggling, and came to help him; but they could do nothing. To his horror he saw that the tide was rising. "Send for the doctor!" he shouted. The doctor came, but said a surgeon must be sent for to cut off the foot. But some time was necessary before the surgeon could arrive, and the water was rising. When he came he said he could not take off the man's foot so far under water. "Is there no one to save me?" cried the poor captain. But

there was no one. Higher and higher crept the waves, until at last they swept over his head. Now this is just like the power of evil habit. When once its grasp is fixed, it is almost impossible to get out of it. It holds its victim tightly down till the waves of sin and ruin and endless death sweep over him.

Boys and girls do not trust yourselves in the power of an evil habit. And now set your feet in the ways of truth and righteousness, and your faces as a flint against all evil.

BEGGING.

DEAR little mistress, please be quick,
We want some sugar badly;
You see we've learnt the "begging trick."
And though we do it gladly,
We must confess without disguise,
'Tis nicest begging for a prize.

One lump, one little lump for each,
Bow-wow, bow-wow, Miss Mary!
Suppose you learn, and we will teach,
Now don't be "quite contrary";
Give us the sugar-basin, pray,
And let's begin this very day!

THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

"COME, on with your clothes, young man. A boy who has a birthday and has grown to be eight years old, should know how to dress quickly," said Mr. Gordon to his little Harry, one morning.

"Besides," he continued, "there is a birthday present waiting very impatiently to be given to a little boy named Harry Gordon."

"Can't I bring it to my room, papa?" asked Harry.

"I shouldn't try if I were you," answered papa, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Whatever can it be?" asked Harry. "Come on papa."

"What! without your morning prayer, and without thanking your Heavenly Father for all he has given you for eight long years? You wouldn't treat me so, I'm sure," said Mr. Gordon.

"I forgot," said Harry, blushing and hanging his head. Papa and Harry both knelt down and thanked God for his goodness and unfailing care.

"Now we are ready," said papa; and out he led Harry to the stable, where stood a goat harnessed to a dear little cart.

"For me? Oh, how good you are, you darling papa. I'll get sister Edith and take her for a drive right away. Won't we have a happy birthday?"

LITTLE Theo loved Auntie Bell very dearly, and she had been gone away a long time. The day before she came home, he said: "Mamma, I am going to be a good boy all day, so that you can tell Auntie Bell how good I have been." May be Theo didn't know that there is a dear Friend in heaven who wants him to be a good boy more than an Auntie Bell does.

PERMISSION TO GO HOME.

BESS went to church one sultry day
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then the moments into hours grew;
Oh dear! oh dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew.

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted towards the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused, and bent his stately head:
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 26.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12.

TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—Heb. 4. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tempter, v. 1-4.
2. The Temptation, v. 5-9.
3. The Triumph, v. 10, 11.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the temptation. Matt. 4. 1-11.

Tues. Read about the first temptation. Gen. 3. 1-6.

Wed. Learn what the tempter is like. 1 Peter 5. 8.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find who can help us when tempted. Heb. 2. 17, 18.

Sat. Think, why should we learn Bible verses?

Sun. Learn what we may all do. Heb. 4. 16.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus go after the baptism? Who led him there? What for? How long did he stay? Who came then to tempt him? What did Satan want to do? How many times did he tempt Jesus? What was the first temptation? What did Jesus tell Satan? (Verse 4.) What did he try to get Jesus to do next? How did Jesus answer? (Verse 7.) What was the third temptation? What Bible verse did Jesus use in reply? (Verse 10.) Who

came to Jesus when Satan went away? What will you say when you are tempted?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That the word of God can help me. Heb. 4. 24.

That I need Bible verses to help me in time of need. Psalm 119. 11.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did they keep this command? No: they did eat of the tree.

What evil did they bring upon themselves thereby? They lost the favour of God, were condemned to pain and death, and were driven out of the garden.

A.D. 27.] LESSON VIII [Aug. 19.

FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

John 1. 35-49. Memory verses, 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.—John 1. 41.

OUTLINE.

1. Looking upon Jesus, v. 35, 36.
2. Following Jesus, v. 37-40.
3. Leading to Jesus, v. 41-49.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read what John the Baptist said. John 1. 29-34.

Tues. Read lesson verses from your Bible. John 1. 35-49.

Wed. Learn the glad cry of the first disciples. Golden Text.

Thur. Find another call of two brothers. Matt. 4. 21.

Fri. Learn the right way to obey. Matt. 4. 20.

Sat. Learn the good of following Jesus. Hosea 6. 3.

Sun. Try to make a certain scribe's words your own. Matt. 8. 19.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus go after the temptation? What is a disciple? One who learns. Who stood with John the Baptist one day? Whom did they see? What did John say? Who were the disciples? What did they do?

What did they ask Jesus? What did he reply? How long did they stay with him? Whom did Andrew bring to Jesus? What name did Jesus give Simon?

Whom did Jesus call the next day? Whom did Philip find? How many disciples were there now? Four.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I may show some one the way to Jesus. Verse 41

That Jesus knows all about me. Verse 47.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did their sin hurt any besides themselves? Yes; their sin hurt all mankind.

How did it hurt them? By causing them to be born in sin, so that they also suffer pain and death.

BERTIE AND HIS PLAYMATES

THIS is the real name of a little boy whose home is away off in Africa. He may never see this, for he is on his way home, in a great ship, with nothing but water all around him.

Missionaries get tired and sick, and have to come home to America to rest. Bertie has crossed the Atlantic ocean four times. He is a brave little sailor, and thinks it rather disgusting when people get seasick.

Do you think you would like Africa better than America? Bertie does, although everything here seems new and nice. The shops are beautiful, and the electric cars are wonderful, yet he is homesick for Africa and his ten little playmates.

Can you guess what they are? Bertie has no little brothers and sisters and no little children to play with, so he plays with monkeys. They are so cunning and sharp, and chatter just as if they were scolding; but they never say anything naughty. Bertie claps his hands, and they all run up the trees and hang down by their tails. When he claps his hands again they jump down and get in a line and play tag. Is it strange that Bertie wants to get back to such funny friends?

When Bertie went to Washington and shook hands with the President, he thought he would like to be President himself when he grew up.

But then, mamma, you see I couldn't be a missionary like papa, and I think it would be very much better to be a missionary, and that is what I will be."

SAY "THANK YOU."

I do hope that all of our little ones say "Thank you" to mamma and papa, sister and brother, and to everyone who does a kind thing for them or gives them something good or pretty. But do you all remember to say "Thank you" to the dear Father in heaven for all the beautiful things he gives you every day?

Help yourself, help yourself, little one, do; Don't wait for others to wait upon you; Look at the birds, how they build their own nest.

Watch the brown bees, always toiling their best,

Put your own hand to the plough, if you'd thrive,

Don't waste your moments in wishing, but strive.

ONE of our missionaries says that she never saw two Indian children quarrel over anything. She used to carry lump sugar around in her pocket to give to the Indian boys and girls. If there was not enough to go around they would crack the lumps and divide with the others.

YOUTH has a silent, directing force upon every step of advancing life.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

WHAT AND WHERE ?

MISCHIEVOUS Tommy,
He hears every day,
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't."
And "Tommy, you must"
And "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust."
And "Do not go swimming,
Or you will get wet."
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset."
And "Do not be wrestling,
You'll fracture your bones."
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones."
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird."
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard."

Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, "Deary me!
What can a boy do,
And where can a boy be?"

—St. Nicholas.

THIRTEEN HAPPY TOTS.

LITTLE Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pigeons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks who would always be saying 'Hush' if a little girl ever should find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the town drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-haired boy.

"There's one child here," she said.

"One?" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing. "There are twelve children

here. We have called them our dozen. Now that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up 'cept your face in the warm

sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

BLOW IT OPEN.

BABY had fallen down and stubbed her little toes and bumped her little nose, and she felt very much abused, so she did. And she cried. Auntie May couldn't make her stop crying either, which was very dreadful.

Suddenly Auntie May had a bright thought. Sometimes aunties do, though mammamas have nearly all of them.

"Oh baby, see auntie's watch, and hear it go tick-a-tick!"

But baby had seen watches before, and she wanted her own mamma to pet the little toes and kiss the little nose, and make both well.

"Don't want to hear tick-a-tick!" she screamed. "Want mamma."

"I wonder if mamma's or papa's watch blows open! Mine does. Just you blow it and see."

Baby stopped crying to look at that new sort of watch.

"Come, blow!" coaxed Auntie May.

Baby gave a little blow with her rosebud lips. Ho! Up flew the lid, and baby jumped, then laughed, showing the dear little white teeth.

"Blow again," said auntie, after shutting the lid down, and this time she blew very hard.

Up flew the lid again. And somehow

baby forgot all about the stubbed toes and bumped nose, and wanting mamma, all because of the wonderful watch that little girl could blow open.

When mamma had finished her nap, baby wanted her to see Auntie May's watch, so she blew it open again for mamma.

THE DEAD SEA GULL.

ALICE and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning and sailing.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the seashore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day, they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull on the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could anyone have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies use the breast of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

It is hard for the shepherd to fatten the sheep that prefer to live on husks.

THE Christian's is a life campaign. Blessed is he or she who has entered upon it while young.

THE little Indian girl plays with her doll from morning till night, but her brother likes best of all his bow and arrow. He learns to shoot at a target when he is very young. When he is only four years old his father puts him on a horse in a wicker basket something like a cage, to keep him from falling off. After a while the cage is taken away and the little Indian boy is quite a horseman.