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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 22, 1897.

No. 11.

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

It is a familiar story that when, early in her reign, a foreign prince inquired the secret of England's greatness, the young Queen handed him a copy of the Word of God as the answer to his question. Truer words were never spoken. Not her forts and fleets and armaments, not her conquering army or proud navy,—not these, but the principles of righteousness and justice, as taught in the Word of God, on which the throne is based. These are the secrets of England's greatness.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

Queen Victoria has always shown a tender sympathy for the sufferings and the sorrows of her people. Whenever a great shipwreck, or mining disaster, or a similar catastrophe has occurred, the Queen has been foremost with her words of sympathy, and donations from her private purse. She has also frequently visited the hospitals of her veteran soldiers and sailors, of sick children, and of her suffering subjects.

The accompanying picture presents such a scene, and shows the delight of the little patient at the kind words of the sovereign, who is also a tender-hearted woman.

Nor are these sympathies confined to her own nation. When bereavement invades a foreign court, her autograph letters convey the expression of her heartfelt condolence. Nothing touched the American people more than the words of sincere sorrow from our widowed Queen to the widows of the martyred Presidents of the United States, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield.

She has always been the friend of peace, and at the time of the "Trent affair," when



THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

war feeling ran high, and in the recent strained relations between Great Britain and America, the influence of the Queen did much to assuage bitterness of feeling and promote peace and good will.

The Queen specially loves the retirement of her Scottish home, where she visits the cottages of the poor and shows her practical sympathy by generous donations.



THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

AT HAME AMANG HER AIN FOLK.

Verses written on reading the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new parish church of Crathie by H. M. the Queen.

At hame amang her ain folk,
'Mong Crathie's mountains high,
Wi' faithfu' leal, an' fain folk
Wha joy when she is nigh,
Oh, never seem'd our Sovereign
So royal as she's now,
And never seem'd the diadem
So graceful on her brow.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Where oft in bygane days,
She joined the prayers holy,
The simple Psalms of praise;
Gratefully glad to mingle
With that small, faithful hand,

For dear to her the "Auld Kirk
O' our lov'd Cov'nant land.

At hame amang her ain folk,
An' hamely can she be
Wha's name is loved and cherished
O'er every land and sea,
And will through coming ages,
Unsullied and serene,
Be trac'd on history's pages

As monarch's ne'er
hath been.

At hame amang her
ain folk,
Then may a' good
attend,
May faithfu' leal and
kind folk,
Surround her till
the end;
Still shielded and still
sheltered
'Neath shadows of
his wings,
Who is the God of
nations,
Who is the King of
kings.

—R Sanderson.

Conscience is the
voice of the soul, the
passions are the voice
of the body.

THE SWEETEST LITTLE GIRL.

Said one little girl to another little girl
As proudly as could be,
"I'll tell you something very nice
That my papa told me:
He said I was the sweetest girl
That ever there could be!"

Said the other little girl to that one little girl,
"Why, now—how can you be?
For that is just the very same thing
That my papa told me!"
(And neither was as sweet as my little girl,
As any one could see!)

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 22, 1897.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

"How old must I be, mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old must you be, darling, before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know."

And she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting

to be older. All you have to do is to love, and trust, and try to please the One who says: 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered "yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be His.

A GENTLE BOY.

Vincent Ray lived in a beautiful home. The rooms had handsome chairs and tables, and potted plants made it seem like summer all the year round.

He had the kindest papa and mamma, You would think there wasn't a thing lacking, but there was. He was the only boy, and had no little sister.

That explains the doll. Arabella was such a comfort.

"I'd call her Mary," suggested Mrs. Ray, the day she was bought.

"O mamma! Mary is such an everyday kind of a name."

"I think it is the sweetest name in the world," said mamma; "but take any other you like."

Where in his short life he had picked up "Arabella," nobody knew, but that was his choice.

"I'm afraid he'll be just a girl-boy if he plays with dolls," said Aunt Emma.

"Well, I'm not a bit afraid of it. I mean to make Arabella an object-lesson. She shall teach him gentleness. A gentle boy makes a gentle man."

So doll Arabella became a real little sister to Vincent; as much as she could and not be alive. She shared all his joys and sorrows, his one regret being that she couldn't go to Sunday-school. She had the lessons, though. They studied together beforehand, and after he repeated what the teacher said, as near as he could remember.

"Now, Arabella, listen. We're to do as we'd like to be dood to. That means I must love you, an' not hit you, 'cause I'd hate to have you hit me." (What a make-believe!)

It was good, though, to get such thought fixed, and if Vincent ever has a live little sister, she will be the happier because he played first with Arabella, who couldn't strike back.

GOING TO GRANDMAMMA'S.

"Some one of the children must go to grandmamma's," said Mr. Charles. "It will not do to leave her alone."

The children looked at each other, but no one spoke. It was so pleasant at home, where there were so many of them—Henry and Amy and Frank and the twins and the baby—and at grandmamma's there would be only herself and her maid-of-all-work.

"I think Amy is the right one to go," said mamma.

Amy did not look up; and no wonder, for there were tears in her eyes. She was homesick just at the thought of going.

The next day her trunk was packed

and her father took her to the train which would leave her at the place where grandmamma lived.

Amy felt a great lump in her throat, and when the train started she could hardly keep from crying.

How glad she was to see Miss Smith, her Sunday-school teacher, who sat down by her side, and Amy told her all about it.

"How happy you should be, dear Amy," said she, "that you can give your grandmamma some of the brightness that is in your young life. You will be the joy of her house."

Amy determined to try, and she succeeded so well, that when, after many weeks, she went home again, her grandmamma said,

"I don't know what I should have done this summer without Amy. She has been a sunbeam in the house."

"LITTLE FOXES."

One little fox is called "By-and-bye." If you track him you will come to his hole—never. Procrastination is the thief of time.

Another fox is called "I can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third fox is "No use trying." He has spoiled more vines and hindered the growth of more good fruit than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I forgot." He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

A fifth little fox is "Don't care." No one can describe the mischief he has done.

A sixth little fox is "No matter." Beware of him, for he is most dangerous.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines." Remember, it is of the utmost consequence whether your life is spoiled by small faults which by God's grace you can avoid.

INDIAN CHILDREN.

Some little Indian girls have shown their gratitude to the friends who are working for their education and happiness by dedicating a beautiful tree to one of them. They marched by twos around the tree and then forming a circle they sang "America." After this six little girls threw each a cup of water on the tree and gave three cheers for the lady to whom it was dedicated.

The Indian girls and boys want to go to school. But they need help to pay for their schools, for their fathers and mothers have been robbed of their means of livelihood and cannot help their children.

Perhaps you would like to help these children. Your mother or your Sunday-school teacher can tell you how. Some little girls met once a week and sewed for the Indian children, making clothes and other useful things which were sent to them in a box at Christmas. Others earned money by running errands, and bought something for the box. Perhaps you can think of some other way. Try it.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now,
And mamma's happy, too,
'Cause papa doesn't drink no more
The way he used to do;
And everything's so jolly now,
'Taint like it used to be,
When papa never stayed at home
With poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad
To see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile I'd spy the tears
A-hiding in her eye,
But now she laughs just like we girls—
It sounds so 'cute, I think—
And sings such pretty little songs,
Since papa doesn't drink.

You see my pretty Sunday dress,
It's every bit all new;
It ain't made out of mamma's dress,
The way she used to do.
And mamma's got a pretty cloak,
All trimmed with funny fur,
And papa's got some nice new clothes
And goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas time
Will very soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus
Will find our house this year.
I hope he'll bring some candy, and
A dolly that can wink.
He'll know where our house is, I'm sure,
Since papa doesn't drink.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX. [May 30.]

CHRISTIAN FAITH LEADS TO GOOD WORKS.

James 2. 14-23. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will show thee my faith by my works.
—James 2. 18.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who wrote a letter to the Jewish Christians?
Where were they?
Where did James live?
Who was he?
What did some people think? That faith alone would save them.
What did others think? That works alone would save them.
Which were right? Neither.
What kind of faith did Abraham have?
What had God promised him?
What did he tell him to do with Isaac?
Why did Abraham get ready to slay his son? Because he trusted God.
How did God honour his faith?
When are our bodies dead?
What is faith like? The living spirit.
What must we have to please God?

DO NOT FORGET—

That faith cannot stand alone.
That good works must hold faith up.
That God will give us real faith if we ask.

LESSON X. [June 6.]

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

James 3. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—Psalm 34. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What did James write about in his letter.
How is a great ship turned about?
How is the helm of a ship like the tongue?
What else is the tongue like?
How is it like a fire?
Is the tongue always used to speak right words?
How is it sometimes used?
Who moves the tongue when it speaks wrong words?
What does he hope to do?
How can we make our tongues speak right words?
Who will move them if we give them to Jesus?

REMEMBER—

That our bodies belong to God.
That he knows every word we speak?
That he can make a naughty tongue right if it is given to him.

NOT QUITE A QUARREL.

The grown folks didn't care for music, so they left the little folks to themselves. Robbie Candler visited Hazel Adams every day when Hazel didn't visit him. They were neighbours and great friends. Robbie was a real gentleman, though he forgot to remove his cap that morning. It was because of the flute.

"Where did you get it?" said Hazel, with wonder in her brown eyes.

"Uncle Rod comed last night, and gived it to me, and teached me how to play. I can mos' play a tune. See?"

Robbie set his feet on the chair, puffed out his cheeks, and blew hard. Sure enough. Hazel hadn't words for her delight. It was just then that the stupid older people ran away.

"Could I do it? May I try it?" Hazel asked timidly.

"Y-e-s. Your fingers won't go right first time."

It seemed a doubtful thing to give his dear flute into other hands. But Robbie did it like a little man. Then, O! some way it had dropped, and some way Hazel had stepped upon it; and it lay a poor flattened flute, with the music crushed out of it.

"O dear!" screamed Robbie, "you've broken my flute—you—you!"

The two mammas, who were also great

friends, rushed to the door, but halted. They saw this picture! Hazel crying, cowering before Robbie, whose eyes flashed, whose fist was clenched to strike.

"Stop!" the mammas whispered. For as they looked they saw Robbie controlling himself by an effort which shook his small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there, it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it."

"No, I didn't, Robbie, and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you s'pose 'twould cost more than that?"

The two mammas slipped back unseemingly, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice, and generosity.

HOW HE USED THE PIECES.

Many years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art; works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away.

He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?" he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands, a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master!" faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

WHAT AN ANGEL IS LIKE.

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
 Asked the boy in a wondering tone.
 "How will they look if they come here,
 Watching me while I'm all alone?"
 Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
 Answered the mother tenderly.
 "Prettiest faces ever were known,
 Kindest voices and sweetest eyes,"
 Robin, waiting for nothing more,
 Cried, with a look of pleased surprise,
 Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
 "I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I guess this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing, but you are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?

HOW HE PROVED WHO HE WAS.

A father wished to send his twelve-year-old boy to a distant city for some valuable papers. The man who had the papers had never seen the boy, but the father planned to send a letter by him to prove that he was his son. The boy forgot the letter, and when he reached his journey's end the lawyer would not believe that he was the man's son.

The boy said: "I have my father's picture in my pocket."

"That is of no account," said the man, "any one could bring that."

Then the boy remembered that his father often amused his friends by tying certain kinds of knots that none of them could untie. So he asked: "Have you one of my father's famous knots?"

"O yes," said the lawyer, handing him one. "Untie that, and we will believe you."

The boy quickly took the hard knot apart, and so proved who he was.

This is a little like the way that Jesus proved that he was truly the Son of God. He did what only God can do. When the people saw the helpless man go away well and strong, they knew, and so do we know, that Jesus, who had made him so, must be



QUEEN VICTORIA.

God. We know, too, that it is safe to trust Jesus, and to believe that he can forgive our sins, as he forgave that sick man's sins. But we must do as the sick man and his friends did: believe in Jesus, and go to him.

THE WRONG WAY.

The Rev. Mr. French, a missionary in India, tells the following incident which he saw in a heathen temple:

A little boy about ten years of age, accompanied by two smaller girls, came to pay their devotions.

The little boy first washed the idol with water, and then put a little red paint on its forehead, shoulders, and breast. This being done he took from the little girls some small flowers, which he laid in various places on the idol; and to crown all, he placed a string of flowers over its head.

Having finished this part of the ceremony, the three pitiable little creatures commenced bowing to the senseless idol,

which they had thus early been taught to regard as their god.

Heathen parents take their children when very young to the idol temple and teach them to wash and paint the idol, and to bow and kneel and perform other ceremonies which are required in the worship of the god. Why do they train their children in these things? Because they believe that by doing such things they will be saved. They have not learned that to be saved one has only to believe in Jesus as his Saviour, and obey him, and that we cannot be saved in any other way.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY ELLA JOHNSON KERR.

I went in the school-room, one morning;
 My two little girls were there,
 And over their atlas bending,
 Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,
 And said, with an anxious look:
 "Mamma, perhaps you can help us.
 It says here in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana
 From the French. Now that seems queer
 For Nellie and I don't understand
 How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over
 Must have taken so many trips.
 Nell says they put it in baskets;
 But I think it must have been ships."

FORGIVENESS.

One day a minister found a young man who was leading a sinful life, and was feeling very unhappy. He had left his home some months before, and every day was getting deeper into sin. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if only I were at home once more. But my father will not receive me; he cannot love me now; he will never forgive me; I have lost his love forever."

The minister said kindly, "Have you ever tried him?" "No, I dare not." "Does your father know where you are now?" "No; I have not written to him since I left home." "Then I will write for you." "It is of no use, sir," said the young man. "Well, we can try," replied the minister.

The letter was soon written, and prayed over. By return mail came an answer, and this is what it said, "Indeed, I am ready to forgive my wandering son. My heart has ached to know where I could find him, and I have earnestly prayed that he might be willing to return. Let him come back at once. I will forgive him all freely, and love him still."

So we see that the father was always ready to forgive his boy, even when the boy was not willing to seek forgiveness. So God is always ready to forgive us.

When we say truly, "I have sinned, and want to be forgiven," we are sure to find him ready to receive, to welcome, and to pardon us.