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THE SUNBEAM

ROBERT SMITH, C.

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

No. 8.

WONDERFUL RATS.

Not the sagacity of the and in the pursuit of is marvellous. In it, he is so cunning, works with almost an ingenuity, that accounts of his will, which are per- correct, are some- looked upon as and fables. It is "I am that rats will eggs from the or, on to the top of a hard lifting them from to stair, the first the pushing them up on bread, and the second of them with its n' eggs. They will flies a cork from a y pic of Florence oil, dip t a hair tails, and repeat nœuvre until they ful b drawn off every and Not long ago a rat nge, seen to mount a dy, on which a drum of Mar was placed, and I way to tip it When scattering its con- N on the floor be- we where a score of three spectant brethren waiting the result ne, as daring and inge- ten. If very lay

CHARLIE'S BOOK.

"MOTHER," said little and the "Will Harding d to her mother writes and she?" said and then she went on sewing, and Charlie, who was trying to stand a head. "Mother," said Charlie, presently, "is it to write a book?" "You don't know, I'm sure," said mother. "You are going to write a book," said this



WONDERFUL RATS.

"Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What's the name of my book?" he asked, coming close to her.

"Its name is Charlie's Life; you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page, but when you help mother and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Teddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life-books shall be opened and read."

Charlie sat very quiet and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white basket and laid the white roses over her."

Yes, said his mother, "her life-book was just a little hymn of praise to God, its pages were clean and white, no stains on them."

Charlie looked up and saw two tears fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a smile came with them.

small man in petticoats. Just then the door bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her footstool busily writing in a handsome book, but as he wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do the book any harm.

NAUGHTY DOG.

I WISH that I had tried to be
A better dog to-day,
And not torn up that horrid doll
While mistress was away,
But the doll lay upon the rug—
It was a tempting prey.

I bit its face, I tore its hair;
I hated it, you see,
Because my mistress nurses it
More than she nurses me,
And now I'm in the corner here,
As I deserve to be.

Yet, though I do deserve it well,
I'd not sit quiet so
But for the whip whose cruel use
Full well I've learned to know.
It lies here now, and while it's here,
I simply dare not go.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1894.

A PROMISE.

A LITTLE girl went with her mother to a large town. It began to rain, and the mother said, "Lucy, I am afraid to take you any further on account of the rain. I must leave you in this store while I attend to some business. I will come for you as soon as I get through." Then her mother went away. Lucy began talking to another little girl, and told her that she was waiting for her mother.

"Are you not afraid your mother may forget you?" said the girl.

"No; I am not afraid. I am sure she will not do that," said Lucy.

"But how can you be sure? She may, you know."

"She promised," was Lucy's answer, "and I never knew my mother to break her promise."

It was growing dark; the lamps were lighted, and still her mother did not come.

A lady whom she knew came in and of-

ferred to take her home in her carriage, but Lucy said, "No, thank you, ma'am; mother said she would call for me, and I know she will keep her promise."

At length her mother came. This is the same kind of trust God wants us to have in his promises.

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

MRS. FOSTER was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say "Come in," the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "Oh!" as a fair, curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew!—Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day!"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin plate, "won't you, please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple-cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster. "Yes, ma'am—the birds, you know. So many of em' come now, since the snow, that I don't have enough to give them, so I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner," and the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin plate travelled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds—more than he knew of, as is the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster: "he gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now, here's Mrs. Irwin; she has enough cast-offs to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone, "why, to be sure, if you think that red dress Mary has just laid aside would do any good;" and before the visit was over, Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home—enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this; but the heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy.

FEED THE BIRDS.

DON'T forget the birds after the snow-storm, children. The brave, light-hearted, twittering little creatures are at our mercy then, for their food is all covered up. Scatter crumbs on your window sills, balconies, and doorsteps. You may be sure the birds are glad to find crumbs and seeds

scattered for them over the strange, beautiful white earth, that suddenly seems to have no insects, nor dry twigs and nor any specks of food. They like to find a little box with warm wool in it with soil and pebbles, in which they pick and scratch. I know of some children who always scatter crumbs to the birds before they go to bed, and say "the little bills" are sure to find all before breakfast time the next day.

"Amid the freezing sleet and snow
(The timid birdling comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs."

A FALSE ALARM.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

SHY little pansies
Tucked away to sleep,
Wrapped in brown blankets
Piled snug and deep,
Heard in a day-dream
A bird singing clear,
"Wake, little sweethearts,
The springtime is here!"

Glad little pansies
Stirring from their sleep,
Shook their brown blankets
Off for a peep,
Put on their velvet hoods,
Purple and gold,
And stood all a-tremble
Abroad in the cold.

Snowflakes were flying,
Skies were grim and gray,
Bluebird and robin
Had scurried away;
Only the cruel wind
Laughed as it said,
"Poor little April fools,
Hurry back to bed!"

Soft chins a-quiver,
Dark eyes full of tears,
Brave little pansies,
Spite of their fears,
Said, "Let us wait for
The sunshiny weather;
Take hold of hands, dears,
And cuddle up together."

FOR EVER.

A LITTLE girl whom we know, c her night clothes very early to her one morning, saying:

"Which is worst, mamma, to be or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, that both were so bad she could which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, thinking a good deal about it, and concluded it's worse to lie than to you steal a thing you can take less you've eaten it; and if you've you can pay for it. But"—and a look of awe in the little face—"for ever."

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PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK.

God bless and keep our children
From every evil snare,
And guide their little footsteps
Up virtue's golden stair.

God bless and lead our children,
Through all their days of youth,
In wisdom's ways of pleasantness,
Of honour, love and truth.

God bless and save our children
From sorrow, vice and crime,
And in their young and tender years
Their souls to right incline.

God bless and guide our children
To usefulness and trust,
And when this life is ended
To crowns that never rust.

God bless and take our children,
Should any of them die,
To swell the song of gladness—
The chorus of the sky.

Oh, hear our prayer, dear Father,
Bring us when life is o'er
And all our loved together
To live forevermore.

With all the saints in glory
Beneath thine own roof-tree,
To celebrate forever
God's love and sovereignty.

DO YOU KNOW—

To whom was Joseph sold? How did he serve his master? Faithfully. Why was he put into prison? How did he bear this trouble?

Why did King Pharaoh bring Joseph out of prison? What did God help Joseph to do?

What did the king see? That Joseph was wise and good. What did he give him? Over what did he make him ruler? What was the name of Joseph's wife? What new name was given to Joseph? (Gen. 41. 45.) How old was Joseph now? What work did he begin to do?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God honours those who trust him. Psalm 37. 34.

That God will bless me if I keep his way. Psalm 37. 5.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What do you mean by being saved? Through what Jesus Christ has done for us, we may obtain forgiveness of sin, and holiness, and heaven.

But will he save all mankind? We can be saved only by repenting and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

B.C. 1706.] LESSON V. [April 29.

JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 45. 1-15. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. —Luke 17. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. A Forgiving Brother, v. 1-8
2. A Loving Son, v. 9-15.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Find how Joseph made himself known. Gen. 45. 1-15.

Tues. See how Jesus made himself known. John 20. 19-29.

Wed. Find how Joseph treated his brothers. Gen. 44. 19-34.

Thur. Find who really sent Joseph to Egypt. Gen. 45. 8.

Fri. See how sin will follow us. Gen. 42. 21, 22.

Sat. Tell someone the story of Joseph.

Sun. Learn how to treat those who harm us. Golden Text.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was the famine? What was stored up in Egypt? What wise man thought to do this? Joseph.

Where were Joseph's people still living? What did they think about Joseph? Why did Jacob send his sons to Egypt? Which one stayed at home? Why? (Gen. 42. 4.) Who met the brothers and knew them? What did he first want to find out? What did he learn before he told them who he was? Why were they troubled when they knew it was Joseph? How did he comfort them? What did he tell them to do? How did he show his love for them?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus calls us brethren. Matt. 12. 49
That Joseph "paid back" in the right way. Matt. 5. 44.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to repent? To repent is to be sorry for my sins, to confess and turn from them, and to seek forgiveness from God.

"HE DIDN'T LAUGH AT ME."

"MAMMA," said Edith the other day, "I don't like boys, I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?"

"Because they always tease little girls so, and make them cry; and then they laugh at them."

"Do all the little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shiver. I fell down at school the other day, and hurt my head; and they just laughed at me—all but Robbie, and he came and helped me up, and said he was very sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice of Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma, Robbie Shiver is the only boy that I really like, because he never laughs at me."

That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentle man, or gentleman. Little boys who are rude to their sisters or to other little girls, and who love to tease them and laugh at them, ought to think of this; and if they want to be gentlemen when they grow up, they ought to begin now by being gentle boys. —The Picture World.

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

A FEW months ago, during one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window," which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone, she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more, for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home, lost when he had almost reached the haven of safety and rest. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home! in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have an open Bible, overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward, and yet they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.—Forward.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1715.] LESSON IV. [April 22.

JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT.

Gen. 41. 38-48. Memory verses, 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honour me I will honour.— Sam. 2. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. King Pharaoh, v. 38-44.
2. Prince Joseph, v. 45-48.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about Joseph, a servant. Gen. 39. 1-6.

Tues. Find how Joseph worked in prison. Gen. 39. 20-23.

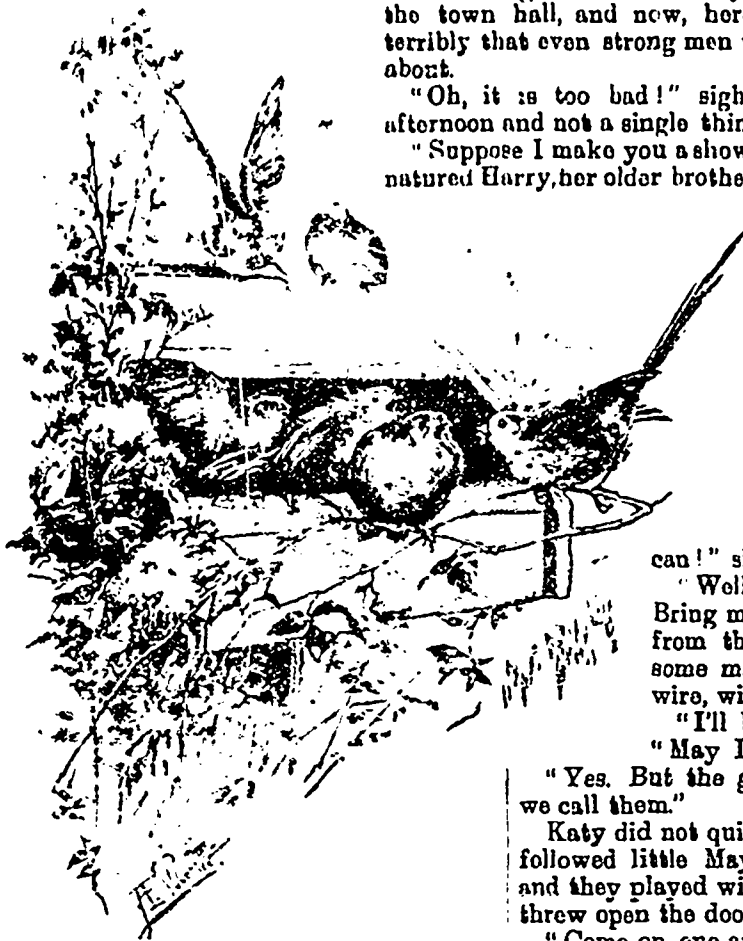
Wed. Learn how Joseph helped the king. Gen. 41. 25-36.

Thur. Find how the king helped Joseph. Gen. 41. 38-48.

Fri. Learn whom God will honour. Golden Text.

Sat. Learn what Joseph proved true. Gen. 39. 13.

Sun. Think, would you like to be like Joseph.



TWITTER AND TWEET.

TWITTER and Tweet were neighbours, you see;

Twitter was a bird and so was Tweet,
And each had a home in the old pear tree.
'Twas pleasant to hear them all the day long
Whistling and chirping their beautiful song;
Teaching their nestlings the same glad note
That came as a joy from each tiny brown
throat.

Not selfish nor cross was either wee bird;
But if one found a crumb, the other one
heard

A merry "Chee, chee," which meant "Come
and see

The feast that is spread for you and for
ma."

'Tis better by far, I am sure you will say,
To be pleasant and merry, cheerful and gay;
Teaching wee brother a sweet baby song,
Making him fappy all the day long;
Finding sweet crumbs of joy here and there,
Calling our playmates to come for a share,
Doing some good for some one in some way,
By singing at work and laughing in play,
Than to be selfish and cross, without even
a word

Half so kind as the call of the tiny brown
bird.

HARRY'S EXHIBITION.

OH, how disappointed the Clement children were when it began to snow so furiously: Mamma was going to take them to see the "Bohemian glass-blowers," who

were making all sorts of lovely things out of glass at the town hall, and now, here it was storming so terribly that even strong men were barely able to get about.

"Oh, it is too bad!" sighed Katy. "A whole afternoon and not a single thing to see!"

"Suppose I make you a show at home?" said good-natured Harry, her older brother, who was a student at the Academy.

"You can't make a show!" said Katy, sorrowfully.

"Can't I? Well, you just try me!"

"Yes, we'll try you, brother," put in little May, who was rocking her dolly in her own little chair.

"Oh, go on, if you can!" sighed Katy.

"Well, I can. Come on, Rob! Bring me a half-dozen potatoes from the kitchen, please, and some matches and a piece of wire, will you?"

"I'll bring 'em," cried Rob. "May I help you, Harry?"

"Yes. But the girls must go out until we call them."

Katy did not quite like to go, but she followed little May into mamma's room, and they played with the dolls until Rob threw open the door and cried out,

"Come on, one and all! See the great and only show of Clement Brothers! Admission, one pin. If you haven't got a pin, come, anyhow!"

Then the little girls ran laughing into the room, and there they soon forgot all about the wonderful glass-blowers in the "show" the boys had made, for on the table were two of the queerest little figures, a comical little man on horseback, and another man sawing with a great saw which never seemed to cut anything.

To be sure, the figures were only made of raw potatoes, with matches for legs and a bit of shaving for the horse's tail, but when Rob worked the wire, which was fastened to a handle of spools and potatoes under the table, the little sawyer sawed and the horse rocked up and down, and the little girls thought it was the funniest show they had ever seen.

"PLEASE, GOD, FORGIVE ME."

BERTIE and Susie, two little four-year-old girls, were playing on the grass together one day last summer, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward, and said, "Please, God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind,
And everything she says to me,
I must directly mind;
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me on her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother,
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother,
I've heard dear father say
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

I must not tease my mother,
She loves me all the day;
And she has patience with my faults
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see,
For should she go away or die,
What would become of me?

FOR TIRED LITTLE FOLKS

"AUNTIE, please tell me something new to do. I'm tired of Sunday. It's too late to go out, and it's too early for the lawn and the wrong time for everything."

"Well, let me see," said Auntie. "Can you tell me any one in the Bible whose name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said Auntie; "Benjamin. Now a C."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

"Let me tell D," said Joe, hearing of talk; "Daniel."

And so we went through all the letters of the alphabet, and before we thought it we were called for supper, the house was lighted, and we had a fine time. Try it, *Mayflower*.

HE MISPRONOUNCED IT.

THE *Home-Schooler's Weekly* tells how a boy was led astray by a misunderstood title.

He was about eight years old, and was looking over the book-shelves for something to read. A volume bound in red attracted him. It was Pope's "Essay on Man."

He read it for a few minutes, and then threw it down.

"It may be easy on man," he said, "it's hard on a boy."