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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

No. 15.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

THE twilight had fallen, the lamps were not lighted, and the firelight cast soft, flickering shadows over the room where mamma and Nora were sitting.

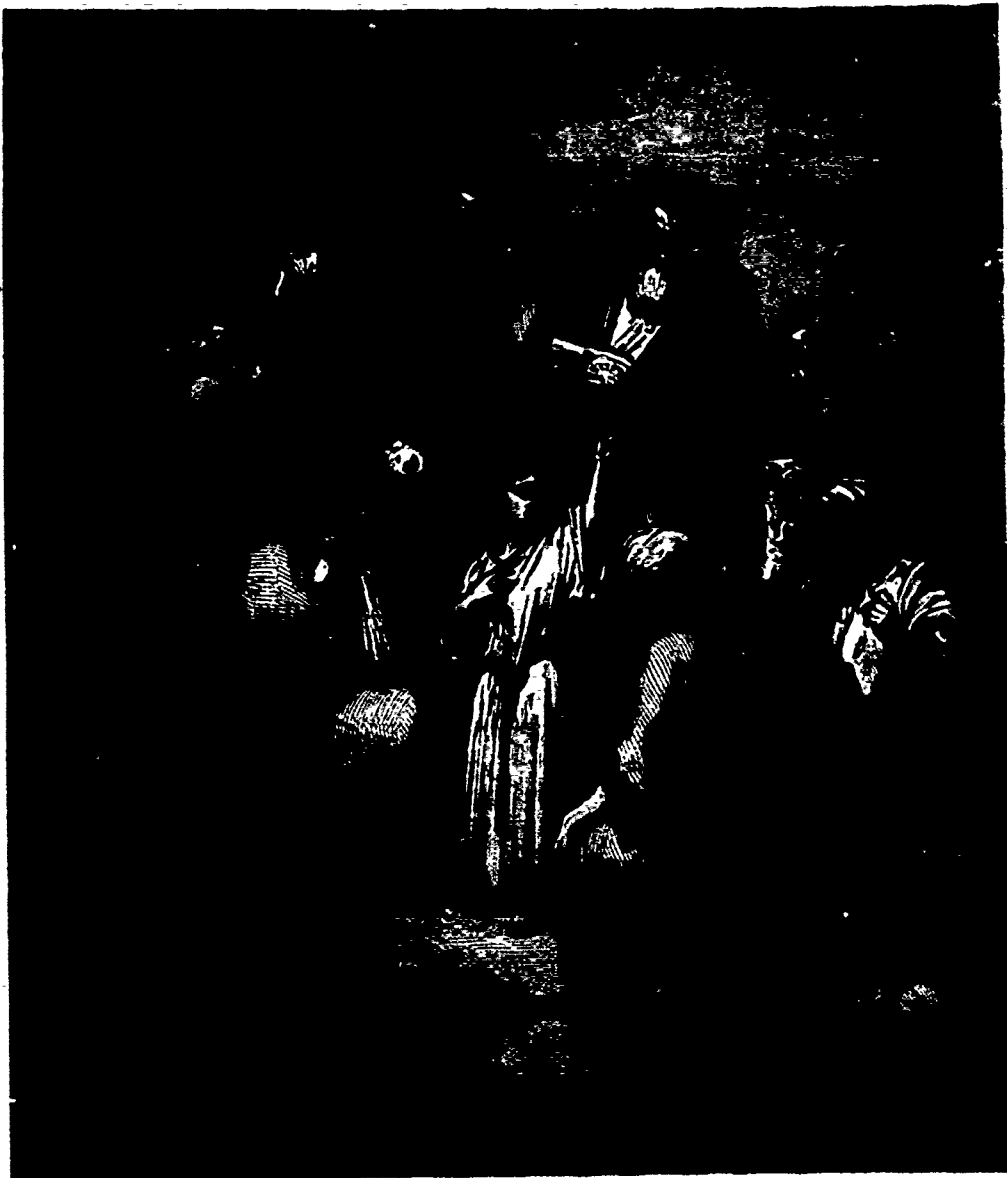
Nora was very quiet. Unlike most children she liked the soft half light of the fading day, and never wanted the lamps brought in until it was entirely dark.

This was Nora's special hour for confidential talks with mamma, and for the fairy stories she loved so well.

To-night she came and leaned with her elbows on mamma's lap, and said: "Mamma, tell me a true story to-night. Tell me about when you were a little girl. What did you do?"

"When I was a little girl I had no doll. My cousin had one with a china head, and china hair, that we thought very wonderful," began mamma. "We used

to play 'dress up and go visiting' a great deal, and we used to have famous tea parties with acorns for cups and saucers, and bits of broken china for plates. We were as happy with these make-believe dishes as you are with your real ones. We used to play 'I spy,' and 'Ring around Rosy,' and 'Little Sally Waters,' just as other children have done for a great many years, and do



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

yet. On Sundays we went to church at ten o'clock. In winter there were two great stoves in church, and we were very glad to get close to them. We always took our dinner to church."

"What for?" interrupted Nora.

"Because we had Sunday-school at half-past twelve, and had only half an hour for lunch. We had no lesson papers as you

have, but learned verses from the Bible. For every verse we were given a blue ticket. And once a year the tickets were counted. The one who had learned the most verses received a Bible, and the one who had learned next to the most a Testament. I received a Testament once, and I was very proud of it. After Sunday-school we went to church."

"What again?" Nora asked.

"Yes, from half-past two until half-past four. Then we went home and had a hot supper. Here come the lamps. I can't tell any more to-night."

"I like my Sundays best," said Nora.

WILLIE lives in the country, but one day he went into a large city with his papa, and saw something which seemed very queer to him. It looked like a man riding on a horse, and Willie cried out: "O papa

what is that?" "It is a statue," said his father; and when they came nearer to it Willie looked up into the horse's open mouth, and there was a little bird's nest! There was another in the horse's ear, and one in the man's hand; and the little birds flew around and sang, for they knew that the horse was not alive and could not hurt them.

PANSY.

WORLD you know what German children

Call this flower dear and sweet /
Little Step-mother' they name her,
And they tell her tale complete.

Here's the foremost middle petal,
That's the step-mother herself ;
And her daughters two beside her,
Just like her each pretty elf.

See, behind, two other petals,
On which different hues are shown
These are the step-daughters, always
In the background, and alone.

So, to German children, Pansy
Tells her story o'er and o'er ;
And they listen, and they sing it
In a little song once more.

But I love our own name better,
For it sounds more heart-somely,
Sweetest Pansy, dearest Pansy,
She shall always be to me.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1894.

BE HONEST CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE some of the little boys who read this will say, when they look at the title of the piece: "That's easy enough; I am honest; I never took anything that did not belong to me in my life." Well, that is right; but there is more in being truly honest, perhaps, than you think. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand me.

In a country school—the school of which I am teacher—a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. But I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it. I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the class, till it came to the last scholar, the smallest of the

class, and he spelled it right, at least I understood him so; and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out: "O, I didn't say so, Miss W.! I said, instead of *i*!" and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was he not an honest boy? I should have always thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Let me tell you another story with a like lesson. One summer day a school was out at play. There were a great many children, and the boys, some of them, had balls to play with. The boys had not much playground around the school-house; there was only a very small yard, and all around were high brick houses. One of the little boys threw his ball, and it went straight through a window, breaking the glass, and the pieces came rattling down on the bricks. There were so many children playing that nobody knew who broke the window except the boy who did it. He did not tell anyone, but he was very sorry. Directly the bell rang, and all went in. The children had not much more than taken their seats, when the door was opened, and a lady came in with Eddie's ball in her hand. She lived in the house where the window was broken. She was very angry, and scolded so loud and fast that the teacher could not say anything. When at last she stopped, and the teacher told her that she would inquire about it, just then Eddie raised up his hand; the teacher gave him leave to speak, and he rose from his seat and said distinctly: "I broke the window accidentally, and I am very sorry; but this afternoon I will bring the money to pay for it."

Was not that an honest boy?

THEIR PICNIC.

"LET'S have a picnic," said Lucy to her brother and sister.

"A picnic? Why, how can we? There isn't a single soul to invite, but just our own selves," said Ethel.

"And that would be stupid, you know," added Frank.

"O well, we can pretend we are grand ladies in the olden time, and you are a knight who has rescued us from a band of robbers in a forest. You shall be taking us home, and we are hungry, and you find an enchanted castle, with ever so many good things to eat. There are only a cat and a dog in it. But they are really a king and queen in disguise."

"So we will," said Ethel and Frank.

All the rest of the afternoon, the children played together out on the green grass, eating and drinking cakes and milk. They did not forget to feed the cat and the dog, who were the king and the queen of the castle. Pussy kept rubbing against

Lucy's arm, and purring. Lucy said that was to show how glad she was that the ladies and knight had come to her castle, for it was very hard to have only cats and dogs to talk to, when they were really and truly a king and queen.

They had a lovely time, and concluded that brothers and sisters can be very happy together without any strangers to help them.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

I'M only a little child,
But mamma said one day,
The weakest hands may do some work,
And the youngest heart can pray.

And O, I am so glad
To know that this is true,
That God hath in his harvest-fields
Something that I can do.

Some little corner where
My youthful hands would glean,
So I may bring my golden sheaf
When the grain is gathered in.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me.
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of thee.

ROBBIE'S RIDE.

ROBBIE'S father was going to the city on horseback. Robbie wanted to go very much; but it was a long way, and father said he must stay at home with mother.

After his father was out of sight, Robbie looked around until he found his stick-horse. He didn't look for his hat, for he didn't like to wear it. So, in his red dress, Robbie trotted off through the front gate and along the muddy road. Father's horse had gone through the mud. Robbie could see the tracks of the hoofs; so he would not turn aside, but splashed along through every mud-hole.

At last the stick-horse did not trot quite so fast. He fell into a walk, for Robbie's shoes were so heavy with mud that he could hardly drag them along. Surely he would find father soon.

At last he did see a man on horseback; but he was coming toward Robbie. When he came up to the stick-horse and its tired rider, he stopped.

"Where are you going?" he asked Robbie.

"I am going after father, and he has gone to Richmond," said Robbie.

"Well, I wouldn't go any further to-day," said the man. "You get up here in front of me, and we'll have a fine ride home."

At first Robbie didn't want to turn back, but the kind ne'ighbour took him, muddy shoes, stick-horse and all, and put him on his horse, and they rode back to Robbie's home. When Robbie found that his mother had been hunting everywhere for him, he was glad he had not gone any farther on his long journey.—*Our Little Ones.*

GO TO SLEEP BABY.

A FORM, white and ghost-like,
Sits there in the room—
A make-believe phantom,
Outlined by the moon.

A long, mournful "Too-who!"
Why should you cower?
'Tis only an owl,
In the old church tower.

A flash and a flicker
Across the white wall;
'Tis the nurse with a lamp,
Outside in the hall.

Why listen and shudder?
Why shrink in alarm?
God's angels are watching,
To keep you from harm.

Then go to sleep, baby!
There's nothing to fear,
When all is so peaceful,
And heaven so near!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 8.] **LESSON V.** [July 29.

THE YOUTH OF JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memory verses, 46-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

OUTLINE.

1. To the Temple, v. 40-42.
2. In the Temple, v. 43-50.
3. In the Home, v. 51, 52.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the boyhood of Jesus. Luke 2. 40-52.

Tues. Learn how Jesus grew. Golden Text.

Wed. Find when and how the passover was kept. Deut. 16. 1-8.

Thur. Learn what a child may do. Verse 52.

Fri. Find why Jesus worked. John 9. 4.

Sat. Find a lesson for children in verse 51.

Sun. Tell this story in your own words.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was Jesus living now? When did he go to Jerusalem? With whom? What for? Who ate the first passover? The Israelites in Egypt.

Where was Nazareth? How did the people go to Jerusalem? Do you think Jesus went to have sport? Why not?

What troubled his parents? Where did they find Jesus at last? What did he say

to them? Whom did he mean by "My Father"?

Where did he go with them? What kind of a boy do you think he was? Do you want to be like him?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I may grow better every day. Verse 52.

Why I should be obedient. Col. 3. 20.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How was man made like God? His soul was created like God: immortal, holy, and happy.

Did our first parents continue holy and happy? No: they sinned against God, and fell into misery.

A.D. 26.] **LESSON VI.** [Aug 5.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Mark 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice in the Wilderness, v. 1-8.
2. The Voice from Heaven, v. 9-11.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read Matthew's story of the baptism. Matt. 3. 13-17.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Mark 1. 1-11.

Wed. Read a wonderful prophecy. Isa. 40. 1-11.

Thur. Find what was foretold of John. Luke 1. 76-80.

Fri. Learn what John said about Jesus. John 1. 31-36.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Learn what this story proves. Matt. 11. 29.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who made a wonderful prophecy long before? (Ask someone what it means.) Where was Jesus still living? What was his occupation? How long was it since he first went to the temple to worship? Eighteen years. How old was Jesus now? Who came preaching near Jordan? Tell what you can about John. What did he tell the people to do? What did many do as a sign of repentance? Who came to John to be baptized? What did this show? His humility. What then came upon him? What did a heavenly voice say?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus is my example. Matt. 3. 15.
That Jesus has a better baptism for me. Verse 8.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is sin? Sin is not obeying the commands of God.

What command did God give to our first parents in the garden of Eden? He commanded them not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

AT THE DOOR.

I did not get myself, indeed, secure
So fast the door, so firm the lock,
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking and
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate!

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Tis I, O Father, only I!"

BILLY.

MR. JONES had a great many animals on his farm. All of them were very gentle and good tempered except Billy, the ram. Nobody dared go into the pasture when Billy was there, for he would run at them with lowered horns, and knock them over.

Mr. Jones' daughter had married and gone away six years before to live in the city, but this summer she had come back to the dear old home for a long visit. She had a dear little girl, four years old, who soon became her grandparents' darling.

Mr. Jones took little Elsie all over the farm, showing her the chickens, pigeons, ducks, geese, and turkeys, the horses and cows, the pigs and sheep.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing to Billy, who was penned in a corner of the field all by himself.

"That is cross old Billy. Little Elsie must never go into that field where Billy is, or she will be very badly hurt."

Elsie watched her grandfather every morning feed and pet the animals, all except Billy. One day grandma filled Elsie's hand with cookies. Elsie slipped out of doors and ran to the fence where Billy was penned all alone.

"Poor Billy," she said, "nobody ever pets you. Here's a nice cookie. Eat it, it's good." And she threw it between the bars. Billy looked hard at her, and slowly came up, smelled the cookie, and ate it. Every day afterward she slipped away and fed Billy something good, and talked to him in her soft, pretty voice until at last she could reach over the bars and pat the woolly head and pull the smooth horns. When grandpa first saw her he was frightened, but after seeing how gentle Billy always was with the little girl, he was afraid no longer.

"I declare!" he said to grandma, "that blessed child has taught me a lesson. Even a cross, bucking old ram can be won by kindness."



JESUS AMONG THE DOCTORS.

QUEER.

It's queer when the world seems steady
It really is whirling so:
It's queer that the plants get larger
When no one can see them grow:
It's queer that the fountain's water
Leaps high in the sunshine bright,
And queer that the moon can never
Fall out of the sky at night.

It's queer that one clover blossom
Is white, and another red
When the same black earth surrounds them,
The same rain waters their bed
It's queer that of all those wonders
We take so little heed,
And that as for feeling thankful
We seldom see the need.

We scold if the weather's chilly,
And fret at the hot sunlight:
Don't like to get up in the morning,
Hang back from the bed at night:
Yes, queerest of all the queerness
Are surely those girls and boys
Who live in the world of beauty,
And rather see woes than joys.

MARY'S DOLL.

"Sit right down there, Miss Dolly," said Mary: "now you must let me read to you."

Mary put her doll in papa's easy chair and she sat down in another chair and began to read a story to her. Before long Mary thought of something else she wanted to do.

"Oh," she said, "I see you are getting sleepy, Miss Dolly. I will let you take a nap," then she ran away.

At night when papa came home he was obliged to call Mary to take care of her doll.

"Oh," said Mary, "I forgot."
"That is just what you should not do," said papa, "you should remember."
Careless habits will grow upon us and win affect the comfort of all around us. Try to be careful even with your dolls and toys.

JOHNNY'S PICTURE.

JOHNNY was not quite five years old when his mamma said to him one morning, "My dear, if you will be a good boy all the forenoon, and do not disturb me while I am at work, you may go over to Aunt Jane's after dinner, and have your picture taken."

Aunt Jane was a photographer, and Johnny knew what that meant.

He thought it over, and after a while said, "Mamma, may I have it taken just as I want it? I mean, may I stand just as I please?"

"Yes," said mamma, "you may stand just as you like."

"I am afraid," said Johnny, "that auntie will not want me to do that."

They then agreed that mamma should write a note, telling Aunt Jane to allow him to take whatever position he desired.

Everybody laughed when they saw the picture.

I do not believe you could guess how Johnny had his picture taken. He just stood straight up with his back to the camera.

There was the picture, but no one could tell whether it was Johnny or some other little boy.

He said he could see his face in a looking-glass, and he had often wondered how he looked when he turned his back.

It was a long time before this little boy heard the last of his queer picture.

It was shown to so many people that he finally said, "Mamma, suppose we hide that back picture."

"All right," said mamma, "it is yours and you may do whatever you like with it."

He then put it where it could not easily be found, but did not destroy it.

THE CHAMOIS MOTHER.

BY MARY JOHNSON.

A HUNTER on the mountains of Austria saw a chamois with her two little ones. He made his way toward them as fast as he could, climbing the steep and perilous rocks.

The mother chamois saw him. At first she rushed toward him with her head lowered, as if she meant to push him off the rocks with her horns. But she soon saw it was useless. She turned back, and tried to show her little ones how to leap across a chasm to another rock. But they were too young for this. They were not strong enough to follow her.

Poor mother! The hunter came nearer and nearer. He thought he was sure of them. She seemed powerless to shield them or get them out of his reach.

But she would not flee without them. She tried again. She lay down and reached her forefoot across the chasm to the rock beyond. She looked back to her little ones in an anxious, entreating way.

They understood her; they knew there was danger. They sprang on her back. She leaped with them,—the swift, sure-footed chamois.

The hunter had come almost up to them; but she made the leap, and once across, the little ones ran by her side. Away she fled with them, bounding from rock to rock. Soon they were far beyond the hunter's rifle.

Are you not glad they escaped?

PLAYING PUSS.

MARY and Ruthie were standing and watching kittie drink her milk. Suddenly Ruthie took another saucer, filled it with milk and put it on the floor.

"Go 'way, pussy. I'm a cat, now. You go and be a little girl." And down she went on her hands and knees, and tried to lap milk like pussy.

After a few moments she lost her balance, and fell with her face in the saucer of milk. She choked, sneezed, and sputtered, and jumped up and down. As soon as she could speak, she called out, "Pussy, I'm a girl again. I'd rather drink out of my silver cup. You haven't got a long nose, and I have."

You have seen drunken men lying by the street-way, or perhaps in the gutter. Did you ever wish the poor sot were your own dear father? or did you ever wish that you might grow up a drunkard, and take a curb-stone for your pillow and the filth of the gutter for your mantle? Touch no liquor, boys, if you wish to steer clear of the drunkard's doom.