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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1892.

No. 13.

## MOTHERLESS.

Poor little Laura sits on the floor with folded hands and a whole world of sorrow looking out of her eyes from her sad little heart. No mother! Perhaps some of you, little readers, have lost that best of earthly friends, mother, and can feel for the lonely little girl in the picture. Perhaps she is thinking now, as she sits there, that if she had her mother back again she would have been a better little daughter sometimes. Is there not a lesson here for all of us?

## A LESSON FOR MAMMA.

ONE day Mrs. Martin was making jelly, and when she was ready for the lids and labels, she cut some round pieces of white paper to fit in the glasses and then dipped them in alcohol, which she thought kept the jelly from moulding. She went out of the



MOTHERLESS.

kitchen for a moment, and when she returned Aggie said

"Mamma, what is this in the bottle? It tastes so good."

"Why, Aggie, did you taste that? It's whiskey. It is what makes old Mr. Hart talk so queerly and fall down in the street. You know mamma has told you how wrong it is to drink whiskey. You must not touch it again. Men have become drunkards by taking just a little taste on their finger, as you did, and thought it tasted good, just as you did."

"Oh, mamma, I'll never touch it again. Say, mamma, why do you have it? I wouldn't soil the white paper and jelly by using it."

"I'll not use it again, dear"

This was the lesson taught mamma by her little girl, and she concluded there must be some other way to keep jelly from moulding.

## YOUR FACES.

I KNOW they are rosy, children,  
I know that your eyes are bright,  
That your cheeks have the cunningest  
dimples,  
And your brows are as fair as the light:  
But I know something else, my darlings,  
That maybe you have not heard,  
So listen, my pets, and remember  
A wise old grandmother's word:

Whenever you fret and quarrel,  
Whenever you frown or cry,  
There's a line on your faces that tells it,  
And will tell it by and bye,  
And when you would fain look pleasant,  
The tell-tale marks will say,  
"She or he may try to be pretty,  
But have been cross in their day."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1892.

## PADDLING AND PRAYING.

SAID Thomas Jones, an old coloured preacher: "When I was escaping from slavery, and found myself out on the ocean, I prayed God to help me, and he did help me. I found some boards and got on to them. Well, what did I do then? Did I stop praying, and think because I had got a few boards I could go along now and didn't need the Lord's help any more? No! I kept on praying, and held on to the boards. Well, what did I do then? Sit still, and expect the Lord to carry me safely through, and think that I had nothing to do? No! I took a stick for a paddle, and went to paddling and praying. I did not sit still, like those who have a name to live, and are dead; but I just went to paddling, and did not forget

to pray; and by paddling and praying I got through. So God expects us to pray and also to paddle, and not wait for him to do the work that he has set us to do."

There is sound philosophy in the old man's talk. Paddling is needful, as well as praying; and a more ancient teacher once declared, that "Faith without works is dead, being alone."

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

MR. CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, who was a newspaper correspondent during the late American civil war between the North and South, was an eye-witness of many of the hardest-fought battles, where men distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery and valour, or courageously bore suffering and death. He saw them fall like the leaves of autumn, driven through with the bayonet or sword, blown to pieces by the bursting of the shell, or torn with the rifled cannon ball. He often passed over the contested field, and saw these brave fellows in every position, and condition, and with every expression upon their death-sealed features,—some of fear and hate, some of remorse and sorrow, and some of intense pain.

He tells of one young soldier who had fallen at the battle of Antietam. He had been standing with his comrades, near a dwelling-house, when he received a mortal wound. But before he expired, he had taken his pocket Bible, and opened to these beautiful words in the twenty-third psalm: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." His Bible lay open upon his breast. What a touching, and, withal, inspiring sight! With the dead and the dying all around him, men and horses scattered promiscuously over the field; the artillery and musketry producing an almost deafening roar, so that the very earth and heavens trembled under its violence; men shouting, cheering, cursing, bleeding, groaning, dying,—that young soldier could find calm comfort with his God. In the valley and the shadow of death the angel of peace whispered words of consolation to his soul. He knew in whom he trusted, that nothing could separate him from the "love of God in Christ Jesus." Thus he had learned to live, thus he was prepared to die. A smile of calm resignation and trust rested upon his features, now forever cold in death. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." —*Instructor*

## GOOD-BY.

GOOD-BY is a hard word to say some times. Mother had just said it to her dear beautiful Horace, and Horace had said it to the "best mother that ever lived."

Now mother stood by the window looking after her boy as he trudged down the path with his satchel in his hand, her eyes full of tears, and such tender feelings cannot be told.

And Horace walked straight on without looking back. "It's no use," he said to himself; "it will only make me feel worse. I'm going to do just as mother wants me to and be her good noble boy."

Those were the words he wrote in his first letter home. Mother wrote back, "I am glad, dear Horace; it rejoices my heart that you are resolved to do just what I want you to, but I hope you will go higher than that, and do always that which will please the Lord. Then you will be sure to please mother and you will be safe. I was reading this morning in Ruth 2. 12, 'The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust.' That is it, dear Horace, come and trust under God's wings, and your life will be happy and successful."

How little the boys understand of mother-love! Thank God, dear boys, you have a good mother, one who prays for you and longs after you in the Lord. Mind what she says and do not grieve her by your wrong-doing. "Honour thy father and thy mother."

## A HELPING HAND OFFERED.

A FEW years ago a lad of ten years while at play, jumped down into a newly dug cistern. It was a novel retreat, but he became tired, and commenced struggling to climb up the perpendicular walls. Time again he tried, and as often fell, until at last he became satisfied that was not the way to get out; so he stopped and called to his father, who was at work near by. The father came and, leaning over, reached down his hand, for the cistern was not deep: the lad took hold of it, and he lifted him out.

That's just the way God does when we have jumped down into some pit of sin because it seemed attractive; and when we have become satisfied that is not the place to stay, when we have tried again and again to liberate ourselves and have failed, when we stop and call to our Father, he comes, reaches down, and just lifts us up.

**GRAN MA ALA'S DOES.**

I WANTS to mend my waggon,  
And has to have some nails;  
Jus' two, free will be a plenty—  
We're going to haul our rails;  
The splendidest cob fences  
We're makin' ever was!  
I wis' you'd help us find 'em—  
Gran'ma al'a's does.

My horse's name is Betty;  
She jumped and broke her head,  
I put her in the stable,  
And fed her milk and bread—  
The stable's in the parlour—  
We didn't make no muss.  
I wis' you'd let it stay there—  
Gran'ma al'a's does.

I's going to the corn-field  
To ride on Charley's plough,  
I s'pect he'd like to have me;  
I wants to go jus' now.  
O won't I gee up awful,  
And whoa, like ('harley whoas!  
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer—  
Gran'ma never does.

I wants some bread and butter;  
I's hungry worstest kind;  
But Fannie musn't have none  
'Cause she wouldn't mind.  
Put plenty sugar on it;  
I tell you what, I knows  
It's right to put on sugar—  
Gran'ma al'a's does.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

A.D. 30.] **LESSON I.** [July 3

**THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.**

Acts 1. 1-12. **Memory verses, 8-11.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

"When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight."—Acts 1. 9.

How long was Jesus on the earth after he rose from the dead? *Forty days.*

To whom did he show himself? To his disciples many times.

What did he say to his disciples? That he wanted them to be witnesses for him.

What is a witness? One who tells what he has seen and known.

Where were they to go? All over the world.

What were they to tell people? *Al-out the life and death of Jesus, who came to save them from their sins.*

(Can we be witnesses for Jesus too?)

What else did Jesus tell them? *To wait at Jerusalem till God sent his Holy Spirit to help them.*

What happened when Jesus had spoken these things? *[Repeat the Golden Text.]*

Who spoke to the disciples as they stood looking toward heaven? *Two angels.*

What did the angels say? *This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."*

What did the disciples do? *They went back to Jerusalem to wait for the Holy Spirit which Jesus had promised them.*

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

*Who was Mary, the sister of Martha?* The woman that chose the good part, and sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word.

*Who were the apostles?* Those twelve disciples whom Christ chose to be the first preachers of his gospel and rulers of his church.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON II.** [July 10.

**THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.**

Acts 2. 1-12. **Memory verses, 1-4.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth."—John 16. 13.

Where did the disciples stay after Jesus left them? *At Jerusalem, talking and praying together.*

What were they waiting for? *For God to send the Holy Spirit to them.*

Where were they on the day of Pentecost? *They were all together in one place.*

What did they hear? *A great sound like a strong wind.*

What did they see? *Tongues which looked like fire.*

Where did the tongues rest? *On each of the disciples.*

What did the disciples begin to do? *They began to talk in strange languages.*

Who were at Jerusalem? *People from all parts of the world had come to the feast of Pentecost.*

What did they hear? *Each one heard his own language spoken.*

What did they think? *They were very much astonished.*

How could the disciples speak these languages which they had never learned?

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

Why did they need to speak in different languages? *So that these people from different countries might hear about Jesus.*

How can different nations hear the gospel now? *The Bible is printed in more than two hundred languages, and sent all over the world.*

(Can you repeat the Golden Text?)

(Do we all need this Holy Spirit?)

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

*Who was Simon Peter?* The apostle of our Lord blessed for his good confession, who afterwards denied his Lord, wept bitterly, and was forgiven, and who preached the first sermon on the day of Pentecost.

*Who was the apostle John?* The disciple whom Jesus loved, and who leaned on his bosom at the Last Supper.

**PAPA'S LETTER.**

It was more than twenty years ago that Charlie's papa was killed. He was a good, brave man, and his baby-boy never tired of hearing mamma talk about him.

One morning after a long play with kitty, Charlie came into the room where his mother was writing and said, "Can't I write a letter, too, mamma?"

"Not now, darling, mamma is very busy to-day. Run away and play with Tabby."

"I am tired playing and I want to write," said Charlie, ready to cry.

His mamma said, "I'll make a letter of you," and she pasted a stamp on his white forehead, and then said, "Now, little letter, run away and carry good news." Down the stairs pattered the tiny feet. Meeting a little friend at the door, he said, "I've a letter, Minnie; see, I've stamped." Slipping a little cap on his head, he hurried down the street to the post-office.

"I've a letter, Mr. Postman, can you send me? I've going to my papa," he said.

"Not to-day, my little man," said the postmaster kindly, "We can't send boys by mail."

"Let me help you my dear," said an old lady who thought that he had a letter to mail, and she lifted him up.

"No, I am too big for the box," said Charlie, trying to run his chubby fingers into the hole marked "letters."

He went out on the street again, but a few minutes later he was killed by a runaway team. With the stamp still on his forehead he was carried back to his poor, broken-hearted mamma. But the little life was ended—papa's letter was with God.



THE ASCENSION.—To illustrate Lesson for July 3.

### HOW TO BE AMUSED.

You need to be amused. The body and the mind get weary with work and study. You wish to play, but the weather will not allow of out-door sports. Don't fret and fume over it, sit down quietly to plan out nice little ways of amusement indoors. This of itself will be a pleasant pastime. Be content with simple things. A girl can make a doll, cut an apron, or plan a fancy covering for some corner shelf, a boy can make the shelf or the "bracket" from a piece of thin wood with a hand jig-saw, or he can build a miniature house which his sister can fill with tiny upholstered furniture of home manufacture. A few wooden clothes-pins, a lot of smooth sticks or small blocks will afford amusement for hours.

The best way to amuse one's self often is to look for ways to amuse others. As you make them happy, you increase your own happiness. Set your wits at work in

every way to invent plays and acts that will please those about you. Do not feel that amusing "the baby" is too small business for a "big girl" or even for a "big boy." With a lot of old picture-papers and a pair of small scissors, young persons can find useful amusement for hours in cutting out the pictures and arranging them.

### THE LITTLE HELPER.

A LITTLE maiden of seven years at one time called upon her neighbour, who asked her to stay awhile, but the maiden pleasantly answered, "I must soon return to do the rest of my work."

"You must be quite a help to your mamma already?"

"I don't know what mamma would do if it were not for me."

And those beaming eyes and smiling lips spoke a language which said, "I love my mother." O how happy little boys and

girls can be by simply loving their parents and trying to be useful unto them. In loving them they have the seed of love sown in their heart which would lead them to love their Saviour, and thereby enjoy the greatest of happiness.

### SHALL KITTY GO TO SCHOOL?

Oh, pussy, pussy, following me,  
You're bound for school to-day, I see;  
But if within the schoolhouse door  
They'll let you come, I am not sure.

For you would frolic so, my dear,  
You'd make the children wild, I fear;  
They'd rather at a kitty look  
Than in a dry old spelling book.

The teacher then would turn about  
And crossly say, "Go put her out;"  
And I should cry, I am afraid,  
At all the trouble you had made.

If in a corner you would sit,  
Still as a mouse, nor move a bit,  
Why then I'd let you go with me,  
But, kitty, dear, that cannot be.

You are so full of play and fun  
The evening day you'd jump and run.  
Then all would laugh—and I should too  
And that in school would never do.

Mamma says I must never dare  
Occasion trouble anywhere  
It's easier to prevent than cure—  
So you had best go home I'm sure.

### THE RULE OF YOUR LIFE.

SOME of the greatest men that have ever lived have owned the supremacy of the Bible, and have made it the rule of their life. Let us all make the same use of it. Robert Collyer once wrote of this book, "I love the Bible supremely, in all the world I have found no book to set beside it. Other books I love well, and there are few sacrifices I could not gladly make rather than lose their companionship. But when I am in any great straits, when I want to find words to rebuke some crying sin, to whisper to the dying soul, to read as I sit with them that weep, or that I know will go to the right place surely as corn dropped into good soil, then I put aside all books but one—the book of which my mother read to me as far back as I can remember; and when I take up that book, it is like those springs that never give out in the driest weather, and never freeze in the hardest. It never fails. If we love the Bible in our childhood, we shall love it always."