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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897.

[No. 10

PROUD ELLA.

ELLA was Aunt Margie's little girl, and had come with her mother and cousins to visit the fair. After they had come within the building, her mamma told her to put her parasol down, but the child did not choose to mind.

"Your mamma says for you to put down your parasol," said Mabel, gently.

"I san't; I want it up."

Eddie looked astonished at a child that could put on such airs and speak so pertly.

The little miss marched on. She wanted the folks to see her pretty parasol. She expected every one to admire her, but they did not. No one noticed her excepting one girl, who remarked as she passed on, "See that little goose!"

By-and-bye Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some of the pretty things, and wished it was shut. A man coming by just then jostled against it and knocked it out of her hand. It rolled along the ground, catching up the dust at every turn. Then Miss Ella set up a loud cry.

"Good enough for her!" Mabel was just going to say, but she didn't. Her mother had taught her not to say ill-natured words. She went and picked up the parasol, gently saying, "Shall I close it now, Ella?"



THE SWING.

THE SWING.

LESSONS are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the bright sunlight. No doubt the sensation, as she rushes through the air on her swing, and the sweet-scented autumn winds playing round her face and hair, is delicious, and let us hope she enjoys it the more for having worked hard and well at her books during the morning.

TRY.

A LITTLE girl four years old was playing busily with her numerous family of dolls. At length she said "Auntie, my children are coming to see you. They are very full of mischief, and will spill water on your floor, and do lots of things. I try to make them do better but I don't seem to succeed. They say their prayers too, but I guess they leave—"

Here she hesitated, and her auntie helped her along by saying: "Do

they leave out that part of the prayer asking Jesus to make them good girls?"

"No," she said, "they say that; they ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I try, don't I?"

BABY'S DREAM.

WHAT does baby dream about?
 Little angels at their play
 In the gardens of delight
 Winding in a shining chain
 'Mid the roses red and white?
 By his smile I have no doubt
 Something sweet he dreams about.

Does he dream that silver stars
 Hang in clusters from the trees,
 Making a soft, tinkling tune
 In the warm and fragrant breeze,
 Gathered from the store of toys
 For good baby girls and boys?

Is he listening as he sleeps
 To an angel lullaby
 Wafted over flowery fields,
 Sweeter than the south wind's sigh?
 By his look I have no doubt
 Something sweet he dreams about.

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TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897.

THE FLOWER COMMITTEE.

THE Lookout Committee of the Junior Christian Endeavour Society reported that Helen Connor had missed two meetings. The Calling Committee sent one of its members to her home. She was found quite ill. So the Calling Committee notified the Flower Committee, and they had a meeting and resolved to send some one of their number with a bouquet and pleasing message. Pearl Adams was chosen to go, and when she had prepared a beautiful bouquet, to which a pretty card was tied with a comforting verse of Scripture and the best wishes of the Junior Christian Endeavour, Pearl took the street-cars for the long ride to Helen's home. How glad Helen was to see her, and how much joy she felt in her own heart from doing one of the things he would like to have her do!

A TURKEY FOR ONE.

LURA's Uncle Roy is in Japan. He used to take Christmas dinner at Lura's home. Now he could only write to her father to say a box of gifts had been sent, and one was for his little girl.

The little girl clapped her hands, crying: "O mother! don't you think it is the chain and locket dear uncle said he would some time give me?"

"No," replied her father, reading on. "Your uncle says it is a turkey for one."

"But we do not need turkeys from Japan," remarked the little daughter, soberly.

Her father smiled, and handed the open letter to her mother.

"Read it aloud, every bit," begged Lura, seeing her mother was smiling too.

But her mother folded the letter and said nothing.

On Christmas Eve the box, which had just arrived, was opened, and every one in the house was made glad with a present. Lura's was a papier-mache turkey, nearly as large as the one brought home at the same time by the market-boy.

Next morning, while the fowl in the kitchen was being roasted, Lura placed hers before a window and watched people admire it as they passed. All its imitation feathers, and even more its red wattles, seemed to wish every man and woman, boy and girl, a merry Christmas.

Lura had not spoken of the jewellery since her uncle's letter was read. It is not nice for one who receives a gift to wish it was different. Lura was not that kind of a child.

When dinner was nearly over, her father said to her: "My dear, you have had as much of my turkey as you wanted; if you please, I will now try some of yours."

"Mine is what Uncle Roy calls a turkey for one?" laughed Lura. She turned in her chair toward where her bird had been strutting on the window sill, and added, in surprise: "Why, what has become of him?"

At that moment the servant brought in a huge platter. When room had been made for it on the table it was set down in front of Lura's father, and on the dish was her turkey.

"O what fun!" gaily exclaimed the child. "Did uncle tell you to pretend to serve it?"

"I have not finished what he directs me to do," her father said, with a flourish of the carving-knife.

"But, father—O please!" Her hand was on his arm. "You would not spoil my beautiful bird from Japan!"

A hidden spring was touched with the point of the knife. The breast opened, and disclosed the fowl filled with choice toys and other things. The first taken out was a tiny box; inside was a gold chain and locket; the locket held Uncle Roy's picture.

It was a turkey for one—for only Uncle Roy's niece. But all the family shared the amusement.

A PERILOUS SPOT.

It's a dangerous place sometimes for those who don't know my nursery floor,
 And I'd advise those who are timid at all to keep well outside the door;
 There are lions at large, and bears and cows, and animals wild like that,
 Parading around most all the time, and a great big plooshy cat.

My Pa came into that room one day to see who was blowing the horn,
 And before he looked where he walked he stepped on top of a unicorn;
 And the fast express from old Bureauville—as fast as the wind it goes—
 Came whistling over the railway track, and ran right over his toes.

And when he jumped back to get out of the way a big man-of-war sailed by,
 And clipped the end of his heel, it did, and a cannon-ball hit his eye,
 A cannon-ball shot by General Zinc bombarding a Brownie band
 That peeped from the edge of the old soap-dish we keep on the oak wash-stand.

And once in the dark he tripped on the ark, and fell on the Ferris wheel,
 And bumped his head on a waggon red, and broke off my steam-launch keel;
 And when he got up to leave the room, the very first thing he knew

He got in the midst of some lead Arabs, and made a great hullabaloo.

And that's why I say it's a dangerous place for those who've not been there before,

With lions and boats and bears and carts strewn everywhere over the floor,
 And unless I'm home when you visit me, there isn't a bit of a doubt,
 Instead of a-venturing in there alone you'd better by far keep out.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A CERTAIN old man used to say to his grand-daughter, when she was naughty in any way: "Mary, Mary, take care; there's a mouse in the pantry!" She would often cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap: but she never found one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't any pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often." He smiled and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry; the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and make you sometimes cross, and peevish, and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—a trap of watchfulness." After that she caught and killed so many of these mice that she quite cleared her pantry of them.

THE SAND MAN.

BY CHARLES NELSON JOHNSON.

The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand;
To sprinkle grains in little eyes
With unseen, unfelt hand.

He comes about the hour when all
The baby work is done;
When toys lie scattered round the room,
Abandoned one by one.

A hobby-horse once rocked with vim
Stands quiet in its stall—
A consecrated space between
The trundle bed and wall.

A jumping-jack, an iron bank,
A painted rubber ball,
A rattle with a whistle on,
A bruised and battered doll,—

A dozen little glittering things
So dear to babyland:
But now the Sand Man comes around,
The Sand Man with his sand.

Two chubby little fists are forced
In two small sleepy eyes,
To rub away the sand which sifts
Across some tired sighs.

And now the Sand Man yields his place
To a fairy with a rod,
Who beckons toward that mystic shrine,
The babyland of Nod.

The Sand Man drops in every night,
The Sand Man with his sand.
To sprinkle grains in little eyes,
With unseen, unfelt hand.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VII. [May 16.]

PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 14. 11-22. Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.—Acts 13. 47.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go from Antioch?

Why did they have to flee from there?

Where did they go then?

Whom did the people of Lystra worship?

What was Jupiter? A heathen god.

What miracle did Paul work?

What did the people say?

What did they do?

Why would not the apostles be worshipped?

Who was the god Mercury? The god of fine speaking.

What soon changed their minds toward the apostles?

What did they feel like doing then?

What did they actually do?

What saved Paul from death?

Where did they next go?
Why did they go back to the places they had visited before?

LEARN—

Not to be too easily influenced.
To be patient with people who do wrong.
To be brave and loving in time of trial.

LESSON VIII. [May 23.]

THE CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 15. 1-6, 22-29. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15. 11.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where did Paul and Barnabas stay a long time?

What took them to Jerusalem?

What was the dispute that arose in Antioch? About keeping the law of Moses.

Who said the Gentiles ought to keep it?

What did Paul and Barnabas say?

What meeting was held in Jerusalem?

What did Paul and Barnabas tell the brethren? Verse 12.

What did Peter think about the law for Gentiles?

Did James think they ought to keep it?

What new law did Jesus come to bring? The law of love.

What did the apostles write?

Who took the letter to Antioch?

What did it bring to the believers?

THE DIFFERENCE.

The law says, "Do, and thou shalt live."
The Gospel says, "Live, and thou shalt do."

Do you obey God because you love him?

THE DISOWNED LAMB.

At Uncle Norris' farm they have a great many sheep. They have a pleasant pasture to be in during the day, and a nice warm house for the night, where they are safe from all danger. Some of the sheep had names which little Nellie Norris had given them. There was one big old sheep, that Nellie named Whiteface, and of which the girl was very fond.

One time Whiteface had two little lambs. How pleased Nellie was when she knew that! But then Whiteface did a very strange thing. She loved and cared for one, but she would not pay any attention to the other. Nellie came out to see them. "Why, Whiteface, it's your own little lambie. You ought to love it; it is naughty for you not to love it," said Nellie. I don't think Whiteface understood. At any rate, she would not care for the other lamb at all. Nellie felt very bad, and cried a good deal when she told her mamma. "Now I can't love Whiteface any more, because she did not love her very own little lambie. I didn't think she could be so naughty."

We ought to love our own. We ought to love Jesus when he is willing to be called a man with us.

THE TEMPTATION TO DISHONESTY.

A GENTLEMAN had two boys who were doing little jobs of work for him during the week. On Saturday night he settled with them for their work. On the way home, as they counted out their money, they found that they each had a quarter of a dollar more than really belonged to him. One of them said, "He guessed he'd keep it, for he had worked hard enough for it." The other boy took his quarter straight back and returned it to the owner. Now it turned out that it was not a mistake on the part of the gentleman. He did it on purpose to find out if the boys were honest. The boy who kept the quarter proved dishonest, and the gentleman never employed him again. The other boy showed that he was honest. He found steady work, and was finally taken into business.

Let us be truthful and honest, and then we shall prosper.

THE HONEST LITTLE BERRY GIRL.

MADGE CONKLIN was such a tired, hungry child. She had been on the street all the afternoon selling her berries, and she still had three boxes left.

At the minister's door she halted. Mrs. Libbey could ill afford to buy them now.

"How much do you want, child?" she asked, as Madge put her head in the window.

"Well, ma'am, if you'd only take them all you may have them for a shilling. I'm so tired and hungry, and they'll whip me when I go back if I don't sell them."

In a moment the good woman had taken Madge, basket and all, through the window, and, tucking her in a nice rocking-chair, pulled her up to the table and brought her a good bowl of milk and a plate of porridge, which she ate as if she had never had a mouthful before, while the basket was being emptied.

"Do you tell me," asked Mrs. Libbey, as she saw how hungry she was, "that you were so starved, little girl, and you never touched a berry in your basket?"

"They ain't mine to touch, ma'am. If I had ever so many whippings, I wouldn't eat one, because it's stealing."

"You blessed dear!" and Mrs. Libbey filled up as she talked. "What an example you've taught. I'll buy every one left over. You shan't get any more whippings if I can help it. Pray, who do you live with, child?"

"Ma'am Stebbins down the lane, ma'am."

"Haven't you a mother?"

"No, m."

"Nor father?"

"No, m; she's 'dopted me."

Mrs. Libbey knew what a hard woman Ma'am Stebbins was, and she said to the child. "By-and-bye you shall come and live with me."

Madge had found a kind friend for the first time in her life. She did many a favour for Mrs. Libbey after this, and in course of time went to live with her, where she had plenty to eat and no more hard blows.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,
Beautiful heavens above our head,
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
Beautiful land and beautiful seas:

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
Beautiful stars with glittering light,
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
Beautiful birds that merrily sing!

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
Beautiful night and beautiful day,
Beautiful all the plants that grow,
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow!

Beautiful everything around,
Beautiful grass to deck the ground,
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields,
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf,
Beautiful world, though full of grief,
Beautiful every tiny blade,
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made!

CARELESS BILLY.

"BILLY, be sure to shut the gate!" called mamma from the pantry.

"Yes'm, I will," answered Billy.

He ran into the house for a string, and out again to the group of boys waiting for him. But he forgot all about the gate, and left it standing wide open.

A little later Mrs. West heard Bridget give a loud cry.

"What's the matter, Bridget?" she asked.

"Sure, mum, it's the pig! It's in the yard, the crathur is, ateing up all yer jeraniums, shure! Whoop, here, ye bastie!"

And Bridget was darting out of the door, but her mistress called her; "Stop, Bridget! It was Billy left the gate open when I told him not to. He must come back and drive the pig out for his carelessness."

Billy was yet with the boys digging bait to go fishing, Mrs. West could hear them in the barn-yard. She went to the porch and called Billy.

"See the mischief your careless ways have caused," said she. "Now get the pig out before you go, and don't leave the gate open again."

Well, the boys were just ready to start, but Billy went back to drive the pig out. Anybody who ever tried to drive a pig knows what that means. The pig was like some boys; when he was wanted to go one way he was sure to go the other, and long before Billy had him out the boys got tired of waiting and went off without him. So he lost his fishing that afternoon through his own carelessness, and nobody felt very sorry for him.

A TRUE LADY.

I WAS once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said she, "I'll hold the gate." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."



BIRDIE SET FREE.

BIRDIE SET FREE.

THERE, dear birdie, go and join your friends up among the branches of the trees. You have made me glad with your sweet songs. But I know you will be happier with your bird companions.

YOUR WORK.

GOD does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives everyone of us work to do, and expects us to do it. (Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.)

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed Gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we cannot all be missionaries. If, however, those

who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see, we must be up and doing in the missionary cause, though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

What a sweet but simple answer? I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older, for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

A BOY'S TEMPTATIONS.

YOU have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle. But one old soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About night-fall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day and the next. By-and-bye the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptations you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them.—Prof. Hammond.