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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

No. 7.

THINGS EVERY BOY SHOULD KNOW.

THE WORD for you—a most practical, sensible word—perhaps you are beating the hard lot that keeps you from school this bad weather. Cheer up according to this teacher's standard. There are plenty of places to be one of the world's giants, or all, or better, or of God's giants. "I believe," says a Southern writer, "in the schools where a boy can learn a lesson. Peter the Apostle left his throne and went to learn how to build a ship. He learned from the stern, from the keel to mast; and that was the beginning of his greatness."

There was a young boy who was poor and smart. A friend took him to one of the best schools up north, where he studied two years and came back a minister, engineer and a bridge builder. Last year he planned and built a cotton factory, and is getting a large salary.

How many college boys in London know what kind of timber will bear the heaviest burden, why you take white oak for one part of a waggon and ash for another, and what timber will last longer under water than what out of water?



JOSEPH SOLD.—(SEE LESSON FOR APRIL 15.)

How many know sandstone from limestone, or iron from manganese? How many know how to cut a rafter or brace without a pattern? How many know which turns the faster—the top of the wheel or the

bottom—as the waggon moves along the ground? How many know how steel is made, or how a snake can climb a tree? How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow behind and the cow eats grass from her, and a horse to him? How many know that a surveyor's mark on a tree never gets any higher from the ground, or what tree bears fruit with its bloom?

There is a power of comfort in knowledge, but a boy is not going to get it unless he wants it badly. And that is the trouble with most college boys. They do not want it; they are too busy and have not got time. There is more hope of a dull boy who wants knowledge than of a genius, who generally knows it all without study. These close observers are the world's benefactors.

REASONABLE.

It is a tiresome thing to the young, their elders must confess, to be told often that the last generation read bet-

ter books and knew much more, at the same age, than the present generation.

A boy of thirteen, in a public grammar school, was reproached by the master for his slowness.

"When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years further advanced than you are. How do you account for that?"

"I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently, "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays."—*Selected.*

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

THANK YOU.

It is so easy to say "Thank you." The effort it costs is so slight. The two short words are so quickly spoken, and yet they mean so much. They do not mean only that you are really thankful, but they indicate that you observe the gentle courtesies of life, and that goes far toward making up what we regard as the cultured gentleman or lady. There are things that are of far greater value than mere polish and glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly more consequence. But even the best deeds acquire added worth when performed with gentleness and grace rather than rendered in a rude or uncouth way. The diamond possesses intrinsic value in the rough, but its worth is immensely heightened when the gem is polished. Gold from the mine is valuable, but its worth is increased when it is purified and stamped into coin, or wrought into beauty by the skill of the artist.

A simple "Thank you," to your parents, to your brothers and sisters, to any from whom you receive any form of attention or favour, for the slightest acts performed, for a question answered, for a hundred nameless things, will tell greatly upon yourself, making you more gentle and refined, and encouraging a proper self-respect, and in the estimate of others for you. If once you acquire the habit of saying the words, they will come easy, and you would feel embarrassed at the thought of having omitted to express your obligation for a favour.

To cultivate the habit of being polite, you should address your mother and sisters, and all in the home circle, as you would address strangers toward whom you desire to be particularly well-behaved. When the habit of constant politeness is well established at home, you will be easy in society, and escape a hundred awkward embarrassments to which young people are subject, because of their defective training in the home.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

"MOTHER, can't I have a few crumbs for the birds? only a handful, and I will not eat any supper to-night."

Ernest's mother looked at him sadly, and shook her head. "I have only a little more food in the house, Ernie, this New Year's eve, and if the dreadful storm keeps up, I don't know how I am to feed you and your little brothers and sisters."

"They look so hungry!" sighed the boy; "I cannot keep away from the window, and I cannot forget about them."

"You must ask God to take care of the birds and us too," said his mother.

When the children woke up in the morning, the storm that had been raging for two days and nights was over; the wind was no longer blowing the snow into great, high, white drifts, and the sky was clear; but the ground was covered deep, deep, and it was bitter cold.

Ernest ran to the window of his little room under the eaves of the house; there on the big tree by the back gate, was a crowd of birds, big and little, which had taken refuge there from the storm.

"Poor little birds!" said Ernest; "I have nothing to give you, but if the heavenly Father sends us anything to eat to-day, you shall have half of mine."

When the children collected in the kitchen for morning prayers, they were surprised to see a stranger sitting by the stove warming his hands.

"You didn't know it snowed strangers, did you?" he said, laughing at the open-eyed surprise. Then he told them that he had started to join a great New-Year hunting party, had lost his way, and would have perished but for the light in their mother's window that guided him to her door, and her charity in taking him in.

"I am sorry to have such a poor breakfast for you, sir," said the widow; "but we have no more food in the house."

"Oh, that is easily remedied!" cried the stranger; and, going to his bed-room, he brought out a great hamper that was to have helped furnish lunch for the hunting party. "Come," said he, "my horse is not fit to travel to-day, but this will make us a New Year's dinner."

"Can the birds have some?" pleaded Ernest.

"The birds? Happy New Year to them! They shall fill their stomachs," said the hunter; and when the children and the birds had feasted, "Madam," he said to the children's mother, "I never enjoyed a New Year's dinner so much in my life."

"Then you have proved the truth of those words of our Lord which come through the apostle Paul," said she, "I will remember the words of our Lord Jesus. It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

I STUDIED my tables over and over backward and forward, too, But I couldn't remember six times and I didn't know what to do, Till sister bid me to play with my dolls not to bother my head.

"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for as you'll learn it by heart," she said. So I took my favourite, Mary Ann. I thought 'twas a dreadful shame. To give such a perfectly lovely child a perfectly horrid name). And I called her my dear little "four" a hundred times, till I knew the answer of six times nine as well, and answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, always acts so proud, Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," nearly laughed aloud! But I wished I hadn't when teacher said "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can; For I thought of my doll, and—sakes! —I answered, "Mary Ann!"

—St. Nicholas.

BEGINNING AT HOME.

As mamma and I were coming from a meeting of the mission band yesterday, we met Mrs. Fiskin. "La, Sally," says Mrs. Fiskin, "ways calls mamma that), what you drag this dear child to such places. Now, I always teach my girls that begins at home."

"Yes," said mamma in her gentle way, "so it does; I hope I am interested in home charities too: what are your doing for home charities?"

Mrs. Fiskin got red in the face, was sorry mamma had asked her the cause she didn't know what to say. "I don't want you to think that our band girls forget the poor people at home," said mamma; "stop here with me a minute. We were just opposite the child's room and hospital, and mamma took Mrs. Fiskin in to see little Polly Ward, the colic baby that our Sunday-school keeps because her mother died and left nobody.

The nurse told us how skin-and-bone Polly was when she first came; she certainly wasn't skin-and-bone-y now.

"La, Sally," says Mrs. Fiskin, "I home and tell my girls they'd better mission band meeting; it looks as if remembering the black children in made 'em think about the black children at home."

"I am sure it does," said mamma.

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

"I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
He was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
He made me think of apple time
And filled me with delight.
I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by,
These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by-and-by."
As then a playmate came along,
"And leaned across the gate,
I knew the plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up," he cried.
The little whistler shook his head,
And, "Can't come," he replied.
"Can't come? why not, I'd like to know?"
"What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply.
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.
"I like to hear you talk like that,"
Told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
"Does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers."
—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

BO. 1729.] **LESSON II.** [April 8.
DI CORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY
Gen. 37. 1-11. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye fall not out by the way.—
Gen. 45. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Beloved Son, v. 1-4.
2. The Youthful Seer, v. 5-11.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses from your Bible.

Tues. Learn to what envy leads. Jas. 3. 16.
Wed. Learn what comes of jealousy. Sol Song 8. 6.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Find some important dreams in the Bible.
Sat. Try and learn why Joseph was a favourite son.
Sun. Learn how to get rid of envy and strife. Rom 13. 14.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jacob now live? How many sons had he? Which one was the favourite? What was his mother's name? Rachel. What kind of a boy was Joseph? What was he doing in the field one day? How old was he then? What did he tell his father? How did his brothers feel toward him? How did they treat him? What was Joseph's dream about the sheaves? What did it mean? What was his next dream? What did this mean? What did these dreams cause?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

Something that love does not do. 1 Cor. 13. 4.
Who tells me to love my brother? 1 John 4. 21.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

May we all hope for the grace of God? Yes, through the Saviour who was promised when our first parents fell into sin.

BO. 1729.] **LESSON III** [April 15.
JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.
Gen. 37. 23-36. Memory verses, 26-28

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good.—Gen. 50. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Missing Son, v. 23-30.
2. The Mourning Father, v 31-36.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about a wicked plot. Gen. 37. 12-22.
Tues. Read lesson verses from your Bible.
Wed. Learn who else was sold for silver. Matt. 26. 14-15.
Thur. Learn what kept Joseph calm and happy. Gen. 39. 21.
Fri. Learn what the wicked may expect. Psalm 37. 12, 13.
Sat. Tell someone all you have learned about Joseph.
Sun. Try to think of ways in which Joseph was like Christ.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was Joseph sent one day by Jacob? What did the brothers talk about when they saw him coming? What did Reuben beg them not to do? What did they finally do? Who came that way soon after? Where were they going?

What did Judah say? What was done with Joseph? Where did he go? Who was troubled when he came to the pit? Why? What did the brothers do with Joseph's coat? What did Jacob say when he saw it? For whom did he mourn?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That "Thou God seeest me"—Gen. 16. 13.
That God does not forget his children. Psalm 9. 12

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How may we be saved from sin? Only through Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God.

What did our Lord Jesus Christ do to save us? He was made man, suffered death in our stead, rose again from the dead, and went up into heaven.

HABIT.

THERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at this business nearly twenty years, until he became old blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use; so he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without anyone to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was force of habit, and the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he is old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly. Think of that, boys, when you want to light a cigarette.

WILLIE'S LESSON.

"Why, Willie," said mamma to her little son, "I saw you throw a stone at that little Tommie Brown. Why did you do that?"
"Because," said Willie, "I wanted to make him run."
"What a naughty boy!" exclaimed his mother; "how would you like to have some bad boys throw stones at you? Do you think you would like it?"
"No," replied Willie.
"Then don't ever do it again. The Bible tells us, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' Now, that means that if you would not like to have others throw stones at you, then you should not throw stones at others. Do you understand?"
"Yes," replied Willie. And he felt very sorry for what he had done, and made up his mind to ask Tommie Brown at school next day to forgive him for it.



CHAMELEON.

THE CHAMELEON.

This queer little animal is a sort of lizard. He lives on insects. He never hurts anyone. There is one very queer thing about him that you cannot see in the picture, and that is his colour. One time two men had a chameleon in a box, and they met a third man, who asked what they had there. One man said, "It is a little green animal." "No," said the other, "it is red." The two men disputed about it until they almost quarrelled. "Let me see it," said the third man, "and we can soon tell which of you is right." The men opened the box, and lo! the creature was white.

Now, how could that be! It is true the little animal has a wonderful gift to protect it from its enemies. It becomes the same colour as the thing it is upon. If it is on the branch of a tree, it is mottled gray and brown like the branch; if it is among the green leaves, it too becomes green. And it was not so strange that the creature in the box should be white, when it was resting on a light surface. This seems too wonderful to be true, but I have read it a great many times in books. Wouldn't you like to see a chameleon? Its neck is so short that it cannot turn its head, but then its large eyes move quite independently of each other, and they have a sort of cover with a small hole through which to look.

HOW CASSY LEARNED HER LESSON.

BY E. P. A.

THERE was one lesson Cassy was very slow about learning. Catechism? No; she was the best scholar of the infant class. Spelling? Well—no; true, she never could remember whether it was cat or kitten that you spelt with a k, but on the whole it wasn't spelling.

I'll tell you a little story about her, and see if you don't guess what this lesson was.

One day her pretty young Auntie Nan was going out to drive. "Caesar Augustus!" cried the young lady (though I don't see what Caesar Augustus had to do with it, do you?) "the bird is gone off my black hat!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Cassy's

mother; and they hunted for that bird until the young man in the waggonette sent word that they might have his high-bred retriever dog to help. But they didn't find the bird.

If they had only known it, Cassy would have been a much better help than a retriever dog; but Cassy was at Lulu Brent's, playing paper dolls.

Auntie Nan had such a fine drive she

almost forgot the bird, but at the tea-table mamma began again:

"I do think, of all strange things! where can Nan's bird be?"

"It's in her flower book," Cassy said, carelessly. "I put him in there to see if he'd press, and I forgot him."

It was a long time before Cassy was allowed to forget him again. Everybody in the house determined to meddle with all Cassy's things for three days, just to let her see what it felt like. Poor little girl! She found out how disagreeable she had been making life for mamma and auntie and Bridget. The "pressed" bird was hung by one claw to the nursery mantelpiece, to help Cassy learn that part of the Golden Rule that tells you to let other people's things alone.

HELPFULNESS.

WHEN an afternoon full of games has left the nursery in great disorder, Bessie and Gertrude have one very last game to play, called "Helpfulness."

Bessie invented it.

On separate slips of paper are written the names of the principal things in the room,—floor, chairs, rugs, bookcase, bureau, closet, sofa, corners, tables, window-sills and desk,—the slips of paper shuffled about, backs up.

Each person "playing" draws one in turn till all are taken, putting in order that part of the room or piece of furniture named, and when the game is done, behold the room neat and fresh again.—*Companion*.

WHEAT.

WHEN you were eating a piece of nice white bread did you ever stop to think where it came from? When you go into the country you will often see fields of wheat. The top of each wheat-stalk is full of little grains, and when the wheat is ripe it is cut down and put into a large machine called a thresher. This separates the grains from the straw. Then the grains are sifted and sent to the mill to be ground into flour. The next time mother bakes, you can watch and see how the bread is made.



WHAT'S BABY!

ONE little row of ten little toes,
To go along with a brand new nose,
Eight new fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar-plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round, new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without a tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

FREDDY AND BILLY.

BY LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD.

FREDDY was three years old before ever saw the country or his Grand Stone. He was delighted with both, and asked more questions about the many things he saw than his grandma could answer.

He saw a flock of sheep feeding in a field beyond the barn. He ran up to the fence to watch them "nip the grass." Oh big fellow, with crooked horns, came shaking his head.

"Oh!" said Freddy, "he's making a bow: I'll make him one" and he bowed very low.

Billy, that was the sheep's name, took this for a challenge. Stepping back a few steps, he darted forward with all his might. Of course his head struck the fence instead of Freddy.

The little boy now clapped his chubby hands and shouted in high glee. "I wants to play with me, just like Fido," said he, and he went into the field.

Billy darted at him again. In an instant Freddy was knocked flat upon the ground. He hardly understood this rough treatment.

"Fido don't do that way," he said, as he got upon his feet again.

He was no sooner up than Billy came him a third time, and down he went.

Freddy began to cry and scream with fright. Grandma heard him and ran to his rescue. There was blood on his hands, face and collar. He had struck his pretty little nose in falling. He was soon comforted with some peppermints. But he promised that he would never, never near Billy again.