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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1894.

No. 11.

THE FLOOD.

We have before us a glimpse of a wild scene. A heavy rain-storm has lasted for days, and now the river and its many branches have swollen until they are united in the great lake that overflows the whole country. Houses are swept away, trees are uprooted, and all kinds of curious-looking articles go floating in the water. The sky is still dark and crossed by black, threatening thunder-clouds. Birds who have built their nests on low shrubs or on the ground, fly away in terror as the water rushes into their tiny houses. Scores of little creeping things scamper up the trees, and squirrels and chipmunks spring from their high perches on some tall tree to a bit of floating log and take a sail from one clump of trees to another.

But we have brought under our notice a family that have been very thoughtfully protected from drowning. The wise old dog has placed the three helpless young pups in a tub, while he himself, knowing his weight would capsize the unsteady vessel, bravely swims beside them. He will guard his charges from all danger if possible, though they wish to keep so close to their protector that all stand on one side of the tub and seem like a very sad



THE FLOOD.

BENNY'S BUTTERFLIES

BENNY was a little boy who had never been to the country. One day in May his mother told him that his Aunt Mary, whom he had never seen, had written to ask her to come with her two children to spend the summer on her farm.

You may be sure Benny and his sister Nan were very glad when their mamma said they would all go the very next week.

When the day came for them to go to their aunt's, they were so wild with joy that they danced about and rushed around so that they nearly lost the train, but they did not quite lose it. They were on the train seven hours.

They reached their aunt's house about four o'clock in the afternoon and their cousin Grace took them at once out into the meadow to gather flowers. The fields were full of daisies and clover and butter cups, and Benny and Nan thought they had never seen anything so pretty before.

Suddenly Benny called out, "See the butterflies! What a lot of them! I'll catch them in my hat." But Grace called out, "Don't! they're bees," and ran away.

So they were bees, and two poor little city children had aching hands and faces for many hours.

JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you;
Do not say,
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see;"
Just obey!

Do not sulk, and do not sigh,
Though it seem in vain to try;
Work away!
All the ends you cannot see;
Do your duty faithfully—
Just obey!

When at length you come to know
Why 'twas ordered thus and so,
You will say,
"Glad am I that when to me
All was dark as dark could be,
I could trust and cheerfully!
Just obey!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1894.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY on the Niger River, in Africa, writes: "About four days before our arrival at Ohambelo an old, rich woman was dead and buried. The proceedings of the burial were stated as follows; When the grave was dug two female slaves were taken, whose limbs were smashed with clubs. Being unable to stir they were let down into the grave, yet alive, on the mat or bed on which the corpse of the mistress was laid, and screened from sight for a time.

Two other female slaves were laid hold on and dressed up with best clothes and coral beads. This being done, they were led and paraded about the town to show the public the servants of the rich dead mistress, whom they would attend in the world of spirits. This was done for two days, when the unfortunate victims were taken to the edge of the grave, and their limbs were also smashed with clubs, and

their bodies laid on the corpse of their mistress, and covered up with earth while yet alive.

We can only imagine what would be the feelings of these unfortunate victims. Some of the Bonny converts attempted to rescue these last two females by a large offer of ransom to buy bullocks for the occasion but it was refused them. Can there be any doubt as to the urgent necessity of sending Christian teachers among this poor ignorant people, who are slaves to Satan and yet glory in their shame? After these atrocious deeds were performed, volleys of trade cannons were fired for days in honour of the dead."

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

I WANT to give you two or three rules
One is:

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this

Another is:

Speak your words plainly. Do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

A third is:

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and oh, children, remember it all your lives:

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, then go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first, and play afterwards. Do the thing you don't like to do first, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

CARRIE jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.

"They are curious black things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight eyes."

"Dear me! and maybe she is looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie. "They are very fond of music."

"I shall never dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."

"They can tell you if the weather is to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long one."

"That's funny."

"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and

ran along with her. Perhaps you did not know that the spider can spin and spin too. She spins her web, and she spins leaves together for her summer-house."

"What a queer thing a spider is!" said Carrie, forgetting her dislike.

ASPIRING HIGH.

UNCLE JASPER was a coloured man of very devout intentions, but his knowledge of the Scriptures was of a somewhat certain character. He lived in "sin and blessedness" a good many years, and finally in the evening of life he married and in due time an heir was born to him. The next day after the advent of the child one, a gentleman met Jasper in the street.

"I understand you have a baby at your house, Uncle Jasper?"

"Yes, sir; we has dat," Jasper replied with a broad grin and a satisfied chuckle.

"We'se got a baby dar, sho'."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Hit's a boy, sah. Yes, sah, hit's a sho'ly a boy."

"Have you named him yet?"

"Yes, sah; we has."

"What name have you given him?"

"Wal, sah; you know I'es done a fine one. 'Rue been a pow'ful han'fer dem Scriptur' for an 'cause I'es allus been a mon'ous s'p'ritual b'liever in de Bible. So I 'lowed I'd name him arter some o' de big officers what de Bible talks ob, an' I studied 'bout w'at an 'un I'd name 'im arter, an' at las' I set me onto Beelzebub, sah."

"Hit's a mouty fine name, sah; an' 'pears lack I'es 'spirin' powerful high. I 'lows dat chile'll sho'ly do credit do namesake, sah. Hit most sho'ly will."

THROWING AWAY A GIRL.

A GENTLEMAN was shipwrecked on his way home from India with his little daughter. The vessel hung on the rock on which she had struck, but the seas that beat over her were increasing in violence momentarily with the rising gale, and it was evident that she must soon go down. With great difficulty the boats were lowered and after they were afloat they could not come within ten feet of the wreck. The gentleman threw his little four-year-old daughter over the boiling chasm in a boat. Springing out of the arms of a sailor who had caught her, she stood and cried out in an agony: "O papa, Christ you throw me away? Could you throw me away?" Poor child, she thought her father had thrown her away, when he had saved her life. If he had held fast, they would have been lost, but by throwing her away he saved her. Sometimes in our ignorance, we think that we have left us, forgotten us, thrown us away. Poor, simple, children! our hearts are Father loves us, and will save us; and things that frighten and disturb us are means he uses to bring us safely home.

HARD WORKING MOTHER.

BY DR. E. H. HAYLISS.

The dollies were all of them put in their bed, and slumber had settled on each flaxen head, and flaxen-haired dollies alone are in style, to have any others were not worth one's while.

Each of these dollies was good as new, and each was well tended and fed, one could see.

Each had its "nightie," and each had its cap, and each was protected 'gainst any mishap.

Each was just splendid could anyone doubt,

Then with six in one bed, none tried to get out? They lay quietly, sleeping quite sound, of one made the slightest attempt to turn round.

The proud little mother the cradle surveyed,

And thus to herself in soliloquy said:

"There's Susie, and Mary, and Kitty, and Annie and Jennie are in with them,

And I shall be as tired as a mother can be, and do more of hard work than they do of just play."

She looked, and the little child mother so fair bent her head down, fast asleep in her chair,

Now who was the mamma in such a bad fix? 'Twas little maiden, who's just half-past six.

LESSON NOTES

SECOND QUARTER

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

[1491.] **LESSON X** [June 3.]

THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

12. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. Cor. 5. 7

OUTLINE.

- 1 The Sacrifice, v. 1-7.
- 2 The Passover, v. 8-14.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Read about the Passover. Exod. 12. 29, 30.

Wed. Find how the Israelites went out. Exod. 12. 31-34

Thur. Read about the passover Jesus ate. Matt. 26. 18-30.

Fri. Learn who is our Passover. Golden Text.

Sat. Find for whom Christ was sacrificed. John 1. 29.

Sun. How many Bible texts can you find about Jesus, the Lamb?

DO YOU KNOW—

Who went with Moses to Egypt? Why would not Pharaoh let the people of Israel go? What does this show? His selfishness.

Who spoke to Moses and Aaron? What did he say each household must do? How were the houses of the Israelites marked? What was done with the flesh of the lamb? How was it eaten? What was to be done in the night? Which houses were to be passed over? What was the supper the Israelites ate that night called? How did the Lord say it should be kept?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

How I have been redeemed. 1 Peter 1. 19.

That I am a pilgrim and a stranger. Verse. 11.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who made you? God.

Who is God? God is our Father in heaven.

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON XI** [June 10.]

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-29. Memory verses 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith they passed through the Red Sea.—Heb. 11. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud, v. 19-20
2. The Sea, v. 21, 22.
3. The Foe, v. 23-29.

EVERY-DAY HELPS.

Mon. Read how Pharaoh changed his mind. Exod. 14. 5-10.

Tues. Find the secret of Moses' courage. Exod. 14. 13, 14

Wed. Read lesson verses very carefully.

Thur. Read how Moses rejoiced. Exod. 15. 1-13.

Fri. Learn how we may pass through trouble. Golden Text.

Sat. Find a promise for the day of trouble. Isa. 43. 2

Sun. Read Hymn 679 in Methodist Hymnal.

DO YOU KNOW—

Why did Pharaoh let the Israelites go? By what way did they go towards Canaan? Who showed them the way? How? What did Pharaoh do after they went away? What made the people afraid? What did Moser tell them?

What did Moses do? What happened? What did Pharaoh try to do? What happened then? Who fought for Israel? What did the people do when they saw this? What should we learn from the Lord's loving care for us?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God is my helper. Exod. 14. 14. That God is my safety. Psalm 20. 7.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is God? God is a Spirit, One that always was and always will be.

Where is God? God is everywhere.

CORAL BUILDERS.

GRANDMA was talking to Pink. She said: "The coral builders are animals so small that you cannot see them. They live in the sea, and build for their homes the beautiful coral you may have seen. After millions of these little creatures have worked for hundreds and hundreds of years, their coral reefs reach the surface of the ocean, and form islands."

"Patient little workers!" observed Pink. "I wish I could do something."

"Yet they do but a little at a time," returned grandma. "But why can't the girls in your class form a club, and call yourselves 'coral builders?' You can do a little deed of kindness every day."

"Oh, we can!" exclaimed Pink, enthusiastically. "We can carry flowers to the sick and papers to the poor. What else can we do?"

"You might try to be sweet at home," answered grandma, and then she kissed Pink, who resolved to heed the lesson.—*Harpers' Young People.*

FOOLISH CORA.

"CORA, have you studied your lessons yet for school?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I hate lessons!" said Cora. "I'd rather play with the kitten. Here, kittie, kittie, drink this nice milk."

After a while, mother said again: "Cora, I'm afraid you will miss your lessons. It is time you went to your study."

"I don't see why one must always be so plagued with studies!" said Cora, with a very ugly frown on her face. And though she took her book, she still played with the kitten.

After a while closing day came, and all the parents were invited to the school. There were prizes given to some of the children, but Cora did not receive one. She failed in her examination, and her mother felt ashamed of her. She almost wished she had not come to the school to see her so disgraced.

There is a verse in the Bible that says: "A foolish son is a grief to his father," and it is as true to-day as it was when it was written so long ago. If little boys and girls spend their time doing foolish things instead of improving it, it makes their parents very sad.



MAKING A GARDEN.

MAKING A GARDEN.

MABEL and Fred are very busy. They have a garden of their own and have promised to keep it nicely hoed, raked and weeded. They both enjoy using the rake and the hoe, but the weeding they think rather hard work. But they are not sorry for the trouble they have taken when the bright flowers come up. Mabel and Fred are so very anxious to have their flowers grow well, because they are not going to keep them all for themselves. They are going to give a great many of them to their grandma, who is so old she can seldom go out, and some of them are to be sent to a little friend who is ill. As they work they are very happy thinking of all the kind things they will be able to do with their flowers. They are learning some lessons, too. They find that working and thinking for others makes one very happy. They see how much faster the weeds grow than the flowers and how carefully they have to watch their garden that they may pull up the weeds while they are very small. So they know what their mamma means when she tells them the little sins that come into the heart are just like the weeds in their garden. If they are not daily watched they will grow so fast they will spoil all the good things planted there.

THE AWFUL MAN AT THE KENNEL.

ROLAND STRONG started out one winter evening to put his dog in the kennel for the night, but came flying back with his eyes wide open with fright, and slammed the door shut and fastened it.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked sister Ethel.

"There's an awful fierce-looking man

out at the kennel. His eyes are so big, and he waved a gun at me. He's an awful man."

"Come, let's go and ask him what he wants," suggested Ethel.

With a howl of fear, Roland ran up to his room, bolted the door, undressed, dived in under the bed-clothes, and shook for an hour or two before he fell asleep.

The next morning at breakfast something about him seemed to amuse brother George and Ethel very much. Even papa and mamma smiled very strangely.

After breakfast, Ethel said: "Come, Roland, aren't you going to give Rover his breakfast?"

"I'm—I'm afraid that man—" But Ethel and George laughed so that he was ashamed to finish.

Ethel brought his cap and coat and led him out. When they were near the kennel, she pointed, and said: "There's your awful man, and the gun he waved at you."

It was only a snow image with a cane in its arm. George had made it early in the evening.

Roland was very much ashamed of his running from a snow man, but then, he was only six years old, and little boys can be forgiven for being afraid, when sometimes big men and women are so easily frightened at nothing.

THE FAGGOT GATHERER.

JAMES and Alice were looking over their scrap-album. This was not like other albums that I have seen, all pictures, or all stories or poems cut out and pasted in. It was not like any other I have ever seen. It was a large old account book, with lines ruled on each page. There were a great many pictures, and under each picture a story about the picture, or a description of it written entirely by the two children. They spent many happy rainy days and long winter evenings over their scrap book, and they were learning three very important things without knowing it: first, to learn all they could about things other people had seen or written about—that is, facts; and then to exercise their reasoning powers and imagination where they had not the facts to learn; and third, to express themselves well and accurately.

This evening they had a picture of a young faggot gatherer. It was James' turn to write. After much talking and consulting of books, he wrote:

"Faggots are bundles of small pieces of wood, twigs, or branches of trees used for fuel.

"Why do people gather such stuff to burn? Because they are too poor to buy wood. They cannot live in cities, because it would not pay men, nor even boys, to go far out where twigs and branches are plenty. And they could not bring enough to burn all winter, so these people must live in a wooded country where such fuel is easily found. They must live where

coal is dear and hard to get, and near railroads and in mountainous districts. I did wonder why they did not chop the trees, but Alice says they must live in countries where rich people own tracts of woodland, and the poor people not allowed to chop down a single tree. These rich people must be great lords of European countries, then—Germany, and other such monarchies. I am not a Canadian."

LOVELINESS.

ONCE I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheeks no tints of rose
Paled and blushed, or sought repose
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her
Came and went
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Loveller grew,
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

SOMETHING NICE TO DO

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

"Well, let me see," said auntie. "you tell me anyone in the Bible name begins with A?"

"Yes; Adam."

"I'll tell you a B," said auntie: "Babes in the Wood."

"Cain."

"Right," said Aunt Sarah.

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

And so we went through all the of the alphabet; and before we knew of it we were called to supper, the table was lighted, and we had a fine time.

A MISSIONARY who lives in India he wears a kind of coat that he deems like, just because he can help more people by dressing in that way. Even in small ways we can please Jesus and help others, if we forget self and try to do things "for Jesus' sake."