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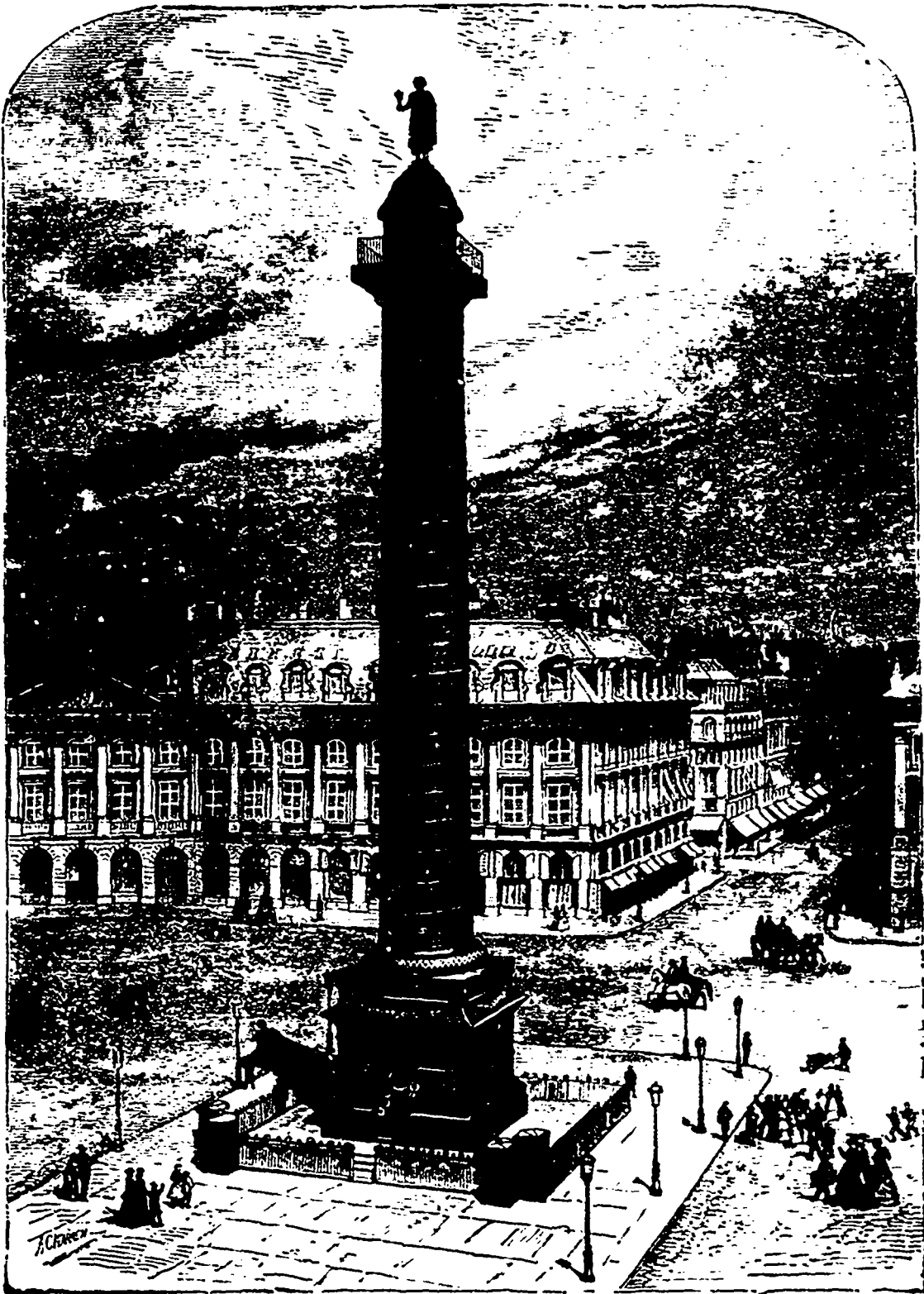
Vol. XX.]

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899.

[No. 9.]

THE VENDOME COLUMN.

The Vendome Column in Paris is an imitation of Trajan's Column at Rome, 142 feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. It was erected by order of Napoleon I. in 1806-10 to commemorate his victories over the Russians and Austrians in 1805. It was thrown down by the Communists in 1871, but a bed of manure was prepared to receive it, so that, though broken, it was not utterly shattered. It was skilfully re-erected in 1875. It is constructed of masonry covered with plates of bronze, forming a spiral band of 300 yards, on which is represented in high relief the military career of Napoleon. The figures are about three feet high. The metal was obtained by melting down 1,200 Russian and Austrian cannons. A figure of Napoleon crowns the column. In 1879 the present writer climbed the monument to the gallery shown at the top.



VENDOME COLUMNE, PARIS.

FOR LITTLE HANDS.

There are so many things which little hands may do that I am going to give you a hint about them. One task that almost every mother will be glad to have assistance in is dusting. There are perhaps vases that little hands may not meddle with, and costly trifles mamma has told you not to touch, but all the ins and outs, crooks and corners of fancy chairs, table legs, piano stools, and the like, as well as sofas and cabinets, may be carefully wiped and kept free from dust by a very small child. Then there are little errands to be run, and extra steps to take, that will keep mother from getting tired so soon. It helps mother, too, if the little hands will not throw toys or books on the floor, and will put hats and wraps neatly away.

Man without patience is a lamp without oil, and pride in a rage is a bad counsellor.

FOR YOU

I have some good advice for you,
My merry little man,
'Tis this: Where'er your lot is cast,
Oh, do the best you can.
And find the good in everything,
No matter what or where.
And don't be always looking for
The hardest thing to bear.

Oh, do not stand with idle hands
And wait for something grand,
While precious moments slip away
Like grains of shining sand!
But do the duty nearest you,
And do it faithfully;
For stepping-stones to greater things
These little deeds shall be.

In this big world of ours, my boy,
There's work for all to do;
Just measure by the Golden Rule
That which is set for you,
And try it with the square of truth,
And with the line of right;
In every act and thought of yours
Oh, keep your honour bright.

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TORONTO, MAY 6, 1899.

HOW ROBBIE DISOBEYED.

Robbie was getting to be a pretty big boy; and Robbie thought himself even bigger than he was, for he thought he was big enough to know better than father or mother—which is a very foolish idea, indeed, for either a little boy or a big boy to have.

One day, when Robbie was going over the bridge on an errand for his mother, he saw two boys in a boat by the side of the bank, having a very good time. They were eating bread and molasses; and though one of them had very ragged

clothes on, he did not seem to mind that at all. Robbie knew who they were. They were two boys from the flats, whom his father had told he must not play with; but, you see, Robbie thought he knew better than his father. So, when they called to him and asked him to take a row with them, Robbie forgot his mother's errand and got into their boat with them.

Robbie found it great fun to row, and the boat went along so easily and fast that he did not see how far he was getting away from home. He did not like the boys very much, though, for their talk was rough and ill-tempered. He began to wish, after a while, that he was back on the bridge; and then he looked at the shore and found that he was far away from home. He told the boys he wanted row back again, but they said it was their boat, and they were going down to Bushy Point to stay all the afternoon.

Robbie pleaded with the boys to put him ashore, and at last one of the boys took his side; but still the other boy would not give in. Then they got to quarrelling, and, in their excitement forgot to watch the oars, which soon slipped overboard.

That stopped the dispute; but as they were reaching after them in the water, the boat suddenly went over a little too far to one side, and they were all upset into the river together.

The boat turned bottom side up, and the three boys caught hold of it and climbed up; so they were safe enough, but they were wet through; and when the boat drifted to land, Robbie had to walk several miles to get home.

Robbie thinks now that his father knows more than he does about the boys at the flats, and his father is glad that Robbie had his lesson without hurting himself worse than he did. Father always knows best anyway.

THE TAKING OF LIFE.

The celebrated Russian novelist tells a touching incident from his own life which awakened in him sentiments that have coloured all his writings.

When Tourgenieff was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they stamped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin that he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father.

But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature! If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death; and since I cannot give life, I will not take it."

THE WRONG BUTTON.

A man in an electric car the other night wished to leave at a certain corner. He was talking with a friend at the time, and carelessly, without looking round, reached back to press the button. The car rolled steadily on. The man, with an impatient frown, pressed harder; still the motor-man, looking off in the darkness, paid no attention. The car passed another corner. With an angry exclamation the man looked about for the conductor, when his friend, quietly reaching over, touched the button for him. In instant obedience to the signal, the car began to slow, and the passenger who had been pressing, not the button, but a little screw above it, hastily left the car. After all, it generally turns out to be our own fault when things go wrong with us.

TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us; he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself; "If I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

THE LITTLE ONES HE BLESSES.

I wonder if over the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and wilful,
They wandered far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at
evening,
Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet, childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the
shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.
To the day of grey hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were riven
Were laid on their heads when Christ
uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in
heaven
If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON VII. [May 14.]

CHRIST BETRAYED AND ARRESTED.

John 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.—
Isa. 53. 3.

DO YOU KNOW?

Where did Jesus go after the supper?
To the garden of Gethsemane. Who went
with him? The disciples. Who followed him
there? Judas and some wicked Jews and
soldiers. What led Judas to do this evil
deed? [Tuesday's Help.] How much
money did he get for this act? Do you
think it was a good price? What hap-
pened when Jesus spoke to the mob which
Judas led? What did this show? That
he had a wonderful power. Why did he
not use this power to make his escape from
the garden? He came to die for us, and
he would not shrink. What bold thing did

Peter do? How did Jesus show his love
for his enemies? What did Jesus permit
these wicked men to do? To whom was
he led first?

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses, slowly and
reverently. John 18. 1-14.
Tues. Find who put it into Judas' heart to
betray Jesus. Luke 22. 3.
Wed. Find what reward Judas received.
Matt 26. 15.
Thur. Read this same story told by
Matthew. Matt. 26. 36-56.
Fri. Read Luke's story. Luke 22. 39-54.
Sat. Learn how Peter's courage went
away. Luke 22. 54-62.
Sun. Learn a verse that explains the
conduct of Jesus. Matt. 5. 44.

LESSON VIII. [May 21.]

CHRIST BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

John 18. 15-27. Memory verses, 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own and his own
received him not.—John 1. 11.

DO YOU KNOW.

To whom was Jesus taken next? To
Annas. Who was now the high priest?
Caiaphas. To whom did Annas send Jesus
bound? To the high priest. Which dis-
ciples followed Jesus? Peter and John.
How did Peter follow? "Afar off." Who
went into the palace with Jesus? John.
Why did not Peter go? He was afraid.
Who went and brought him in? What
did the girl at the door say to Peter?
What did he say? What is always foolish,
as well as wrong? To tell a lie. What
did the high priest ask Jesus? Did he
really want to know? No, but he wanted
to seem to be just. How was Jesus treated
there? How did he bear it all? Tell how
Peter again and again denied Jesus.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your
Bible. John 18. 15-27.
Tues. Read Matthew's story. Matt. 26.
57-75.
Wed. Find how Mark tells the same story.
Mark 14. 53-72.
Thur. Read the same story told by Luke.
Luke 22. 54-71.
Fri. Learn the sad Golden Text.
Sat. Learn the beautiful lesson that is
taught here. Rom. 5. 8.
Sun. Read what the prophet Isaiah wrote
about Jesus. Isa. 53. 4-7.

FINDING THE KITTENS.

How many of our little readers, I won-
der, have ever gone to the barn to look for
eggs. I know a little girl, seven years old,
whose great delight it is to go to the barn
with papa and mamma, and help find the
eggs, which are often hidden away in such
queer places.

Mabel has come to the barn, but instead
of finding eggs she has found some dear
little kittens stowed away in a basket
filled with straw. She has lifted one of them
out, and now she is feeling around to find
how many more there are.

The old mother cat is very much dis-
turbed to see that her hiding-place for her
kittens has been found out, but she need
not fear, for I am sure Mabel will treat
them kindly, and they will soon become pets
in the home. Mabel will find some pretty
ribbons to put around their necks, and they
will have plenty to eat and drink; instead
of playing in the cold barn, they will find
a cosy spot by the fire, and they will be
as happy as kittens can be.

We think of cats only as household pets,
but do you know that hundred of cats are
kept by the United States government?
Uncle Sam has great storehouses in which
there are crackers, flour, cheese, and many
other things that rats and mice enjoy. So
on this account Uncle Sam has his cats,
which are cared for at the expense of the
government, and which pay for their board
and lodging by keeping the government
supplies from being eaten up by the rats
and the mice.

HELPING SOMEWHERE.

"Is your father at home?" asked some-
body of the little boy playing on the
village doctor's doorstep.

"No," was the answer, "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," answered the little boy thought-
fully, "you've got to look some place
where people are sick or hurt or something
like that. I don't know where he is, but
he's helping somewhere."

What a beautiful thought of his father
that boy had all the time. Surely, as he
grows up, he, too, will be found helping
somewhere.

BEDTIME.

Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away;
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is a mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops ev'ry head;
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're ready not for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.



THE INDIA BULLOCK CART.

AN INDIA BULLOCK CART.

What a jolly team is this! How would you like to take a ride behind it? But there doesn't seem to be any too much room. Yet I guess we wouldn't quite tumble off for those upright staves of that rather queer-looking body would doubtless keep us from falling. And what ungainly wheels' and just one pair, too!

There is another kind of carriage in use in India that I'd like to show you. It is called a travelling cart, and there are only two wheels to it as to this one. But it has much more body. Indeed, the body is like a large platform, and over it there is a huge cover of straw, arched over like a brick oven. This is to protect the traveller from the rain and from the fierce sun. Bullocks draw it, too, just like they are drawing this one. Indeed, these grave, sober fellows, with their long horns and small, sure feet, seem to be the prevailing style of horse in India.

How many interesting things we may read of this far-away country, India, with its palmy groves, spicy breezes, and delicious fruits! But how sad to think that of its 250,000,000 people only a few hundreds have heard the name of Jesus! If our young people would like to read a book about India that will instruct as well as interest, and tell them some of the many things the good and noble missionaries have done to teach the people there, let them send seventy-five cents to the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York, and get a book called "Seven Years in Ceylon; or, Stories of Missionary Life." It is written by those noble Christian ladies, Mary and Margaret Leitch, and the wonderful and interesting things they have to tell will keep you reading on and on from page to page. There isn't a dry line in the whole book. It is filled to the brim, too, with all manner of instructive and delightful pictures.

WHY MARY WAS LIKED.

I read a story the other day about a little girl named Mary, and I thought you would like to read it too, so here it is.

A queer old man once made a tea-party for the little girls in the town; and when they had all come and were gathered in his front yard, he offered a doll for the most popular little girl, and asked them all to vote which should have the prize. But many of them did not know what "most popular" meant. So he told them it was the best-liked little girl. Then they all voted, and Mary was the one who had the most votes and received the doll, though no one could say she was either the prettiest or the cleverest of them all.

"Now," said the queer old man, "I will give another doll to the one that first tells me why you all like Mary the best."

Nobody answered at first. But presently one of them spoke up and said, "It's because Mary always finds out what the rest of us wants to play, and then says, 'Let's play that.'"

That was a good answer and it showed what a beautiful, unselfish disposition Mary had. No wonder that all the other little girls liked her and that she was voted the most popular little girl in the town.

GROWING.

A little rain and a little sun

And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about:

And that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

A little work and a little play,

And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned and things in place:
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?

SOPHIA'S SWEEPING.

Everybody in the great Treasury Building at Washington knows "good old Sophia," the janitress. She has been there thirty-four years, respected and loved by the officials and clerks.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the government service. For her honesty, in saving Uncle Sam one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury, where she has seen nine administrations come and go.

Among the ninety scrub-women at the Treasury, Sophia was one. One day, after a hard evening's work, when the great building was emptied of its workers, Sophia, as usual, swept and cleaned the rooms, where (with shears in these days) the bank notes were cut and trimmed. Under the shavings she found a box packed with notes all ready for the safe. It had been forgotten.

"Now," thought Sophia, "what can I do? So I keeps on thinkin' and sweepin' fast, and thinkin'. The watchman stops at the door, and says: "Sophia, you're mighty particular this evenin' with your cleanin'."

"I says, when I had covered the box with shavin's: 'Yes, I likes to be nice.'

"Up an' down, up an' down, the watchman walks, an' I sweeps an' thinks: 'S'pose he steal, an' 'cuse a poor woman like me.'"

The long, dark evening she kept her watch. It was midnight. It was so still and lonely; only the steps of the watchman to and fro, on the marble floors. "One," "two," the big clock struck, with a ring. Sophia prayed the dear Lord to help her, to take care of her little children at home, to protect her and this great amount of money for the government.

At last, General Spinner, the United States Treasurer, came past her door. He cried out: "Why, Sophia, good woman, what are you doing here this time of night?"

It didn't take long for Sophia's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in General Spinner's room, all the officials were brought from their beds, and Sophia kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

General Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day: "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big government a quarter of a million of dollars?"

"I'ce glad, sir; it's a great deal of money to lose."

Visitors often ask: "Sophia, were you a bit tempted to take a few notes that time?"

"Sophia's mild eyes flash, and she stands very straight, and always replies: "No, no! It never entered my mind, honey! All the gold and notes in the United States Treasury ain't nothin' to leavin' my little black children the legacy of a white soul!"