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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1884.

[No. 11.]

THE HAPPY SINGER.

SING away, pretty songster, sing away! Your mate has gone to stretch her wings, but she will not leave her nest long at a time. While you are watching the nest, and waiting for her to come back, keep on singing, and let her know as you can—hear you that you are still in your place, and ready to welcome her with a loud song of joy when she returns. Those pretty eggs by and by will be pecked open by sharp little bills, and tiny birds will open wide their hungry mouths and cry for food. Then what a stirring time there will be to get them something to eat! You and your mate will have some hard work to do; but you will not mind it, for love never feels hardships. You will be so happy with the nestlings that you will willingly fly far away to get them food, and though you come back with tired wing, you know you can get a sweet rest all night by the place where the little ones sleep so cosily under the mother bird's wings. So sing away, pretty songster, sing away!



THE HAPPY SINGER.

carried up the bricks and mortar and then placed them in their proper order.

His father said to him:

"Edwin, you seem to be very much taken up with the bricklayers; pray, what may you be thinking about? Have you any notion of learning the trade?"

"No," said Edwin smiling; "but I was just thinking what a little thing a brick is, and yet that great house is built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my boy. Never forget it. Just so it is in all great works. All your learning is only one little lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world it would be by putting one foot before the other. Your whole life will be made up of one little moment after another. Drop added to drop makes the ocean. Learn from this not to despise little things. Learn also not to be discour-

aged by great labours. The greatest labour becomes easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things."

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.
EDWIN was one day looking at a large building which they were putting up just opposite to his father's house. He watched the workmen from day to day as they

A WARNING.

"Now do be careful, Johnny!
The garden path is narrow;
You'd better take this flower jar,
And let me wheel the barrow."
Up to my open window,
Clear comes the childish warning;
For sturdy John and prudent Bess
Are gardeners this morning.
"I know you'll tip it over!"
Still anxious Bess is fretting.
A crash! A silence—has it come,
The prophesied upsetting?
No! safe is Johnny's barrow;
But lo! 'mid fragments scattered,
Poor Bessie stands, and at her feet
Her flower-jar lies shattered:
"O anxious Bess!" I murmur,
"Life's garden paths are narrow:
Watch you your little jar, nor fret
About another's barrow!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1884.

GOD'S CHILDREN.

ONE day Nellie said, "I wish I was Mrs. Brown's little daughter. Mrs. Brown is rich, and her children can have everything they want." Nellie's mother was poor and sewed hard every day to make a living for herself and her children. Cousin Jane heard Nellie when she spoke. "Why, Nellie," said cousin Jane, "don't you remember that our lesson says we are God's children. And God is far richer than Mrs. Brown. All the world and all heaven are his. And if we love him he will after awhile give us a beautiful home in heaven." "I did not think of that," said Nellie; "and then my dear mamma loves me so much, and is so kind, that I will never wish again I was somebody else's daughter.

THE DIAMOND RING.

THE merchant, William, sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness. Many years after he returned home. When he landed, he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighbouring country-house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assembled, they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not rich. A young Moor whom he had brought with him was disgusted at their want of feeling, and said, "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relation after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper; "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold! all the faces brightened, and they pressed around dear cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honour of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said William, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"O you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, "it is not the ring that has bewitched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"—*Child's Own Magazine.*

KEEPING OUT OF TROUBLE.

ROB never has any trouble with the boys. Everyone likes him; so it is not very strange that he gets along well.

"Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him one day. "All the other boys do."

"O it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me, I just keep still."

"Not a bad plan, is it? Who will try Rob's plan?"

I LOVE MY SISTER.

LITTLE Gracie was hugging and kissing her baby sister. Her auntie said to her, "And you really think you love your little sister, do you?" Quick as a flash came Gracie's answer, "No, I don't think I love my little sister; I love her without thinking."



DAISY FACES.

BY AUNT MAY.

THE daisies are coming. They have been keeping house in a very quiet, secluded way underground all winter, and they have not been idle either. They have got their spring clothes ready, and are venturing out as fast as they dare. When the great sun smiles encouragingly they feel assured and show themselves, but a hint of the north-wind's presence makes them afraid; but they will get over that as soon as the sunshine gets warmer. They are the children of the sun, and resemble him in a small way, with their round golden faces and ray-like petals. Indeed, they are named for him—day's-eye—the "eye of Day" being the old name for the sun-god. On a bright July day you may see a whole field full of them, looking straight up at the sun with happy, confiding faces, just as pansies look up into our faces; and if there is something almost human in the face of a pansy, there is something more than that in the daisy, with its pure face turned heavenward.

"But what kind of daisies are these in the picture?" asks a perplexed little reader; "they have a human look, I am sure."

Yes, but they did not look like that once when they stood in the meadow looking up at the sky. They were gathered and brought into the house, and one who had skilful fingers and a busy brain tried her art upon them. I am glad they do not grow that way, but that you may amuse yourself and friends after some of your country rambles this summer I will tell you how to make "daisy-faces." You must evenly trim off the petals, (with the exception of two,) not closely, but leaving about a quarter of an inch to form the "snowy cap-frill." The two petals which are left entire form a pair of immaculate white ribbon-strings. Then—if you are good at making faces—with a pen and black ink you may trace the features on the solid yellow disk of the daisy, and give your little old lady whatever expression you please. A half dozen of happy faces, with two or three cross ones for a contrast, will make a bouquet that will be much admired for its quaintness, if not for its beauty.



GRANDMOTHER'S VISIT.

GRANDMA has come! O mamma, grandma has come!" cried Gracie, joyfully, as she skipped to the door. Dick ran after her, shouting, "Good, now we'll have a merry time."

Little Neddie had forgotten all about the dear old grandma, so he stood very still and looked at her soberly, as she entered the room.

"Has Neddie forgotten grandma?" was her question as she took the little fellow in her arms, and covered his face with kisses.

"I forgot once, but I shan't never again," answered Neddie, as he slipped from her arms, and shyly watched her as she tried to unfasten her bonnet.

"Let me help you, grandma," said Gracie, and her nimble fingers soon untied the strings.

"Thank you, dear. My old fingers are cold and stiff. Yours are better. By-and-bye they may open my basket." She did not see roguish Dick peep into it.

"Yes, grandma, but I'll carry your things away first;" and her willing feet tripped away with the wrappings.

When the last thing was put away, grandma said, "Now open my basket, Gracie."

"Oh, what a nice dolly!" cried Gracie, as soon as she saw the pretty thing folded so nicely in its dainty white blauket.

"I knew 't was there before you saw it," said Dick. "But dolls ain't much. What have you got for me, grandma?"

"Dick," said his mother, "be patient. I think Neddie will have his present first, to-day."

"O Neddie, see this nice horse on wheels!" exclaimed Gracie. She was almost as much delighted as Neddie with the pretty toy. His sparkling eyes showed his delight, although he said nothing then.

"Here, my boy," said grandma at last; "here is yours at the very bottom of the basket," and she handed Dick a handsome white-handled knife.

"Thank you; it's just what I wanted. You are the best grandmother alive."

"Is it worth waiting for?" asked grandma, with a quiet smile.

"I guess it is. I'll remember to be patient next time, I'm sure I will. The best often comes last."

After the presents had been sufficiently examined and praised, and grandma had eaten a good warm dinner prepared by her kind daughter, papa came home from his work, and the entire family gathered around the large, old-fashioned fire-place for an

evening's talk. Grandma then told them all about her home, and about her long and tiresome journey. Thus the evening passed very pleasantly away, and all felt that the presence of grandmother had brought additional sunshine and happiness to the household. Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honour her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

LET'S PLAY.

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say!
When they can't have the things they wish
for
They take others, and cry, "Let's play."

"Let's play that the chairs are big coaches,
And the sofa a railroad-car;
And that we are all taking journeys,
And travelling ever so far.

"Let's play that this old broken china
Is a dinner-set rare and fine,
And our tin cups filled with water
Are goblets of milk and wine."

"Let's play every one of our doilies
Is alive and can go to walk,
And keep up long conversations
With us if we want to talk.

"Let's play that we live in a palace,
And that we are queens and kings,
Let's play we are birds in a tree-top,
And can fly about on wings.

"Let's play that we are school-keepers,
And grown people come to our school;
And then punish them most soundly
If they break but a single rule."

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,
What sensible things they say,
And we might be happy as they are
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt not having and having
When we have lived out our day?
Let us borrow the children's watchword,
The magical watchword, "Let's play."

GOOD ADVICE.

Do not be late at Sunday-school if you can help it. It is not right to sleep later on Sunday than at other times. We should try to spend all of God's day in his service.

A LITTLE boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible, he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

GOD, whose home is in the y,
Far above the sun so high;
Far above the moon so bright,
And the stars which shine at night;
Thou art very near to me,
Though I cannot look on thee.

Yet I know it was thy hand
Formed the earth whereon I stand—
Made the grass, the flower, the tree,
Everything I love to see:
Thou didst make them all to raise
Even little children's praise.

Though thy home is far away,
Thou dost watch me night and day;
Thou canst hear my feeble tongue
Sound above the angels' song,
When they bow their golden wings
Unto thee, great king of kings.

I would love and praise thee too,
As the holy angels do;
Thank thee for thy mercies given,
Pray, to guide my way to heaven,
And to join the glorious hymn
Chanted by the Seraphim.

THE FLOOD.

FOUR little boys were talking about the flood. One, on being asked what he would have done if he had been living in the time of the flood, replied, "I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door;" the second said, "I would have climbed to the top of a tree;" the third said, "I would have gone to the top of a high mountain;" and the fourth said, "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said, 'Mr. Noah, let me in.'" The first three boys, who would have tried to save themselves, would have been lost; and the fourth boy only, who would not try to save himself, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves. All who desire to be saved must go to Jesus—

"Here, Lord, a vile and guilty wretch,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

THE BIBLE.

THIS single Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That o'er the monarch's coffers shone—
Or on their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
This earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night—
This Book were worth them all!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 57.] LESSON IX. [June 1.

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

Gal. 4. 1-16. Commit to memory verses 4 & 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty where-
with Christ hath made us free. Gal. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Child a Servant, v. 1-3.
2. The Child a Son, v. 4-7.
3. The Son in Bondage, v. 8-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How long is the heir of great estates
under the law of teachers? While he is a
child.

How long were we in bondage to the law
of Moses? Until our Father gave us
Christ.

What has Christ done for us? Freed us
from the law.

What does this freedom make us? Heirs
of God through Christ.

What does God give to his children?
The Holy Spirit.

What do people worship when they
know not God? Idols.

What kind of idols? Self, money, the
world.

From what will Christ deliver us? From
the love of all these things.

When do we love these things? When
we forget God.

What caution is given us? [Repeat
GOLDEN TEXT.]

What is that liberty? Living under
Christ, not under the law.

What does Christ look at? The heart.

What does the law exact? Outward
ceremonies and works.

How should Christians receive each
other? With brotherly love.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Only Christ can give you love and peace.
Only Christ can forgive your sins.

Only Christ can free you from the bond-
age of sin.

Why not accept him for your Saviour now?
"Behold, now is the day of salvation."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The liberty of
the Gospel.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Adam? The first man that
God made, and the father of us all.

Who was Eve? The first woman, and the
mother of us all.

Who was Cain? Adam's eldest son, who
killed his brother.

A.D. 58.] LESSON X. [June 8.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Rom. 3. 19-31. Commit to memory verses 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we
have peace with God through our Lord
Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Guilty Before God, v. 19-23,
2. Justified Freely, v. 24.
3. Justified by Faith, v. 25-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who are under the law? All who reject
Christ.

How will the law judge them? As
guilty.

What are the deeds of the law? Works
done in the flesh.

What is sin? Transgression of the law.

How do all men stand before God? As
sinners.

Who has delivered us from the law?
God, our Father.

How did he deliver us? By giving his
Son to die for us.

What saves us from the law? Faith in
God's Son.

Who may have this faith? All who
believe Christ.

What is it to be justified? To be at
peace with God. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Who only is just? Jesus Christ, our
Lord.

Who only can give us righteousness?
Jesus.

What law may we glory in? The law of
faith.

Does faith in Christ destroy the law?
No, it gives the will and power to obey it.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

We can never deserve God's mercy.
We can never do anything to earn salva-
tion:

We can never be happy in ourselves.
Therefore we need just such a Saviour as
Jesus.

"If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The remission
of sins.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Abel? Cain's righteous brother,
whom he hated.

Who was Enoch? A man who pleased
God, and who was taken up to heaven
without dying.

MORE important than the thing you do
may be the discipline of the doing.