

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1892.

No. 10.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ABOUT six hundred years ago there was a king of England—Edward I.—who subdued the people of Wales, which, you know, lies just west of England. After conquering the Welsh he was anxious to win their good-will, and so when it happened that the first Prince baby was born, in Carnarvan, in Wales, he had a bright idea. He announced that this boy was a native of Wales—one who could speak Welsh just as well as any other tongue (this was true, the baby was but three weeks old,) and he should therefore be the people's own prince, "Edward, Prince of Wales."

Twenty-three years after, this baby became King of England, and about fifty years later his grandson had assigned to him, as the third Prince of Wales, the crest and motto which has been borne by all English kings' sons who have since that day had the title. There is three ostrich feathers, and the motto is the sentence "Ich dien"—"I serve." It was given to the Black Prince, a boy of great promise, who fought bravely at the battle of Crécy.

The present Prince of Wales is the oldest son of Queen Victoria. This is his picture, but you must not think he wears these fine decorations except on special occasions. If you were to meet him, as you might if you lived in England, you would find him as simple in his dress and as quiet in his manners as any other gentleman. Some people think of kings

and queens and princes as wearing magnificent crowns and continually making a great display, but if you were to see the London house where the Prince of Wales lives, you would be surprised at its plain appearance—on its outside at least. He

who likes to know how the home-life of a royal family goes on. It shows the reader that the great ones of the earth have just as many trials and struggles and heartaches as the lowest. It lets you see that the Queen of England is a loving mother and sincere Christian. It tells you in detail of all her family, and gives interesting little stories of life in a palace.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

has sons and daughters, who are being brought up in a very sensible and simple way. The boys are not allowed to "put on airs" because of their high birth, and the dresses of the young girls are made in a style much more plain than are those of many silly school-girls in America.

There is a book written by Queen Victoria that would be interesting to any one

"the Lamb's book of life," where every thought, word and deed is written down.

Dear little friends, the pages of your lives are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed. The last words uttered by John B Gough were "Young man, keep your record clean."

WRITING IT ALL DOWN.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny notebook from his pocket and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterward he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true every word of it; for "somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down."

By and by, whenever uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down; we'll not say any more naughty words."

The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of

"FORBID THEM NOT."

THERE is no sweeter story told
 In all the blessed Book
 Than how the Lord within his arms
 The little children took.

We love him for the tender touch
 That made the leper whole,
 And for the wondrous words that healed
 The tired, sin-sick soul.

But closer to his loving self
 Our human hearts are brought,
 When for the little children's sake
 Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face
 A smile of gladness wore,
 A smile that for his little ones
 It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe
 For them grew low and sweet,
 And still for them his gentle lips
 The loving words repeat.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.
 PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	1 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 10
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Jerolan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the post, 25 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen;	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 31 Temperance St.,
 TORONTO.

J. W. COATES, 3 Murray Street, Montreal, Que. S. F. HURSTON, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1892.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD

FREDDY WELSH went with his father to their sheep ranch twenty miles from home. Here was where the herder stayed and watched the flock of a thousand sheep through the long sunny days. The little cabin was his home at night, close by the corral where the sheep were folded. Freddy and his father stayed with the herder several weeks in the spring, to help to take care of the lambs. The flock was divided, and Freddy, who was only seven years old, was given the charge of the lambs and their mothers.

They were turned out in the morning, and slowly made their way from the corral, eating the tender grass.

Freddy could watch them from the cabin until nearly noon. Then they would be so far away that he was sent to turn them and drive them slowly home toward night. One day he saw a rattlesnake.

"Did you kill it?" I asked, "or did you run away?"

"Yes, ma'am, I killed it. Of course I did."

"What did you kill it with?" I asked, curious to know.

"A club," said he, "an oak club."

"But where did you find a club?" I asked, for the prairie was treeless.

"I dug it out of the ground. It was an old picket-pin."

"But I don't see how you ever dared to strike the snake," I said, as I looked at his chubby hands. "Most little boys would have run away as fast as they could. Weren't you afraid of it?"

"Yes, ma'am, some; but I hit it before it got coiled up. It can't strike before it gets coiled up."

"Didn't your father think you were brave?"

"He didn't know until I had killed two."

"Then you have killed more than one rattlesnake?"

"Yes, ma'am, I've killed eleven. I have the rattles at home that I took from the biggest one. It had nine rattles."

I have been thinking that Freddy's rule would work well in other things than killing snakes. "Strike before it gets coiled," was his way of getting rid of rattlesnakes. I know a boy who has a fiery temper. Don't you think it would be well for him to strike before he gets coiled—to say to his anger before it rises, "Keep down, I will not let you master me?"

WHAT KIND OF A MAN.

LITTLE DAVID was made very happy one Christmas by a present of a box of carpenter's tools from his uncle. He fitted up a bench in the cellar with some boards that his father gave him, put up a rack at the back of the bench for his saws, gimlets, chisels, and augers, and every tool is kept in its place, and no shavings are allowed to accumulate in his "shop," as he calls it. He has put up neat little shelves for his mother, and has done several small jobs about the house that, but for him, would probably never have been done at all.

He once made a pretty boat for himself,

which excited the admiration of all the boys in the neighbourhood; and many of them wished they could have one, too.

At last one of the boys asked David if he would make him one, saying he would pay him five cents for it when it was finished. David consented, and worked all his leisure time for nearly two weeks. He told Frank one day, after school, that he might have the boat that night, as he could finish it in a short time. So directly after tea Frank and another playmate, Henry, came to see the wonderful boat. Frank was delighted with it; but Henry, whose father was captain of a vessel, and who had travelled a great deal with his father, sneered at it.

"Ho!" said he, "if I couldn't make a better boat than that, I'd sell out. Just look at that bow; it isn't half sharp enough. I can make a great sight better boat than that and not half try. I'll make you a handsome one for two cents—make as it ought to be, too."

Frank hesitated and looked at David, but David leaned back against the bench and made no reply.

"He don't know anything about boats," continued Henry. "He never went to sea. He don't know the difference between the bow and the stern; and I'll bet he calls the 'thwarts' seats."

Still David said nothing in reply.

"Well," said Frank, "I guess you can make me one if you'll do it for two cents. I shan't want your boat, Dave."

Then David straightened up, and without noticing Frank in any way, turned to Henry and said, "Well, Henry, do you know what I think of you? I think you are the meanest boy I know. When Frank gave me the order to make his boat, I never said a word about making one for him; but now that it is done, and he likes it, you coax him to let you make one for him, and I am cheated out of my five cents. Any boy that will act as you have just grown up to be a mean man. You will keep growing meaner and meaner. I will wait for you and see how you come out."

And then he put the boat away under his bench, and began sweeping up the shavings, while the boys went away feeling rather ashamed of themselves.

David may have been a little severe, but he taught them a good lesson. Boys as well as men should keep their agreements, and any boy who acts in a mean or underhand way when he is small will, unless he reforms, grow up to be a mean man, and will be disliked by those who come in contact with him.

PEEVISHNESS.

Each little trifle puts me out.
And without knowing why,
Instead of laughing at a joke,
I feel inclined to cry.

I feel so very, very cross
With every one to-day;
I do not care to do my work,
I do not want to play.

And yet, because I feel so dull,
It surely can't be right
That I should hinder all the rest
From being glad and bright.

One day I heard dear mamma say,
"If you are feeling sad,
Then go and do some loving work,
To make another glad."

I think I'll call the little ones
To have a game of play;
They wanted me an hour ago,
But then I turned away.

And tho' I don't feel much inclined,
My brothers will be glad;
And I may find in pleasing them
A cure for being sad.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1606.] **LESSON VIII.** [May 22.]

DANIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS.

Dan. 1. 8-21. Memory verses, 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."—Dan. 1. 8.

What book of the Bible do we study to-day? The Book of Daniel.
Who wrote it? Daniel himself.
What great king conquered Jerusalem? Neb-u-chad-nez-zar, king of Babylon.
Who were among the captives sent to Babylon? The smartest, brightest, and handsomest boys to be found.
What did the king wish to do? To train them to serve him.
How? By teaching them all that his wise men knew, and by doing what he would to make them beautiful and strong.
What did he send them? Wine and food from his own table.

What did Daniel and his friends ask? That they might have only water and pulse.

Why? They knew the plain food was better for them, and they were afraid too that they could not eat the king's food without disobeying God.

Why would the king's food make them disobey God? It often was of a kind that God had told the Jews not to eat, and sometimes it had been offered to idols.

Does wine drinking now lead people to disobey God?

How did the four boys appear at the end of ten days? Better and fairer than those who had eaten the king's food.

What did the king find at the end of three years? That these four boys were wiser than all his wise men.

What made them so? God's blessing and their own efforts.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was the Virgin Mary? The mother of Jesus.

Who were the Jews? The children of Israel, whom God chose for his own people.

B.C. 1602.] **LESSON IX.** [May 29.]

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

Dan. 2. 36-49. Memory verse, 44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do."—Heb. 4. 13.

Who had a strange dream? King Neb-u-chad-nez-zar.

For whom did he send? For the wise men.

What did he want them to do? To tell him what his dream was and what it meant.

When they could not do it what did he say? That all the wise men in the kingdom must be killed.

What did Daniel say to the King? That he could tell the dream and its meaning.

How did Daniel find out what the dream was? God told him in a vision.

Tell what you can about the dream.

What did Daniel say the head of gold meant? He said it meant King Neb-u-chad-nez-zar's own kingdom.

What did he say the other parts of the image meant? Other kingdoms which would come after him.

What would conquer all these kingdoms? The kingdom of God.

What did the king do for Daniel? He

made him a great ruler and gave him many gifts.

What did he do for Daniel's friends? He made them rulers too.

Could Daniel have done anything without God's help?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Gentiles? All nations besides the Jews.

Who was Caesar Augustus? The Emperor of Rome at the time our Lord was born.

A MORNING PRAYER.

I now, O Lord, the day begin,
Keep me free from every sin;
And if I die before the night,
Take me to thy home of light.

ALWAYS BETTER.

"LET me in, papa." Dolly stood at the door and waited. She expected to hear her papa's step coming to let her in. But all was quiet.

"It's Dolly, papa. You're always glad to see Dolly."

But papa did not come.

"Papa's gone out. I want to go in and look out of his window. But papa said I am not to go in when he's gone."

Dolly stood upon tip-toe. She could just reach the handle of the door and turn it. She let go the handle and stopped to think a little. She wanted very much to go into the room. She reached up to the handle again.

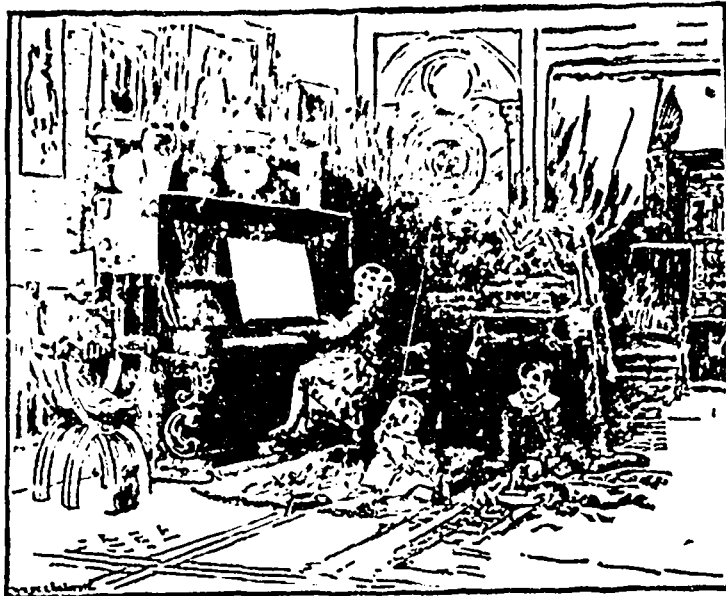
"Children, obey your parents in the Lord." She remembered every word of the short golden text. She remembered, too, that her mamma had told her that obeying in the Lord means obeying entirely and faithfully when there is no one to see us, just because the dear Lord tells us to. She went away from the door. Just at the foot of the stairs she met her papa.

"O, papa, I was just going into your room. And then I didn't because you told me not to."

"I am very glad my little girl obeyed me," said papa. "A few minutes ago the bird got out of the cage. I have been down to get a cloth to throw over him so that I could catch him. If you had opened the door and the window he might have gone away."

"Then we should have lost dear little Weetie," said Dolly. "I guess it's better always to obey, papa."

"Always, dear," said papa.



MOTHER'S OUT.

MOTHER'S OUT.

MAMMA has gone out and the three children are alone in the house, so they are having a good time in the drawing-room. Nellie is playing on the piano, she thinks, as she has seen mother and auntie do; while Eddie and Walter are giving the kittens some milk from a basin on the floor. They had better be careful of mother's nice rugs, for kitties are not always very particular about such things.

UNTO HIM.

"I WOULD like to have been that little boy; but Jesus isn't here any more; and I'm a little girl!"

Jeanie France had just been reading about the little lad who gave his loaves and fishes to Jesus, who with them fed five thousand people. Her mother smiled and, taking Jeanie's Bible, said:

"Even if Jesus had stayed upon the earth, he might never have lived just where we live; while now in heaven he hears every word we speak to him. But he knows, dear, that he would like all of us to do something for him, and so he kindly sends some one to each one of us, who stands in his place."

"O mamma, tell me who stands in Christ's place for me: I'll do anything for that person."

Mrs. France opened Jeanie's Bible and read: "'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.' Jeanie, is not Paul one of such children?"

Jeanie's face grew red and her eyes

filled with tears. Paul was a little orphan cousin who had lived with them nearly a year. At first Jeanie thought it great fun to take care of little Paul, but by and by she grew tired of washing his face so often and mending his clothes; and only lately her mother had heard the little girl speak sharply to Paul.

"I never thought," she said softly.

"Ah, Jeanie dear, we miss so much by not thinking!" And then Mrs. France put on her bonnet, for she was to spend the day at grandma's.

Paul came home at noon in a great hurry for his dinner. Generally Jeanie would have teased him and kept him waiting; but she was so kind and patient that Paul put down his knife and fork once or twice to see what was the matter! Why, auntie had left two little cup custards for their dessert, and Jeanie gave him the biggest! She was so kind that when she said, "Paul, I'd like to wash your face and hands and put on a clean collar before you go back to school," he tried hard not to grumble.

Jeanie found it was a quite different matter to wash and dress Paul for Jesus. She tried to be as gentle as possible, and felt so full of love and peace that when she tied his ribbon she kissed him. He ran off and told Charlie Dunn that his cousin Jeanie was "as good as her mamma!" But he did not know, as we do, what kept Jeanie kind and patient. Somebody stands in Christ's place in every home. Who is it at your house? It may be a little fretful baby, or a tired out mother, or a sick old grandmother. But whoever it is, Jesus says to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE ARMY OF TO-DAY.

BEHOLD, an army gathers
From near and far away;
The army of the children
Is this we see to day.
It stirs my heart like music
Heard in the battle's din,
To see the brave young heroes,
God help them all to win!

You have a fight before you
That may be fierce and long,
Do not forget, my soldiers,
The enemy is strong.
But this one thing remember,
In battle's hottest din,
For right you have enlisted,
And some day right will win.

Yours may not be the mission
That wins a lofty name;
They may not give you honour,
Or wreath your brows with fame
But there's no nobler hero
In all the battle's van
Than he who's true and steadfast,
And does the best he can.

THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

OFTEN a civil answer will save from rudeness and insult. Even ro men are softened by a few sweet, ge words of a child, just as I have read a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment; and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. His little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was in a moment of destruction, when the bird's tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again; and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him, and asked him, "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him, and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of half shame and half sorrow and answered: "I couldn't 'cos he sung so sweet."

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, just as its sweet song saved the bird.—Anon.