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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1888

[No. 17

MINNA'S WHAT-SOEVER" L

THE prize was to be a lovely little red Testament with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think I can get it," said Minna to herself; "I know Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy; he'll forget to study the verses, and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learned the first two chapters, and said them over to mamma; then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit-traps and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore all things whatsoever you would do to men, do ye even so to them."

"If you had forgotten about the



THE NEWSBOY.

prize," whispered Conscience, "You would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated a while, and then said with a sigh, "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever;'" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's to try for the prize, Charlie won it: he had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said as he saw the teacher take up her pen, "write Charlie and Minna Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me I would never have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah!" said Miss Lucy, "I see some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

And then underneath the two names she wrote in red ink, just the colour of the backs: "Whatsoever ye would do to men, do ye even so to them."

A MOTHERS DIARY.

MORNING! Baby on the floor,
 Making for the fender,
 Sunlight seems to make it sneeze—
 Baby "on a bendler?"
 All the spoils upset and gone,
 Chairs drawn into file,
 Harness strings all drawn across,
 Ought to make one smile,
 Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue,
 (How these chairs will twiddle,
 For I rather think—don't you—
 Baby "is a swindle?"

NOON! A tangled, silken floss
 Getting in blue eyes,
 Apron that will not keep clean
 If a baby tries!
 One blue shoe untied and one
 Underneath the table,
 Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys,
 Well as they are able;
 Baby in a high chair, too,
 Crying for his dinner,
 Spoon in mouth, I think—don't you—
 Baby "is a sinner!"

NIGHT! Chairs all set back again,
 Blocks and spoils in order;
 One blue shoe beneath the mat
 Tells of a marauder;
 Apron folded on a chair,
 Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
 Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
 Little fat knees crinkled;
 In his crib, and conquering, too,
 By sleep, blessed evangel.
 Now I surely think—don't you—
 Baby "is an angel?"

What were the spies to do? To bring back a report of all they saw.
 How many men were sent? Twelve, one from each tribe.
 How long were they gone? Forty days.
 What did they bring back with them? Some fine fruits from Canaan.
 What did they say of the land? That it was beautiful and fruitful.
 What did they say of the people? That they were many and strong.
 What effect did their report have? It frightened the people.
 What did they forget? That God is stronger than man.
 Which of the spies believed God's word? Caleb and Joshua.
 What did they tell the people? That they were well able to take the land.
 Why did they say so? Because they trusted God.
 What did the people refuse to do? To believe and obey God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Satan will tell you—
 That the way to heaven is long and hard.
 That there are many enemies in the way.
 That you will never be able to overcome them.

Hear what God says—

"The Lord your God, which goeth before you, he shall fight for you." Deut. 1. 30.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgetfulness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Joseph? Jacob's beloved son, whom his brothers hated and sold for a slave.

Who were the Twelve Patriarchs? The twelve sons of Jacob, and the fathers of the people of Israel.

What did they want to do? To go back to Egypt.
 With whom were they finding fault? With the Lord.
 What did they propose to do? To choose a new captain.
 What captain had God given them? Moses.
 Why did Moses and Aaron feel troubled? Because the people were rebelling against God.
 What did they do? They prayed to the Lord.
 Who spoke to the people again? Joshua and Caleb.
 What did they say the Lord would do? Help the children of Israel.
 To whom had he promised help? To his own people.
 Why could not the Canaanites expect his help? They worshipped idols.
 What did the people try to do? To stone Joshua and Caleb.
 When are people unwilling to hear about God? When they want their own way.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do you sometimes feel like fretting and worrying? Then say to Satan, "I will trust God."
 John Wesley once said that he would as soon dare to curse and swear as to fret and worry.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of unbelief.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Pharaoh? The cruel king of Egypt, who refused to let God's people go, and was drowned in the Red Sea, with his army.

Who was Moses? The deliverer and law-giver of the children of Israel, who led them through the wilderness.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1490] **LESSON X.** [Sept 2

THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN

Num. 13. 17-33. Commit to memory vs. 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. Numbers 13. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Spies.
2. Their Report.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where were the children of Israel now? Very near Canaan.
 What were they afraid to do? To go in and take the land.
 What did the Lord tell Moses to do? To send spies into the land.

B.C. 1490] **LESSON XI** [Sept. 9.

THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE

Num. 14. 1-10. Commit to memory vs. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT

So we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief. Heb. 3. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Unbelief.
2. Faith.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who murmured against Moses and Aaron? The children of Israel.
 What did they wish? That they had stayed in Egypt.
 What did they say the Lord had done? Brought them there to die.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Is not that a sweet name for a band? But it is not as sweet as the story of the band itself, which Mrs. Thackwell of Dehra, India, tells us in a note just received:
 "The children in our European congregation have formed a little missionary society called 'The Star in the East.' As the star in the east led men to Christ, so may this little band be the means of leading many to Jesus. I am going to have two flower-beds laid out in our church compound or yard in the shape of stars, and the Star in the East Band are to plant flowers in them and thus help to beautify the house of God. They also hope to support a child in Miss Pendleton's school."



THE FAMILY DOG.

I AM thinking to-night, as I lie on the rug,
By the bright flashing firelight all sheltered
and snug,
Of the many past days over which I gaze
With the pride and the praise
Becoming a family dog.
While piercing winds blow, and, half-buried
in snow,
My old cheerless kennel, deserted, may go,
I can but recall a bleak night long ago,
When I was no family dog.

Twas a pitiful plight, unable to fight
The merciless mastiff, who conquered me
quite,
I was ready to perish with starving and
fright,
When in tones soft and clear
A new voice caught my ear,
And a kind, coaxing whistle proclaimed a
friend near.
How I sprang to the side of a tall, muffled
cloak,
And by barking and fawning my gratitude
spoke,
As in at the door, to wander no more,
I was ushered—the family dog.

Little then did I know how I ever could show
A grateful return or a favour bestow;
But gratitude ever will watch for a way,
And so it has often turned out with old Tray.
Fred and Flora well knew
I was faithful and true,
For I carried their basket each morning to
school;
And with eager delight
Again hailed them at night,
Their escort as exact as if working by rule.
But my heart trembles still
With undying thrill
Of joy which no future can ever impair,
At the touch of the collar my rough neck
shall wear—
A token of love which for me they will bear,
While I am the family dog.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A LITTLE boy was sailing a boat
with a playmate a good deal larger
than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way
out in the pond, and the big boy
said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It
isn't over your ankles, and I've
been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry
her all the way home for you; but
I can't go in there; she told me
not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was
dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I
used to come here and sail boats; and she
never let us come unless we had strings
enough to haul in with. I am not afraid,
you know I'm not, only she didn't want me
to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made
little Jim obedient to his mother even after
she was dead?

THANKSGIVING JOE.

JOE was born one bright Thanksgiving
morning, and it may be the spirit of the
day fell upon the tiny boy, for he has
always had a glad, sunny, thankful spirit.
If the day is fine, Joe says, "What a splen-
did day to sail my kite," or to go nutting,
or to do some other pleasant thing. If the
day is stormy, Joe whistles and smiles as
he thinks what a fine time this will be to
work in his "shop."

Does some one want him to leave his
play or work to do an errand, Joe cries out,
gayly, "Just the thing! You see, I'd like
to have a change."

Thankful Joe! He's rich because he
thinks he is! He has a happy time be-
cause he thinks he does! And very likely
he will never find out that he's a poor boy,
and ought to be miserable, because there
are so many things he never has had, and
may be never can have!

Now, at this very Thanksgiving time,
Joe will be jubilant over his good home (a
bit of a house), and his nice dinner, (pump-
kin pie in honour of the day), and his new
cup, and poor little stock of toys.

And just round the corner Archie Wilson
will be fretting because they don't have
nuts and raisins for dessert besides the
plum-pudding and pies, and wishing he
could have things like other boys! Archie
has everything money can buy, still he is
the poor boy, and Joe is the rich boy!

What makes the difference?

KEEP SINGING.

WE had a servant once who always used
to be singing—whether outside the door
whitening the steps, whether washing the
linen, cleansing the tea-things, or cooking
the dinner, she would be constantly sing-
ing or humming over something. I said to
her one day, "Betsy, what makes you sing
so?"

"Well," she answered, "I think it keeps
bad thoughts away; and if I didn't sing
sometimes I should get so low-spirited I
shouldn't know what to do with myself!"

A good deal of philosophy in Betsy; be-
cause you know that boys, if they have to
go through a church-yard at night, always
begin whistling to keep their spirits up.—
Spurgeon.

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

I READ one morning on the sand,
And written by a childish hand,
A truth the billows cannot teach,
A truth past human wisdom's reach—
God is love.

It seemed a very angel's trace,
God's foot-print in that lonely place;
It brightened up the sea and sky,
And glad I was I could reply—
God is love.

And much I thanked my little friend,
Who thus her joyous creed had penned;
And may she know for evermore
The truth she wrote upon the shore—
God is love.

The tide will come again to-day,
And wash that lovely print away;
But death and hell cannot erase
The charter of that child of grace—
God is love.

WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when peo-
ple put their money in a bank, do they
worry about it because they're afraid it
isn't safe?"

Her aunt replied: "That depends upon
the character of the bank. If the officers
who manage it are reliable men, those who
place their money there have no reason to
fear for its safety."

"I thought so," said Alice. "And,
auntie, I was thinking about my soul—
whether it is safe; I've given it to Jesus,
and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I
needn't worry about it. He will take care
of it, won't he?"

"Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the
hands of Jesus," replied her auntie.