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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

[No. 15.

## THE FISHER BOY.

THE Fisher Boy is watching his father's boat sailing away over the sea, and the waves breaking on the shore. How brown and hearty and rugged he looks, with his Sou'-wester hat and fishing blouse and hob-nailed shoes. He is longing for the time when he shall be big enough to go out with his father and pull at the oar, and haul the net, and hold the helm. It is a grand, free life, which cultivates daring, strength and trust in God. The sea is His, He made it; and the harvest of the sea is His gift to the children of men. This picture might stand for the portrait of many a young reader of the SUNBEAM, which finds its way in hundreds to the far-off fishing villages of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

## "MY MOTHER IN JAIL."

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, as she stood in the Philadelphia Central Police Station. She was but a child, so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps at the station house.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" The

officers stared at the little waif; they had arrested a tangled-haired woman who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought like

pure they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell door looked in, and cried out

"Why mother, are you in jail?" The mother shrank back ashamed, and the child dropped on her knees upon the stone floor, clung to the iron door, and prayed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had a strange moisture about their eyes as they gently led the little thing away, and when the case came into court, his honour whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so, unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out for "the public good" that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget their nursing child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother unless some honourable and respected citizen gets her



THE FISHER BOY.

a fury, and they did not dream that this was her child, but it was.

The little thing seemed so innocent and

crazy on a dram on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world; but few are more strange

than the wonders wrought by this devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.

### WHAT CAN I DO FOR CHRIST TO-DAY?

WHAT can I do for Christ to-day?

Whose love so patient, pure, and wise,  
Shines as a bright, unchanging ray  
Through all my journey to the skies,

His work shall be my pleasant task,

Who never turned a child away,  
And every morning I will ask,

"What can I do for Christ to-day?"

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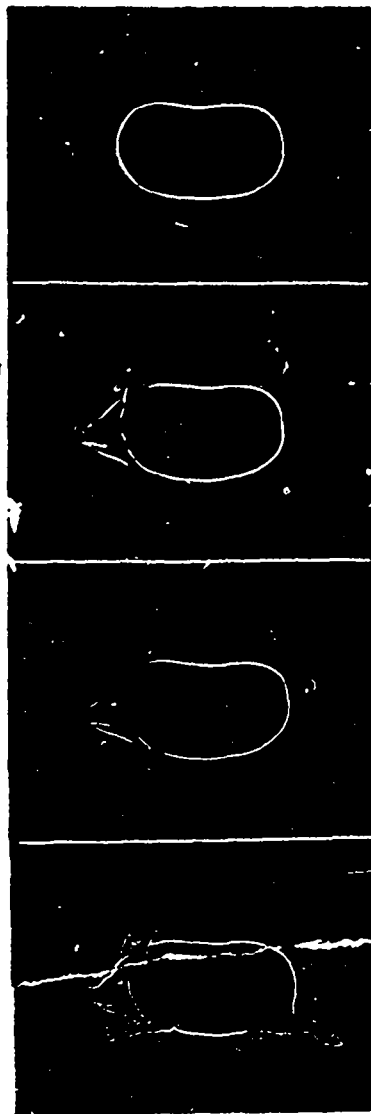
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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1883.

### THE CHILD'S CATECHISM.

A LITTLE girl who had heard a good deal about the catechism, once asked if there was not a "kitty-chism," for little children. She meant a shorter and simpler form, having about the same relation to the catechism that a kitten has to a cat. Now, there is such a beautiful little book, specially prepared for the youngest children. A little bit of it will be given with each Sunday-school lesson, in each number of the SUNBEAM, and we want every one of our little readers to learn it off by heart and say it, first to their ma or pa at home, and then to the teacher at school. We hope that parents will help the little folk to learn and say this short lesson, and that each teacher will see that it is not neglected. A good plan will be to have it said by the whole class together at the close of the lesson. It will only take a minute, or less, and, if well learned, will never be forgotten, and will be a great blessing to the children all their lives long.



HOW TO DRAW A FIG.

The body of Piggy  
Is shaped like a bean,  
Except when he's poor  
And uncommonly lean.

Then give him an ear  
And a long handsome snout,  
For the last is so useful  
In rooting about.

Then a bright little eye  
He must have without fail,  
At the other end of him  
A small curly tail.

Then give him four feet  
And you have a whole pig,  
Who can run for his food;  
Be he little or big.

### BESSIE'S PIN.

"Give me a pin, mamma," she said;  
But I was busy reading,  
And scarcely saw the golden head,  
Or heard the soft voice pleading.

With thoughts upon my book intent,  
I never stopped to choose it,  
But gave her one—'twas old and bent;  
Poor child, she couldn't use it.

She glanced at it and threw it down,  
Then back her fair head tilted;  
"I want," said she with a little frown,  
"A fresh pin—that is *willed*."

### THE LITTLE CARE-TAKER.

RACHEL is a busy little body, and very observing and thoughtful. Nothing escapes her bright eyes, and she knows as much of what is going on in the house as a little four-year-old ought to know.

She believes that God takes care of her, but seems to think she is needed too, as well as the Heavenly Father, to make everything go right.

The other night after her baby-brother had gone to bed, she leaned over his little crib to whisper, "Be a good boy, Charlie; God loves us, and he will take care of us, and I'll help him take care of you, baby."

### THE PEAR ON THE GROUND.

A LITTLE boy, as he walked home from school, saw a ripe pear lying on the ground in the front yard of a large, fine house. It was a nice, yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. "How I would like that pear!" thought he. "I might reach it through the slats of the fence. No one sees me." Hardly had the thought come to him than he called to mind these words, *Thou God seest me*.

He at once turned his head away from the pear, and walked bravely on. But he had not gone far when a little girl came running after him, and said, "My mother sent me with this pear to give to you, little boy. She saw you through the blind as you looked at it, and sends it to you with her love."



THE ELEPHANT.

## WHAT THE ELEPHANT CAN DO.

WHAT a queer sight! An elephant dragging a plough! The elephant is put to many uses. If he cannot thread a needle, he can pick one up from the ground with his trunk. His sense of touch is very delicate.

An elephant was once left to take care of a little boy baby. This he did with wonderful care and gentleness. If the baby strayed off too far, the elephant would stretch out his long trunk and bring the little wanderer back.

In the year 1863 an elephant was employed at a station in India to pile up heavy logs, a work which these animals will do with great neatness and speed. The superintendent suspected the keeper of stealing the rice given for the animal's food.

The keeper of course denied the charge; but the elephant, who was standing by, laid hold of a large wrapper which the man wore round his waist, and tearing it open let out some quarts of rice which the fellow had stowed away under the folds.

Mr. Jesse, the keeper of an elephant in London, was once giving him some potatoes, when one fell on the floor just beyond the sweep of the creature's trunk. There was a wall a few inches behind the potato, and blowing strongly the sagacious animal sent it so against the wall that the potato rebounded, and on the recoil came back near enough for the elephant to seize it.

The elephant likes music, easily learns to mark the time, and to move in step to

the sound of drums. His smell is very keen, and he likes perfumes of all kinds, and, above all, fragrant flowers; he chooses them, picks them one by one, makes bouquets of them, and, after having relished the smell, carries them to his mouth, and seems to taste them.

—o—  
GOD USED A CHILD.

"A LITTLE child shall lead them," says the Book of books. We heard from a brother to-day who was for years a rum-seller. The appeal of his

little boy led him to give up the lucrative business, for lucrative it had proved in his case. But the little son was often taunted by other boys as being the son of a rumseller. He went to his father one day, and said: "Papa, the boys point their finger at me and call me names, and call you a wicked, dirty old grog-seller. But you are the nicest papa in the country, only wont you please give up selling that nasty stuff?" The father was deeply touched and went from the bar, resolving that he would give up the wretched trade. But this was not all, for he began to feel convicted of his sin, and could not rest until he had realized that he had peace with God. He thought it a wonderful mercy that God should adopt him into his family, and felt grateful, too, that he had been used in bringing other souls to Christ.

—New York Witness

## ANNIE AND THE MINISTER.

THE minister had come to call on Annie's mother, and was sitting in their little parlor when she came in from school.

"My little girl," he said, "I am glad to see you," and he took her hands and drew her kindly to him.

Annie was a bashful child, and held down her head. She hardly dared look at so great a man as the minister. "But," she thought, "he seems very kind."

"Do you love Jesus, Annie?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think you do?" he asked.

"Why, I know it by my feelings inside of me," she said, brightening a little when she found the minister so kind and fatherly.

"But, my dear, do you think Jesus knows it?"

"Why, yes, sir; can't He see my heart?"

"Does mother know it, and does your teacher know it, and all your little mate?"

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure."

"There is one way of showing it, Annie. Jesus says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' That's the way to show that we love Jesus—to do just as He bids us."

Annie never forgot the minister's little talk, and she never felt afraid of him after that day.

## ARCHIBALD STONE'S MISTAKE.

ARCHIBALD STONE is Archie's name,  
And Daisy Stone, that's Daisy;  
Mamma's and Papa's are just the same,  
And mine—why I am Maisy.

Daisy and I are twins, you know.  
Exactly eight years old;  
We are just alike from top to toe,  
And our hair is just like gold.

And Archie he is almost ten,  
And figures on a slate.  
But does not add up rightly when  
He says we are not eight.

For I have learned a little song—  
Its name is "Two Times Two";  
That's why I know that Archie's wrong,  
For 'course the song is true.

Papa says not to worry more,  
Nor vex my little pate;  
But Daisy's four and I am four,  
And that makes us just eight.

—St. Nicholas.

## THE TWO RICH MEN.

Two men set out in life the same year. In their school-days one of them was indolent, neglected his books and his mind, became a merchant, acquired a large estate, and lived at his ease. But he was miserable. No one found pleasure in his company, and he envied the condition of the laborers in his fields.

The other was attentive to his books, acquired a useful trade, and followed it with success, became a man of wealth, still worked at his business, and found pleasure in labor and study, and in the society of the wise and good who sought his friendship.

What made the difference? *Idleness and industry in boyhood.* The last lived to good purpose, and the first to no purpose at all.

## A CALL FOR YOU.

HARK the voice of Jesus calling,  
 "Who will go and work to-day?  
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,  
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
 Loud and long the Master calleth,  
 Rich reward he offers free:  
 Who will answer, gladly saying,  
 "Here am I, send me, send me?"

Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you:  
 Take the task he gives you gladly;  
 Let his work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when he calleth,  
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

## ALL CAN HELP.

WHEN France was ruled by tyrants a  
 band of boys used to march through the  
 streets with the motto (in French) on their  
 flags:—

"Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up."

But let none of the boys and girls think  
 they must wait until they "grow up" before  
 they can lend a hand in fighting against  
 wickedness and helping the right. You  
 have heard of the loaded team that was  
 stuck in the mud and the men couldn't  
 quite start it. A little boy came up, saying,  
 "I can push a pound." He lent a hand and  
 his help was just enough to start the load.  
 Let every boy and girl *lend a hand* of help-  
 fulness at home, in the school, and in the  
 Church. You can push a pound by a kind  
 word, a little gift, or a deed of love. All  
 your pounds together will help a great deal  
 in saving people from sorrow and sin.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE VOICE.

You often hear boys and girls say words  
 when they are vexed that sound as if made  
 up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a  
 voice often expresses more than the heart  
 feels. Often, even in mirth, one gets a  
 voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to  
 him through life. Such persons get a sharp  
 voice for home use, and keep their best  
 voice for those they meet elsewhere. I  
 would say to all boys and girls, "Use your  
 guest-voice at home." Watch it day by day,  
 as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth  
 more to you than the best pearl in the sea.  
 A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth  
 and home. Train it to sweet tones now and  
 it will keep in tune through life.

WITH God's presence and God's prom-  
 ises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1444.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 5.

## THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

*Josh. 20, 1-9. Commit to memory verses 1-3.*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Who have fled from refuge to lay hold  
 upon the hope set before us. Heb. 6. 18.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Avenger of Blood. v. 1-6.
2. The Cities of Refuge. v. 7-9.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What is a refuge? A safe place.  
 Who often gave commands to Joshua?  
 The Lord.

What did he now tell him to do? To  
 appoint cities of refuge.

What is God's law against murder?  
 "Thou shalt not kill."

What did men often do? Break this  
 law.

What right had the nearest male relative  
 of the dead man? To put the murderer to  
 death.

What was this relative called? "The  
 avenger of blood."

Did the slayer always deserve death?  
 No; sometimes he killed by accident.

What were the cities of refuge for? For  
 such cases as this.

What could the slayer do when he had  
 killed a man by mistake? Run to the  
 nearest city of refuge.

How long was he safe there? As long  
 as he stayed in the city.

How many such cities were there? Six.

What refuge have all sinners now? The  
 Lord Jesus Christ.

Who find safety in him? All who go to  
 him.

How long are they safe? As long as  
 they stay with him.

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Why do we need a refuge?—

We all have wicked hearts.

We all do many wrong things.

We can never *deserve* God's mercy.

Therefore, we need just such a Saviour as  
 Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Security in  
 Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who made you? God.

Who is God? God is our Father in  
 heaven.

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

B.C. 1427.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12.

## THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

*Josh. 24, 14-29. Commit to memory vs. 14-16.*

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.  
*Josh. 24 15.*

## OUTLINE.

1. The Appeal. v. 14, 15.
2. The Decision. v. 16-18.
3. The Warning. v. 19, 20.
4. The Covenant. v. 21-29.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

From whom had Joshua learned wisdom?  
 From God.

What had he now become? An old man.  
 To whom did he speak before he died?  
 To the rulers and elders of Israel.

Of what did he remind them? Of God's  
 goodness to them.

What had they once been? Slaves in  
 Egypt.

To what had God brought them? To a  
 good land.

What did God ask of them? Their love  
 and service.

Whom did they sometimes want to serve?  
 Other gods.

What did Joshua tell them to do? To  
 choose. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What had Joshua and his house chosen?  
 To serve the Lord.

What did the people say? "We will  
 serve the Lord."

Against what did Joshua warn them?  
 Against breaking their promise.

What follows those who forsake God?  
 Evil and sorrow.

What was set up as a witness to the  
 people? A great stone.

Who are the truly wise in this world?  
 Those who serve God and him only.

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Why God chooses us—

He made us.

He loves us.

He wants our love.

Why we should choose God—

We cannot be good without him.

We cannot be happy without him.

We cannot live in heaven without him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine at-  
 tributes.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where is God? God is everywhere.

What can God do? God can do what-  
 ever He will.

Does God know all things? Yes, God  
 knows all things; every thought in man's  
 heart, every word, and every action.