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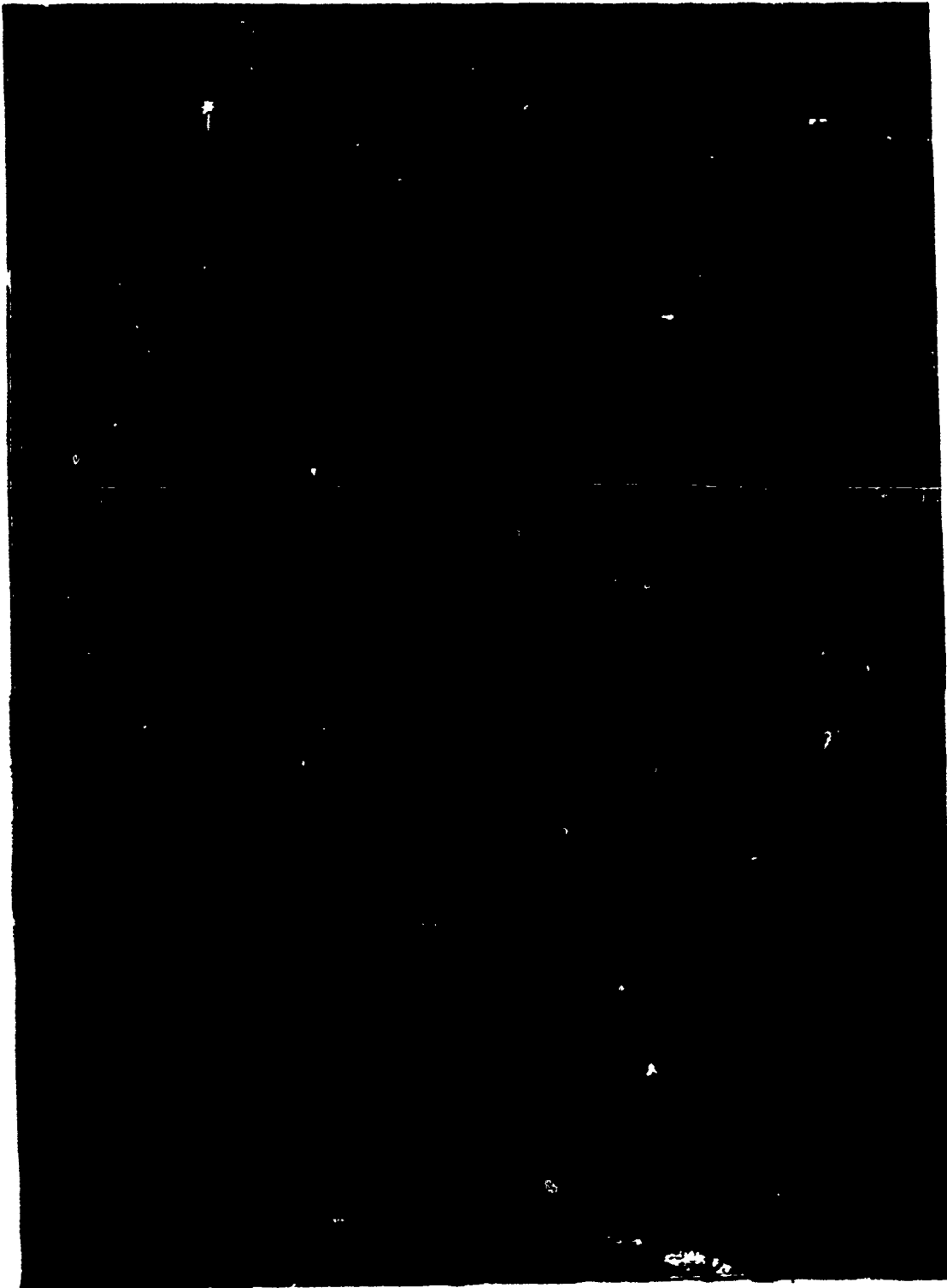


**THE WISE
MEN FOLLOW-
ING THE
STAR.**

AWAY over the dreary desert the wise men come. They look up every few minutes into the heavens to see the wonderful star that shines over the little town of Bethlehem. Slowly the camels, laden with rich wares from the East, make their way over the burning sand. But these men are so filled with the hope of finding the Saviour by the help of the star that their precious baggage is forgotten and they urge their camels forward. On, on, they go, ever following the beautiful star until they come to Judea, then they reach Jerusalem, and at last find themselves beneath the glory of the star in Bethlehem itself.

**CHILDREN'S
DAY.**

HUNDREDS and hundreds of fathers and mothers are thinking about their children today and praying for them. They



want them to be Christians. Do you think you are too young to be a Christian? Do you think you're too young to love your mother and obey her? Then you are not too young to love Jesus and do what he wants you to do. Samuel was only two or three years old when he was given to God. But even when he was a very little boy he did some work for God. So you can minister to the Lord too. Then one night Samuel heard a voice calling him by name. At first he thought it was good. Eh, but afterwards he knew it must be God. And when the voice called his name again he said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." When God speaks to us, are we always ready like Samuel to listen and do what God wants us to do? But we do not always hear God's voice, for other things make so much noise, so we must be careful and listen, or we may not hear what God has to tell us.

THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR.

JUST OBEY

Do as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you,
Do not say
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see."
Just obey!

Do not sulk and do not sigh
Though it seem in vain to try.
Work away!

All the ends you cannot see
Do your duty faithfully—
Just obey!

When at length you come to know
Why 'twas ordered thus and so
You will say:

"Glad am I that, when to me
All was dark as dark could be,
I could trust and cheerfully
Just obey!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1894.

HARRY CLIFF'S PRAYER.

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

THE long voyage was coming to an end at last. That morning Harry Cliff had heard the mate tell the captain that they would sight land before nightfall. His heart gave a great bound, and big tears of joy stood in his eyes, and the captain, who had a kind heart under his rough coat, patted the little sailor's head and bade him watch for the lighthouse—his own lighthouse, where he had left his father and his mother and his baby sister, little Nan. As if he needed to be told to watch for that! He spent the day in the rigging, gazing until even his strong, clear eyes ached; but there was only the same waste of blue water, no rugged coast line, no jutting headland, crowned by the strong-built lighthouse that he knew so well. Would it ever come? Then he bethought himself of how his mother was praying for him at

home, and he slipped down, and getting on his knees behind a great pile of rope, he said:

"Dear Jesus, let me see my mother and little Nan this night!"

Then he went about his nightly duties, not noticing in his abstraction the restless uneasiness of both sailors and passengers. That something was wrong was very evident. The captain and mate were poring over the chronometer and making calculations, speaking occasionally in hoarse whispers to each other, or giving hurried orders to the anxious crew. Dark, angry clouds shut out the stars, and the wind had begun to moan through the flapping sails.

It was getting near midnight when Harry concluded to climb once more to the top of the rigging. No one bade him stay. No one noticed the little lad though nobody slept. Each one was wondering what would befall the ship if it went ashore on that dangerous coast. They had missed the harbour they were bound for, or the lighthouse would have long since given them its friendly welcome. They felt they must prepare for the worst; but they hoped against hope. Some prayed to God who had never prayed before. Some said, with white lips: "Thy will be done!" One stood upon the yielding ropes, and cried again and again: "Lord Jesus, let me see my mother and little Nan to-night. Amen."

Only the winds heard his cry "Hurrah!" A light shone away off to the northwest. Surely that was his father's lamp! He let go his hold to wave his cap, and then his foot slipped, and he fell outside into the seething, angry waters. He was not missed until next morning, when they made the harbour. His father came out to meet him, but no trace of the little lad was there. The captain and some of the crew remembered speaking to him after the storm came up, and the stricken man could only go back to his post alone. The cold, hard winter had done its worst. The mother and little Nan had slept on the bleak hillside, and for weeks the poor father had been wondering how he could bear such sad tidings to the lad. He had almost dreaded for the day to come.

A week afterward the little body washed ashore, and they buried him too in sound of the cruel waves that had been his death. They grieved that his bright young life had ended; but I do not doubt that Jesus answered his prayer wisely. He saw his mother and little Nan that night, for before he sailed he had put his soul in his Saviour's keeping; he had trusted him with sweet, childish faith, and Jesus knew just what was best for him that stormy night. If we are his in the sunshine, we can trust him in the darkest hour.

God sent little Willie a tiny baby sister. When the baby was old enough to notice people, Willie said to himself: "Now I must try to be very good, because we've got this baby; and if I'm naughty, she'll be naughty too."

A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY.

DEAR little Dot has certainly found the wrong way this time, with the left stocking on the right foot. So she will have to pull it off, and try again. She looks a little bit puzzled; but there is no hint of a frown on her smooth, baby brow, nor any show of petulance on the sweet lips; and I am quite sure she will not get cross or ill-natured when nurse tells her to pull off the stocking, and put it on the other foot, so that the pretty red stripes will be on the right side instead of the wrong.

Darling little Dot's temper is always on the right side, as are her sympathies and loving words. One day, when she saw a big, rude boy on the street snatch a ball from the hand of one half a dozen years younger, and run off with it, she looked first surprised that anyone could be so wicked as to take what did not belong to him; and then she turned all sympathy towards soothing the grief of the little five-year-old, who stood crying bitterly at the loss of his pretty plaything, and said to him, softly and soothingly:

"Don't-oo cry any more. I'll dive oo mine big parlour ball, if oo'll Jes tum home wid me and nurse." And when he forgot to thank her, Dot only said: "He was so spised he fordot to say anything; but I'm glad I dave him mine big ball, tause ze poor 'ittle fellow cried so hard when he didn't want to lose his own pitty ball."

Our Dot found the right way again when her brother Joe was sick with the measles. Before that, when he was well and strong, he used often to tease his little sister, and call her "baby" when she wanted him to take her to ride or walk with him. This was not because he did not love Dottie, or enjoy having her to play with, but from the sheer love of teasing.

But when Joe had the measles, and felt very lonely if his mother had to go downstairs and leave him by himself, Dot stayed and waited on him, brought him books and playthings to amuse him, told him what was going on downstairs, and who had called to ask after him, and she tried to make his sick room seem bright with her sunny face and merry little songs.

Joe was in the wrong way when he teased his dear little sister so thoughtlessly, but now he turned "right about face," and was on the right side, when after he got well, he said:

"Dear little Dottie, Joe was a bad boy not to take you out, when you wanted so much to go with him, hunting birds' nests and playing snowball; and now I am strong and well again, I am going to take you riding with me every day."

They did go, and right merry times they had all the bright, sunny days during the long winter. They were both on the "right side" now, and the big, strong, generous boy loved his little playfellow better than ever, since she has led him so gently to follow her, as she follows the dear Saviour's command: "Little children, love one another."

OH, WHAT A PITY!

LITTLE Maude-Marian lives in a city;
Her head is a tangle of frizzes and curls,
She wears gold beads, and a ring with
pearls,
And an Empire dress of lace and silk,
And a hat with feathers like foamy milk,
And satin slippers, and mousquetaires
Are the wrinkled gloves that my lady
wears.

Little Maude-Marian lives in the city,
And Dorothy says, "Oh my, what a pity!"

Dorothy lives among country joys,
Her hair is shingled like any boy's,
She has no lace nor a silken gown,
But she only laughs at living in town.
Her dress is flannel, or, do you know,
In summer the plainest of calico?
And spring-heeled shoes, but she never
tires,

Her feet seem shod with electric wires.
When there's only one May in the year,
what a pity,"

Dorothy says, "to live in a city."

Dorothy gambols the whole of the day,
By meadow and brook, like a lamb at
play;

She rolls in the scented hay in the mow,
She hunts the eggs and she milks the
cow,

She rides her horse in the wildest race,
She climbs a tree to the nestlings' place,
She picks the currants and cherries, and
then

She pets the brood of the speckled hen.
When there's only one June in the year,
what a pity,"

Dorothy says, "to live in a city."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 4.] LESSON III. [July 15.

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

Matt. 2. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They saw the young child with Mary
his mother, and fell down, and worshipped
him.—Matt. 2. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Light of the Star, v. 1, 2.
2. The Light of the Scriptures, v. 3-8.
3. The Light of the World, v. 9-12.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the child King—
Matt. 2. 1-12.

Tues. What command did the wise men
obey?—Isa. 55. 5, 6.

Wed. Learn where Jesus is spoken of as
a star.—Rev. 22. 16.

Thur. Read a prophecy of Isaiah.—Isa.
Isa. 60. 3-6.

Fri. Learn what the wise men did.—
Golden-Text.

Sat. Think, to whom do my treasures
belong?

Sun. Read about the holy name.—Isa.
9. 1-8.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who was king when Jesus was born?
Where did he live? What do you know
about him?

Who came to Jerusalem one day? What
was their errand? Why was Herod
troubled? What did he ask the priests?
What did they tell him? How did they
know?

What did Herod tell the wise men?
What did he ask them to do? Did he
mean it?

What went before the wise men? Where
did it stop? What did they do? What
did they give to Jesus?

Did they go back to Herod? Why not?
What does this show? God's watchful
care.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That there is something for me to give.
Prov. 23. 26.

When I ought to offer my gift. Heb. 3. 7.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did man's soul come from the dust? No,
for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils
the breath of life; and man became a living
soul.

Why did God make man? God made
man that he might know him and love
him and serve him, and be happy with him
forever.

B.C. 4.] LESSON IV [July 22

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2. 13-23. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out
and thy coming in.—Psalm 121. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice of Warning, v. 13-15.
2. The Voice of Weeping, v. 16-18.
3. The Voice of Prophecy, v. 19-23.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson in your Bible.—
Matt. 2. 13-23.

Tues. Read what God says about kings.
—Psalm 2.

Wed. Learn how safe the child Jesus
was.—Psalm 91. 11.

Thur. Learn a comforting verse.—Golden
Text.

Fri. Find out how safe God's people
are.—Rom. 8. 35-39.

Sat. Find Bethlehem and Nazareth on
the map.

Sun. Read a psalm of deliverance.—
Psalm 124.

DO YOU KNOW—

What did Herod send men to Bethlehem
to do? What for? Who told Joseph to
go away? To what land? Did he obey?
Why was it best to obey?

Were many children killed? What did
God do for these little ones?

When did the angel visit Joseph again?
Why did he say he might go home? Be-
cause Herod was dead. Why did Joseph
fear to go to Bethlehem? To what city
did he go? Why was Jesus sometimes
called the Nazarene? Because his home
was in Nazareth. What does this lesson
teach? God's love and care.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That it is safe to do as God says.
Verse 13.

That one worse than Herod seeks my
life!

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where did God put the first man and
woman? God put the first man and woman
in the garden of Eden.

In whose image was man created? Man
was created in the image or likeness of
God.

ON THE FARM.

WHERE do quail and partridge coveys
Hide themselves in haunting time
Where do squirrels by the dozen
Through the leafy branches climb?
How can hunters get among them
Without giving an alarm?
Ask the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

Where do violets grow the sweetest
And the maiden-hair most fine?
Where do lilies float in navies?
Where do morning-glories twine
Where do wild flowers earliest blossom
When the spring is breathing warm?
Ask the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm.

Where do health and strength together
Fill the days with brimming joy?
Where do simple, honest pleasures
Never flag and never cloy?
If you'd see boys as they should be,
Fleet of foot and strong of arm,
See the towzle-headed youngsters
Who are living on the farm
—Youth's Companion.

DID you ever look at your handkerchief
and wonder what it was made of? If a
handkerchief could talk I think it would
say something like this. "First I was a
little seed and was planted in the ground
Then I began to grow until I became a
little bush. After a while white bunches
of cotton began to grow on me. Then
some men came and picked off the bunches,
and carried us to a machine that they
called a cotton-gin, where we were all torn
up. Then we were put into a loom and
made into handkerchiefs. We went from
there to a store and were put on a counter,
and one day a lady came by and saw us, and
bought us for her little boy and girl."



ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN.

WHEN the lowly shepherds had returned to their flocks after worshipping the Saviour, we read of Simeon's prayer as he beheld the Child in his arms in the temple. To-day we are hearing about the visit of the wise men who came from the far East, perhaps from Persia. They brought with them rich gums and spices and laid them before the little Babe, and then they, too, knelt down and worshipped him. The birth of this Child was the glad tidings of great joy to the poor, ignorant shepherds, to the just and devout Simeon and to the wise and rich men from the East. And this has been the great good news to old and young, to rich and poor through all the ages since that day. Shall we not come and worship Jesus, bringing our gifts? Do you think you have nothing to bring? What is it Christ most wants? Does he not say, "My son, give me thine heart"?

FOR HIS KITTY'S SAKE.

A LITTLE boy was recently brought before the London magistrates, charged with stealing flowers from a gentleman's garden. When asked by the magistrate why he took the flowers, he burst into crying and said, "My kitten died, and I buried it, and I wanted to put a flower on its grave;" and he put up his hand before his face and continued crying.

He was a little, hungry child, not quite eight, who had chanced to find a stray kitten, and had loved it, and taken it to his heart and home; but, for all his love, it died. They never had any milk at his home, and the kitten could not eat; it was too young to do more than lap milk out of a saucer; but, having no milk himself, he could not give it any. Perhaps he did not know the ways of young kittens. He would fain have feasted his little guest. The bread which he had to eat he gladly

shared with it, he put crumbs of it to its mouth, but it did not eat them, he offered it a little tea, but it did not drink it. It could partake of neither bread nor tea, and it died; and he wept grievously, and buried it. He had seen people put wreaths of flowers on the graves in the churchyard. They were put there by those who wept over them; and in his grief for his dead kitten he reached through the palisades of a garden and broke off two sprays of white geraniums, and carried them to his dead little treasure's grave. Without any knowledge of this story, the rich and pampered owner of the flowers gave him in charge to the police, and he was put in the lockup to await his hearing when the magistrates sat.

That boy's heart was far nearer the kingdom of heaven at that kitten's grave, reverently, tenderly, lovingly laying its poor dead body to rest, than were those people who could laugh in the house of Jairus, while his dead daughter lay there. Read Luke 8. 40-42, 49-56.

Death God counts an "enemy." He will one day destroy death, and there shall be no more death. Then his "last enemy" and ours "will be destroyed." That is enough to make every godlike heart, by the instinct in it, still and sad in its presence. To have laughed even at that little boy's reverence for his poor little dead thing would be impossible to a godlike man. To the little man the enmity—the stern enmity—of death, and the hard things it had done to his beloved little companion, were real. And the magistrates were not hard. "You are a good little boy. You may go home," they said; "but when you want a flower again, ask for it; that will be better."

PARROTS.

DON'T you think parrots or cockatoos are the most interesting pets one can have, except dogs and cats?

It is always a surprise to hear a bird talk; and some parrots talk so well, and learn so many things, that it is most amusing to listen to them.



THE WONDERFUL STAR.

You know that they are great mimics, and whistle, laugh and talk just like people, bark and whine like dogs, mew like cats and cluck like hens. In fact, they can do almost anything except sing like our song-birds, that is too much for them. Their own natural voice is harsh, and their song is a disagreeable scream.

How strange it would seem to travel through a forest full of these bright-coloured, noisy, screaming birds! There are none in our woods. We would have to travel a long distance to see them in their native haunts. There are parrots in Asia, Africa, Australia, and South America, but none in Europe and North America. Many years ago, sailors used to bring these wonderful birds over with them on their return from long sailing voyages to the land of sunshine where no snow ever fell, and ice is unknown. Sailors used not to be very careful to keep the third commandment, and so the poor birds learned to swear dreadfully, which shocked the good people at home very much. The birds were not to blame any more than little sister or brother is when you say naughty word, and sister or brother learns them from you.

Parrots and children only repeat what they hear. If they hear only sweet, kind words, they will repeat only sweet, kind words. If you speak sharply, angrily, and rudely, they will imitate your very tone as well as your words. That is why children are so often called little parrots.

DENY YOURSELF.

LITTLE Christians, as well as big ones, have to learn to deny self. The heathen in Japan have a god which they call "the great bright god of self-restraint." Would you like to know how they worship him? If they want something that costs a dollar, they buy a little cheap article and put away the money that is saved. If they want some nice fruit or candy, they only buy half as much as they would like, or even none at all, and put the money in their savings box. At the end of the year they open the box and give the money to the poor. If the heathen can deny themselves for the sake of a false god, what ought Christians to do for the sake of Jesus, who gave his own life for us?