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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

[No. 21.

## FINDING THE KEY.

WHEN Mary Simms was in the country last summer she became acquainted with a little boy who lived next door. He was slow to learn and rather lazy, and so no one had taken pains with him, and he had never learned to read. Mary, who could read very well, wondered that a boy as old as he did not know his letters, and she made up her mind to teach him.

It took a good deal of patience for Mary to do this, but she had been taught by her mamma to try and be useful. "Do all the good you can," mamma would often say, "in all the ways you can, to all the people you can, for Jesus' sake."

So Mary, without saying a word to any one about it, undertook to teach Lawrence to read. When Lawrence didn't feel like studying his lesson, Mary would coax him with a story. This was one of the stories she told him:

"Once there was a great king who had two nice little boys. One day their father said to them, 'I have a large chest full of the most beautiful and precious things, and you may open it and have all the treasures



OUR BABY

in it if you will find the key. You must look two hours for it every day.' Eric was a good boy and did as his father wished, but Otho was a lazy boy and would not try.

By and by Eric found the key, and then what treasures he had! Otho was angry when he saw his brother's good times, and sulked because he could not have them too; for, you see, he couldn't even get a look into the chest, because he hadn't found the key."

"He was foolish, wasn't he?" said Lawrence.

"Just as foolish as you will be if you don't learn your letters," said Mary. "This A B C is the key that will open all the beautiful books in the world, so that you can enjoy the treasures in them and call them your own."

"Oh, I will try, I will," said Lawrence. He began to study with all his might, and before Mary went home he could read in words of three letters quite well.

## LOVE WARMS THE BODY.

"Are you cold?" asked a teacher one raw winter day of a little girl who had walked a long distance to school.

"I was, ma'am, till you smiled," was the reply.

Love is an invaluable remedy in the teacher's work. It will thaw out the heart as well as the body. Try it with your Sunday-school class.

### THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

OVER the fields where the brown quails  
whistle,

Over the ferns where the rabbits lie,  
Floats the tremulous down of a thistle.  
Is it the soul of a butterfly?

See! how they scatter and then assemble;  
Filling the air while the Blossoms fade,  
Delicate atoms, that whirl and tremble  
In the slanting sunlight that skirts the  
glade.

There goes the summer's inconstant lover,  
Drifting and wandering, faint and far;  
Only bewailed by the upland plover,  
Watched by only the twilight star.

Come next August, when thistles blossom,  
See how each is alive with wings!  
Butterflies seek their souls in its bosom,  
Changed thenceforth to immortal things.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

### TOO PROUD TO BE HAPPY.

DID you ever know a man or boy too proud to be happy? I do. Georgie had struck his little brother in their play, and had been sent to the dark room until he should feel sorry for it. It was not long until he began to feel very badly for hurting Jimmie and making him cry, and he wanted very much to go out and put his arms about him and tell him he was sorry, and play with him again. But a little bit of pride in his heart kept him from doing it; so he staid in the dark room and felt miserable all the morning, rather than say he was sorry, when his mother asked him. Don't you think he was a very silly boy?

Pride makes people silly. It made Effie and Mollie so silly that they would not speak to each other for a week, when they

had been the best of friends and had become offended at almost nothing. It makes many people unhappy all their lives, because it will not let them go to God and own their faults and be forgiven. Do not let pride make you so foolish.—*Our Children.*

### AN EXTRA LESSON.

DICK THOMAS sat intently gazing at his open Algebra, but he was not studying. He was thinking somewhat after this fashion: "Here I have lost all that fun the boys are having on the river, and have spent two whole hours over six problems. There isn't a fellow in my class who digs over algebra as I do. Ed Barrows just glances at that key of his and sees into the knotty places; then he passes it around to the rest, and all this bother is spared them. I believe I will take a peep next week if I come on such a tough old puzzle as the tenth example. To be sure, I understand it now, and never will have any trouble like it again, but what is the use, after all, of being so conscientious?"

Just then there was a murmur of childish voices from the sofa where little Tom and Nellie were deep in delight of a new picture-book.

"Oh, Dickie, come and see Jack the Giant-killer! he is beautiful," called Tommy.

"No, that isn't Jack," cried Nellie. "That is a Bible-boy; that is David, don't you know?"

"And that is Goliath. Oh yes, mamma told me about David. He was forty thousand times as smart and as strong as that big old giant," said Tommy, swelling out his little chest with his eagerness to show how well he knew the story.

"No; he was only a boy like Dick," said Nellie wisely. "If he had been awfully strong he would have worn the iron coat somebody offered him. He knew it was right to kill the giant, and God made him beat because he was doing right."

Tommy fixed his big brown eyes on vacancy a minute; then he said, "I guess our Dick could have killed Goliath too 'cause he does right and is a good boy. I am going to be just 'zactly like Dick when I'm big."

Dick looked across at the bright little boy he loved, and suddenly realized that Tommy was going to follow where he led. It was natural that he should.

"I don't know about Dickie's killing giants," said Nellie, "for there are none now-a-days. Mamma says big sins are giants—swearing and lying and—and cheating."

"What's 'cheating,' Nellie?"

"Oh, mamma said she'd give me an orange when I put my trunk of playthings in nice order. I was going to fix everything

all smooth on top and leave an awful mess underneath, but I 'membered that is cheating, and I didn't."

"Humph!" thought Dick. "Cheating is a giant, is it? 'Seems, after all, as if getting credit for a lesson a fellow has not got out for himself might be sort of a cheat."

"S'pose Goliath had killed David!" said Tommy, adding as he surveyed the picture with head turned one side. "He was dreadful big, after all."

"Well, he didn't, and I guess boys that mean to do right whether or no always do have the best of it. Goliath was a mean old thing."

"If you punch his paper ribs like that there won't be much left of your picture-book," laughed Dick, coming to the sofa to rumple Tom's curly head and make him happy by admiring David.

The picture-book had helped the algebra. Dick never again was tempted to glance at a key and save honest study; but he remembered Tom's words about copying him, and his childish faith that the big brother who could do anything would of course do only what was right.

### MARY AND HER LAMB.

I SUPPOSE most all of my little readers have heard that—

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

But perhaps you do not all know the real story about it. So I will tell it to you.

Mary was a little girl who lived in Worcester County, Massachusetts. She is an old lady now, for that was seventy years ago. Her father was a farmer. Sometimes she went with her father out into the fields to see the sheep. One day they found a baby-lamb that seemed to be dead. But then they found it still breathed, and Mary carried it in her arms to the house. She made a nice warm bed in a cosy corner, and nursed it very carefully. After a while it began to grow well and strong, and learned to know and love its little mistress, following her wherever she went. One day it went to school with her. She put it under the desk and covered it with her shawl; but when Mary went up to the desk to say her lesson, the lamb followed her. Then the teacher had to put it out in the woodshed. Then some one wrote the piece about it and gave it to her. When the lamb died, Mary had a pair of stockings knit from its wool. But she did not wear them; she kept them to remember her pet.

I DIDN'T THINK.

I KNOW a naughty little elf  
Who never can behave himself;  
He beat's his drum when grandma's cap  
Is nodding for a cosy nap,  
And leaves his ball upon the floor  
For Uncle James to stumble o'er.

'Twas he who tried to scratch his name  
Upon a painted picture-frame;  
'Twas he who left the gate untied,  
Which brindle cow pushed open wide;  
'Twas he who nibbled Lucy's cake  
She took such pains to mix and bake;  
And, though we blamed the tricky mice,  
'Twas he who cracked its fluted ice.

This little elf upset the milk,  
He tangled aunty's broidery silk;  
He went to school with muddy shoes,  
Though credit's very sure to lose.  
Against his mamma's gentle wish  
He took the sugar from the dish;  
He lost the pen, and spilled the ink;  
This little elf we call "I didn't think."

Our house would be a nicer place  
If he would never show his face;  
We hope and hope some sunny day  
The naughty elf will run away,  
For oft he makes our spirits sink—  
This troublesome "I didn't think."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1427.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25

THE COVENANT RENEWED.

Josh. 24. 19-28. Commit to memory vs. 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. Josh. 24. 24

OUTLINE.

1. The Choice.
2. The Record.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What had Joshua now become? An old man.

Where did he appoint a great meeting? At Shechem.

Of what did he remind the Israelites? Of the way the lord had led them.

To whom did he give the glory for their successors? To the great God.

What did he ask the people? If they would serve the Lord or idols.

What was their reply? "We will serve the Lord."

What reason did they give for this? "For he is our God."

What did Joshua fear? That they would forsake God.

What did he tell them? That God is a jealous God.

What did he ask them to do? To put away strange gods.

What did he make with them that day? A covenant, or agreement.

Where did he write their promise? In the book of God's law.

What did he set up as a reminder of the covenant? A great stone.

What took place soon after? Joshua died.

How should we regard a promise? As a very solemn thing.

Have we ever made a promise to God?

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you ever made a promise to the Lord?

Do you really think he heard it?

Does he know whether you have kept it?

Which is easier, to make a promise or to keep it?

Can you say, "I will pay my vows unto the Lord?"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The covenant.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the disciples of Jesus Christ? All who learned of him as their Master.

Who was Lazarus? One whom Jesus loved, and raised to life when he had been dead four days.

B.C. 1425.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2

ISRAEL UNDER JUDGES.

Judg. 2. 11-23. Commit to memory vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Heb. 3 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Forsaking God.
2. Forsaken by God.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did the Lord command the Israelites to do? To drive all the heathen out of Canaan.

Did they obey him? No; they allowed some to stay.

What did they soon begin to do? To be on friendly terms with the heathen.

What did the heathen teach them to do? To worship idols.

Whom did they forsake? The God of their fathers.

To what was the Lord provoked? To anger.

What did he allow? Their enemies to conquer them.

What is our great enemy? Sin.

If we obey God, what will he do? Conquer sin for us.

If we disobey, what may we expect? That sin will conquer us.

What did the Israelites ask of God? Help.

Whom did he send to help them? Judges

For whose sake would the Lord help the people? For the sake of the Judge.

What would the people then do? Go on sinning again.

How long did this continue? More than three hundred years.

What must grieve our heavenly Father? To have his children sin against his love.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

SATAN makes slaves: GOD sets free.

SATAN makes weak: GOD makes strong.

SATAN destroys life: GOD gives life.

Which will you obey, GOD or SATAN?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The punishment of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

Who was Martha? The sister of Lazarus, who was too much troubled in making a feast for the Lord.

Who was Mary, the sister of Martha? The woman that chose the good part, and sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his word.

TWO SISTERS.

ONCE upon a time there lived two little sisters in the town of T. As they were playing one evening on the pavement before their father's door, the little one whom we will call 'Brown-eyes,' threw a pebble which unfortunately hit the elder sister, whom we will call 'Blue-eyes.' Several gentlemen standing near, seeing the accident expected to hear a loud scream, and an angry voice saying, 'You naughty thing! I'll just tell mother. You did it a-purpose; I know you did, you mean thing!' and so on, as angry children will talk. But these gentlemen heard nothing of the kind. For a moment blue eyes stood ready to cry, for to be hit by a pebble hurts, then she raised her arms around her sister, and said "Don't cry, little sister; I know you didn't mean to hit me. Kiss me, dear." And the sisters kissed and embraced each other fondly.

LAURA AND HER BOOKS.

LAURA is eight years old. She is a very thoughtful child, and is fond of her books. She goes to school, and her teacher gives her a high per cent in all her studies. The teacher loves her, because she studies her lessons well. She goes to Sunday-school, too, and dearly loves her Bible lessons.



NOVEMBER RAIN.

## A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,  
Of ten little fingers and 'n little toes,  
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,  
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something  
sweet,  
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,  
And patter away went two little feet  
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,  
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where  
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,  
Made by mamma that day.

The mouth grew round and the eyes grew  
big  
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;  
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,  
Into the cake that day.

And when mamma kissed a curly head,  
Cuddling it cosily up in bed,  
I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,  
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee  
Like fairy bell's rang merrily—  
"But the little bit of a mouse was  
Out on the shelf to-day!"

## SELFISH SAMBO AND THE APPLE

The apple-tree could not think, but it  
seemed to know that Sambo liked sweet  
apples. It dropped one to the ground.  
Away the apple went rolling down the hill.  
The apple-tree, you see, was in a sloping  
pasture. Sambo was a black pony. When he  
saw the apple he galloped joyfully after it.

"I want the apple myself," cried little  
Joe. He was looking through the pasture

bars. Grandpa Gray  
stood by him, holding  
sister Bell upon his  
shoulder.

"I think, Joey boy,  
that there are enough  
apples left for you. You  
can spare Sambo this  
one."

By this time Sambo  
had chased the apple to  
the foot of the hill. It  
stopped against the  
wall, and the pony ate  
it with glee.

"There! I've lost my  
apple," said Joe.

Just then Mitchie,  
the cow, strolled near  
the apple-tree. She  
knew as well as Sambo

where the sweet apples came from. She  
stretched up her neck to reach the fruit. She  
could not quite do it, and looked sad. But  
Sambo saw her, and did not look sad at all.  
He set out on a fast gallop for poor Mitchie.  
He flung his heels in the air at her, and  
frightened the timid cow away. Then he  
smelled on the ground for apples, but found  
none.

"Served you right, you stingy thing!"  
cried Belle.

"Now, Joey, you see how it looks to be  
selfish," said Grandpa Gray.—*Our Little  
Ones.*

## DO YOUR BEST.

Boys and girls, always do your best.  
Some things you now do well, but with  
care and patience you can do much better.  
Use care, then. Be patient, spare no pains,  
and you will reap a rich reward. Write a  
postal card correctly. Avoid blots and  
misspelled words, and if you make a blunder,  
take a fresh postal card and try again. By so  
doing you will lose a cent, but you will  
make much more than a cent in your effort  
to be accurate.

When you begin to row a boat, row  
slowly at first, that you may learn to row  
correctly. Do not lift the oars high in the  
air, and do not plunge them deep in the  
water, but "feather" them, and get all the  
force out of them you can with long and  
steady pulls.

When you sew, let the stitches be even,  
and take as much pains as though your  
needlework was to be sent to the county  
fair on exhibition, and perhaps would take  
a prize. A prize you then will surely gain  
in the habit of doing your work just right.

When you first finger the piano, do not  
shrink back in disgust from the book of

"exercises." Keep at them, and hasten  
slowly until you have the perfect mastery  
over them. Correctness first, and speed  
will slowly yet surely follow.

Take as your motto in all the things you  
have to do the single word *thorough*. So  
many persons do a thing so nearly right  
that we wonder they do not make a little  
more effort and do it exactly right. They  
fail not in native ability, but in carefulness.  
Avoid their blunder, and put thought into  
all you do, and then you will form a habit  
which will be of almost priceless value to  
you in the journey of life.

## THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

It is the first false step that tells. You  
know that when you tumble down-stairs,  
O if you only had looked where you set your  
foot, you never would have had all that  
rolling and tumbling, beyond your control,  
until you found yourself at the bottom.

So it is with everything else in this world  
—with the man who falls into dissipated  
habits; with the woman who loses her self-  
respect and that of others; with a man who  
ends a respectable life with some deed that  
is dishonourable; with all who follow any  
course that brings its penalty of shame, suffer-  
ing, and death. It is the first little step  
that does all; and it may not be so very bad  
a step in itself—only a little wrong. It may  
be only a mistake, indeed, but the end comes  
all the same.

Let every boy and girl remember this.  
Just as it does not do to make a mistake at  
the head of the stairs, so it will not do to  
make even a mistake in the beginning of  
life—especially a mistake of the sort that  
leads to evil—for it often brings one to the  
bottom at last.

## "SAY O, MAMMA."

LITTLE Nellie went exploring grandma's  
room, and came back to mamma, saying, "I  
saw a big dog in grandma's room." Mamma  
quietly answered, "Did you?" But that was  
not what Miss Nellie wanted; to surprise  
her mamma, and make her open her eyes  
wide at the tale she told; so after a moment  
she said, "Mamma, why don't you say O?"

There are a great many little Nellies who  
like to astonish people; and sometimes they  
make things bigger than they are, or tell  
things that are not so, just to see how sur-  
prised people will look. They do not mean  
harm, but I think they will not feel like  
doing it again when they know that it is  
only one kind of lying, and that it is a sin.  
God gave you your eyes to see things as  
they are, and your tongue to tell what your  
eyes see.