

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
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- 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

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

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

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

[No. 23.]

BASKET WEAVING.

I PAID a visit not long ago to the asylum for the blind at Brantford. I was greatly interested in the basket making by the blind boys and girls. It was wonderful to see how clever they were with their fingers, and what beautiful baskets they could make.

SEWING ACHES.

JESSIE sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked, in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother. "Yes," thought Jessie, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain at my side," said Jessie, in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she said a few moments after. "Oh, my hand is so tired!" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Should I



BASKET WEAVING.

not first send for a doctor!" said her mother. "The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she could be. "Certainly. A little girl so full of pains

anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the word *now*.

THE easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

and aches must be sick; and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother! said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing-aches. I am well now."

I have heard of other little girls besides Jessie who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had any work for them to do. This is a disease called "selfishness;" and I hope none of my little readers are afflicted with it.—*Myrtle*.

NOW.

If ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find that the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers. You have often heard the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had

nothing to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the word *now*.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Cups and plates of dainty ware,
Tea and cakes and such fine fare—
Don't you wish you had been there?

Many a guest this feast can show,
Sitting primly, row on row,
Finely dressed from top to toe.

Comes an unexpected guest
(Hungrier than all the rest),
Seizee, carries off the best.

"Go 'way, Floss, you horrid bear!"
Bessie cries in shrill despair;
Helpless, Josie tears her hair.

All in vain! The thief has fled,
Carries off the gingerbread;
Now, how can the dolls be fed?

Says sweet Bess, "Though we have none,
We can play the dolls were done;
That will be just lots of fun."

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, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	5 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo	0 60
Quarterly Boy's Service. By the year, 24c a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c a dozen; 80c per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 25 copies	0 25
Over 25 copies	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 3 pp., 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 25 copies	0 25
Over 25 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 25 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 25 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
75 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HURST,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

WHEN IT IS ALL RIGHT.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants. Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted. One cold wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire. "But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you." The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps. A bright idea soon entered the child's head. "Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?" Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she

began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her. "Will," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in; for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care." Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

BIG ENOUGH.

"I WILL work for Jesus
All the live long day;
Though I'm small and feeble,
Jesus says I may"—

sang little Edith Marvyn, in her sweet, childish voice.

"You! what can you do? You're too little!" laughed a big man.

"I think Jesus wants little people's work as well as big ones," said Edith.

"But you're too little for anything," said the man, in a tone that made Edith feel that he was making fun of her.

She felt most like crying until she remembered the verse mamma had taught her about a cup of cold water in Jesus' name. So she went to the brook for a whole pitcher full of water.

The very first man she saw was the one who had made fun of her. He had been working, and was very warm and tired. At first she thought she would not give him any; but then she remembered "for Jesus' sake." "Why, you are big enough for something, aren't you?" he asked. And then, after he had taken a good drink, he added: "I guess you're right. The little ones count too."

CHEERING UP.

THE Scotch shepherd sat in his arm chair thinking. The storm was raging without, but his sheep were in the fold and the dog was sleeping quietly by his side. His home was not what it used to be, for his dear wife had died a few months ago, and his two little laddies had just been laid in the graveyard beside their mother. Only little Lisbie was left to him.

"Poor motherless bairn," he called her, but she was a bright, cheery little girl, and tried to help her father and to do what her mother used to do.

When she saw her father look so sad today she tried to cheer him. I can't tell you what she said in her own way of speaking; you will understand it better if I tell it in our way.

"Now, father," said she, "let's say all the sheep-and-shepherd verses we know. You say one and I'll say one; I'll take my turn first; 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I

shall not want.' Isn't that a good one, father? If the Lord takes the same good care of his sheepies as you do of ours, sure and we will be all right."

"We will," said her father, brightening up; "and now I'll say mine; 'I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.'"

"How can he know us all, I wonder?" said Lisbie. "Do you know all yours, father?"

"Every one, child; there's a mark on every one—a bit ear or a black patch or a scrub side; and there's Lame-Foot, you know her."

"Oh, yes, and little Black-Nose and Short-Tail."

"We know them by their scars; don't we? Maybe that's the way the Lord knows us. Somebody else has thought so too, for here's a verse like it:

"My name is called among his sheep;
His rod my straying feet doth keep;
And that which makes him best know me
Is his poor sheep's infirmity."

But I can't tell you all the sweet verses the shepherd and his little Lisbie said that day. They seemed to know every one in the whole Bible. What a good lesson it would be for our little readers, some Sabbath afternoon, to try to find in the Bible all "the sheep-and-shepherd verses," as the little Scotch girl called them.

GLOOM AND LIGHT.

A WISE man in the East had two pupils, to each of whom he gave, one night, a sum of money, and said, "What I have given you is very little; yet with it you must buy at once something that would fill this dark room."

One of them purchased a great quantity of hay, and cramming it into the room, said, "Sir, I have filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with greater gloom."

Then the other, with scarcely a third of the money, bought a candle, and lighting it, said, "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with light. Such are the ways of wisdom, for it seeks good means to good ends."

This teacher certainly had a droll way of instructing his pupils, but it was a very good way. They learned that it is one thing to fill, and another thing to fill properly. One of them knew this before; the other seemed not to know it. He was a simpleton. There are many such in the world.

THE HAPPY LAND.

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

Oh do not call it "far away,"

The land we seek to find;

The holy, happy, heavenly land,

The shining sky, the silver strand,

The one fair land of endless day,

Where friends are always kind.

Not far away, not far away,

The peaceful land doth lie;

Why should we pass through awful space

To find the glad abiding place,

Where we may live and love for aye,

And pain and fear shall die?

Oh do not call it far away,

The blessed land we seek;

If days are dark and dreary here,

We love to think that home is near;

That far from it we cannot stray;

On mountain bare and bleak.

Not far away, not far away

The fadefull blossoms grow;

A little while, and we shall stand

Within thy bounds, thou happy land;

And oft our smiling lips will say,

"We had not far to go."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON V. [Oct. 30.

THE HARVEST AND THE LABOURERS.

Matt. 9. 35-38; 10. 1-8. Commit to mem. vs. 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Harvest.
2. The Labourers.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came to hear Jesus in the cities and villages? Great crowds of people.

What did he do for them? He healed all who were sick.

What more did he long to do? Save them from sin and unbelief.

Whom did he choose to help him teach the people? The twelve disciples.

Can you repeat their names?

To whom did he send them first? To the Jews.

Why? Because they were his own people.

What were they to preach? That Jesus, their promised Saviour, had come.

What power did he give them? Power to heal the sick and cast out evil spirits.

What did he command them? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did he tell the disciples? That many were ready to be saved and led in the right way.

What was his plan to help them? To give them leaders to teach and guide them.

Who are Jesus's disciples now? All who love and obey him.

How can they preach the Gospel? By living unselfish, loving lives.

How must they give to others? As freely as Jesus gives to them.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Are you doing all you can for Jesus?

Do you care whether others love him or not?

Do you think it an honour to work for him?

How would you feel if the Queen gave you some work to do?

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The missionary spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What will become of the wicked after the day of judgment? They shall go away into everlasting punishment.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 6.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Matt. 10. 32-35.

Commit to mem. vs. 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matt. 10. 32.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Confession of Christ.
2. Christ's Confession of Us.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Jesus tell his disciples? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What does Jesus want us to be? Brave to own him as our Lord and Saviour.

What will he do if we deny him before the world? Deny us before God.

Why? Because he could not say we were his friends.

What did Jesus come to send upon the earth? A sword to fight and destroy sin.

Why would it make trouble? Because some would resist it and hate it.

Who would resist it? All who chose to live in sin.

To whom would it bring peace? To all who wanted to be free from sin.

How does Jesus say we must love him? Better than our dearest earthly friend?

What does he say of those who refuse to do hard things for him? "They are not worthy of me and my love."

What does he say of those who try to save their own happiness and pleasure? They shall lose it.

Who will find true happiness? Those who give their lives for Jesus.

How must we receive those who preach and teach us about Jesus? As we would receive Jesus himself.

What does Jesus reward? Any act of kindness, even the smallest, done to his people.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

How often can I own Jesus as my Friend and Saviour?

What crosses can I bear for him?

What can I do to please him?

Do I love him BETTER than any one else?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where will the wicked be punished? In hell.

What will become of the righteous after death? The righteous shall go into everlasting life.

CAUGHT.

A LITTLE mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel. Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse; but when it tried to run home again, it found the door shut.

The mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and very tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember, the best side of these traps is the outside.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I WILL give that to the missionaries," said little Billy, and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him, and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated, "' My son, give me thine heart.'"



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WHAT D-O-G SPELLS.

YES, I am five years old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
For one so old to go
To school, and learn to read and spell—
And I am doing very well—
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell
How many things I know.

Well, if you'll only take a look—
Yes, that is it—the last I took,
Here in my pretty picture book,
Just near the purple cover—
Now listen—here are one, two, three
Wee little letters, don't you see?
Their names are D and O and G;
They spell—now guess—*Old Rover.*

GIVING PLEASURE TO GOD.

It will make a great difference in our lives when, instead of doing things to please ourselves or our companions, we do everything to please God.

I once read a poem by Mary Howitt, in which this good thought is put into the lips of a very little child. He was called Willie. One day Willie's mamma saw him sitting very silent in the sunlight, with all the men and women and the beasts and birds of his Noah's ark set out in a row.

"What are you thinking about, Willie?" said his mamma.

Willie answering said:

"You know that God loves little children,
And likes them to love him the same;
So I've set out my Noah's ark creatures,
The great savage beasts and the tame.
I've set them all out in the sun-line,
Where I think they are pleasant to see,
Because I would give him some pleasure
Who gives so much pleasure to me."

It is true that it is only a very little child who would think of giving God pleasure in that way. But although the way of doing the good thing is a little child's way the thing itself is good to do.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

WE hope that all our young readers will learn and practice kindness to the dumb friends, like the boy and man and old man in the picture. A great poet has said—

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

AUTUMN TREASURES.

AUTUMN is here again, and now, as always, her hands are full of lovely gifts, and she says to each one of us, "Come, and take. You are welcome to all you can gather!"

See them! gold and purple grasses, flaming leaves and vines, shining berries and pure white "everlastings!" Here is the feathery clematis that is only too glad to droop over our picture frame and trail down the window casings; the pink and green wild buckwheat vine, so dainty and delicate, if gathered before the hard frosts come, that you can never tire of its loveliness; and hosts of other treasures which you will be sure to find if you once begin the pleasant work of looking them up.

This is charming holiday work for our boys and girls. Make your own room a little bower of beauty, and see how calls will multiply for the work of your skilful hands in other parts of the house. Why should not every SUNBEAM reader be an "apostle of beauty" in his or her sphere, whatever it may be!

SHE RETURNED GOOD FOR EVIL.

WHAT a sweet, good-hearted little girl she must have been. Instead of taking a spiteful pleasure in seeing her master suffering from a dreadful disease, and hating him for keeping her in captivity, she pities and feels for him, and earnestly longs for his restoration and cure.

Surely the idolaters among whom she lived must have thought that the God whom she worshipped, must be a very

different Being from the unloving and cruel gods to which they bowed down, for nothing is more true than this—that we gradually become like that which we love and worship.

Let her in this again be an example to you, my dear little friend; and ever seek to "overcome evil with good," and return a kiss for a blow, a smile for a frown, and a loving word for a cross one. If ever you have to face an enemy, remember that the surest way to kill him, and the easiest too—is to kill him with kindness. I mean to try to melt him down into friendship by pouring hot coals of kindness and love upon his head.—(Romans xii. 20, 21.)

The only way in which you will be able to do this is by yielding up your heart to the loving Saviour; become his forgiven, happy servant, and he will give you strength and grace to shine for God, as this little captive maid did.

"Jesus bids you shine with a pure, clear light,

Like a little candle burning in the night;
In a world of darkness, so we must shine—
You in your small corner, and I in mine."

HENRY W. FIGGIS.

THE THOUGHTFUL GANDER.

GEESE are generally considered very silly creatures, but the story below, from an English paper, of a staid old gander who took upon himself the care of a poor blind woman, ought to give us a new feeling of respect for the race. It must have been a funny sight indeed, to see the dear old woman finding her way to the house of God led by a gander! But is it not, too, a touching instance of the care which our Father has for his afflicted ones:

In Germany an aged blind woman used to be led to church every Sunday by a gander. He would take hold of her gown, and lead her along by holding it in his beak. He would take her to the door of the pew where she sat. As soon as she was in her place, he would walk quietly out of the church, and occupy himself in the church-yard feeding on the grass till the service was over, and he heard the people coming out of church. Then he would go to the pew of his old mistress, and lead her home again. One day the minister of the church called to see this old person at her own house. He found that she had gone out, and he expressed his surprise to her daughter that they should let her go out alone. "Oh, sir," replied the daughter, "there is nothing to fear: mother is not alone; the gander is with her."