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SUNBEAM

TRIP'S FAMILY.

Milly had begun to feel a little bit lonely, playing all by herself in the garden, so she thought to run over that she would go out into the shed and bring Trip's two cunning little pups to have a romp with her. They do not look so very small, do they? but they are very young and are so much smaller than their mother that we call them little. They are growing very fast and are almost more than Milly can carry, but she is afraid they would not follow her if she set them down on the ground, as they don't know enough yet. You may be sure they will have a good time playing on the grass.



TRIP'S FAMILY.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

HANDSOME is that handsome does. How true that is. We have seen little boys with fine faces and little girls that were very pretty. But how about their actions? They were not always so nice. Sometimes these same boys and girls get angry, use naughty words, quarrel with each other, and scratch like dogs and cats, and do many other ugly things. After seeing all this we didn't think those children very handsome.

through the eyes. With light in the eyes will come a pleasing expression on the other features. So, you see, a good heart causes a good face. It may not be a beautiful face, but a good one; one that attracts, one that causes you to trust its possessor.

There have been many distinguished women who had homely features. Yet they possessed sweet tempers, were cheerful, vivacious and sympathetic. By their winning ways they charmed people. Those in trouble were sure to go to them for help. Why was it? Not because of their pretty faces, for they were homely; but because of their kind hearts. They did handsome and so were handsome.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good things I have or do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can listen to the voice of conscience.

It is well to have a good face. It is much better to have a good heart, for it causes a good face. The eyes are the windows of the soul. If all is good and bright within, it will shine as a light

LITTLE WORKERS.

LITTLE children can be workers
In the vineyard of the Lord;
If they do their labour gladly
They will find a rich reward.

They can gather from the by-ways
Children wandering in sin
Telling them the gates of heaven,
Wait to welcome wanderers in.

They can tell the poor and needy
Of the sins the Saviour bore,
That they might be heirs of heaven
Poor and needy nevermore.

They can scatter smiles and sunshine
In the pathways where they tread,
And the world will be the better
For the kind words they have said.

Little workers for the Master,
Grand will be your last reward
When you enter in rejoicing
To the kingdom of the Lord.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

BOY-CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community.

A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence.

They are the king-boys among their

fellow, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

WHY CHARLEY LOST HIS PLACE.

CHARLES was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good-fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was very anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two small children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the little boy raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter in a manly fashion. Charley was a great tease, and, like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

"I'll have some fun with these children," he said to himself; and before they got very far down the road he crept up behind them and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hand.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and, leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mowed painfully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and, following the gentleman in, respectfully presented his references.

"These do very well," Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley, "if I had not seen some of your other references."

"Other references? What do you mean sir?" asked Charley in astonishment.

"I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you and you cut him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me."

THE IDLER'S FATE.

BY E. S. HILL.

"POOR little cricket! what makes you so sad,

You who forever are singing?
Out in the pastures all summer so glad,
Cheerful your shrill notes were ringing.

"Yes, I was idle, was careless and gay,
Dreamed not of frost's cruel nipping,
Thinking that life was a bright summer day,
For dancing and honey-dew sipping.

"Reckless and thoughtless, I garnered no store;

Hungry and cold, I must perish.
Friends? I have none to come in at my door,
Friendships I never did cherish.

"Selfish, in pleasure I always have lived,
Lone and unfriended I'm dying;
Over my errors too late I have grieved—
"To late!" the breeze echoed sighing.

PRAYING FOR FATHER.

A DEAR little girl had been taught to pray especially for her father. He was suddenly taken away. Kneeling at her evening devotion her voice faltered; and as her eyes met her mother's she sobbed. "Oh mother, I cannot leave him all alone. Let me say, thank God that I had a dear father once, so I can keep him in my prayers." Many stricken hearts may learn a sweet lesson from this child. Let us remember to thank God for mercies past as well as ask for blessings for the future.

A LITTLE GIRL'S PLEA.

In a little temperance maiden,
And I have a word to say
To the staid, the grown-up people
Gathered here with us to-day.

I would you ask if you ever,
'Midst life's worry, bustle, noise,
Think about the little children
Growing up as girls and boys?

Do you ever ask the question,
As you see them romping 'round,
Where, as grown-up men and women,
Will these boys and girls be found?

Will they follow after evil,
Or incline toward the good?
Are the young and tender natures
By their elders understood?

Owe you not to them a duty?
Should you not direct and train,
Kindly warn, encourage, lead them
From the evil to refrain?

Help us, then; attend our meetings,
Try to bring some others in.
Work to save the little children;
They have hearts that you can win.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

AD. 30.] **LESSON XI.** [Sept. 11.

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Acts 8. 26-40. Memory verses, 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—John 3. 36.

Who told Philip where to go? An angel of the Lord.

Whom did he meet? A man from Ethiopia, called a eunuch.

What was this man's business? He had charge of all the queen's treasures.

Where had he been? To Jerusalem, to worship God.

What was he doing as he rode along? Reading the Bible.

What part of it? The Book of Isaiah, which tells of a Saviour to come.

What did Philip ask the eunuch? "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

What was the reply? "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

What did Philip tell him? All about Jesus, the Saviour who had suffered and died for him.

What did the eunuch ask? If he could be baptized.

How did Philip answer him? If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."

What did the eunuch say? "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

What are we told of him after he was baptized? "He went on his way rejoicing."

Can you repeat the Golden Text?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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

Where is God? God is everywhere.

What can God do? God can do whatever he will.

THIRD QUARTER REVIEW.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 18.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

When he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.

The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.

And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong.

There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

They spake the word of God with boldness.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

We ought to obey God rather than man.

He kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

And there was great joy in that city.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.

THE FLOOD.

FOUR little boys were talking about the flood. One, on being asked what he would have done if he had been living in the time of the flood, replied, "I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door;" the second said, "I would have climbed to the top of a tree," the third said, "I would have gone to the top of a high mountain," and the fourth said, "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said, 'Mr. Noah, let me in.'" The first three boys, who would have tried to

save themselves, would have been lost, and the fourth boy only, who would not try to save himself, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves—All who desire to be saved must go to Jesus—

"Here, Lord, a vile and guilty wretch,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

"US BOYS."

A TEMPERANCE lecturer was preaching on his favourite theme. He said, "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me, did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunder-struck! It sounded awfully! It was [awful]; but it was true, and the more awful that it was true. Will you be one of the loafers at the saloon-door in twenty years from now? Will you? or you?

A LITTLE WAIF.

A MAN passing up State Street, one chilly day, saw a bare-footed girl trotting along on the cold pavement.

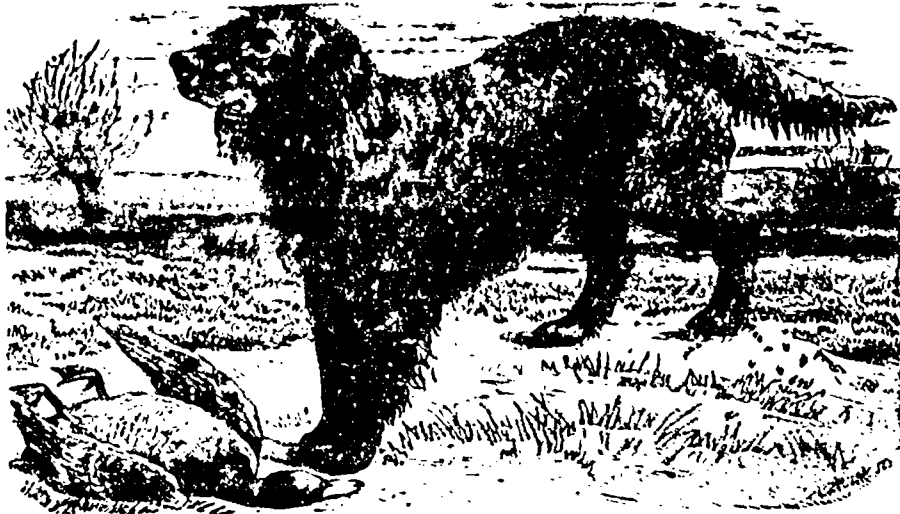
"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any? Why not?" said he.

"My papa gets drunk," said the child.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa gets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end, and others are dealing out this dreadful deadly poison to poor degraded men.



BROUGHT TO GROUND.

BROUGHT TO GROUND.

CAUGHT at last. That is what old Sport thinks to himself, as he keeps his eye on the pretty wild duck. What a pity to kill such a pretty bird. The duck has been pleading for its life, but Sport will not listen to its pleas. He is so delighted at having served his master, and is now waiting for him to come up and claim his prize, when Sport will get a hearty pat on the head which he likes better than his dinner.

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

MY rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it.

It is, "Begin when the hour comes."

I once belonged to a model Sunday-school, in which there was but little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter, until the old plan was suggested and restored.

Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musicians and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercises, or even its whole character. You can pray, and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve.

Some will always be late, but if it is not known exactly when school really opens, a great many will be late.

IF I WERE YOU.

WHAT would I do if I were you?

First thing I'd make a rule
To put my hat and books in place
When I come home from school.

What would I do if I were you?

I wouldn't pout and cry
Because I couldn't have my way
About a piece of pie.

What would I do if I were you?

I'd speak a pleasant word
To this and that one in the house,
And not be sour as curd.

And when a body asked my help

I'd try to do a favour
So that it should not always have
A disobliging flavour.

If I were you, my little friend,

I'd try to be so good
That my example all round
Might follow, if they could.

I'd go to Jesus now and give
To him my naughty heart,
Ask him to make it new and pure,
And his own love impart.

BE CONTENT WITH A LITTLE.

Two little cousins sat talking together under an oak tree one warm afternoon.

"Oh, dear!" said the elder, in a very disconsolate tone, "I wish I did have pretty things like other folks; Ida Smith can have every thing she wants; she has two lovely white dresses, a pink and a blue sash, and oh, so much jewelry, gold bracelets, rings, chains and lockets, and here I can't have even a string of beads or a yard of ribbon. I declare, I think its too hard to be so poor!"

"Don't be so 'sconsolate, Rosy," said her little comforter, soothingly, "My mamma says folks must be content with their lot."

"But, Lily, suppose they havon't a lot?" inquired Rosy.

The other thought a moment and then said, "Well, if they havon't a lot, they must be content with a little."

Dear, happy little Lily! What a lesson of contentment you teach us! Don't complain because you do not have great blessings, but be thankful for the small ones.

LIKE MOTHER.

WE have all read and been touched by the story of the little boy who told his mother that when he grew up he was going to marry a lady just like her. I think the following incident is equally touching and beautiful:

Little Arthur B——, a three-year-old child watching his mother at her household work, and looking up affectionately at her remarked, "I hope I'll grow up to be a lady!"

"Why," said the mother, "do you like ladies better than men?"

"Ye-es!" was the answer.

"Well," said his mother, "if you grow up to be a man perhaps you can get some nice lady to come and live with you; that is the way men do."

He looked up with a bright face and said: "Will 'oo come and live with me when I am a man?"

OPENING THE HEART.

BY THE REV. J. G. CUNNINGHAM.

I KNEW a little boy—he was, my own brother, in fact,—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I would say, 'Come in.'" She then said to him, "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made my father ask, "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied, "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."