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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

[No. 19.]

THE BOAT RIDE.

WHAT a jolly time these little folks seem to be having! They have made a boat of the table, and think they will take their playthings and go visiting. Their faces show that they are happy. You see they have used the legs of the table for a fore-mast and mizzen-mast, and with a pole and grandpa's cane they have made another for the main-mast, the cane answering for the main-top-mast. The boy with the cap on must be the captain, and he has undertaken to guide the ship safely across the great imaginary waters. The others must think him a safe captain, for they do not seem afraid that he will allow the ship to sink. Each one is satisfied with his part, and so they do not quarrel about who shall be captain, or who shall hold the rudder or who shall hold the rope which is fastened to dolly's little boat to bar her safely across. And because they are not selfish they are happy. If one of them should become selfish, in just a little while all the pleasure would be spoiled. Children, it is



THE BOAT RIDE.

selfishness that makes so many unhappy people. Selfish people are not happy themselves, and they make others unhappy by their ways. When we try to make

others happy we make ourselves so, though unconsciously. Hear the merry little crew:

We've started for England;
Our sails are all set,
And all the conditions
For voyaging are met.

We've main-sail and top-sail,
A rudder and oar,
A four-cornered vessel,
And masts on all four.

A crew and a captain,
Three passengers gay,
And thus well appointed
We will sail away.

The ship is quite crowded,
Just room for our toes;
No possible space is left
For friends or for foes.

A little square dory
We draw alongside,
And baby within it
Floats on with the tide.

So we're sailing away—
May write you again
When we reach the far port
Across the wide main.

BIRDIE GOING TO BED.

WHEN the sun has left the skies,
Birdie knows 'tis time for sleep;
Gaily to his nest he flies,
No late hours will ever keep.

Never does the birdie say,
When it comes his time for rest,
"I don't want to leave my play!"
And go pouting to his nest.

Birdie sings his evening lay;
God he praises in his song;
He is happy all the day,
Never doing what is wrong.

Birdie hides his little head,
Softly pillowed on his breast;
Rests he without care or dread,
By our Heavenly Father blest.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

DO YOUR DUTY.

ALL you have to do is simply your *duty*. I stood in a factory a short time ago and learned a deep lesson. As I entered all seemed confusion—the buzz of machinery, the whirl of everything dazed me. But I soon saw that all was right, and that each one was doing the task assigned to her. I stood and looked at a young girl whose work was to untie knots in the threads as they were passing over the wheel. All day long she simply untied knots. Now, if she had said, "This is such a little thing to do, and I get so tired of it, I think I will try to do what the girl next to me is doing," she would have damaged the whole work. The simple thing of untying the knots had to do with the beauty and finish of this whole design.—Anon.

HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years in a Sunday-school said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him."

"But how do you know he hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

EYES OPEN.

RACHIE went off to school, wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself.

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was trying to thread her needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes.

"Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are worn out, you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman?"

"Mamma would say the Lord would take care of you," said Rachie, very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help, and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle-book, and was bending over it with busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I have thread six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

"May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices, as she drew near the playground.

"Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very downcast face, sitting in the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie, in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smoky figures on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see!"

"So I did." The example was finished, and Jennie was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing kindness, which went far toward making the day happier. Try it, girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

MISSIONARY POTATO-BUGS.

MISSIONARY potato-bugs! Do you mean to say that potato-bugs are becoming interested in missionary work? I hear some little folks ask. Well no, not exactly, and yet they had quite an important part in earning missionary money a short time ago. Listen while I tell you. Children's Day was drawing near, and though the children of a certain Evangelical family were interested in learning to speak their pieces and to sing their songs nicely, yet this was not the thought uppermost in their minds. The question, "How shall we earn some missionary money?" presented itself repeatedly. They had only a short time before read of the little girl who had earned money by catching mice and rats.

They hastened to papa and mamma, asking for some work by which they might earn something for the same good cause. Now the work which was offered them was not so agreeable, and yet when told that for every one hundred potato-bugs removed from the plants they should receive five cents, they cheerfully went to work. By the time Children's Day arrived, each of the children had twenty-five cents to throw into the collection basket. So you see that even such a loathsome creature as a potato-bug can be made to contribute to the missionary cause. The old adage, "Where there is a will there is a way," certainly applies to earning missionary money, though at times it may require a patient wearing of the thinking cap. Children, it pays to make the effort. The most unpleasant work you may be called upon to do, when done for the dear Saviour, becomes pleasant, and will be honoured and blessed by him.—Mrs. Kezlie Baumgartner.

MATTIE.

HASTING to school
On a Sunday morning,
Mattie is bright as the day;
Up with the birds
Was she at the dawning,
Singing her Sabbath lay.

Dressed in her best,
She trips along lightly,
Strong is her footstep and bold;
Clasped in her hand
Is her Bible so tightly,
Her Bible more precious than gold.

She will remember
All that is taught her,
To mother each word will repeat;
For Mattie, be sure,
Is a dutiful daughter,
Loving and gentle and sweet.

"The light of the house,"
Says the proud, happy mother,
And father, he echoes the same.
Why, pray, is she better
Than many another?
"She's a dear Christian child!" they
exclaim.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

B.C. 1060] [Sept. 29

1 Sam. 25. 23-31, and 35-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And b. not drunk with wine, wherein is
excess. Eph. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Selfishness, v. 23-31.
2. Drunkenness, v. 35-33.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Why did David wander in the wilderness?
For fear of Saul.
Of whom did he ask food at one time?
Nabal, a rich man.
What kind of a man was Nabal? Cruel
and selfish.
How did he treat David? Very rudely.
How did David feel about Nabal's anger?
He became angry too.
Was this right? No; it was wrong.
What did David tell his men to do? To
kill Nabal.
Who was Nabal's wife? Abigail.
What kind of a woman was she? Good
and kind.
What did she take to David? Food.

What did she ask him to do? To forgive
her husband.

Of what did she gently remind him?
That it was wrong to be angry.

How did David receive her words? In
the right spirit.

Who gave a great feast in his house?
Nabal.

Why did not Abigail tell him at first
what she had done? Because he was
drunken.

What did Abigail know? That a drun-
ken man cannot understand.

What happened to Nabal ten days after
this? The Lord smote him, and he died.

What does a drunken man's life show?
That God punishes selfishness.

To what does selfishness often lead?
To habits of drink.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Strong Drink makes foolish.
Strong Drink confuses the mind.
Strong Drink shuts up the heart.
Strong Drink is an enemy to God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of
selfishness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. But will he save all mankind? We
can be saved only by repenting and
believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1048] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 6

THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.

2 Sam. 5. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity.
Psa. 133. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. David in Hebron, v. 1-5.
2. David in Jerusalem, v. 5-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where was David at the time of Saul's
death? At Ziklag.
How did he know that he was to be king?
The Lord had said so.
Where did David go to live after Saul's
death? To Hebron.
What did the men of Judah do? They
made David their king.
How long did he reign over Judah?
Seven years and a half.
What did all the tribes then do? They
came to David at Hebron.
Who was made king of all Israel?
David.

Where did David go to live? To Jeru-
salem.

Who had possession of Jerusalem? The
Jebusites.

Who were the Jebusites? A heathen
people.

What was David's first work? To drive
them out.

Who helped to build a palace for David?
Hiram, king of Tyre.

Where was David's palace built? On
Mount Zion.

What was Jerusalem called? The city
of David.

Why did David grow great? Because
God was with him.

What did God give to him? Victory,
and strength, and riches.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Once David was a poor shepherd boy;
now he was a great king.

The poorest and weakest child in the
world may become one of God's royal
family, and heir to a kingdom which will
last forever.

"With Jesus, my Saviour, I'm the child
of a King."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What is it to repent? To repent is
to be sorry for my sins, to confess and turn
from them, and to seek forgiveness from
God.

WHO DID THE WRONG?

BOBBIE MOORE had a beautiful little pet
rabbit. It had soft, white fur and bright,
pink eyes and pretty, long ears. Bobbie
thought a great deal of it. There were
some little neighbour boys who saw it and
were naughty in that they wanted it for
their own. Bobbie would not give it away,
or sell it, but still the boys wanted it. They
said: "Let us go at night and take it."
They did not think that Bobbie would see it
at their house and know that they had
taken it. But when they talked it over,
they said: "We won't do it ourselves. We
will get somebody else to do it for us, then
we can say we did not do it." So they got
another boy to take it for them, and when
they were asked about it they said they did
not take it.

But, don't you see, they were just as
naughty as if they did? We cannot put
the blame of wrong things on other people
in that way. If we think naughty things
and let other people do them, when we
could stop them, we are the ones to blame.
We must do right ourselves, and we must
not let others do wrong if we can help it.



PEACE AND WAR.

PEACE AND WAR.

WHAT a delightful thing it is to see the children playing with the deadly enginery of war. It makes one think of the promise of the Scripture, that the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the nations learn war no more.

WHERE HE WAS HURT.

AMONG the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey, so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his round at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office. One day an officer in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading and threw it at him. He missed his aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom, and thought he had been hit. He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine

himself—felt his arms and legs, muttered, and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passed his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again, beginning at his arms, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

As soon as he convinced himself, by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and, hurrying up to the doctor, he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long

and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt the elbow, patting it, and expressing great sympathy. But this would not satisfy Jocko. He went toward the doctor's office, looking back and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed, and, having rubbed the elbow with some preparation, Jocko became very comfortable, and jabbering his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the Queen's English.

COULDN'T QUARREL.

IN the depths of a forest there lived two foxes who had never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language: "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said number one. "Two-legged people fall out; why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours,

and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel and fight and scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You simpleton! don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel, any day?"—*Christian Weekly.*

IS IT YOU?

THERE is a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who does not mind when spoken to:
I hope it isn't you.

There is a child, a boy or girl—
I trust that such are few—
Who struck a little playmate friend.
I hope it wasn't you.

I know a child, a boy or girl—
I'm sorry that I do—
Who told a lie; yes, told a lie:
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a girl, a girl I know,
And I could love her too,
But that she's very proud and vain:
That surely isn't you!

A BOY'S EXPERIMENT.

SOMEONE says: "I know a boy who created a sensation by breaking in upon the gravity of his guests in this wise. Entering the room, he commenced: 'The class in Natural History are invited to witness a living curiosity. Even the learned Agassiz has never explained the reason why, if you take a guinea pig up by the tail his eyes will drop out. Please walk out into the kitchen, and look at Cavy.' They all rush out, and behold the little fellow with black and orange spots, in the kitchen, as announced. 'Let us see his eyes drop out now,' says Tommy. 'Lift him up by his tail and see,' says the young showman. But Tommy makes but indifferent progress, for lo! a guinea pig is found to have no tail!"

POUTING JENNIE.

I AM sorry to see Jennie pouting. Julia went away to Aunt Margaret's this morning. Jennie wanted to go with Julia. Mamma said the walk was too long for Jennie's little feet. So Jennie set up a cry. Then she sat down to pout. I think she will be over it soon. I see a little twinkle in one corner of Jennie's eye. I think pretty soon pouting Jennie will be laughing Jennie.