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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1888

[No. 15.]

## "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

FOLD the little hands in prayer and say those sweet words which, wherever English speech is known, are the last words of childhood night after night, year after year, throughout the world. Probably no other words are so often used. A touching story is told of a good old man of eighty, who lay dying, and he thought was a child he again; and just before he died he repeated the simple rhyme he had learned in his mother's arms eighty years before.

## A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalee girl, shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes have to suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"

would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many

days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied, "Father, I have not neglected my devotions; I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in

them." This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of her neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind it; adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

## WHERE IT IS SAFE.

"AUNTIE," said little Alice, "when people put their money into a bank, do they worry about it because they are afraid it isn't safe?" Her aunt replied: "That depends upon the character of the bank. If the officers who manage it are reliable men, those who place their money there have no reason to fear for its safety." "I thought so," said Alice. "And, auntie, I was thinking about my soul, whether

it is safe; and I've given it to Jesus, and I feel as if it must be safe there, and I needn't worry about it. He will take care of it, won't he?" "Yes, dear, it is perfectly safe in the hands of Jesus," replied her auntie

**HAPPY CHILDREN.**

We are little children,  
Full of life and play,  
Singing, ever singing,  
Songs so bright and gay;  
Should we not be happy  
In a world so fair?  
Love and joy and kindness  
Find me everywhere.

Birdies in the tree-tops  
Sing us songs so sweet;  
Blossoms in the meadows  
Stay our busy feet;  
Winter clouds and snow-storms,  
Summer sunshine bright,  
Bring us sweetest pleasures,  
Fill us with delight.

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**The Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1888.

**SEED-SOWING.**

DID you ever see a farmer's man sowing seed in a field? He first plows the land, and then with a bag of grain he walks over it and scatters the seed in every direction. It looks as though he were throwing it away. But for every few handfuls sown in the spring he will reap a bushel in the harvest, and he will reap the kind that he sows. If he sows wheat, he will reap wheat; if he sows rye, he will reap rye; if he sows barley, he will reap barley.

Have you ever thought that in one sense, and in a very important sense, too, we are all of us farmers? We are all sowing seed. The present is our spring time, the future will be our harvest. And as the farmer in the field, so with us: we shall reap of the same kind as we sow. The seed we sow will produce other seeds of the same kind. Let me show you how:

A little boy once did wrong; he disobeyed

his father. That was a seed. It led to another act of disobedience, and then to another; and thus he went on, growing worse and worse. When he went to school he disobeyed his teacher—first once, then twice, then always. When he became a young man he disobeyed the laws of the land, and continued so doing until he committed a great crime, for which he was tried in a court of justice, found guilty and sent to prison. His first act of disobedience was the seed, and all his other acts of disobedience were the fruits which that first bad act produced.

A little girl did something wrong, and when she was asked about it she was afraid to confess her fault, and so denied it. She told a lie. That was a seed, and it produced a harvest of other lies. Not long after she told another falsehood, and then another; and so she went on until she became such an habitual liar that no one could believe her.

But, on the other hand, if we sow good seed we shall have a good harvest. If we begin life trusting in Christ, obedient, truthful, gentle and kind, we then sow good seed; and, as this will produce fruit, we shall become more and more obedient, truthful, benevolent and Christlike as we grow old.

**THE SQUIRREL'S GOOD MANNERS.**

"TINY, would you like to have two little squirrels for pets?"

"Oh, brother Ben, wouldn't that be nice!"

"Can't I have one, and Tiny the other?"

asked Walter in a rather complaining tone, as if he thought he had been left out.

"I don't know about that," said Ben soberly: "I'm afraid you would teach the squirrels bad manners. They don't quarrel with their little sisters, and say 'I will' and 'You sha'n't.'"

Walter looked sheepish and had nothing to say.

Ben did not forget his promise, but went round by the pond, where the old gum tree stood, and brought home two beautiful little squirrels with tails like gray feathers. Walter and Tiny promised to be very well-behaved before the squirrels and not teach them any ugly ways.

"Will they mind living in a cage?" asked Tiny.

"No," said Ben, "because they don't know any better: they have always lived in a hole in the tree."

"Will their mother be sorry after them?" persisted the child.

"I think not," answered Ben; "their mother would soon have turned them out of the nest to take care of themselves, so I

don't believe she will mind at all." And the children were happy and content.

One day Ben heard some very loud and angry words between the two little people, and the next morning Walter and Tiny couldn't find "Flip" and "Flit" anywhere.

"Oh, Ben," they cried, "do you know where our bunnies are?"

"I expect they were scared off by your fussing," said the big brother, but I think he knew more than he told.

In a few days the squirrels reappeared, and after that every time the children began to quarrel they would clap their hands over their mouths and look at the cage.

"The squirrels are as good as a preacher," laughed Ben.

"Yes," said his mother, "and the text is, 'Charity is not easily provoked, suffereth long and is kind.'"

**A GOOD TEST.**

IN closing a recent sermon, Dr. Talmage related the following incident to show, not only the mighty transforming power of religion and the heart of life, but its beneficent influence as well. A believer was giving in a prayer meeting his testimony as to God's grace and goodness, and said:

"On my way here to-night I met a man who asked me where I was going: I said, 'I am going to prayer-meeting.'"

"He said, 'There are a good many religions, and I think the most of them are delusions; as to the Christian religion, that is only a notion: that is a mere notion, the Christian religion.'"

"I said to him, 'Stranger, you see that tavern over there?'"

"'Yes,' said he, 'I see it.'"

"'Do you see me?'"

"'Yes, of course, I see you.'"

"'Now the time was, as everybody in this town knows, that if I had a quarter of a dollar in my pocket I could not pass that tavern without going in and getting a drink; all the people of Jefferson could not keep me out of that place; but God has changed my heart, and the Lord Jesus Christ has destroyed my thirst for strong drink, and there is my whole week's wages, and I have no temptation to go there; and stranger, if this is a notion, I can tell you it is a mighty powerful notion; it is a notion that has put clothes on my children's backs, and it is a notion that has put good food on our table, and it is a notion that has filled my mouth with thanks giving to God. And stranger, you had better go along with me, you might get religion too; lots of people are getting religion now.—Ex.

**LITTLE HELPERS.**

"I will be a little helper,"  
Lisps the brook;  
On its silvery way it goes,  
Never stopping for repose,  
Till it turns the busy mill,  
In some nook.

"I will be a little helper,"  
Smiles the flower;  
By the wayside, in the field,  
All its beauty is revealed  
Unto sad and weary hearts,  
Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper,"  
Sings the bird;  
And it carols forth a song,  
Though the cheerless day be long,  
Bringing to some helpless one  
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,  
Child so fair!  
And your kindly deeds can make,  
For the Heavenly Father's sake,  
Sunshine, love, and happiness  
Everywhere!

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1490] **LESSON VI.** [Aug 5  
THE BURNT OFFERING  
*Lev. 1. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 4, 5.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity  
of us all. Isa. 53 6

**OUTLINE.**

1. Man's Offering.
2. God's Atonement.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

What could always be seen upon the  
tabernacle? The cloud by day and the fire  
by night.

Of what was this sign? Of the Lord's  
presence.

Who spoke to Moses out of the taber-  
nacle? The Lord.

What did the Lord give to Moses? Many  
laws for the Israelites.

What was one of the first laws given from  
the tabernacle? The law of the burnt-offer-  
ing.

When did a man make this offering?  
When he wanted his sins forgiven.

What did he bring to the Lord? One of  
his best animals

Where did he bring it? To the door of  
the tabernacle.

What did he then do? He laid his hand  
upon its head.

What did this mean? That he laid his  
sins on the offering.

What did he do next? He killed the  
animal.

Of what was this a figure? Of the com-  
ing Saviour.

What did the offering represent? The  
holy one, who is a sacrifice for sin.

Why was God pleased with these offer-  
ings? Because they showed that Jesus was  
coming

By what was the Israelite saved? By  
his faith in a Saviour to come.

By what are we saved? By faith in a  
Saviour who has come.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

*Ask yourself—*

Have you brought your sins to Jesus?

Have you asked him to bear them?

Do you know that your Saviour has al-  
ready come?

Do you know that he wants you to be his  
little follower.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Consecration.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS**

*Who was Adam?* The first man that  
God made, and the father of us all.

*Who was Eve?* The first woman, and  
mother of us all.

*Who was Cain?* Adam's eldest son, who  
killed his brother

B.C. 1490] **LESSON VII.** [Aug. 12

**THE DAY OF ATONEMENT**

*Lev. 16. 1-19. Commit to mem. vers. 16.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Without shedding of blood is no remission.  
Heb. 9 22.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Sin-offering.
2. The Sin-bearer.
3. The Sprinkled Blood.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

Who were set apart for holy service?  
The priests.

What did Aaron's sons do? They offered  
strange fire.

How did God punish this sin? He slew  
the careless priests.

What does this show? That sin may enter  
the holiest place.

What did God tell Moses after this?  
That there must be a day of atonement for  
sin.

How was this day kept? As a solemn  
fast-day.

What did Aaron, the high-priest, offer on

that day? Sacrifices for himself and the  
people.

What did he bring for himself? A bul-  
lock and a ram.

What did he bring for the people? Two  
goats and a ram.

What was one of the goats called? A  
scape-goat.

Where was it then sent? Into the wilder-  
ness.

What was done with the other animals?  
They were offered to the Lord.

What was laid upon the scape-goat?  
The sins of the people.

What did these sacrifices teach? (GOL-  
DEN TEXT)

Whose blood has been shed for our sins?  
The blood of Jesus.

Of what is the scape-goat a picture? Of  
one who bears our sins.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

*Answer to yourselves—*

Are you sometimes careless in God's holy  
house?

Do you sometimes speak his name  
thoughtlessly?

Do you sometimes seem to pray when  
your heart is far from God?

Beware that you do not offer "strange  
fire"

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Separation  
from sin.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

*Who was Abel?* Cain's righteous brother,  
whom he hated.

*Who was Enoch?* A man who pleased  
God and who was taken up to heaven without  
dying.

**THE LITTLE ARAB GIRL**

WHEN the massacres took place in Syria,  
in 1860, very many women and children  
fled to Beyroot for safety. The mothers  
especially suffered very much from hunger,  
as they gave what little food they could get  
to their children.

Among other Arab women who escaped  
from Hasbeiya was a native Christian, who  
not only loved Jesus herself, but taught her  
little Miriam the prayer our Saviour gave  
us. One night Miriam—who was only  
three years old—being very hungry, knelt  
down beside her mother, and began to say,  
"Our Father." She went on till she came  
to "give us this day our daily bread." She  
stopped, then began again: "Give us this  
day our daily bread; and please do, dear  
Jesus, give us bread and olives, and *enough*  
for mother and me too.

Was her prayer answered? Yes; God  
sent them food, and made her sing for joy.  
There was "enough for mother and me too."



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

## JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

FOR a description of the event shown in this cut turn to the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, and read the beautiful story of Joseph.

## BABES IN HEAVEN.

"Do all babes go to heaven when they die, Aunt Alice?"

"Certainly, Effie; for they are good, never having sinned."

"But who takes them to heaven, and who takes care of them up there?"

"The angels bear them up to heaven, and care kindly for them when up there. A great many of the angels were themselves mothers and older sisters when here, and they could find no sweeter employment than caring for angel babes; even in heaven."

"But if they are angels, I would not think they would want much care. I supposed angels were stronger than giants, and knew almost everything."

"Baby angels are not strong nor wise. They must be led and taught like the children in our homes of earth, and the angels will lead and teach them."

"Does our little Willie have such kind care and attention, with the rest?"

"Yes, and his every want is met in the moment of his wish. He is perfectly happy and is never sick any more. The big tears never stand in his eyes now. His home is more beautiful, too, than any you ever saw on earth."

"Well, I will try and not wish him back any more."

THEY who seek me early shall find me.

## BRIGHTENING ALL I CAN

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones, "Look! O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa?"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain into the blue of those eyes; only to be happy and good, that's all."

The next day the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; she seemed full of light and love, and when asked why she was so happy, she replied laughingly, "Why, don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can. Try it, children.—*Child at Home.*

## NAUGHTY KATY.

A FIVE-YEAR old tot, who had always closed her eyes at night with, "And, God, help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes at that point, awhile ago and said very decidedly, "I ain't going to say the rest, I don't want to be a good girl; I want to be a bad girl; I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em." Do you want to be like Katy?

## A MERRY RIDE.

Up we go! down we go!  
Swinging, swinging, swinging,  
Just like birdies in the trees—  
Singing, singing, singing.

All the way to Boston-town  
Now we're going, going,  
While the sun is shining bright,  
And the breezes blowing.

Up we go! down we go!  
Like the birdies flying;  
Could we go as high as they  
If we kept on trying?

All the way to Boston-town;  
What a journey this is  
For bonny little girls to take  
To buy mamma some kisses!

Up we go! down we go!  
Swinging, swinging, swinging—  
Just like birdies in the trees,  
Singing, singing, singing.

## DANGER.

WHILE I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't, they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "O that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you." "But," said the rose, "see his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many.