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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1889.

No. 23.

TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY

The kind nurse in the picture is telling the old, old story—so old, yet ever new—the story of the little babe born in a manger at Bethlehem. She is telling how he grew to be a good child, obedient to his parents, working in Joseph's shop with hammer and plane and saw. She is telling how he became the noblest of all men, going about everywhere doing good; how he made the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. She is telling them how he healed the sick, yea, even if they did but touch the hem of his garment, and how he restored to the bereaved and weeping widow her lost and only son. And she is telling them how he ever loved little children, that he was ever thoughtful of them, and that it was his beautiful example men have sought to follow ever since—the example of him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." And when she comes to the place where she tells how men crucified this loyal lover of children, and how he thought only of others in his dying hour, their faces are wet with tears.

The following are incidents from real life in the hospital. Our young friends who are full of health and strength cannot do a nicer thing than send some little love gift to those poor sick children.

At 8 a.m. breakfast is served to the children in the wards. The patients, unless those who are very ill, look forward with eagerness to the serving of the meals. It is touching to see a little fellow, with spoon firmly grasped in his hand, ready to commence operations, and eyes, which ought to be reverently closed, winking and blinking in order to get at least a

glimpse of the viands, singing very earnestly and quickly, the usual blessing—

"We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,

day," the mothers have gone to the far-off land, or they have deserted their offspring and left them to the care of strangers. Thank God that the love of Jesus in the soul prompts strangers to give to those neglected ones a mother's care.

The daily life in our wards is very full of amusing incidents, at least there is about them a pathetic kind of amusement. Little M., our deaf and dumb child, who is quite a mimic, visits the bedsides of the very sick ones every morning, and with great solemnity feels their pulses and, if they will let her, puts a slate pencil under their tongues, or arms, in order to take (as she has seen the doctors do) their temperature.

Our children are taught the lessons of faith and truth we daily learn ourselves. Sometimes at the evening hour the children, led by "Joey," our senior patient, who is quite a musician, have a little song service all by themselves, and when it is ended, little hands are folded and before the weary eyelids close for the night many little lips whisper reverently, "Our Father," or,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child:
Pity my simplicity;
Help me, Lord, to come to thee."

Our Hospital is in every respect like a well managed Christian household Superintendent, assistant

nurses and domestics are all servants of the Lord Jesus, and the influence is sweet and hopeful. We are greatly blessed in our Superintendent and assistant. Their hearts are wholly at work, and with faithfulness and tenderness they discharge their varied and onerous duties.



TELLING THE OLD, OLD STORY.

The bread of God sent down from Heaven."

Wednesday afternoon is Mother's Day," and those who have mothers look longingly for their coming. But for some of our little sick ones there is no "mother's

KITTIE LENDS A HAND.

"Hurrah for a game of blind-man's-buff!"
"Yes, let us," cried May, "if we're
enough."

Said Jack, "If only we'd one more one
But hurry, and let's have lots of fun."

"Now come every one, stand in a row
While I count you, 'Eny, meeny, mo,'
And 'Hop-a-du-cha, pop-a-du-cha!'"
"O Tot, you're it. How does that suit you?"

Then around the room they danced with
glee,
Thought Kittie, "I wish they'd play with
me."

I'll jump on this chair as Tottie goes by;
Maybe she'll think me a child that's nigh."

How they laughed when Tottie caught
the cat,

Giving it many a loving pat.

"You darling thing, we needed one more,
For blind-man's-buff is jolly with four."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18 1899

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS.

BY M. L. CADY.

Supper is over, and while mamma is clearing away the tea things, Mamma draws a stool up in front of the fire to let Robbie warm his feet before he is undressed and carried away to bed. Robbie is not inclined to sit still, however. The bricks in front of the fire place are nice and warm, and he says he likes to "stand on them barefooted." So, to keep him quiet, Mamma talks to him about another little child, who was once born into the world. Robbie's brown eyes open wide with wonder, when Mamma tells him how Herod the king searched for the little child, and finally killed all the babies for the sake of putting Jesus to death.

Robbie is very quiet now and listens with a great deal of interest, as he hears how this little child became a man who healed all the sick folks who came to him, gave sight to the blind, and even caused dead persons to live again. He cannot understand why the people were so wicked as to kill one who was so good to them; and he looks very indignant as he talks about it. He wishes he could have seen Jesus and been blessed like the little children whom Christ held in his arms when he was on earth.

Perhaps some of the children who read THE SUNBEAM may have wished the same. The writer remembers having done so when she was a little girl.

But Christ's invitations to the children were not alone to the little ones who lived at the same time that he did, but to all the children who will love him and obey him. When he said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," he intended that the children of all coming ages should have his blessing, as well as the little ones he held in his loving arms. He asks lovingly for the heart of every child today, and wants you to give yourself to him. He has a work for each one of you, which no grown person can do. It is a beautiful thought and full of comfort to us, that we can go to Jesus in prayer and faith, just as truly as those did who lived in Christ's time.

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may
go,

And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

"In that beautiful place he has gone to
prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering
there:
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

There was an old man of Dartmoor, who, for many years, obtained his livelihood by looking after the cattle distributed over those wild moorland hills. At last, through infirmity and old age, and the constant and unusual exposure to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he had to seek an asylum in one of the West of England infirmaries, to end his brief remaining days. While there he was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the word of God.

One day, when the little girl was reading to him the First Epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse, "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself and stopped the little girl, saying, with all earnestness;

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again; I never heard the like before."

The little girl read again:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son
cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then take my hand and lay my
finger on the passage, for I should like to
feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verso, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

The little girl read, with her soft, sweet voice,

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son
cleanseth us from all sin."

"Are you quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then, if any one should ask how
I died, tell them that I died in the faith
of these words:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son
cleanseth us from all sin."

And with that the man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL
THERE'S A WAY."

This is a very old proverb, and a very true one. Sometimes we forget it though, and say "I can't" before we have really tried at all. Some years ago a few kind people made up their minds to try to get hold of all the chimney-sweeps in Dublin and give them an education. One day a little fellow came who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh yes," he answered.

"Can you spell?"

"Oh yes."

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yes."

"What books did you learn from?"

"Please, sir, I never had a book."

"Then who was your schoolmaster?"

"I never went to school at all."

The gentleman stared, for it seemed very strange that a boy should be able to read and spell, and yet never had a master.

"Then how ever did you learn?" he asked.

The little boy smiled, and linked his arm in that of a sweep somewhat older than himself.

"Please, sir, Jim taught me the letters over shop doors as we went to our work, and now I know all the words by heart; and if you'd kindly let us have some books to read, and teach us to do sums and writing, we'd be very thankful."

Can't you fancy what good pupils those two boys became, and how they delighted in reading in books instead of making their necks ache by peering up at the shops?

The new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

God can see me every day,
When I work and when I play,
When I read and when I talk,
When I run and when I walk,
When I eat and when I drink,
When I sit and only think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is over watching nigh.

When I'm quiet, when I'm rude,
When I'm naughty, when I'm good,
When I'm happy, when I'm sad,
When I'm sorry, when I'm glad;
When I pluck the scented rose
That in my neat garden grows:
When I crush the tiny fly,
God is watching from the sky.

When the sun gives heat and light,
When the stars are twinkling bright,
When the moon shines on my bed,
God still watches o'er my head;
Night or day, at church, at prayer,
God is ever, ever near,
Marking all I do or say,
Pointing to the happy way.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 26.]

WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

DO YOU KNOW.

Who was Solomon? The son of King David. What great gift did God bestow upon him? Wisdom. From whom does all true wisdom come? From God. What book of the Bible did Solomon write? What is a proverb? How many proverbs did Solomon write? Who hath woe? The drunkard. Find other questions in the same verse which are all answered in the same way. Do you believe this is true? What is the safe thing to do? Not to even look at the wine. What does it do at the last? To what end will the drunkard certainly come? To poverty. How do we know this? God says so. Who cannot enter heaven? A drunkard. How do we know this? God says so.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Learn the Golden Text.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses very carefully. Prov. 23. 29-35.
- Wed. Find what the two ways are. Psalm 1.
- Thur. Find where to get help; to go in the right way. Psalm 141.
- Fri. Learn the safe way for us to do. 2 Cor. 6. 14-17.

Sat. Find what to do when tempted to sin. Prov. 1. 10-17.

Sun. Learn a verse which will be a help all your life. Prov. 3. 6.

LESSON X. Dec. 3.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Neh. 13. 15-22. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.—Exod. 20. 8.

DO YOU KNOW?

How long did Nehemiah stay in Jerusalem? Twelve years. Where did he then go? Back to Persia. What did he then do when he came again to Jerusalem? That the law was being broken. What did he find people doing on the Sabbath? What is the law of the Sabbath? Golden Text. Who gave this law? Where was the Sabbath first spoken of in the Bible? Gen. 2. 3. What did Nehemiah say this would bring? Trouble and sorrow. What did Nehemiah command should be done? What did he tell the Levites to do? Why did Nehemiah do these things? Because he knew it was right. What should we never do? Shut our eyes to sin.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses more than once. Neh. 13. 15-22.
- Tues. Find where the Sabbath was first appointed. Gen. 2. 3.
- Wed. Read what Jesus said about the Sabbath. Luke 6. 1-11.
- Thur. See for whom the Sabbath was given. Mark 2. 27.
- Fri. Learn how it should be kept. Isa. 58. 13.
- Sat. See how God looks upon Sabbath-breaking. Ezek. 20. 13-20.
- Sun. Find what comes from Sabbath-keeping. Isa. 58. 8-14.

HOW A BOY MEASURED A TREE.

He was not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, and tears his trousers, and goes through the toes of his boots, and loses his cap, and slams the doors, and chases the cat, just like any other boy. But he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions. There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple-tree to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know? was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"You didn't climb that tall tree," his mother asked anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes."

"Yes'm, but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground; and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I know that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that's what you have been whistling about all summer?"

"Did I whistle?" asked Dick.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week, it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents look so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents into her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for home missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this home missions day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go, too." And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?"

"Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking.

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

4. Let us give until we feel it.

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.



A LITTLE TALK ABOUT JESUS. (SEE SECOND PAGE.)

TWO SIDES OF A PLUM.

A little boy came out from dinner one day, saying, "Papa, I had a plum, and half of it was bad." The boy spoke as a pessimist. An optimist would have said, "I had a plum, and half of it was good."

Here lies the difference between happiness and misery. When we fix our thoughts on the bad half of the plum, we are wretched. When we forget the bad half and enjoy the good half, we are serene and comfortable. All life proves in experience

to be the little lad's plum. Both success and happiness lie in fixing the mind and heart on the good half. One may cherish such a faith in God and the future as will turn all that we term drudgery into a delightful joy.