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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1884

No. 24

SHADOW-PIC- TURES.

PAPA is amusing his baby Lilian by making funny shadow-pictures on the wall. While he makes a rabbit, with long ears and bright eyes, the little child is putting up her little fingers, and trying to do the same.

Oh, how busy fathers and mothers love to stop in their work to please their little children! But this picture is all so plain, we will leave it to tell its own story to each young reader; only don't overlook the curious shadow that Papa's face, as well as his fingers, gives

Isn't it perfect?



SHADOW-PIC-
TURES.

KEEP CLEAR OF HIM!

This is the way a child's paper talks about a certain troublesome person that some of us may be pretty well acquainted with. Perhaps he lives right in the house with you. Let us look at his portrait and see if we recognize him.

"Where's my cap? I can't find my cap. I shall be late to school."

"Lend me your slate-pencil. O dear! dear! I shan't get my sums done."

acquaintance with him. He puts some things out of place, loses others, and if you keep his company you will find him a terrible thief.

"A thief? Is Disorder a thief?" Indeed he is and the worst of it is he steals the most valuable thing you have—that which you can never get back again—that which a purse of gold cannot buy. He steals your time. He snatches it out of your hands, runs off with it, and I doubt if a constable could do much with him. Everything depends upon yourself. Keep a sharp lookout. Do not upon any account let him get into your house.

He has been around here. I know a little girl who to-day lost her lessons in consequence of him, and I know of a blue knife he misplaced for a boy. He is very apt to creep into drawers and boxes and baskets,

"I can't sew; my thimble is gone. What shall I do?"

Aha! so Disorder is about again?—a cross, fretful, troublesome creature, as everybody knows who has the least ac-

and he makes sad havoc. He is quite ready to attack children, I think, so I would warn them to be on their guard. Take good care, and never let it be said that you cannot keep Disorder out of your house.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

Out from among the crowd
Of listeners standing by—
From among the Pharisees, stern and proud,
And Rulers, learned and high—
An innocent babe did Jesus call,
And placed him there, in the midst of all.

And when the dear mothers pressed
Close to the Master's side—
Eager to have their children blessed
Though the multitude deride—
He said, as they gathered about his knee,
"Suffer them all to come to me."

O what a wondrous place
For the little ones to fill—
Type of the kingdom of his grace
In those who love his will.
Then come to Christ, and be reconciled,
With the trusting faith of a little child.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

A HIGHER HAND.

A LITTLE boy sat in front of his father, and held the reins which controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, they passed around him, and were also in the father's hand. He saw occasion to pull one of them. With artless simplicity, the child looked around, saying: "Father, I thought I was driving; but I'm not, am I?"

Thus it is often with men, who think that they are shaping destiny which a higher hand than theirs is really fashioning. They do their own will, but they also do the will of God. A stronger hand guides them—a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. Happy are they who quietly yield to the guidance of an Almighty hand.



TABBY IN TROUBLE.

WHAT LITTLE ARTIE DID.

LITTLE Artie and his brothers, three of them, and dear little fellows they were, all were brave and self-reliant, and had been brought up by their parents in the right way.

As these children lived some distance from town, it was found necessary to leave them at home when father and mother attended meeting; especially was this the case in cold weather. Through the summer months the children were often taken along, to their great delight. And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be very careful; yet hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stove-pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the children's reach: but, with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked their father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help your brother, Jimmy?" to the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group,

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, and so just stood by and hollered 'Amen.'"
—
Kind Words.

TABBY IN TROUBLE.

WHAT do you think happened to Tabby? I will tell you. Tabby watched a pair of these birds when they were building their nest. Tabby thought to himself there would be some young birds in that nest after awhile. So he watched the birds every day, until the mother bird laid her eggs, and the young were hatched. Tabby knew there were young birds in the nest because he saw the old birds carrying food to them. When the young birds were a week old Tabby thought he would like to have one for his breakfast. So while the old birds were gone to gather food, he stole up to the nest, and ate up all the little birds. Just as Tabby was coming down the old birds saw him, and they flew at him and pecked him terribly.

WHOSE ERRAND?

"Do you want to do an errand for me, Charley?" said Mrs. Grey to her son. Charley did not look very pleasant. He wanted to stay by the fire and read. Mrs. Grey waited a minute, and then she said, "Will you do an errand for God, Charley?" He could not say no to that, but he wondered what his mother meant. She did not tell him, but she gave him a basket of nice things to eat, and an armful of wood to carry to a little house down the street; and when Charley saw how glad a poor, sick woman was to get these things, he said to himself, "Now I know. Going on errands of kindness is going on errands for God."



OUR LITTLE WASHER-WOMAN.

"MAMMA, does this have to be washed?" said little Lottie to her mamma, at the same time holding up her best white dress.

"Yes," said her mamma; and away Lottie went.

When her mamma came into the kitchen, she found that Lottie was rubbing away at her dress as hard as she could; but she was washing it in the same tub of water in which her little brown and white striped stockings had been washed, and the brown colour had come out and made the water very dirty.

Mamma took the dress from her before any harm was done; but poor little Lottie looked so grieved, when she was told to lay away from the tub, that mamma felt very sorry for her. But she soon thought of a plan that would keep Lottie out of her way on wash-day, and at the same time make her very happy. So when the next wash-day came round, mamma told Lottie that she might wash all the handkerchiefs and stockings, and when she showed her a little tub and wash-board that she had bought for her, and a little flat iron to iron the things with, Lottie's happiness was complete. She was so pleased with her work that after hanging out the handkerchiefs and stockings, she did quite a washing for Miss Dollie. She was careful to scrub and rinse the clothes just as she saw mamma do, and they looked as nice and white as any grown-up woman's washing.

Now, whenever papa asks Lottie what she is going to do to help mamma when she grows up, she says, "I'll do the washing and ironing;" while her little sister Annie tells papa that she "will do the scrubbing."

I am sure that papa and mamma hope that both Annie and Lottie will remember what they learn, and be as anxious to help mamma when they grow up, as they are now —
Laura of Light.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"WILLIE, why were you gone so long for water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble, than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

"BEHAVING" IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A BRIGHT little girl, aged two years and a-half, once said, "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school."

Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions and gazing about them than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows every thought of our hearts.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.—When Jesus was in the world he took little children in his arms and blessed them. He loved the children, and loved to speak gentle words to them. Jesus loves the children still, and he wants every child to love him.

THE GLEANER.

We are a little gleaner band,
We cannot bind the sheaves,
But we can follow those who reap,
And gather what each leaves
We are not strong, but Jesus loves
The weakest in the fold,
And, in our feeble efforts, proves
His tenderness untold.

We are not rich, but we can give,
As we are passing on,
A cup of water in his name,
To some poor fainting one,
We are not wise, but Christ, our Lord,
Revealed to babes his will,
And we are sure, from his dear word,
He loves the children still.

We know that, with our gathered grain,
Briers and leaves we bring;
Yet, since we tried, he smiles the same,
And takes our offering,
Then let us still hosannas sing,
As Christ doth conquering come;
Casting our treasures, as he brings
The heathen nations home.

—Selected.

A BIRD WITH AN UMBRELLA.

ONE day Uncle Fred told Puss and Johnny about the umbrella bird. This is what he said about it.

We were out hunting one day on the Branco River. That is a stream in Brazil, a country in South America. As we were coming home, I shot a strange-looking bird. It was black and larger than your pet crow.

The gentleman who was with me said it was called the umbrella bird, and that it always lived on islands in the rivers, and never on the main-land.

I thought it was a very suitable name, for it had what you would call a top-knot. It was of curved feathers that started at the back of its head and came toward the front. The feathers were raised from the head and made an arch which was quite like an umbrella.

The bird also had a long tuft of feathers which hung from its neck. Altogether it was a very interesting bird. I was sorry that I could not have my specimen stuffed to bring home. I think there is one in the museum, and the next time that we go to the city we will see if we can find it there.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccles. xi. 6.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

I THOUGHT when I learned my letters
That all my troubles were done,
But I find myself much mistaken—
They only have just begun.
Learning to read was awful,
But not like learning to write,
I'd be sorry to have to tell it,
But my copybook is a sight'

The ink gets over my fingers;
The pen cuts all sorts of shins,
And won't do at all as I bid it;
The letters won't stay on the lines,
But go up and down and all over,
As though they were dancing a jig—
They are there in all shapes and sizes,
Medium, little and big.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I SHALL give that to the missionaries," said Billy. And he put his fat hand on a little 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 gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus?" Stillness for a little, then 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 just what he asks for?" "What is that?" Billy asked. And Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."

A LITTLE GIRL'S JUDGMENT.

A GERMAN sculptor worked for over eight years upon a statue of Christ. At the end of two years he called a little girl into his studio, and, pointing to the statue, asked: "Who is that?" She replied: "A great man." The artist turned away disheartened; he had failed. He began anew. After another year of patient work, he brought the child again before the statue. "Who is that?" After a long, silent look, with tears in her eyes, she said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And he knew that his work was a success.

CHARLEY AND THE BUG.

CHARLEY BELL and Lucy, his little sister, were in the garden, when they both saw, at the same moment, a big bug. "O, the hateful thing!" cried Charley, lifting his stick to give it a blow. But Lucy cried, "Dear Charley, don't! It is God's bug, and he does not want you to hurt it." So Charley put down his stick, and stood thinking. Was Lucy right?

LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 995.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 16.

SOLOMON'S SIN.

1 Kings 11. 4-13 Commit to memory verses 9, 10

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. 4. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. Solomon's Sin, v. 4-8.
2. The Lord's Anger, 9-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What turned Solomon's heart from God? His strange wives.

How old was Solomon when he began to worship other gods? About fifty or fifty-five years.

What did he do to please his wives? He sacrificed to heathen gods.

Why did he do this? Because he loved his wives better than he did God.

Who was angry with Solomon? The Lord.

What did he command Solomon? Not to worship false gods.

Did Solomon obey God? No, he kept on in his sinful way.

What did God say unto Solomon? "Thou hast not kept my law and my commandments."

How was Solomon punished for his disobedience? God took his kingdom away from him.

To whom was it given? To one of Solomon's subjects.

How was God merciful to Solomon? He did not take it away while Solomon lived.

From whom did he take it? From Solomon's son.

How did God show mercy to Solomon's son? He gave him one tribe.

For whose sake was God merciful? For David's sake, and for the sake of Jerusalem, his chosen city.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Obedience to God	Disobedience to God
brought Solomon—	brought Solomon—
Wisdom.	Folly.
Honour.	Impurity.
Riches.	A divided kingdom.
A happy, prosperous life.	A dishonourable old age.

Which is best, God's way, or ours?

"Teach me thy way, O Lord!"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The anger of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was St. Paul? The apostle who was first a persecutor, but afterwards the great preacher of the gospel to the Gentiles.

Who was Dorcas? A good woman who made clothes for the poor, and who was raised from death.

B.C. 990.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 23.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Prot. 1. 1-16. Commit to memory verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. Prov. 1. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Aim of the Proverbs, v. 1-6.
2. The Beginning of Wisdom, v. 7-9.
3. The Enticements of Sin, v. 10-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who wrote the Book of Proverbs? Solomon.

What is a proverb? A wise saying.
What do proverbs teach us? Knowledge and wisdom.

Who is the source of all wisdom? God.
How does wisdom help the simple? It makes them learned and prudent.

Who is always ready to listen to counsel? A wise man.

What do fools despise? Wisdom and instruction.

What is the beginning of all true knowledge? The fear of the Lord. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What should children be always ready to hear? The counsel and advice of their parents.

What is one of God's commandments? "Honour thy father and thy mother."

What warning is given against bad company? "If sinners entice thee, (try to lead thee away,) consent thou not."

What should we try to avoid? The beginnings of sin.

To whom should we refuse to listen? To all who are trying to lead us away from the right.

Into what does sin surely lead us? Into sorrow and trouble.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

If you go to God, he will give you—	If you despise God, you will have no refuge from—
Wisdom.	Bad company.
Strength.	Sin.
Honour.	Trouble.
Joy.	Sorrow.
Peace.	

"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, and that delighteth greatly in his commandments."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The knowledge of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Cornelius? A devout Gentile soldier, to whom St. Peter was sent to preach the gospel.

Who was Lydia? A devout woman whose heart the Lord opened when St. Paul preached.