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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

No. 19

## BRINGING HOME HAY IN SWITZERLAND.

THE little boy in the picture could not very well enjoy that most delightful thing, which the children in this country like so well, a ride on a load of hay. This little fellow and his father seem to have rather a dangerous way to go, and so they do not mind it as we would, for they have lived here among the mountains of Switzerland all their lives and can climb like goats. It must be a very slow and laborious task to bring the hay home such a long distance, over such a road, and in such small quantities. But we think they will have the greater happiness in using the good things God has given them, when they have so much trouble to procure them.



BRINGING HOME HAY IN SWITZERLAND.

### FRED AND JOE.

FRED and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does. When before him he waits as long as he can, he hates so to touch it. Then he does not

half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says, "I can't help it," or "I don't care." Fred's way is not the

thing? And yet little as it was, it made a suffering mother more comfortable, and increased her love for the good children.

same. He goes right off to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slight's work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says,

"I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy, do you think, will make a man to be trusted best?

### WALK SOFTLY.

"WHAT are you doing, my love?" asked a grandmother of a little girl who was making a great effort to walk on tip-toe through the hall. "I am trying to walk softly," she replied, in a low voice, "for my mother has the sick-headache, and the least noise, she says, will make it worse."

Now, was not a soft step a very little thing? And yet little as it was, it made a suffering mother more comfortable, and increased her love for the good children.

## I CAN IF I WILL

I MAY, if I have but a mind,  
Do good in many ways:  
Plenty to do the young may find  
In these our busy days.  
Sad would it be, though young and small,  
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
Or one kind loving deed,  
May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour  
To act upon this plan:  
What little good is in my power,  
To do it while I can.  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by and by.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1892.

## "WHO'LL PRAY NOW?"

In a family there were two young children. The mother has been a Christian for a number of years. The father commenced to live a Christian life only a few months ago. For some time the mother had asked a blessing at the table. A short time since she was taken sick and confined to her room. When the family came to sit at table without mother, the youngest child, a boy three years of age, said, "Papa, who'll pray now, mother's sick? Shall I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

The father took up his cross, and since then his performed his duty. "A little child shall lead them."

## AH, EDDIE!

"MAY I go into Uncle Mark's rooms and see the pictures, mamma?" asked Eddie.

"No, dear," said mamma, "Uncle Mark is gone out. You must never go in when he is not there."

"But my horsey wants to see his horses."

"Your horsey must wait," said mamma. Eddie went to run up and down the hall with his horse. Uncle Mark's rooms were on the other side of the hall. After a while Eddie peeped in to see if his uncle had come.

He had not, but the little boy pushed the door a little way. Then a little farther, then he stepped into the room.

There were pictures of dogs and of flowers and little girls and boys. Eddie liked them all, but the one he liked most was a picture of a battle. There were men and horses in it, and Eddie gazed at them until he could almost hear the tramping and the shouting. He did not hear Uncle Mark come in and go at his painting.

"Get up! get up!" cried Eddie. "Why don't you run like my horsey?" He picked up his whip and lashed the picture horses. Then he heard quick steps and Uncle Mark was standing behind him.

"You have ruined my picture," said Uncle Mark, in a voice which showed that Eddie had done something dreadful. Then Eddie saw what mischief he had done.

Uncle Mark had that morning been putting fresh paint on the horses and Eddie's whip had blotched and daubed it.

Mamma felt very badly about it and told Eddie he must not go into Uncle Mark's room for a long time.

"I only wanted to drive the horses," said Eddie. "They are soldiers' horses. I'm going to be a soldier some day."

"You will make a very poor soldier if you do not know how to obey," said mamma. "That is the first thing a soldier has to learn."

## A SNOW PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh, new snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma, I could not help praying when I was out at play."

"That was right, my darling. What did you pray?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I once learned in Sunday-school, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is

a sweet promise to go with it, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." The Bible says, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

## EDDIE AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.

WHILE aiding her mother in removing the plates from the tea-table, Jennie Brown espied a large tempting lump of sugar in the bowl which she was carrying to the cupboard. She felt that it was wrong to take it without permission, and was careful to do it when her mother could not see her. The temptation was strong. She took it, but it only made her unhappy, so unhappy that she dare not eat it.

When her conscience reproved her, she strove to silence it by giving the sugar to her sick brother.

"Who gave you this?" asked Eddie; "did mother?"

"No," faltered Jennie; "I got it for you because you are sick."

"Without leave? If you took it without leave, I dare not eat it. It is the same as stealing. Ask mother first if you may eat it, and then it will taste good."

"Oh, I don't want to eat it; but you can, because you did not take it."

"If I ate it, I should be just as bad as you, though," answered Eddie.

Jennie pondered. It was good advice, but it was hard for her to follow. That little lump of sugar became a very heavy weight. She was afraid to eat it—afraid to restore it.

Even her slumbers were disturbed by it, for early in the morning she brought it again to Eddie.

"Do eat it, Eddie," she pleaded.

"No," answered Eddie; "once I did just so. I took such a lump of sugar and ate it, and it made me feel afraid all that day. Carry it back to mother, Jennie, if you don't want to feel as I did."

"She'll punish me," cried Jennie.

"You had better be punished than feel as I did all that day. Do carry it back."

Jennie came softly down stairs, and placed the sugar in her mother's hand. Her heart was full; she could only sob without speaking.

As soon as she was calm enough she confessed the whole truth, and was forgiven for her mother saw that she was already penitent. Mrs. Brown was made very happy by the account which Jennie gave her of her brother's influence over her; and most anxiously she prayed that her little ones might oftener guide one another along the pleasant paths of virtue and peace.

MOTHER'S GOOD NIGHT.

MAMMA loosens the baby's frock,  
 And takes off each little shoe and sock;  
 She softly brushes the golden hair  
 And pats the shoulders dimpled and bare.  
 She puts on the night-gown white and  
 long,  
 Humming the while an evening song:  
 "Daylight is over,  
 Playtime is closing;  
 Even the clover  
 Is nodding and dozing,  
 Baby's bed shall be soft and white,  
 Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

Mamma kisses the little pink feet,  
 And the tiny hands so dimpled and sweet,  
 The rosy cheeks and the forehead white,  
 And the lips that prattle from morn till  
 night;  
 With a last fond kiss for the golden  
 crown;  
 Gently and softly she lays him down,  
 And in the hush that twilight brings  
 She sits by her darling's bed and sings:  
 "Over the billow  
 Soft winds are sighing,  
 Round baby's pillow  
 Bright dreams are flying;  
 Here comes a pretty one sure to alight!  
 Dear little boy, good-night! good-night!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON XIII. [Sept. 25.]

THE FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. 14. 21.

What are "intoxicating liquors?" Wine, beer, rum, whiskey, and all drinks that have alcohol in them.

Does the Bible tell us that it is always wicked to drink wine? No; but it tells us that we ought not to eat or drink anything which will lead any one else to do wrong.

Can you repeat the Golden Text?

How could our drinking wine make any one else do wrong? Some one else might begin to drink because we did, and then keep drinking more and more till he became a drunkard.

Does the Bible call drunkenness a great sin? Yes, and it often speaks of the woe and sorrow that it causes.

What other reason is there that we should let strong drink alone? It is not safe for us to touch it. Every drunkard began by only taking a little.

Does even a little alcohol hurt our bodies? Yes; it makes the heart beat too fast, it hurts the brain so we cannot think so well, and it poisons the blood.

What does the Bible call our bodies? The temple of God.

Have we any right, then, to do anything that will hurt the body? No, God wants us to take good care of our bodies.

What is some of the harm that drunkenness does in the world? It makes people poor, and it often makes them do very wicked things.

What is the only thing for us to do with intoxicating drinks? Let them alone.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does God know all things? Yes, God knows all things; every thought in man's heart, every word and every action.

Will he call us to account for all we think and do? At the last day God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 37.] LESSON I. [Oct. 2.]

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-20. Memory verses, 15-18

GOLDEN TEXTS.

Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3. 3.

Who was Saul? A Jew who was very learned and upright, but who hated Jesus.

What had he done to the disciples of Jesus at Jerusalem? He had driven them from their homes and put many of them in prison.

Why did he do this? He thought he was pleasing God.

Why was he going to Damascus? To punish the Christians there.

What for? For loving and serving Jesus.

What happened on the way? A bright light shone from heaven, and Jesus himself spoke to Saul.

What did Jesus say? 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'

When Saul rose from the earth, where he had fallen, what had happened to him? He had become blind.

How long did he stay in the city without eating or drinking? Threedays.

What do you suppose he was thinking of all this time? He must have been learning to love and believe in that Jesus whom he had treated so badly.

What did the Lord tell one of his disciples, named Ananias? To go and see Saul, for "behold he prayeth."

When Ananias put his hands on him, what happened to Saul? He received his sight, and was filled with the Holy Spirit.

What did Saul do right away? He began to preach about Jesus.

What did Saul become? One of the greatest of the apostles.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does God love you? Yes, God loves everything which he has made.

What has God made? God made everything in heaven and earth, and last of all he made man.

MRS. DOASYOUWOULDBEDONEBY.

THERE is a beautiful fairy story by Charles Kingsley, called "The Water Babies," in which we are introduced to a very delightful fairy with the long name which you see above.

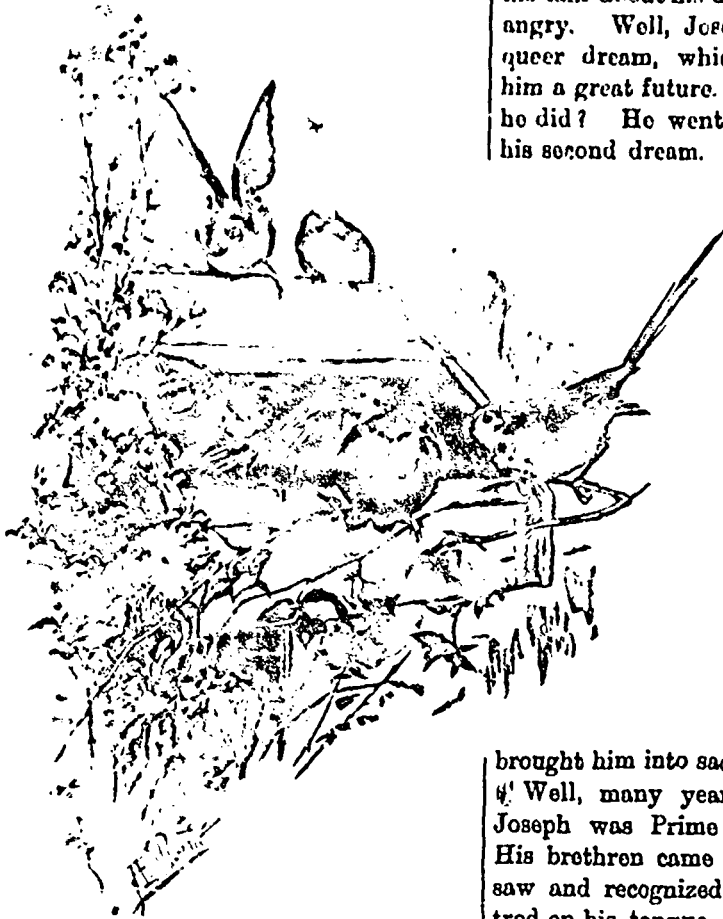
You can very well imagine how she looks! Her face is as clear as the sun, and bright like the sun, too. Her voice is kind and sweet, and her touch is like a caress. You know her when you see her, no doubt!

But, do you know that she has been growing beautiful all her life! She began to do as she would be done by when very young. It was not always easy, just at first, but as she went on and on in this way, it grew more and more easy, until at last she would have found it hard to do any other way than as she would be done by!

So you see, the way to become a charming Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby is to begin when you are young!

Mr. Kingsley tells of another fairy, not so charming, known as "Mrs. Bedoneby-asyoudid." The Water Babies feared her as much as they loved Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby. You can imagine that she was not nearly so pleasant a fairy to know as the other! And the strange thing is that she, too, began to make her face and voice when young!

Think of these two young fairies, little people, the next time you are on the playground!



### THE BIRDS' FAREWELL

UNDER the maple boughs

Out in the wood,

See merry song-birds,

Seeking for food;

Some wearing black coats,

Some wearing brown,

Made out of feathers,

All padded with down.

Hopping and chirping

Together in glee,

They talk of the nests

They will build in the tree

When winter is over

And comes the warm spring.

Dear little song-birds,

Flutter and sing!

### THE STORY OF JOSEPH.

It is not merely using right words in a right spirit that is important, it is using words at the right time. That is partly what is meant by their being fitly spoken.

I can make this plainer to you out of the story of Joseph.

When Joseph was a boy, he dreamed a curious dream about his future, and he told this dream to his father and to his brethren. His brethren were rough men, and they were very jealous of Joseph, and

his talk about his dream made them very angry. Well, Joseph dreamed another queer dream, which seemed to promise him a great future. What do you think he did? He went and told his brethren his second dream.

That was very silly, seeing that he had made his brethren angry once before by telling them a similar thing. He should have "learned to say mum" after the experience he had had. His second words about his dreams were not words fitly spoken. They were so unfitly spoken, that they were like stirring up a bear, or knocking over a bee-hive, and Joseph's tongue

brought him into sad trouble.

Well, many years passed away, and Joseph was Prime Minister of Egypt. His brethren came to buy corn. Joseph saw and recognized them. This time he trod on his tongue, so to speak, and kept it quiet. He had learned how much depends on when things are said, so he took time to think. The fact is, Joseph wanted to learn all about his brothers. He wanted to discover what kind of men they were, and whether he could do anything for them, or whether it was of any use to try to do anything. Hence he let them come and go, and then at last he spoke. His words this time were apples of gold among flower-work of silver. He knew all now. He knew what he could do. The hour was come.

### "LET JEEMS GO."

A SIMPLE argument stated in simple language, with sincere feeling behind it, is often more effective than anything which orators practice under the name of eloquence. A good example is furnished in the memoirs of Jefferson Davis. A young woman wrote to him:

"Dear Mr. President,—I want you to let Jeems C., of company oneth, fifth South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin'. I is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeems' captain he aint willin'. Now, when we are all willin' 'ceptin' Jeems' captain, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's

Jone got married and fight just as hard as ever."

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter: "Let Jeems go."

Jeems went home, married the affectionate correspondent of Mr. Davis, returned to his regiment, and did fight as well as ever.

### TARDY JENNY.

"JUMP up, Jenny, you have just a half hour in which to dress before the prayer bell rings."

"A half hour is a long time," said little Jenny nestling down closer to her warm pillow, "it won't take me a whole half hour to dress." Minute after minute slipped away, but conscience kept poking at Jenny till she rolled out of bed. The warm air had been pouring up through the register for an hour, and the nursery was cosy and comfortable. Jenny sat down on the rug to put on shoes and stockings. The toy basket, heaped pell-mell with everything that a little girl could play with was on the floor beside her.

"Listen, Jenny," said conscience, "Bridget is setting the chairs to the table; you know it is almost time for the bell to ring."

But Jenny turned her deaf ear (I believe every little girl has a deaf ear for such times) and would neither listen to conscience nor to Bridget's chairs. One after another she pulled blocks, and tools, and little kitchen utensils out of the mess, and all undressed as he was, fell to playing cook for a boarding house.

Just as papa rang the prayer bell, a loud scream came from the nursery. Prayers waited while mamma flew to see what was the matter. Matter enough to make many a little girl scream. A half frozen wad had been slowly thawing in the nursery since summer heat, and flying weakly about lighted on Jenny's bare, pink arm.

He did not mean any harm to the girl's arm, but the scared little girl struck him with the small boarding house sash pan, and Mr. Wasp thrust his stinger into the soft flesh. No wonder Jenny screamed.

The pain, and mamma's surprise at finding her little girl still undressed, made Jenny very sober and penitent. "I expect he stung me on purpose, 'cause I was dressing," she said.

"I hope," said mamma, hurrying buttons and strings, while papa waited impatiently, with the big Bible open, "that something will sting and hurt my dear little girl very sharply, whenever she is lazy and careless, and forgets to be diligent in business."