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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

[No. 19.

WHAT IS IT?

THE three wee doggies in the picture are sorely puzzled to know what this strange creature is. And well they may, for it is a very uncanny-looking thing. Ask father or mother to tell you all they know about it.

HONESTY IS BEST.

GETTING out of an omnibus in New York, a gentleman dropped his pocket-book and went some distance before he found it out; then hastily returning, he asked every passenger he met if they had seen a pocket-book, and at last, meeting a little girl of whom he made the same inquiry, she asked, "What sort of a pocket-book?"

He described it.

She, unfolding her apron, said, "Is this it?"

"Yes, that is mine; come into the store with me."

They entered, he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers.

"All right," said he; "fifteen notes of one thousand dollars each; had they fallen into other hands I might never have seen them again. Take this note of one thousand dollars as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson for me to be more careful in the future."

"No," said the child. "I cannot take it. I have been taught at Sunday-school not to keep what is mine, and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might think I have not come by it honestly."

"Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live."

She took him to an humble street, to a home poor but clean. He informed her parents what had happened, and they told

many thanks to their benefactor, and such he proved, for he soon gave the father employment as a carpenter, enabling him to rear an industrious family respectably.

The little girl lived to rejoice that she was born of parents who sought to teach their children true principles of integrity, and to send them to Sunday-school.—*Sunday.*



WHAT IS IT?

him their child had acted as they had wished; they were poor, but they had been taught not to set their hearts on rich gifts.

The gentleman told them they must take it, since he could see from their right principles they would make good use of the money.

The parents did accept it at last, with

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.*

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 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

A LITTLE BOY'S PIECE.

I AM a little temperance boy,
And shall do all I can,
Then when I grow up big
I'll be a temperance man.

I've lately signed the pledge,
And mean to keep it too;
I'll never drink a drop of beer,
Or swear, or smoke, or chew.

My mother says such boys
Make honest men, and true;
We'll fight for home and native land,
And great the good we'll do.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

Table listing various Sunday school papers with prices and descriptions. Includes titles like 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining, the Most Popular' and 'The Gentle South Wind'.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A SWEET little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town, when she came to a spot where several boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys threw a stone toward her and struck her in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"Why do you wish us to wait, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

WHAT SHALL THAT BOY DO?

Who will tell? The boy who reads this, what will he do? When he becomes a man, will he do manly things? Will he read, and so be intelligent? Will he bring the powers of body and mind into exercise, and so be useful and healthful and strong? Will he pray, and be pious, good—of a noble and virtuous soul? Will he write, and so be graceful in speech, ready in communication, and of a strong influence? Say, my boy, what are you going to do? Do you cheat, deceive, lie, steal? Do you do dishonourable things? Are you disrespectful to your parents and teachers? Remember, the boy makes the man.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading at the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snap-dragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench at his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind, and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches; but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone as plain as wind can talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which

is my little girl—the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa!" answered little Rose, cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have the chair, Walter, dear?"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.—Selected.

BLUE BELL'S SERMON.

You are of no use, and might as well rot, said I to a little dried up root that I found last summer while doing a bit of gardening, and I tossed it into a dark corner. But the little thing knew better than that. I had given it up; but then it fell back on the only God it knew of—our blessed mother Nature. It ran rootlets into the soil by May, and began to sprout.

Then June came along, and said, "You must flower." But there was no flowering in that dark hole. So what should my brave little root do but creep out of the hole on a long stalk, find the sun, and unfold a blossom blue as heaven and beautiful, and then turn up its cup to drink the dew.

And so it was that one day, when I went to hunt up an old rake or something in the hole, there was my blossom—no, not mine, God's blossom—bowing to me in the sweet south wind seeming to say, "Good morrow," and I lifted the bonny blue bell and kissed it tenderly, on my knees.

I was myself down in the dark hole of that old panic; it told me I could pull out on a long stalk, find the sun again, and bloom forth by God's blessing. I have never heard such a sermon besides as my blue bell preached that day.—Selected

IN A HOLLOW PLACE.

A MOTHER was quietly engaged in her domestic work, when the dreadful news came: "Come to the police-station; your child has been run over by a heavy waggon."

She hastened to the station-house, and found her boy surrounded by strangers. The surgeon had not yet arrived. She was told that the wheels passed over his foot, but on examination she found no real injury. She said to her little darling: "Why, Willie, how could the waggon have passed over your foot, and not have crushed it?"

The child looked up in his mother's face, and said: "Mamma, I think God put it in a hollow place."

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

A LITTLE bird sang in the dead of the night
When the moon peeped out through a
cloud;
He sang, for his heart was so full of delight
It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you
foolish young thing,
To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your
wing;
You'll rouse our good neighbours too
soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the
tree,
And looked up into the sky.
"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
"And sing in the night will I."

HOW MOLLIE HELPED.

THERE was once a very bright-spirited,
dear little girl, whose hard-working invalid
father was taken suddenly away from his
little family, leaving the whole burden of
their support on the mother. A kind lady
questioned this child, about six years old,
as to how they got along.

"O," said little Mollie, "mother and I do
all the work now, and we do it first-rate."

"But what can you do to help, with such
little hands as those?" asked the lady.

Mollie held up her plump little hands,
and turning them over and over again,
said: "O! I can do lots and lots. I set the
table, and wash the dishes, and shake up
the cradle-pillow, and blow the whistle for
the baby. Sometimes mamma gets tired
washing, and cries. Then I hold baby up
before her, and she always laughs and takes
him; and that rests her, you see."

PLAY.

PLAY is a good thing in its place. We
love to see children play and enjoy them-
selves—and grown up people too—by way
of change and recreation from more serious
duties. The way people play also shows
character. If one is fair, truthful, honest,
and good tempered in play, he is likely to
be the same in other things, and so the re-
verse. Good, earnest play has its tempta-
tions and dangers, as well as other things,
and our young friends have need to be
cautioned against yielding to them. To be
cheating, mean, and full of ill temper when
beaten, or ugly when other things do not go
as desired, is very improper. Disputes and
quarrels may easily arise, and of these every
one should beware. Play, but always play
fair; keep in good temper, avoid wrangling
and disputes, and play will be a good and
healthful thing.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XII [Sept. 18.
SOLEMN WARNINGS.

Commit to memory vs. 14, 15.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Every tree that bringeth not forth good
fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.
Matt. 7. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The False.
2. The True.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Why does Jesus tell us to enter in at the
strait gate? Because it leads us to
heaven.

Why does he warn us away from the
wide gate? Because it leads to hell.

Which is the easiest way to walk in?
The broad way.

Which is the best way? The narrow way.
Who will always walk there with us?
Jesus.

How do we know all who are walking in
the narrow way? By their good lives.

What does a good tree always bear?
Good fruit.

What does a good life always bear?
Good words and deeds.

Whom only does Christ acknowledge as
his own? Those who do his will.

To what does he compare all who are
disobedient to him? To a rotten tree.

What shall become of it? (Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.)

Whom does Jesus call wise? All who
keep his sayings.

Why are they wise? They build their
hopes upon the sure promises of God.

Who are foolish? Those who put their
trust in the promises of the world.

To what does Jesus compare the world
and its promises? To shifting sand.

What are the promises of God? Firmer
than the everlasting rock.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Life is full of storms and tempests, where
are you building your refuge?

Upon the Rock Christ Jesus?
Or upon the shifting sand of the world?

"Who is a rock, save our God?"
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The danger of
neglect.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the state of those who do not
forsake their sins and believe in Jesus
Christ? The wrath of God abideth on
them.

A.D. 60.]

[Sept. 23

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Mat. 11. 19.]

Commit to memory vs. 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed yourselves, lest at any time your
hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and
drunkenness. Luke 21. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The Law of Love.
2. The Law of Life.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What must we give to every man? All
that is due him of honour and respect.

What must we always owe every one?
The debt of love.

How can we pay our debt of love to the
drunkard? By refusing to touch the liquor
that is hurting him.

Why do we owe love to everybody?
Because Christ first loved us.

What does he tell us? "Freely ye have
received, freely give."

What will we be able to do if we love
one another? Keep the whole law.

Why does love fulfil the law? Because
it worketh no evil.

From what must we awake? From the
sleep of indifference to eternal things.

For what reason? The day of Jesus and
his salvation is come.

What must we cast off? The works of
sin.

What must we put on? The Lord Jesus
Christ.

What is it to put on the Lord Jesus
Christ? To try and be like him, good,
patient, and loving.

Who will help us? Jesus himself.
What is one of the works of sin?
Rioting and drunkenness.

How can we cast it far from us? By
refusing to taste or touch wine or strong
drink.

When are we safe from the power of wine
and strong drink? When we are filled
with the Spirit of Christ. (Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.)

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Spirit of Christ will bring you joy,
peace, faith, and love.

It will give you health, friends, prosperity,
heaven.

The spirit of wine will bring you bitter
shame and sorrow, care and pain.

It will take away from you your home,
your money, your friends, your good name,
your heavenly mansion.

Which will you choose?
"Wine is the poison of dragons, and the
cruel venom of asps."



CHILDREN AT PLAY.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS I KNOW.

I KNOW a little girl
 (You? Oh no!)
 Who when she's asked to go to bed
 Does just so:
 She brings a dozen wrinkles cut
 And takes the dimples in;
 She puckers up her pretty lips,
 And then she does begin:
 "Oh dear me! I don't see why;
 All the others sit up late,
 And why can't I?"

Another little girl I know,
 With curly pate,
 Who says, "When I am a great big girl
 I'll sit up late;
 But mamma says 'twill make me grow
 To be an early bird."
 So she and Dolly trot away
 Without another word.
 Oh, the sunny smile and the eyes so blue!
 And-and-why, yes, now I think of it,
 She looks like you!

—*Youth's Companion*

THE TWO LOVES.

A CERTAIN young lady was intimately acquainted in a family in which there was a sweet, bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there sprung up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, with a clinging kiss. "How much?" "Why, I love you—I love you—up to the sky." Just then his eyes fell on his mother. Flinging his arms around her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed, "But, mamma, I love you way up to God." Could the distinction between two loves be more exquisitely drawn?

GENTLE AMY.

"TAKE care! take care!" cried Nurse; and even little Paul gave his sister a pull, but it was too late. A crazy-looking child, her hair flying, her feet bare, swinging in her hand a stick besmeared with mud, rushed across their path just as they were turning a corner. Round and round flew the stick, and in a twinkling, before they could get out of the way, Amy's pretty white dress was all bespattered.

"Oh, what have I done?" screamed the poor child, her right hand raised in horror at the sight of the mischief she had done.

"You good-for-nothing thing!" cried the nurse in a rage, at the same moment; "you deserve a good whipping."

"I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to!" loudly cried the child again and again. "I was running so fast I didn't see her; I wouldn't have done it for the world," and she began to scream in very fear.

What did Amy do? She looked at the dirty little girl, hatless and shoeless, and a verse she had learned a few days before came into her mind. It was, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Her mother had said when they were studying it, "From whom have we received all our good things, Amy?"

"From God."

"And why has he given us so many good things, and hasn't given them to Maggie Smith and her mother, we don't know. God has been pleased to do it. How ought we to feel, Amy?"

"Happy, mamma—yes, and thankful too."

"Yes, my dear; and we should pity the poor, and when we meet them not feel proud, as if we were better than they, but be kind to them and try to do them good."

That all came into Amy's mind quicker than I can tell it; so she just held out her hand to the frightened child and said gently, "Never mind, little girl; you didn't mean it; the mud will all wash off."

Was not that sweet? H. E. B.

WHAT CHARLIE DID AT CHURCH.

ONE Sunday morning Charlie begged his mother to take him to church. He had never been, for he was only four years old.

"Will you promise to be very quiet if I take you?" asked his mother.

"I will be as still as a mouse," he said; and with him that was promising a great deal.

"Very well," replied his mother. So she put on his best hat and coat, and they started. Charlie thought the church was a wonderful place, and liked it very much. He was a little frightened when the organ began to play; but the singing delighted him. He was very fond of singing, himself, and made up his mind if they sang again he would sing too. When the organ began to play the next time he stood up on the seat, and, without waiting for the others, he sang in a loud voice:—

Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye—

He got no further, for his mother sat him down suddenly and rather hard. The people all about were smiling, and Charlie was much mortified when he found he had done something wrong. He hid his head in his mother's lap, and would not look up. Pretty soon he fell asleep, and when he woke it was time to go home. He did not care to go to church so much after that.—*Our Little Ones.*

A MERCIFUL DOG.

AN Edinburgh paper has a story of a dog that, in order to make sport for some merciless beings in the shape of men, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels. On reaching the village of Galt he was utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of a tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance hung behind him, but unable to move a step farther to rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch collie, came up at the same time, and seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself gently down beside him, and proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and, with about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and after a few joyful capers around his friend he took leave of him in the highest glee at his success. What a lesson to man to show mercy! And what a rebuke!