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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

[No. 22.]

THE HARD SUM.

MASTER Tommy Thompson has had a hard sum in subtraction given him. After trying over and over he has at last got it right, and is now "proving" it. How earnest he looks. I dare say Tommy is as fond of play as any one, but there is a look of firm resolve in his face that shows that what he makes up his mind to do he will do. That is the only way for boys, or girls either, to get on, whether in school, or in the great school of the world. Many of the young readers of the SUNBEAM are now at school after the long summer holidays. Let them set hard to work like young Tom, and they will make their way in life.

BRAVE LITTLE GIRLS.

A LONG time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the fort, and went down into a hollow to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessy her sister, not yet six.

All at once the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen

dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie too. "What are you looking for?" asked the little sister in surprise. Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole

silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gates safely closed behind them!

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves the fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.

"HALLELUJAH."

A HINDOO and a New Zealander met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism, and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, and smiled in each other's faces, but that was all. At last, however, a happy thought occurred to the Hindoo. With sudden joy he exclaimed to his brother in Christ, "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander in delight cried, "Amen." These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one work."



THE HARD SUM.

crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them.

Bessie with a steady voice, "Don't you think it's going to rain?" So they both turned and walked towards the fort. They reached the tall grass, and suddenly Emmy

cried, "Amen." These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one work."

TRUST

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart"
—Prov. 3. 5.

THERE'S a flutter in the nest
Where the little birdies lie,
And the parent birdies rest
On a bough that's hanging by.
And they say, "'Tis time to fly."

Then the birdies, full of trust
In their parents who are nigh—
Not because they feel they must—
One by one begin to try,
One by one find they can fly.

Yet it was no simple thing
That the little nestlings tried—
Thus to start with feeble wing,
For the world was vast and wide,
Thus upon the air to ride.

Like the birds, too, we may go
Where some danger seems to be;
Yet, if God will have it so,
Well we know that He will see,
And will guard us lovingly.

If we put our faith in Him,
We shall never shrink or fear!
Though the way seem dark and grim,
We may trust our Father dear,
Who is ever, ever near!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1853

HOW TO BE USEFUL.

CHARLIE, I will tell you how you can be useful: You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool that she may put her foot upon it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters, and make your mother happy by being a good boy.

JACK'S SCAR.

ALMOST every boy has some kind of a scar. Theodore has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar upon his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these.

I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer-meeting las. night, and a voice whispered, "Tell that story to all the boys you know."

Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man; a conductor on a railroad train.

A great railroad, has its headquarters in our town, so almost everybody is either at work for the railroad company himself, or else he has a father, or a brother, or a cousin who is.

Last week a conductor was killed,—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack, with a group of his comrades, stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number, a Christian gentleman, remarked: "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in someway hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt,—he carried no scar; and, to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words; for, alas, alas! Jack had learned to swear.

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men, until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. The comrade thought of all this, then said earnestly: "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school.

Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces, but I implore you to strive earnestly, all the time, fervently seeking the help of the Saviour, to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.

Our drink shall be water,
All sparkling with glee;
The gift of our God
And the drink of the free.

LITTLE FRANK'S GOSPEL.

ONE sunny Autumn day little Frank was sauntering back from school, when, as he neared his home, he saw Eliza, the wife of one of his father's servants, dragging along a large branch of a tree, which the wind, a few days before, had blown down. "Let me help you, Eliza," said the kind-hearted boy; and thereupon he lifted up the other end of the bough, thus lightening the burden for her. "Thank you, Master Frank," said the woman. "Ah! if you could help me to bear my burden of sins, that would be a comfort. But here I go, dragging them about day after day, and every day they grow heavier." "But, Eliza," said the child, "Mamma says we don't need to carry any of the burden of our sins. Jesus Christ has carried it all for us, if we believe on Him." "Ah!" said Eliza, as she related the story; "that minute I saw it all. I had been trying to bear my own sins, when the Bible says, 'Who Himself bear our sins in His own body on the tree.' I went home just believing this, and I have been happy ever since."

WINGS BY AND BY.

"WALTER," said a gentleman on a ferry boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard, "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started to his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile:

"I'm looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

Happy Walter! poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint."

"Why should we be timid about telling a man who has some of the Lord's money in his pocket to shell out a little?"—A Southern Bishop.



ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

ANDY'S TIN TRUMPET.

Jane.—Now, Andy, be a good boy, and put down that trumpet. Kitty and Bella are asleep, and you must not wake them.

Andy.—Why, it's time they were up and at play. *Too-too-too!*

Jane.—Oh, stop that noise, you rogue! They have both bad colds, and I have given them some sage-tea.

Andy.—Why did you leave Bella out on the door-step all night, if you did not wish to have her take cold?

Jane.—That was an accident, Andy. I let her make a visit at Ellen Ray's, and Ellen brought her back, and laid her on the door-step. The night was chilly, and Bella took cold.

Andy.—Took cold! Oh, what a likely story! And how did Kitty take cold? Oh, I'll tell you; she dipped one of her four-feet into a saucer of milk: I saw her do it. *Too-too-too!*

Jane.—I shall have to take away that trumpet, if you do not stop.

Andy.—Where's the use of stopping now? That gray kitty has waked up, and means fun. *Too-too-too!*

Jane.—There! They are all awake now.

Andy.—Yes, the sage-tea has cured them, and they are all ready for a frolic. *Too-too-too!* Dolls and cats, come out to play, for 't is a pleasant day. *Too-too-too!*

He lives long that lives well, and time
is spent is not lived but lost.

HOW TOMMY TENDED THE BABY.

TOMMY TEALE was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time to celebrate such a grand event he had to take care of the baby. His mother went out to do some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very bad about it. Little Nellie cried a good deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but did not like to take care of her when she was cross.

As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't," Tommy shouted back, "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight, and she can't get out," Ned said.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover of the table, or break the lamp. An idea came into Tommy's head. He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer. He drove four tacks through her dress and fastened her down to the floor. When this was done, he ran out of doors as fast as his legs would carry him.

In about an hour Tommy's mother came home. He had not shut the door tight because he was in such a hurry. Right on the top step was found the baby. But her little fat neck and arms were bare. She had no dress on. Her mother carried her into the sitting room. There was the dress nailed to the floor. The flaby had torn it all off

trying to get away, and it had to go into the ragbag.

Tommy came in a few minutes after. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I guessed the nails would do it sure!"—*Caroline B. Le Ross.*

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

WHAT am I offered for Baby?

Dainty, dimple, and sweet,
From the curls above her forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers,
To the light of the clear brown eye,
What am I offered for baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?

"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby?

"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping,
Of these dear little peach-blown hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?

"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky Way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?

"A heart full of love and a kiss;"
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
'T would be such an offer as this!
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender, and true, and divine;
Enough to repay what I'm giving,
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!

Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough?
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on,
If our beautiful darling was going;
If our beautiful darling was gone!

—*Wide Awake.*

A LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child! The shadows fall;
 Silent darkness reigns o'er all;
 Bird and bloom are lost to sight
 In the folded arms of night;
 Stars will soon from cloud-towers peep,
 While all Nature lies asleep.

Breathe thou softly! Rest is sweet
 For tired hearts and aching feet;
 No dull care nor toil is thine—
 Nor sin, thou blessed child of mine;
 Tranquil on thy soft couch rest,
 With dreams of heaven in thy breast.

Buds are sleeping! Close thine eyes,
 Waken with a soft surprise;
 Greet the morning with thy smile,
 And sweet prattle without guile,
 Scents lie sleeping in the flowers;
 Slumber till the daylight hours.

Sleep! Thy Father guards thy rest;
 Lay thy hand upon His breast;
 Safer than these arms which hold thee,
 His dearer love will firm enfold thee,
 Higher love than mine shall He
 Give, beloved one to thee!

Sleep! The waves have been sleeping,
 Angels o'er thee watch are keeping,
 O'er us both the pale stars shine
 With a radiance half divine.
 Slumber, innocent and light,
 Fall from Heaven on thee to-night.

CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak, "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite." That evening on his return from business, he found his carnation bed dispoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippers silently bearing witness to the small thief. "Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?" "Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did gran'ma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did, but I fout I'd change the subject."

A CONVICT says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather. —*Philadelphia News.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1065.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18.

DAVID ANOINTED.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have found David my servant: with my holy oil have I anointed him. Psa. 89. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Commission. v. 1-3.
2. The Lord's Choice. v. 4-12.
3. The Lord's Anointed. v. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who mourned over Saul's disobedience? Samuel.

To whom did God now send Samuel? To Jesse, in Bethlehem.

What had God chosen among Jesse's sons? A king for Israel.

What did the rulers of Bethlehem fear? That Samuel had come to judge them.

For what purpose had he come? To make an offering unto the Lord.

What did he bid them do? Come with him to the sacrifice.

Whom did he call among the rest? Jesse and his sons.

Whom did Samuel first think God had chosen? Eliab, the eldest son.

Why did he think so? Because of his fine outward appearance.

How does the Lord judge? The Lord looketh on the heart.

How many of Jesse's sons passed before Samuel? Seven.

Whom did Samuel then ask for? Jesse's youngest son.

What was his name? David.

What did Samuel do? He poured the oil on David's head. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Who was with David from that day? The Spirit of the Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God chooses to serve Him—

Those who are lowly and obedient.

Those who listen to His voice.

Those who are willing to wait for Him.

Those who have good and true hearts.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine omniscience.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ? To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive His words, and to trust in Him alone for salvation.

Can you do all this of yourself? I cannot repent and believe of myself, but God will help me by His Holy Spirit, if I ask it of Him.

B.C. 1063.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25]

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 33-51. Commit to memory vs. 45, 46

GOLDEN TEXT.

The battle is the Lord's. 1 Sam. 17. 47.

OUTLINE.

1. The Weapons. v. 38-40.
2. The Meeting. v. 41-48.
3. The Victory. v. 49-51.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

With whom were the Israelites now at war? With the Philistines.

What bold man was among the Philistines? Goliath a giant.

What did Goliath do? He dared any one of the Israelites to fight him.

What did David say? "I will go and kill him with God's help."

Was David a soldier in the army? No, he was a keeper of sheep.

How did he happen to be on the field of battle? He came to bring a message to his brothers in the army.

How did Saul try to help David? He put his own armor upon David.

What did David tell Saul? "I am not used to these things."

What did David take with him? His staff and sling and some smooth stones.

How was Goliath armed? With a sword and shield and spear.

To whom did David look for help? To God.

Whom will God always help? Those who trust him.

How did David attack Goliath? He put a stone in his sling and threw it.

What followed? Goliath was struck to the ground.

What did David then do? He cut off Goliath's head with his own sword.

How did this act inspire the Israelites? To fight the Philistines and win a great victory.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

We are like Goliath when we are— We are like David when we are—

Proud. Humble of heart.

Self-confident. Quick to obey.

Boastful. Ready to trust God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The special providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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

Why does not God take away the wicked at once? He gives sinners time to repent.