

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

No. 17.

## FLOWER MISSION.

PERHAPS you have children who can get plenty of flowers. They don't know how glad some lonely hearts are to get even one of the beautiful little things. It is to help to send them to the poor, sick and shut-in people that the Flower Missions have been started. Flowers are God's smiles, they say, and what would the world be without them? Oh, children, don't be chary of God's smiles, if you have any; and don't be chary of your own. You little know how even a flower or a smile has power to let a sad, weary, and often sin-stained heart up into the sunshine. This boy in the picture comes every Thursday afternoon, after school, to help his sister and the other young ladies to tie up the flowers into little bunches; then when they are



FLOWER MISSION.

ready he takes a basketful to the hospital. You have no idea how glad the sick people are to see him.

## A CHRISTIAN

A LITTLE girl was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school rules. I was selfish at home, didn't like to go errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now I love to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

**A LITTLE BOY'S TEMPERANCE SPEECH.**

SOME people laugh and wonder  
 What little boys can do  
 To help this temp'rance thunder  
 Roll all the big world through,  
 I'd have them look behind them,  
 When they were small, and then  
 I'd just like to remind them  
 That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,  
 The acorn grows a tree,  
 The minutes make the hour—  
 'Tis just the same with me.  
 I'm small, but I am growing  
 As quickly as I can;  
 And a Temperance boy like me is bound  
 To make a Temperance man.

**OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.**

**PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.**

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 30
Messant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 21
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 10
Jerusalem Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 00
Quarterly Howlow Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address—**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 20 to 26 Temperance St.,  
 TORONTO.

**L. W. COATES,** 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.  
**S. F. HURST,** Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

**The Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1892.

**CAREFULLY GUARDED.**

In the great Paris Exposition two years ago there was on exhibition a diamond of extraordinary size and value. The weight of the gem was one hundred and eighty carats, or about an ounce and three quarters. Its estimated value was three million dollars. It was kept in a strong glass case, and on account of its great value was most carefully guarded by special policemen night and day.

Do my readers think of anything in their own possession of even greater value than this? We must understand that God, who made the worlds and all that in them is, understands values better than men. And Jesus in comparing things said, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what

shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If this earthly gem, brilliant and beautiful, is reckoned at so high a value, and guarded with so great vigilance, of how much higher value should each one esteem his own soul, and with what sleepless care should he guard its welfare. When diamonds and all costly worldly gems shall have perished, the soul will shine and sparkle on forever.

**"MISS POSITIVE."**

THE girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley.

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"  
 "Miss Hartley, there isn't! is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible or heard it read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is out of the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

**A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.**

ABOUT ten years ago there was a little girl, about six or seven years old, sojourning for a time in a city apart from her parents. She was a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, and one day she told her teacher she wished to have a conversation with the minister. He was informed of the fact and called upon the child, who she told him to find her a short and appropriate morning prayer. She said that the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc. did for the evening, but she wanted one like it for the morning.

The minister promised to gratify her request and took his leave. A few days after, and before he had fulfilled his promise, the little one was stricken with the scarlet fever, and although the minister called upon her, she died without seeing him. He then set about the task, and decided to publish the facts and call for an original prayer suitable for the morning. The case was published in one or two leading papers, and taken up by others spread all over the country and parts of England. In response hundreds of prayers were sent in, and it was the intention of the minister to publish a little book containing a full account of the case and all the prayers, but it has never been done, or had not been when the writer met him. The best one of the collection is given below, and may fill a want that has been felt by many parents and children.

"And now I rise and see the light,  
 I pray the Lord to lead me right;  
 In all I do and think and say,  
 I pray the Lord to guide my way."

**HOW TO KNOW A GOOD BOOK.**

BOOKS, like friends, either help to make us better or worse. We must read very carelessly, indeed, if what we read leaves no impression upon us. That is reading without receiving anything in return for the time we spend on it. To read a bad book is worse than not to read at all, because it leads us to bad thoughts and bad acts. A good book, like a good friend, helps us to think, speak, and act more nobly and with more edification and benefit. We advise you to apply the following test to your reading.

A good book is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better, it is in no sense a good book.

OUR TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Would you have me tell to you  
What the little people do?  
Listen then, till I am through.

We together come each week,  
Sit and learn, recite and speak:  
And the truths of temperance seek.

Little soldiers in the fight;  
We are working with our might,  
For the pure, the good, and right.

Little temperance boys, you know,  
Into temperance voters grow:  
They, their colours always show.

Won't you join us heart and hand?  
Help our little temperance band  
By its pledge to firmly stand.

We no duty would neglect,  
We do all you can expect;  
And our officers elect.

With our service we go through  
Just as older people do;  
And new members take in, too.

We delight to pave the way  
For a brighter, better day,  
By our acts and what we say.

Perhaps you do not understand  
How our work is done and plann'd;  
How our forces we command.

If you don't, why, then you should;  
Call on us, we'll do you good,  
Come next week, we wish you would.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Acts 7. 54-60, 8. 1-4. Mem. verses, 57-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."—Acts 7. 60.

What good man became one of Jesus' disciples? Stephen.

What made some of the Jews angry with him? He did wonderful works, and preached about Jesus.

What did his enemies hire some men to do? To say that he had spoken wicked words about God and about Moses.

Was this true? No; Stephen loved

God, and believed that Moses was sent by him, but he loved Jesus too.

What did Stephen do? He made a wonderful speech to his enemies.

Did this stop their anger? No, it only made them more angry.

What did Stephen see as he looked toward heaven? "The glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

What did the people do when Stephen told them what he saw? They stopped their ears and would not listen any more.

What more did they do? They cast him out of the city and stoned him to death.

What did Stephen do while they stoned him? He prayed.

As he was dying what did he say? "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Who was "consenting unto his death"? A young man named Saul.

What did Saul do after Stephen was buried? He tried to make people stop believing on Jesus, by putting them into prison or driving them from their homes.

Did he succeed? No; the people who left their homes went everywhere preaching and talking about Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was *Apollo*? An eloquent teacher, whom Priscilla and Aquila instructed in the Christian faith.

Who was *Timothy*? A young companion and helper of St. Paul.

A.D. 30.] LESSON X. [Sept. 4.

PHILIP PREACHING IN SAMARIA.

Acts 8. 5-25. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And there was great joy in that city."—Acts 8. 8.

Who was Philip? One of the deacons of the Church at Jerusalem.

Where did he go? To Samaria.

What did he do there? He preached to the people about Jesus, and cured many sick people.

Did Jesus' disciples try to tell everyone about him? Yes, they preached and taught wherever they went.

Ought we to do all we can to teach everybody in the world to love Jesus? What can you do?

Were the people glad to hear Philip? Yes; "There was great joy in that city."

What was the name of one man who believed? Simon, a sorcerer or juggler.

Do you suppose he cared most about what Philip said, or what he did?

Who also came to Samaria? Peter and John.

What did Simon want to buy of them? The power to work miracles.

What gave this power? The Holy Spirit.

What did Peter say? "Thy money perish with thee. . . Thy heart is not right in the sight of God."

How did Simon feel? He was frightened, and asked Peter to pray for him.

Was he sorry for his sin? Not really; but he did not want to be punished for it.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was *Titus*? Another companion of St. Paul, who was a minister in the island of Crete.

Who made you? God.

Who is God? God is our Father in heaven.

WASH YOUR HANDS.

CASES of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car-straps, and a hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

LOVE TESTED.

"I DO love God," said a little girl to her papa one day when he had been talking to her about loving God.

"Perhaps you think so, Maria."

"Oh, I do, indeed I do, papa!"

"Suppose, my child, you should come to me and say, 'Dear papa, I do love you,' and then go away and disobey me; could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well, my child, how can I believe you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids? You know the Bible says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.'"



WHICH HAND WILL YOU HAVE?

## "ALL THE WAY."

BUT a youthful pilgrim, I,  
My journey's just begun.  
They say I'll meet with sorrow  
Before my journey's done  
The world is full of trouble,  
And trials too, they say,  
But I will follow Jesus  
All the way.

Then, like a little pilgrim,  
What ever I may meet,  
I'll take it, joy or sorrow—  
And lay at Jesus feet;  
He'll comfort me in trouble,  
He'll wipe my tears away,  
With joy I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

Then trials cannot vex me,  
And pain I need not fear;  
For when I'm close by Jesus,  
Grief cannot come too near,  
Not even death can harm me,  
When death I meet one day,  
To heaven I'll follow Jesus  
All the way.

## WHAT ONE LITTLE WORM DID

A NUMBER of people were once assembled in a grand park, and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. "That tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park, but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A natur-

alist who saw it told the owner that, if left alone it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but next summer the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—*Children's Bread.*

## THE MISSION FOR THE SICK.

ROGER DELAND was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-book fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bedclothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him the true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men and women, and dear little children." Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time. Then he said, "I wish I could send my rosebush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," replied his mother, "and I will write a note for you." Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Deland sends this rose to some sick child." Then it was sent away in a nice basket.

Three days after the flowers were sent the postman brought Roger a note. It said:

"Dear little boy,—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came.

I sit in my chair and watch it. I think you and mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. Mother used to cry, too, when I was left alone.

"The rose will grow forever, she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says it will not die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note, her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now, but he never forgets the Mission for the Sick.—*Our Little Ones.*

## THE DIAMOND RING.

THE merchant, William, sailed over the sea to a distant country, where he made a large fortune by his industry and cleverness. Many years after he returned home. When he landed, he heard that his relations had met to dine at a neighbouring country-house. He hurried there, and did not even wait to change his clothes, which had got somewhat damaged on the voyage.

When he entered the room where his relations were assembled, they did not seem very glad to see him, because they thought that his shabby clothes proved that he was not rich. A young Moor who he had brought with him was disgusted by their want of feeling, and said, "Those are bad men, for they do not rejoice at seeing their relative after his long absence."

"Wait a moment," said the merchant in a whisper; "they will soon change their manner."

He put a ring which he had in his pocket on his finger, and behold: all the faces brightened, and they pressed around dear cousin William. Some shook hands with him, others embraced him, and all contended for the honour of taking him home.

"Has the ring bewitched them?" asked the Moor.

"Oh, no," said William, "but they guess by it that I am rich, and that has more power over them than anything else."

"O you blind men!" then exclaimed the Moor, "it is not the ring that has bewitched you, but the love of money. How is it possible that you can value yellow metal and transparent stones more highly than my master, who is such a noble man?"—*Child's Own Magazine.*