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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—Vol. X.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1889.

[No. 18.

## THE LOST CHILD.

BY B W FIELDER

I AM going to tell you a true story of a lost little girl. Her father lived on the Iron Mountain in Virginia, near the line between Wythe and Grayson counties. He owned a pretty little farm high on the level mountain-top. From his home, on the south, you could see the meadows and hills, with cattle and sheep here and there, down in the valley, and in the distance a neat church surrounded by trees.

Mr. Rhudy—for this was the gentleman's name—had fields of corn and rye and wheat growing in abundance. His family lived in a neat log-cabin with vines running over the doors and windows. All around the house were apple-trees and cherry-trees and peach-trees which the father had planted, and a cold spring of water in the yard, which was neatly swept and covered with green grass. Now, the little girl I tell of lived in this quiet, happy mountain home. She was five years old, and her name was Amella. One day in June she wandered away and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

came suddenly upon her, with some round pebbles in one hand and a wild toy-suckle in the other. She was sitting down on the ground playing, and laughed and said some thing about sleeping the night before under a big tree, and also something about wild strawberries which she had found.

The stars were out and shining when we carried the little girl to her home where she could sleep in her warm bed, and our hearts could not contain their joy when the lost was found.

This all happened ten years ago, and Amella Rhudy is now no longer a little child but a young lady.

## STICK TO ONE THING.

EVERY young man, after he has chosen his vocation, should stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, and conquered

and became lost. She went in the afternoon, and late in the day was missed, and search was made all night long. Next day a great many persons came, and we continued hunting in the unbroken forest north of her home. About five miles away

a track was found in the sand near a little brook which had gone dry in the summer. Amella had gone away bare-footed and bare-headed, and we felt sure that we would soon find the little girl, but some thought that she would not be alive. At last we

their prejudices against labour, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

He who would love his race must first love those of his race who are nearest to him.

## GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,  
 The rich may bring their wealth,  
 And some may bring their greatness,  
 And some bring strength and health.  
 We, too, would bring our treasures  
 To offer to the King:  
 We have no wealth or learning:  
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,  
 We'll bring him thankful praise,  
 And young souls meekly striving  
 To walk in holy ways;  
 And these shall be the treasures  
 We offer to the King,  
 And these are gifts that even  
 The poorest child may bring.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899.

## THE TENDER CHORD.

SOME one of wide experience in the training of children has said that the quickest way to subdue an angry or excited child is to touch a tender chord, and the following incident is given in proof of the theory:

Master Fred came running to my side not long ago in quite a state of excitement. His eyes were filled with big tears, and he exclaimed: "Mother, I wish you would give Will a hard whipping!" Said I: "What has brother Will been doing?" "O, he has hurt me, and he has done it before, and he ought to be whipped." "Very well," was the calm reply, "what shall I whip him with? Shall I use a large ruler such as the teachers have in school, or a very hard stick? Which would you rather be punished with?" He seemed puzzled for a moment, then answered slowly: "With a stick." Then I asked: "Do you think I can find

one hard enough?" By this time he was quite subdued; he remained silent a few moments, and then proceeded: "Well, I wish if you don't whip him you would shut him up in the closet for an hour and a half!" "All right," I replied; "as it is about three o'clock, that will be until half-past four!" He looked at the clock and I could see that it seemed to him like a long time to be shut up in so narrow and dark a place. Presently he said: "Then shut him up for one hour!" This was agreed upon, and I continued my occupation until the brother should make his appearance. Fred remained with me and was quite silent, evidently revolving the whole thing in his mind. Finally, when Will's footsteps were heard coming up toward the door, he spoke up quickly, saying: "If you don't shut him up in the closet, will you make him promise not to do so again?"

Thus the child's heart was won more easily by appealing to his tenderness, than by any amount of reasoning.

## STINGY TOM.

BY JAMES O. EVANS.

A FAMILY of mice once lived in the corner of a big barn. They had a box that was all covered with hay. Here they were all very happy except one little mouse. His brothers and sisters used to call him "Stingy Tom." Whenever they had anything nice to eat Stingy Tom always took the best and just as much as he could get. Papa and mamma Mouse used to feel badly to have Tom act so; so, one day, they thought they would punish him. They took him away out in the woods and left him there. It was a nice, warm day in the fall. Tom ran around and got a lot of acorns. Then he sat under a big toadstool and ate just as many as he could. He thought he never had had such a good time in his life. But pretty soon it began to rain, and the wind blew cold. Tom tried to hide under the toadstool, but he could not keep warm.

"Oh, my," he said, "I wish I was at home. It is so nice and warm there."

Then he felt sorry to think how mean and stingy he had always been. He said to himself:

"If I ever get home again I'll never act so any more."

Just then he saw his papa coming to take him home again. When he got home he told them all how sorry he was for the way he had acted. He was so good and kind after that day that he was always called "Kind Tom" in place of "Stingy Tom."

## "YOU CAN'T COME IN, SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard  
 You must not drink a drop;  
 For if you never should begin  
 You'll never have to stop.

The taste of drink, good people say,  
 Is hard in driving out;  
 Then, friends, in letting in that taste,  
 Why! what are you about?

Out of your house to keep a thief  
 You shut your door and lock it,  
 And hang the key upon a nail  
 Or put it in your pocket.

So, lest King Rum within you should  
 His horrid rule begin, sir,  
 Just shut your lips and lock them tight,  
 And say "You can't come in, sir."

## KIND WORDS.

A VERY touching incident came to my knowledge a few days ago, and to show the power a good man or woman may have over those with whom they come in contact, even with the little children, I will relate it here:

An old clergyman, over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish in New England, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before.

"Good morning, my little child," he said, "what is your name?"

As he spoke he laid his reverend hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said,

"O, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you; I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother who is now in heaven."

The child ran home, and, entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed,

"O auntie, dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and he stopped me on the street to tell me!"

The long silvery hair of the aged messenger of God, and the saintly face, with those kindly words spoken, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.

## AN ODD BANK.

TOT has a little tin bank. She puts every penny she has into it. She talks a great deal about her bank, and some one told her of a bird bank the other day. The bird is a woodpecker. He makes holes in pine trees and stuffs acorns in them. He does not eat the acorns, but he waits until the worms begin to eat them in the winter, and then he eats the worms.

LET'S PLAY.

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,  
What sensible things they say!  
When they can't have the things they wish  
for

They take others, and cry, "Let's play."

Let's play that the chairs are big coaches,  
And the sofa a railroad-car;  
And that we are all taking journeys,  
And travelling ever so far.

Let's play that this old broken china  
Is a dinner-set rare and fine,  
And our tin cups filled with water  
Are goblets of milk and wine!

Let's play every one of our dolls  
Is alive and can go to walk,  
And keep up long conversations  
With us if we want to talk.

Let's play that we live in a palace,  
And that we are queens and kings;  
Let's play we are birds in a tree-top,  
And can fly about on wings.

Let's play that we are school-keepers,  
And grown people come to our school;  
And then punish them most soundly  
If they break but a single rule."

Oh! the blessed and wise little children,  
What sensible things they say;  
And we might be happy as they are  
If we would be happy their way.

What odds 'twixt not having and having  
When we have lived out our day?  
Let's borrow the children's watchword,  
The magical watchword, "Let's play."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1061] LESSON XI. [Sept. 15

DAVID SPARING SAUL

1 Sam. 24. 4-17. Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome  
evil with good. Rom. 12. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. David's Chance, v. 4, 5.
2. David's Grace, v. 6, 7.
3. Saul's Gratitude, v. 8-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Saul try to do? To find  
David, to kill him.  
Where did he seek for him? In the  
wilderness.

Where did Saul lie down to rest one day?  
In a cave.

Who were already there? David and  
his soldiers.

What did David's men want him to do?  
To kill Saul.

What did David do? He cut off a piece  
of Saul's robe

Why was he afterward sorry for this?  
Because Saul was his king.

What would he not let his soldiers do?  
Hurt Saul.

Who called Saul when he awoke?  
David.

What did he show him? The piece of  
his robe.

How did he speak to Saul? Very  
kindly.

What did Saul do? He wept.  
Why did he weep? He saw his sin.

What did Saul say? That David was  
more righteous than he.

What does the Bible tell us to do? To  
love our enemies.

What must we give in return for evil?  
Good.

Who showed us how to do this? Jesus.  
Who can help us to do it? Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

David "paid back" his enemy, Saul, with  
love and kind words. Love is the coin  
Jesus used; do you pay back your enemies  
as Jesus and David?

"Overcome evil with good."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. What did our Lord Jesus Christ do  
to save us?

He was made man, suffered death in our  
stead, rose again from the dead, and went  
up into heaven.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian  
charity.

B.C. 1056] LESSON XII. [Sept. 22

DEATH OF SAUL AND HIS SONS.

1 Sam. 31. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that  
do evil. Psa. 34. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul's Death, v. 1-7.
2. Saul's Burial, v. 8-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Saul continue to do? To for-  
sake God.

Who came to fight against the Israelites?  
The Philistines.

Where was the battle? In Mount Gilboa.  
Who conquered? The Philistines.

Why were the Israelites defeated? God  
was not fighting for them.

Who were among the slain? Saul's three  
sons.

Who was badly wounded? Saul himself.  
What did he ask his armour-bearer to  
do? To kill him.

Why would the armour-bearer not do  
that? He was afraid to kill his king.

How did Saul die? He took his sword  
and fell upon it.

What did the Israelites do? They fled  
from their cities.

Who came and lived in their cities? The  
Philistines.

What did the Philistines do with Saul's  
body? They fastened it to a wall.

Who buried the bodies of Saul and his  
sons? The men of Jabesh-gilead.

What did they show in so doing? Hon-  
our to their king.

What does Saul's life teach us? The  
danger of forsaking God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The wages of sin is death,  
But

The gift of God is eternal life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What do you mean by being saved?

Through what Jesus Christ has done for  
us, we may obtain forgiveness of sin, and  
holiness, and heaven.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's hate  
for sin.

A BIRD WITH AN UMBRELLA.

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

We were out hunting one day on the  
Brancho 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.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

THE Mosque of Omar is beautiful; its walls are adorned with marbles of delicate colors, and the dome is roofed with tiles of a brilliant blue, and some green and yellow. The effect from the Mount of Olives is of a turquoise dome roofing walls of pearl. It stands high; white pavements and tall cypresses around. steps lead down to other courts, once the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Great Bazaar Laver, etc, and olives, and grass of emerald green and abundant with flowers, cover the nakedness where Solomon's offerings had enriched the entrance ground between the Golden Gate and the eastern walls of the temple itself. Inside the mosque is exquisite. A circle of marble pillars inclose the veritable rough rock top of Mount Moriah, and support the inner part of the dome, which is rich in mosaic, worthy to be compared with that in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. Portals and partitions inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, divide the little side chapels from the central passage-way between them and the sacred rock, the scene of Abraham's awful obedience, and of the sacrifices which interpreted to men, and made them partakers of the one great sacrifice of the Son of God.

A boy is a chile much longer wid his mudder den he is wid his fadder. A stone-bruise that he would take ter hi, fadder, an' show with a air ob pride, he will take to his mudder an' show it wid a whine.

## A BIRD CHARMER.

A FEW years ago there was a man in the city of Paris who was called the 'bird-charmer,' from the great power that he had over birds. He could be seen almost every day in some one of the great city gardens.

Standing by himself very quietly, he would take small bits of bread from his pocket, and throw them into the air. The sparrows soon came around him, and as each piece of bread was thrown, one or another of them would catch it before it fell.

Pretty soon the pigeons came to get their share. The bird-charmer put a morsel of bread between his lips, and held out his hands. One of the pigeons would settle on his hand, and take the bread from his mouth.

The bird-charmer then gently threw off the pigeon by a slight movement of the hand, and another pigeon would take its place. So the birds would come, one after another; and some of them, while waiting their turn, would perch upon the arm of the charmer.

Of course, people would gather round to see this strange sight; but the birds did not mind them in the least. They seemed to have so much faith in their friend the bird-charmer that they feared nothing while he was near them.—*Exchange.*

## HIDDEN AND SAFE

One morning a teacher went, as usual, to the school-room, and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher, and said, "Oh, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die, too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn for the death of our dear little friends, and you fear that you may be taken also. I know of only one way of escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about this hiding-place;" and read Psalm 91, 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret

places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl sailed up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted as she said, "Oh, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all.

Do any of you know of a safer or a better?

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way  
Her narrow hole to bore,  
And spend the pleasant summer day  
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest  
Of wool, and hay, and moss,  
Who told her how to weave it best;  
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly  
Amongst the sweetest flowers,  
And lay his feast of honey by,  
To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who showed them all the way,  
And gave their little skill;  
And teaches children if they pray,  
To do his holy will.

## TRUE BRAVERY.

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood-lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing, "I have forgotten something," he said; "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Ruda at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but, better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of his service, ever ready to fight his battle.