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THE

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888

[No. 14.]

THE PET CAT.

THESE little German children are a good deal like children the world over—fond of a bit of fun. The sedate old cat does not seem a bit proud of its velvet ribbon. It shuts its eyes, and won't even look at itself in the glass.

THE "MOUNTAINS ROUND ABOUT."

LITTLE Gretchen's home is away over the ocean in a beautiful country called Switzerland. The little village is in the midst of grand mountains whose tops are always covered with snow. Travellers come from all over the world to see them, but Gretchen often cares more for her little wooden doll which her papa has made for her than for the grand mountains. But this morning she is not thinking of her dollie. She is saying over to herself the text that the old pastor preached from yesterday. She had to remember the words to tell her grandma, who is too old to go to church: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round his people



THE PET CAT.

from henceforth, even for ever." She does not know just where Jerusalem is, nor how the mountains are "round about" it, but she thinks it is a very sweet text: if it means that just as those great snowy mountains shut in her beautiful little green valley, keeping away the cold rough wind, so the dear Father in heaven is ever and about all his people, taking even kinder care of the little ones. Do you wonder that Gretchen's heart is so happy that she forgets even her darling dollie?

LITTLE AND BIG.

A TINY little acorn planted in the ground grows to be a great big oak tree.

A tiny baby grows up to be a big man or woman.

A little love for God in the heart leads to more, until after a while we find a good man or woman.

A little leak becomes large, and the whole vessel is lost.

A little sin leads the way to others, and after awhile we find a very bad man or woman.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

God's hands has made each flower that
springs,

Each leaf upon the tree;
He guides the bird on gladsome wings,
And little busy bee.

Much more his love and care provide
For us who think and speak;
For whom the blessed Saviour died,
So gentle and so meek.

And those who in life's early spring
Their hearts to Jesus give,
Shall find it is a blessed thing
Beneath his smile to live.

Jesus will guide them with his love
Through all their days below,
Then take them to the land above
Where fadeless blossoms grow.

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TORONTO, JULY 14, 1888.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

DEAR little friends, do you love the Lord
Jesus?

He loves you very dearly. He loved
you so much that he laid down his life to
save you—so much that he suffered punish-
ment for your sins. He loves you so
very much still that there is not a moment
in the day that he is not thinking of you,
and caring for you; and he says, "Yes, I
have loved thee with an everlasting love,"
which means that he loved you from the
very beginning, and will love you to the
end.

Oh! what wonderful love!

"This same Jesus" now asks you the
plain question, "Lovest thou me?" Is
your answer to be "Yes" or "No?"

Oh! I trust it may be a hearty "Lord,

thou knowest all things: thou knowest that
I love thee."

Not long ago, when walking down a
street, I met a bright-eyed little girl, with
whom I began to talk, and, after a little
while, I said, "Then you love the Lord
Jesus, don't you?"

"Well," she said, "I want to love him,
and I am trying to, but it is awfully hard!"

I asked her, "Are you trying to love
your mother?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I love mother
dearly; I don't need to try."

"But how is that?"

"Why," she replied, "because she loves
me, and she loved me long before I could
love her."

"Well," I said, "it is just the same with
Jesus—only he loves you far more than
your mother does, and he loved you long
before you ever thought of him; and I
think, if you will repeat to yourself, over
and over again, 'Jesus loves me,' you will
very soon be able to say, 'I love Jesus,' for
'We love him because he first loved us.'"

A BOY WHO TEASED HIS SISTER

"Sis, if you can't play better than that,
I am going to shut up my ears. I don't
like your tune." Harry Lewis said this to
his sister Carrie while she was very
patiently practicing her scales.

"I shall never learn to play pretty
pieces," said Carrie, "unless I learn to play
the scales first. I think you had better go
into another room."

"No, I won't. I came in here to listen
to some music. I am going to stay here
and make fun of you if you don't play
better."

Carrie felt like saying something very
cross, but she held her tongue between her
teeth, so that she could not speak, and kept
right on playing. She tried not to look at
Harry, but kept her eyes on the notes
before her.

Harry pushed his chair up close beside
her, and held his hands over his ears. "I
can hear it still. Don't play so loud, Sis."
Then he got up from his chair and jumped
about the room, and laughed and lalooed
as loudly as he could.

Carrie could hardly hear herself play;
but still she kept her tongue between her
teeth, and did not say a word. Mrs. Lewis
heard the noise, and came to see what was
the matter. Carrie did not need to tell
her. Harry's mother told him to come
with her, and she sent him up into the
attic to stay until she should call him
down.

Boys, do not tease your sisters. They

cannot love you if you do. It will help to
make you grow up to be mean men.
Sisters, be patient with your brothers when
they try to tease you. That is the quickest
way to make them stop. Try to do just as
Carrie Lewis did.

TO THE POINT.

I ONCE heard a man affect an audience
wonderfully by what he said. Dr. Rich-
ardson would have put it in much better
shape; but the man did a good work by
his method of putting the point. He said:

"They tell us that alcohol gives strength
and nourishment. Now, it does not; it
gives stimulus."

"But," said his opponent, "there can be
no stimulus without nourishment."

His reply was, "You sit down on a
hornet's nest, and it is very quickening,
but it is not nourishing."

When we do not understand the science
of the question, we are forced to use com-
mon illustrations. I give you another
specimen: A man once said to a friend of
mine, "You are fighting whiskey. Whiskey

has done a great deal of good. Why,
whiskey has saved a great many lives."

My friend said, "What do you mean?"

"Why," said the man, "I mean that
whiskey has saved a great many lives."

"Well," said my friend, "you remind
me of a composition a boy wrote on the
subject of a pin:

"A pin is a very queer sort of a thing.
It has a round head and a sharp point; and
if you stick pins into you, they hurt.
Women use pins to pin on their cuffs and
collars, and men use pins when the buttons
is off. You can get pins for five cents a
paper; but if you swallow them they will
kill you; but they have saved thousands of
lives."

"The teacher said, 'Why, Thomas, what
do you mean by that?' Said the boy, 'By
people not swallowin' of 'em.'"—*John B. Gough.*

JESUS' LAMBS.

MARY and May were walking across a
field from school one day, when they saw
some sheep with red letters painted on their
fleeces. "O see, May!" said Mary; "those
sheep have some marks on them. I wonder
what they are for." "That's the mark the
farmer knows his lambs by. Don't you
know what our teacher told us about Jesus
having marks for his sheep?" "Yes; but
Jesus doesn't have marks like that on his
lambs." "No; Jesus puts his marks in us,
on our souls, not on our bodies." Little
Mary was right.

THE NEW MOON.

"PRETTY new moon,
How do you do?
Long I've been looking
And looking for you!
Where have you hid yourself,
'Way off so far?
Or did you get lost
Like the wandering star?"

"'Tis a wonderful story,
My dear little boy;
I cannot half tell you
My work and my joy.
The dear God has made me,
And hung me on high
To shine in the evening
And light up the sky.

"Sometimes I roll near you
While 'tis yet afternoon;
Just one edge you see then,
And call me new moon;
But when I get larger
I shine all the night,
And give the grown-up folks
My pretty soft light."

—*Congregationalist.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON IV.** [July 22.

FREE GIFTS FOR THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 35. 20-29. Commit to memory vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Willing Hearts.
2. Ready Hands.
3. Rich Gifts.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where was Moses told to go once more?
Up to Mount Sinai.
What did the Lord tell him to bring?
Two tables of stone.
What did God write upon the tables?
The ten commandments.
How long did Moses stay this time?
Forty days and nights.
What did Moses tell the people when he came down? What the Lord had said.
What did the Lord want to have built?
A tabernacle.
What did he ask all the people to do?
To help build it.
Who brought gifts for the tabernacle?
All who were willing-hearted.
What did the women bring? Jewels of gold, fine linen, and cloth.

What did the men bring? Precious stones, spices, and shittim-wood.

What did each one do? Each gave willingly, the best he had.

Why did they give their best things? Because they were giving to the Lord.

What has God given to us? His best gift, Jesus.

When is God pleased with our giving? When we give cheerfully.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God gives us—	Shall we give to God—
Jesus.	Ourselves?
Happiness.	Our service?
Eternal life.	Our best gifts?

If we take his gifts we shall gladly give to him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian giving.

CATECHISM.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON V.** [July 29.

THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them. Rev. 21. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Tabernacle.
2. The Priests.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who told Moses how to build the tabernacle? The Lord.
Of what was it made? Of shittim-wood, covered with gold.
Into what did a curtain divide it? Into two rooms.
What was the farther one called? The holy of holies.
What stood in this room? The ark.
What was the ark? A box, covered with gold.
What was the top of it called? The mercy-seat.

What stood just outside the curtain? The altar of incense, the table of show-bread, and the golden candlestick.

What stood outside the door of the tabernacle? The altar of burnt offering.

What was near this altar? The laver.
What surrounded the tabernacle? Brass pillars, between which hung beautiful curtains.

Who were allowed to enter the tabernacle? The priests, Aaron and his sons.

In what were they clothed? Holy and beautiful garments.

What did the Lord tell Moses to do? To anoint them.

Of what were all these things types? Of holy things.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What do you see in this lesson?

- The holy of holies, a type of heaven.
- The ark, a type of Christ.
- The blood of the sacrifice, a type of Jesus' blood.
- The high-priest, a type of our High-priest, Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Church of God.

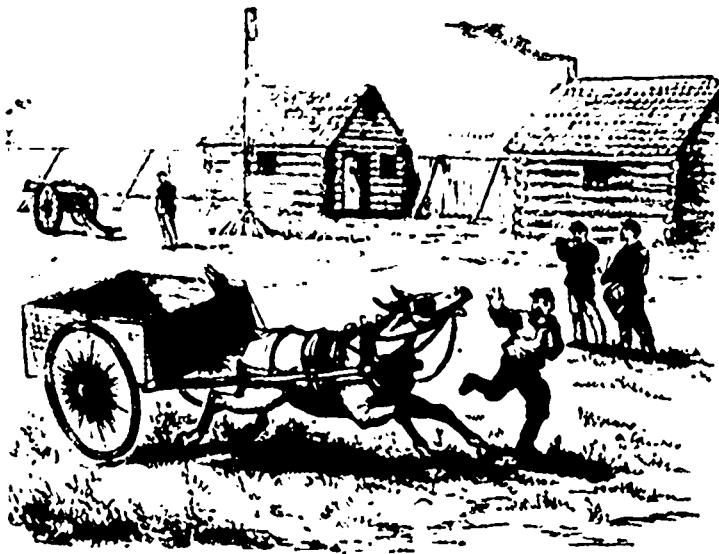
CATECHISM.

- VI. Thou shalt not kill.
- VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
- IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
- X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

GIANT CURIOSITY.

BEWARE, my dear children, of a dreadful giant whose name is curiosity. He will keep telling you to try to see and hear and do things that you ought not to. Freddy looks delighted as he sits and idly listens to the bird's song. (Giant Idleness is a great friend of Giant Curiosity, and the two are often found together.) But after awhile Giant Curiosity made him wonder how the cage door could open without hinges. He found that it would slide up; but in trying to see all about it, he let the bird fly out and away.

One day Giant Curiosity made a little girl burn her fingers, because she wanted to see, for herself, if what mamma said was true about some chestnuts being hot. He causes children a great deal of trouble, unless they are careful to kill him at once.



A SMART MULE.

A SMART MULE.

AMONG the mules at Fort Ripley, Minnesota, was one kept to haul the cart that was used to clear up the dirt and rubbish around the post; and his working hours were from "fatigue call" to "recall."

Soldiers don't bother about clocks and watches. There is one clock at the guard-house, where the post-guard stays; and a drummer and fife, or bugler, plays tunes to let the soldiers know when it is time to get up, when breakfast is ready, when to go on guard, when to drill, when to work at cleaning up the post, when to quit work and drill, when to go to dinner and supper, when the sick may go to the post-surgeon, when to go to bed, and when to put out the lights.

The call that tells them when to go to work is called the "fatigue call." Whether it is because they are likely to get pretty tired before they hear the "recall," which tells them to quit work, I cannot say; but it always did seem to me that either that call was named, or some very jolly chap couldn't resist having his joke when he called it the "fatigue call."

You will wonder what all this has to do with the mule. Well, it is just this: That mule learned one of those calls. He paid no attention to any other call; but let the "recall" be sounded, at any time in the day, on drum or bugle, and off he would go, full gallop for the barn, banging the old cart around like a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail.

The soldiers would give chase, but that only made him run the faster. On he would go, behaving all the while, as much as to say, "The first duty of an army mule is to obey orders; and the 'recall' says quit work."

SECRET prayer is a power to the soul that uses it. Cultivate it as a pearl of great price.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,
"Press not near my feet;
You are only idlers—
Neither corn nor wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies,
Neither yea nor nay;
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day;
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While his tired disciples
Rested at his feet,
And the proud corn rustled,
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory;
Yet no toil do they know."
Oh, happy were the lilies
That he loved them so!

A DOG THAT REPAID A TRICK.

A GENTLEMAN in Bristol, England, owned a dog, remarkable for both intelligence and devotion. The dog had been taught to run errands. It was a part of his daily duty to go to the meat-market, carrying a basket in which was the money to pay for the meat. One day his master thought he would put a new test to the dog's faithfulness and intelligence. He instructed the man who kept the market to take the money as usual, but to refuse the meat and order the dog to go home without it. This the market-man did, and the poor dog returned

to the house dejected, melancholy, slow, with ears and tail hanging and with the basket empty. Seeing his master, he seemed to try to put on an air of cheerfulness, evidently hoping that the situation would be understood. But no; the master frowned upon him, scolded him harshly, and bade him go out of his sight. This was almost more than the poor fellow could bear, and, sneaking out, he crept under a table in an outer shed, where he lay for two days to all appearances in a state of gloomy despair. On the third day his master called him out, speaking kindly to him again, and the dog was wild with joy. Again his master sent him to the market with the money in his basket. The dog went in, but this time he placed the money on the floor and put his paw on it before he allowed the market-man to take the basket. Then the man gave him the meat; the dog quickly whisked the money back into the basket and trotted off home with both meat and money, giving them to his master with an air of decided triumph.—*St. Nicholas.*

SPOTTIE'S MOTHER-LOVE.

DID you ever see a gopher?

It is a very small animal—a sort of ground-squirrel. It digs holes in the ground for its house.

One day my big son Phil brought home a baby gopher that some boy had caught. It was too small to eat anything but milk, so we fed it cream from a teaspoon. It would sit up and put one of its little forefeet on each side of the spoon, eat two or three drops of cream, then wash its face like a kitten.

We put it in a little cage, but it made such a fuss that I said, "I will give it to Spottie; she will think it is one of her kittens." So I put it down with the kittens, a little fearful that Spottie might eat it; but no, she was delighted with it. She washed it and made a great fuss over it; thought more of it than she did of her kittens.

Every time we took it out of the basket to feed it, she would come and watch until it was through, then carry it back to the basket.

But after awhile Spottie's warm fur and the kitchen fire were too much for the little gopher, whose natural element was the cold ground, and it died.

Spottie hunted and mourned for it many days. The instinct of mother-love that God had given her, kept her from preying on the helpless little gopher, and made her an adopted mother to it. Spottie teaches us kindness to the unfortunate and needy.