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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884

No. 22.

JESSIE'S EXPERIMENT.

"MAMMA, I'm very miserable in spite of this day! I really don't know what to do! I have played with my dolls as long as I can, and I have built castles and houses and bridges with my bricks, till I cannot think of anything more to build; and I have looked over all my picture-books, and read the stories again and again, and I am quite tired of amusing myself!"

The little Jessie Sinclair sighed as she threw herself down on a stool at her mother's feet, and pressed her weary, discontented face upon the kind mother's knee.

Mrs. Sinclair put down her work, and stroking the child's flushed cheeks with her soft, cool hand, said gently, "Did you try to amuse yourself, Jessie dear, that you are quite tired of trying to amuse yourself?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jessie, without lifting her face.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Sinclair, "if you were you I should give up trying."

Jessie raised her head in astonishment, and looked wonderingly into her mother's face. "What do you mean, mamma?" said she.

"Am I to do nothing all day?"

"I did not say so, my child," rejoined Mrs. Sinclair, smiling at her little daughter's surprise.

"There is still another alternative; if you are tired of amusing yourself, suppose you try the experiment of seeking to amuse or help others."

There was a moment's pause, then Jessie said, "But, mamma, there seems never to be anything that I can do—noth-

ing ever comes in my way."

"No, dear," replied her mother, "and so long as you sit here and say you know of no way in which you can serve others, I cannot expect you to feel at all in the mood for following my advice. You are forgetting, Jessie, that God has given you a head to think, and eyes to see, and feet to run. He has granted you not only the faculty to work for him, but the power to find out what that work is, and if you are waiting until opportunities of doing good present themselves of their own accord, and say, 'Here we are, Jessie, ready for you to avail yourself of us!' you will, I fear, continue to wait."

"But, mamma," said Jessie, "there are so few things that I can do, let me try ever so hard. It is not as if I could go to business like papa, or work in the garden like Peter, or cook the dinner like Blake, or make my dresses as you do."

"Jessie, dear," said her mother, gravely, "when God made the tiny daisy, did he expect it to grow into a tree and bear fruit? And when he has made such a little girl as you are, do you think he will claim from you such service as papa, or Peter, or Blake can render? No. He says to the daisy, 'See here, neck



JESSIE'S EXPERIMENT.

blossom, grow in the green grass, turn your bright face ever thus to the sun and teach lessons of humility. And the mother bade Jessie to go and take some toys and food to poor little sick Tim in the laue. At the same time she raised her heart to God, praying that her child might learn in youth the great lessons of unselfishness and self-denial.

It was fully two hours before Jessie returned. A bright, happy, contented look shone like a sunbeam upon her face as she entered, all weariness seemed gone.

"Here I am, mamma!" cried she, joyously; "now let me tell you what I have been doing."

Mrs. Sinclair expressed her readiness to hear, and Jessie thus commenced her little history.

"You must know that I went to see poor Tim and he was real sick. Well, I gave him the toys and the cakes, and you never saw anybody so happy, and I feel far more happy too than if I had tried to please only myself."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

WHAT WE MUST THANK GOD FOR.

I AM sure, my dear little people, that you and I have more that we ought to thank God for than we can possibly think about. I will tell you a true story that, may-be, will help us to remember some of the things.

Once a number of ministers were to meet at a certain place in the country. To get there, they rode on horseback over a very rough road among the mountains; and sometimes by deep and dangerous cliffs. When they came together, one man said: "I have a great deal to bless the Lord for. My horse stumbled and we came very near

falling down the mountain side. But the Lord kept us, so that we were not hurt. I thank and bless the Lord for it."

Then another man said. "I have more to thank the Lord for than that." So they all thought to hear of a still more narrow escape; and they asked him what it was. He said: "The Lord did not let my horse even stumble."

I am afraid, dear children, we sometimes don't think about it when the Lord keeps us from accidents, or harm of any kind. Let us remember this man, and what he had to be thankful for.

The Apostle Paul tells us that we ought "in everything to give thanks."

DISCONTENTED JESSIE.

"I WANT to go! Why can't I? I never do anything I want to."

Jessie did not mind what she said, if she could only go to the picnic. But her mother said gravely: "Jessie, is that quite true? Do you never do anything you want to. While you are a little girl, you must trust me to decide what is best for you; when you are a woman, you can decide for yourself."

Jessie went pouting to her room, and had a good cry. But soon the clouds that her mother had observed rising in the west, gathered overhead, and there was a great thunderstorm. Then Jessie went down stairs, and threw her arms around her mother's neck, and said: "I am sorry I was so naughty. You knew best, mother, dear."

A TRUE CAT STORY.

ONE day a cat who wanted to have a little rest lay down on the sitting-room floor and went to sleep. But something went wrong with a little girl who was in the room, and she began to cry loudly. Kitty stood it a little while, but at last, losing all patience, she walked up to the little girl and gave her box on the ear with her paw. The child cried still louder, and pretty soon the impatient cat gave her another blow, which nearly knocked her off the little stool upon which she sat. Then the little miss was angry, and catching kitty by the tail she dragged her all around the room! But, had not the cat as good a right to be angry and impatient as the little girl? I hope none of the girls who read this will ever act as cruel as this little girl did.



THE HUMBLE HOME.

THE HUMBLE HOME.

WHAT a beautiful little girl! and yet a rough house! But her sleep is as sweet as though she lived in a palace. She becomes wealthy some day, but she never forgets the pleasant time in the home. Her pure face is a fine illustration of the effects of contentment. Yet she wishes to go to a better house—"a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She has given her heart to Jesus, and his child whether she wakes or sleeps. That "better country" none are ever sick.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

Two young girls, Margaret and Catherine, the daughters of a market-gardener, were walking together to a neighbouring town, and each was carrying a heavy basket, filled with fruits and flowers for sale. Margaret grumbled all the way, and complained incessantly of the weight of her basket; but Catherine walked lightly and cheerfully on, singing as she went.

"How can you sing and look so pleased," said Margaret to her sister. "Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are stronger than I am."

Catherine replied: "It is because I have put in my basket a little plant which keeps me from feeling the weight of it. I ask you to do the same."

"It must be a valuable plant," exclaimed Margaret. "I would gladly get one to make my burden lighter. Do tell me its name."

Catherine replied, with a smile: "The little plant which makes the heavy burden seem light is called Patience."



EASTERN WELLS.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. J. E. KETTERIDGE.

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys, with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace,
That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.
God wants the girls.

EASTERN WELLS.

FROM a very early period, water was obtained by digging in the earth. Owing to the difficulty of the operation, and the importance of the result, wells have always been highly valued in Eastern lands. A large number of wells are mentioned in the history of the Patriarchs and their descendants, and several places are named from wells. The wells of Scripture were, in some cases, probably no more than basins to receive the water flowing from natural springs. Some of these, in and around Palestine, are of considerable depth, and of so great antiquity that there is little doubt that they are, in certain cases, the very wells of which we read in the Bible. Almost every village has its well for the common use of the inhabitants, but instances occur in which are several wells in a place, and others in which water is supplied by natural springs and fountains. Wells were sometimes owned by a number of persons in common, and their flocks were brought to them for watering on appointed days, in

an order previously arranged. Jacob's well, near Shechem, is said to be 120 feet deep, with only fifteen feet of water in it. Turn to the gospel by John, chap. iv., and read the interesting narrative of the conversation the Lord Jesus Christ had with the woman of Samaria, then ask, have I drunk of the Water of Life, the water the Saviour gives to all who ask for it?

TOM AND NED.

TOM and Ned walked down the street together on their way to Sunday-school. Tom's face was bright as the day itself, but Ned's wore a scowl.

"Father's never satisfied if I don't go to Sunday-school and church," he grumbled. "I think it's pretty hard on a fellow to keep him tied up so!"

"Why, don't you want to go?" asked Tom.

"Sometimes I don't, when it's a nice day like this, and I want to have a walk and a little fun with the boys. There's Will Lawson never goes to Sunday-school unless he's a mind to, and I don't see why my father is so particular."

"It's a pity that Will's father isn't more particular," said Tom, soberly. "You know what trouble Will got into a few Sundays ago."

"O! that was only a little port!"

"But it's the kind of sport nobody likes to remember about a boy. And for my part I am glad that my father cares enough about me to want me to be in a safe place on Sunday."

And so the boys passed beyond hearing, but their words floated on the air, and have dropped down into the *Sunbeam* for our boys and girls to read and think about.

Sometimes father's and mother's desire to have you in the right place seems a little oppressive, doesn't it? Try and remember this: they know the dangers that wait for you far better than you possibly can, and it is because they care for you and love you very dearly that they try to shield you. It is not pleasant for a parent to deny a child what looks like a great pleasure to the child, and you may be sure when it is done it always gives pain to the parent's heart. Do not make the pain greater by your unwillingness to yield to father's and mother's will in the matter! Remember, it is only love that watches over and tries to protect!

To be true, as in God's sight,
Is to walk in holy light.
Light of Love! oh, shine within!
Make me free from every sin.

THE CORAL.

UNDER the sea, in its sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red,
Baby's rattle and necklace too
Once far down in the ocean grew.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear.
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony,
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in its sandy bed.

—S. J. B.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1005.] LESSON V. [Nov. 2

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8. 22-26. Commit to memory verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens, cannot contain thee. 1 Kings 8. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. God's Promise, v. 22-26.
2. God's Presence, v. 27-29.
3. God's Pardon, v. 30-36.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Solomon stand when he consecrated the temple? Before the altar of burnt-offerings.

Who were gathered together before him? A great congregation of Israelites.

To whom did Solomon offer all praise and glory? To the God of Israel.

What did he acknowledge? The fulfillment of God's promises to David.

For what did Solomon pray? That God would dwell with the children of Israel.

Can God dwell only in one place? [Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.]

What did Solomon desire? That God's eyes would be upon the temple day by day.

When did he ask God to hear the prayer of the Israelites? When they prayed toward the temple, or in the temple.

What did Solomon plead for the Israelites? Mercy and forgiveness of sins.

What always follows true repentance? God's pardon.

What do sin and trouble teach us as well as the Israelites? That we are forgetting God.

Why does God let us have our own way sometimes? To show us his way is best.

What did Solomon ask of God? That he would teach his people the good way.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Solomon's God is your God.

Pray to him, as Solomon did, to be kept from sinning.

Pray for his mercy and forgiveness.

Pray to him for a new heart and he will help you to live a new life.

Consecrate your heart and life to him.

"It shall be well with them that fear the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipresence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Joseph of Arimathea? A rich man who buried Jesus in his own tomb.

Who were the Four Evangelists? St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John; who wrote the Four Gospels.

B.C. 995.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 9

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Queen's Visit, v. 1-5
2. The Queen's Tribute, v. 6-12
3. The Queen's Return, v. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came to see Solomon? The queen of Sheba.

What had she heard about him? That God had given him great wisdom.

What did she want to do? Prove him with hard questions, or riddles.

How did she come to Jerusalem? With a great train of camels, that bore spices and gold and precious stones.

What did she tell Solomon? All that was in her heart.

What was Solomon able to do? Answer all her questions.

What did she say to Solomon when she had seen his great wisdom and the splendor of his house? "It is true what I have heard in mine own land of thy acts and thy wisdom."

What had exceeded her expectations? Solomon's wisdom and prosperity.

What did she think of his servants? That they should be happy to serve so great and wise a king.

Why did she think God loved Israel? Because he made Solomon king over the Israelites.

What presents did the queen bring to Solomon? A hundred and twenty talents of gold, and a great store of spices and precious stones.

What did the ships bring him from Ophir? A great plenty of almug trees.

What are almug trees? A kind of sweet-scented wood that is very valuable.

What did the king make of the almug trees? Pillars for the house of the Lord, and harps and psalteries.

What did Solomon give the queen? All that she asked, and royal gifts.

Who has greater power and wisdom than Solomon? Jesus Christ. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The queen of Sheba came to Solomon to tell him all that was in her heart.

You may go to Jesus and tell him all that is in your heart.

He is always ready to welcome and help you.

He loves to have you go to him with all your wants and troubles.

He loves to give you of his love and wisdom.

"And Jesus said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me.'"

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The government of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were Ananias and Sapphira? A man and his wife who were struck dead for lying unto the Holy Spirit.

Who was St. Stephen? The first who was put to death for Christ's sake.

"LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple headstone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eye, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his step. I never held his little head in my lap, or washed his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheeks as he lay sleeping. I did not see his eye grow dim, or his little hand drop powerless, or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead. I stood not with clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once, flit over his cherub face. And yet, "Little Benny," my tears are falling; for, somewhere, I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, unused robes and toys, a desolate hearthstone, and a weeping mother. "Little Benny." It tells the whole story.

ARTHUR JONES is a bright boy seven years old. He goes to Sunday-school, and he loves his books. He studies the lessons, and he answers his teacher's questions nicely. I think Arthur will become a good and useful man.