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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

[No. 22.]

## A GOOD PIECE OF NEWS.

A RAGGED boy, carrying a ragged broom, crossed over one of the full, noisy streets of London. It was cold and windy, and his broom had earned him nothing that day.

"Hello, sweep! come here!"

Bob, the little broom-man, turned his head at the voice, and saw a boot-black comfortably sheltered from the wind and the crowd of passers by a jutting chimney. He was no acquaintance of Bob's, and street-boys do not trust one another.

"What did you call me for?" he asked when he had with some trouble picked his way through the carts and drays.

"I just found this, and felt like goin' halves with somebody," answered the more fortunate boy. "Listen here: 'No. 23 Griffin Street, a Free Lecture for London Boys, followed by sandwiches; doors open at eight o'clock.' I say, let's go."

"They'd never let me in," answered Bob dolefully; "I ain't fit."

"That's so, you ain't," answered the



LAME MAN HEALED BY PETER.

other, looking square at Bob for the first time, "but it can't hurt ye to try; and I tell ye," he added, with a street-boy's cunning, "at some o' them places the raggeder

the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

you be the quicker they'll let you in, Come along; if it's decent chaps they want, I'll try and ake you in with me; if its rags they re after, you kin push me through."

No. 23 Griffin Street was a big, warm, lighted room, opened that night for the first time by a city missionary: it was a trap to catch the poor boys who had nobody to care for their souls, and t'e lecture was the blessed story of the Prodigal Son, with big pictures on the walls to make the boys listen.

Bob listened so hard that even in the crowd of boys the missionary saw him and got his name. Alas! he had no address to give, having no home.

But he is now learning about his heavenly home, and the desire to go: there is going to make him a busy, sober, honest boy, ready in his turn to help spread the good news learned at 23 Griffin Street.

A LITTLE child, becoming weary with

## MAMMA'S LITTLE COMFORT.

I KNOW a little girlie

With loving eyes so blue,  
And lips just made for smiling,  
And heart that's kind and true,  
She wears no dainty dresses,  
No jewels does she own,  
But the greatest of all treasures  
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's Comfort,"

For all the livelong day  
Her busy little fingers  
Help mother's cares away.  
The sunshine loves to glisten  
And hide in her soft hair,  
And dimples chase each other  
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie

With the diamonds in her eyes  
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine  
Brighter far than floods the skies.  
But the name that suits her better,  
And makes her glad eyes shine,  
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—  
This little treasure mine.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

## DOING GOOD.

THERE are so many ways of doing good, and it is a solemn thought that all our words and acts are so many seeds, which will spring up either with sweet flowers or tangled weeds. Sometimes I hear the expression, "O! I have no influence." What a sad mistake! Every one is writing a big book, and every day we turn a page. What kind of a book is yours, my dear little reader?

Lately I saw a beautiful letter from a

clergyman on the death of a lovely girl, and he said: "She was a great comfort to me in my ministry. So steadfast in fidelity, so regularly in her place, so through and through good. I was constantly helped by her presence. The silent influence of some is greater than the exerted influence of others." I knew this gentle girl well, and she deserved all this. I want you all to realize that your influence is going to live always, and try so to live that it may accomplish much for the good of the world. —*Ringwood.*

## "DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

EDNA was sitting by the window in her little rocking-chair, watching the raindrops against the pane, but the little girl's face looked far from happy.

Grandma, who was sitting at the opposite window, gazed a while at the clouded face, and then asked, "What is the matter with my girlie? Doesn't she like the rain?"

"I was not thinkin' about rain, gran'ma; I was only just a-thinkin' 'bout that old serpent."

"Shall I tell you how to drive him away, dearie?"

Edna drew her little rocker to grandma's side and said, "Please, gran'ma, 'cause I do want to know."

"You say, 'Our Father' every morning; do you not?"

"Yes, gran'ma."

"And in that prayer are these words: 'Deliver us from evil!' and that means the evil one too. So you are asking 'Our Father' to keep the evil one from troubling you; but sometimes you say this prayer without thinking, and then God lets Satan come around, so that you will see how much trouble he makes and remember you must pray to be delivered. To say the Lord's Prayer is not really praying, dear; but you must think about what you are saying, and want what you ask for."

Edna thanked grandma, and then sat quite still, thinking for some time. At last she said, "I guess I didn't think when I said 'Our Father,' but I will now."

For several days after this, Edna's mamma noticed her little girl would often drop her toys in the midst of her play and run out of the room for a few moments. Thinking some mischief might be going on, Mr. Etting followed her one day, and there in a corner of the hall she saw her little girl kneeling, and, with folded hands and closed eyes, she was praying, "Our Father."

And this had been Edna's errand each time she left her play. Do you wonder she was delivered from the evil one?

## A GOOD DAY.

"TIRED of play! tired of play!"

"What hast thou done this livelong day?" sang mamma.

Bobby was sitting in papa's great chair. There was a pillow behind him, his toys lay all about. It was growing dark; soon Nurse would come to put him to bed.

But first mamma came and took him in her arms, and sat down in the chair with Bobby on her lap. "What has my little boy done to-day?" she said.

Bobby did not answer. He had such a short little memory that he could not tell about the morning. He only remembered how he had been playing with his train of cars, and how Nurse had given him a wee sponge-cake with his bread and milk. He cuddled down in mamma's soft arms, and mamma remembered for him.

She remembered how he came running to her bedside in the early morning and waked her with soft kisses; how he had not cried while he was being dressed, although Nurse pulled his hair in combing out the tangles, but had been patient because she had asked him to be her good boy to day.

She remembered how he picked up all the buttons for her when she upset her button-box, and how, when he did not mind at once, he soon came to say that he was sorry and to ask to be forgiven.

These were all pleasant things to remember; and mamma kissed the soft sleepy little face that was pressed against her shoulder, and thanked God for giving her this baby boy. For, little as Bobby is, he has begun to try to be good. Very, very little children may do that. They may check their naughty tempers, be helpful to mamma in little ways, be gentle, keep back cross words.

## A DYING REQUEST.

"PROMISE me one thing," said a dying father to his son; "it is my dying request; will you grant it?" The son, sobbing, gave his assent.

"I want you, for six months after my death, to go quietly and alone to my room for half an hour every day and think."

"On what subject?" inquired the boy.

"That," replied his father, "I leave solely with yourself, only to think!"

He had been a disobedient son, but he felt he would try and make some amends by keeping his promise, and after his father died he did try. At first his thoughts wandered to all sorts of subjects, till at length conscience began to work, and he was awakened to a sense of his wickedness and evil doings, and he set himself to amend his life and ways.

**"PAPA, FOT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"**

She was ready for bed, and lay on my arm,  
In her little frilled cap so fine,  
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,  
Like a circle of noon sunshine.  
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"

And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea,"  
When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,  
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered: "A dollar, dear little heart!"

And she slept, baby weary with play;  
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,

And I rocked her and rocked away.  
Oh, the dollar meant all the world for me—  
The land, and the sea, and the sky,  
The lowest depths of the lowest place,  
The highest of all that's high.

The cities, with streets and palaces,  
Their pictures and stores of art,  
I would not take for one low, soft throb  
Of my little one's loving heart;  
Nor all the gold that was ever found  
In the busy, wealth-finding past,  
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,  
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby, and rocked away,  
And I felt such a sweet content,  
For the words of the song expressed to me more  
Than they ever before had meant;  
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed  
Of things far too glad to be,  
And I awakened with lips saying close to my ears:  
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.**

**B.C. 1028] LESSON VI. [Nov. 10**

**DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.**

*2 Sam. 18, 18-35. Commit to mem. vs. 32, 33.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him. Prov. 17. 25.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Evil Tidings, v. 18-32.
2. Great Grief, v. 33.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

Where did David and his soldiers stop?  
At a walled city.

Who followed with his army? Absalom.

Where did they pitch their tents? Before the city.

Did David want to fight against Absalom? He did not.

Who begged David not to go to the battle? His soldiers.

Where was the battle fought? In a wood.

Which army conquered? David's army.

Who fought for them? The Lord.

How many men were killed? Twenty thousand.

What did Absalom try to do? To escape.

By what was he caught in one of the trees? By his hair.

Who found and killed him? David's men.

What had David asked? That Absalom might be spared.

Who brought the news to David? A messenger.

Where was he watching? At the city gate.

How did David feel? Very sorrowful.

What did he wish? That he had died in Absalom's stead.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

Absalom is a type of  
Self-love, Self-will, Self-seeking.

David is a type of  
JESUS, { who pleased not himself,  
          { who came not to do his own will,  
          { who laid down his life for us.

"Whoso curseth his father or mother, his lamp shall be put out." Prov. 20. 20.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

23. *What will become of those who do not repent? After death they will be cast out of God's presence forever.*

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Personal responsibility.

**B.C. 1018] LESSON VII. [Nov. 17**

**DAVID'S LAST WORDS.**

*2 Sam. 23, 1-7. Commit to mem. vs. 3, 4.*

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure. 2. Sam. 23. 5.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Psalmist, v. 1, 2.
2. His Song, v. 3-7.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

To what city did David return after Absalom's death? To Jerusalem.

What do we get in this lesson? His last words.

Whose son was David? The son of Jesse.

Who chose David to be king? The Lord.

What did David write? The Psalms.

Who spoke by David? The Spirit of the Lord.

What did the Lord say a king must be? Just.

In whose fear must he rule? In the fear of God.

To what is a good king compared? To a morning without clouds.

What did God make with David? An everlasting covenant.

What is a covenant? An agreement.

Whose promises are sure? The Lord's.

What did David believe? That God would keep his covenant.

What did this give him? Great peace.

Who are kept in perfect peace? Those who trust God.

What does David say of the wicked? They shall be destroyed.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

**GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.**

Thy throne shall be established forever. 2 Sam. 7. 16.

**GOD'S COVENANT WITH ME.**

I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters. 2 Cor. 6. 18.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

24. *Will all men be judged hereafter? Yes, we must all be judged at the last day.*

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The Rock of Israel.

**BRAVE LITTLE HARRY.**

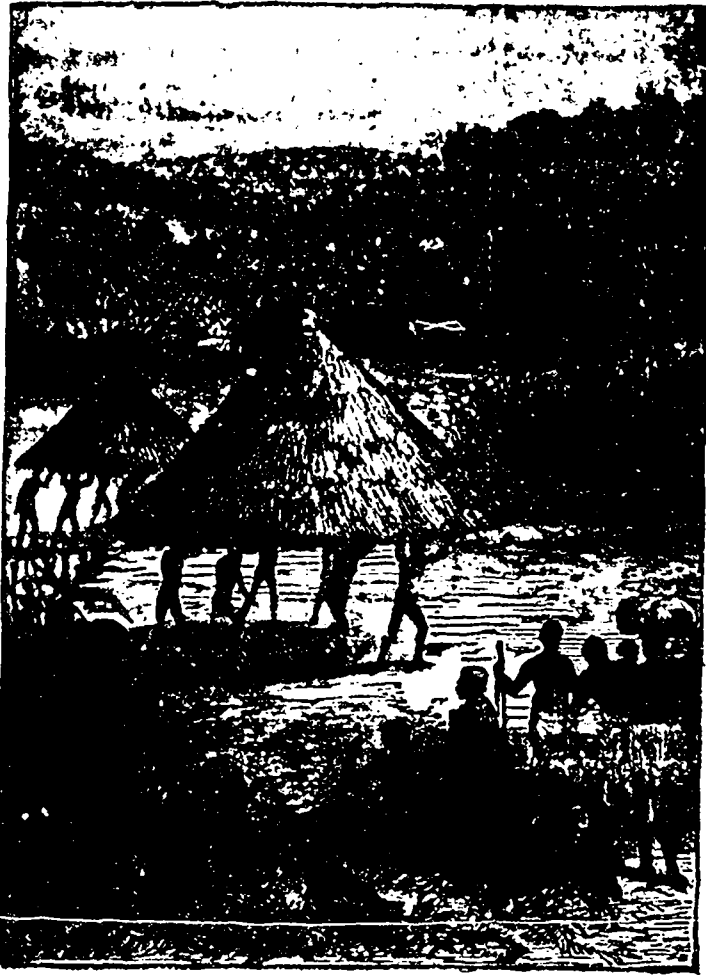
It was a cold morning, but Nannie thought she could not stay at home from Sunday-school. "Cause you know, mamma, I've not been absent one Sunday this quarter, and I don't want to miss one single day." Papa said he thought it would not hurt her to go through the cold, for she was out of doors every day longer than it took to walk to church.

"Yes, let her go with me," said Harry. "I'll carry the umbrella and keep off the snow."

Nannie found it pretty cold before they got to church. But Harry told her not to cry, for they would soon be there.

"How do you s'pose you could stand it, Nannie, if you had no good warm cloak and muff, like that poor little girl we saw last night?" he asked kindly, for he said to himself he "didn't want her to think that she couldn't stand it."

That's the right way, Harry; keep up a brave heart within, and it will help you to bear the cold outside.—*Olive Plants.*



MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

## MOVING AN AFRICAN HUT.

OUR picture represents the natives of Eastern Africa moving a hut from one village to another. These huts are made of bamboo canes and covered with grass. The roof, which we see the natives carrying on their heads, will shed water quite well, and protect the inmates from the scorching rays of the sun quite as well or better than a roof of wood or iron. The material does not last long in that hot climate, but it is abundant, and the natives have plenty of time to make houses. So if a house decays in a year it is easy to make another. The walls of the house are made of bamboo canes woven together to make a strong support for the roof and a protection from rain and sun. Thus, in a land where the natives are not intelligent enough to build houses of wood or brick, the Lord has provided abundance of material from which they can construct in a simple manner houses that will protect them from the heavy rains and scorching sun. The Lord is raising up missionaries to go to Africa to teach the natives about Jesus, and to show them how to build better houses and to do other things that pertain to Christian civilization. We hope our readers will help all they can.

## GIVEN TO GOD.

ON Sunday Lucy and Robble went to church with their papa. Lucy observed that a plate was handed to every one, and that when it came to her papa he put in some money. So when they were walking home together she said: "Papa, who was that money for that you put into the plate at church?"

"It was for God," said her papa.

"How will they get it up to him?" asked Robble, in great surprise, and looking up to the sky.

His papa smiled, and even Lucy knew better than that. "When Jesus was here on this earth," said their papa, "he sent good men, two and two at a time, to go about teaching people about God and about

heaven. And such good men keep going even to this day. And the money was to help feed and clothe them while they are preaching, and so I said it was money given to God."

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Lucy; "but I haven't a bit."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa. "But you have other things beside money."

"I've got some dolls," said Lucy.

"No, I don't mean dolls. When we get home I will read something to you which will make you see plainly what you can give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library. Lucy's papa took down a large book, and began to turn over the leaves as if in search of something. Before long he came to the place he was looking for, and told her to read it aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears; I have given myself clean away."

"Now you see what you have to give to God, my darling Lucy."

Lucy was silent for a time, then she said, half aloud. "I don't believe God wants them."

He does want them, and he is looking at you now, to see whether you will give them to him or keep them yourself. If you give them to him you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can.—*Anon.*

## A BOY'S PROMISE.

THE school was out, and down the street

A noisy crowd came thronging;  
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,  
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,  
Who listened to another,  
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,  
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,  
Of bolsterous derision;  
But not one moment left in doubt  
That manly, brave decision,  
"Go where you please; do what you will,"  
He calmly told the other;  
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still—  
I can't, I promised mother!"

Ah! who could doubt the future course  
Of one who thus had spoken?  
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,  
Could faith like this be broken?  
God's blessing on that steadfast will,  
Unyielding to another,  
That bears all jeers and laughter still,  
Because he promised mother!

## STORY OF A GIANT.

A LITTLE girl, aged three, informed her mother that she knew a beautiful story about a giant. "Would you like to hear it, mamma?" she asked.

"Well, then," she continued, "once there was a great big ugly giant, and he was very fond of eating little girls. One day as he was walking along through the woods he met two little girls—one very good little girl, and one very naughty one. First he took a bite out of the good little girl, and he made up a horrid face, and said she tasted awful nasty. Then he took a taste of the bad little girl, and he smacked his lips and said she tasted dreadful nice; 'cause you see, mamma, she had eaten nuts and raisins and candy when her mother told her not to, and that made her taste sweet. Then the old giant said: 'I'll never again eat a good little girl; I'll always eat the bad ones.'"

"This mustn't make little girls afraid to be good, giants or no giants."