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THE SUNBEAM

"ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

[No. 14.

FREDDIE'S ANSWER.

He sat on my knees in the dusk of the even,
And asked about God, and the Kingdom of Heaven,
His eyes beamed with rapture, his cheeks were aglow,
When I told of our Lord, and his life here below;
Of the lessons he taught us, the tears that he shed,
Of the power of his presence to raise from the dead;
How he stilled the wild turmoil of waves on the sea,
And walked on the waters of Lake Galilee.
I told of the promise our Father had given
That faith in the Saviour would lead us to heaven,
And so like glad children, rejoicing in love,
We should pass from this earth to a better above.
I asked this dear child, then, if he could tell why
The Father in heaven, whose power was so high
Above all the richness of thought can conceive,
Had made him and given him a heart to believe?
A smile of sweet gladness stole over his face,
With a confidence full of a heavenly grace,
In accents as gentle as winds passing by,
"He made me to love him," was his quiet reply.
I was hushed; could I question the child any more?
Wasn't this sacred truth, wasn't this Spirit lore?
From the lips of my boy in his infantile days,
Our father in heaven had perfected his praise.

ONE DROP OF INK.

I DON'T see why you won't let me play with Will Hunt, pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in a while swears just a little, but I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him some good."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me. One drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, won't do that."
"No, my son, and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training—many drops of which will make no impressions on him."



FREDDIE'S ANSWER.

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure, cold water, and put just one drop of ink into it."
"O mother, who would have thought one drop would blacken a glass so?"
"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole, has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in, and restore its purity," said Mrs. Kirk.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

HANDSOME is that handsome does. How true that is. We have seen little boys with fine faces and little girls that were very pretty. At any rate they looked pretty. But how about their actions? They were not always so nice. Sometimes these same boys and girls would get angry, use naughty words, quarrel with each other, bite and scratch like dogs and cats, and do many other ugly things. After seeing all this we didn't think those children very handsome.

It is well to have a good face. It is much better to have a good heart, for it causes a good face. The eyes are the windows of the soul. If all is good and bright within, it will shine as a light through the eyes. With light in the eyes will come a pleasing expression on the other features. So, you see, a good heart causes a good face. It may not be a beautiful face, but a good one, one that attracts, one that causes you to trust its possessor.

There have been many distinguished women who had homely features. Yet they possessed sweet tempers, were cheerful, vivacious and sympathetic. By their winning ways they charmed people. Those in trouble, were sure to go to them for help.

Why was it? Not because of their pretty faces, for they were homely; but because of their kind hearts. They did handsome and so were handsome.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Let us, then, be careful
That our look shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful
For our Lord to see.

Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea,
Teach thy little children
How to live for thee.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 5, 1884.

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN?

BY QUERIST.

YOUNG Harry was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message, his mother said:

"Be sure you take the lantern with you, Harry."

"Bother the lantern!" answered the boy gruffly and disrespectfully.

Having said these almost impudent words, Harry started, muttering to himself:

"What do I want with a lantern? I guess I know the way fast enough!"

Very soon Master Harry, in crossing the street, stumbled into a hole which had been made by a recent rain. By this fall he

knocked the flesh from his shin bone, and covered his clothing with mud.

On his way back he forgot that the fence had caved in near the edge of a ravine. As he groped his way along the bank he fell over, and went sprawling to the bottom of the ravine. With much ado, and after many bruising, he got into the road once more; but when he finally reached his mother's door he looked more like a scarecrow than a living boy.

The lantern would have saved him from all this. Wasn't he a foolish fellow not to take it?

Certainly he was. But what shall be said of those boys and girls who know the Bible to be the only lamp which can guide their feet safely through the paths of life to their home in heaven, and yet refuse to carry it? Are they not still more foolish? Are they not likely to suffer even more than the boy? You know they are. Take the Bible, therefore, for your life lantern, and let it be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your path.

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

LET the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
Giant hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of overholding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how an oft-repeated act becomes a habit?

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

When you see men and women persist in doing and saying things that are wrong, and making themselves and others unhappy, remember that when young they never, perhaps, thought of being so wicked, but they said wrong words and did wrong actions, and continued so doing until, like the old man's fingers constantly used in driving, they became fixed in the course they had begun.

GRACIE'S PILGRIMAGE.

LITTLE Gracie is a maiden fair,
With sweet blue eyes and yellow hair.
Pretty and tender, gentle and good,
Is the face that peeps from that fur-tipped hood!

All the old dames in the village, they say,
Welcome fair Grace like a sunshine ray;
Even old men, grey-haired and weak,
Lovingly pat fair Gracie's cheek!
And the village children, both great and small,

Love little Grace at the squire's great hall!

For the heart of Gracie
Makes love its throne,
In the joy of others
She finds her own!

EASTERN BEDS.

THE beds of the poorer classes in India, and other Eastern lands, are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of his bed round him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used, made of fine cane matting, stretched over a light framework of bamboo, hollow and open at the ends.

In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is left unrolled, to form the pillow.

Such beds can be easily washed and dried again; and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel, and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isa. xxviii. 20. "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." John v. 8.

There were, however, "beds of ivory," Amos vi. 4; and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver." Esther i. 6.



CHERRIES RIPE.

CHERRIES RIPE.

Cherry time
Is a merry time,

says the old song, and these boys seem of the same opinion. That chap on his knees with his mouth open evidently knows what to do with the cherries that the other boy is dropping into his mouth. For my part I would rather feed myself. I suspect the big boy is a practical joker, and has been telling the other to open his mouth and shut his eyes and he'll get something to make him wise.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT!"

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him some money.

"Now, said he, "I'll have some candy; I have been wanting some for a long, long time."

"Is that the best way you can use your money?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes? I want the candy very much." And off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along; and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy shop; then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the door and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glow on his cheek and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

ONE pure life will do more toward the conversion of the world than any number of volumes on "Evidences on Christianity."

JULY.

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dreams to the dragon-fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The corn-flower's blue cap awry,
And the lilies tall leap over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And the poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way
Says that Slumbertown is nigh;
When the grass is tall and the roses fall,
And nobody wonders why,
It is July.
—Susan Hartly Sweet.

"PLEASE GOD, FORGIVE ME."

BERTIE and Susie, two little four-year old girls, were playing on the grass together, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward, and said, "Please God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9.

"Though I am sinful, full of guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crowned with thorns thy sacred head,
Thou, who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er wilt bid me from thee go."

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

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.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1042.] LESSON II. [July 13.

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE.

2 Sam. 6. 1-12. Commit to memory verses 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He blesseth the habitation of the just,
Prov. 3. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. The Ark of God, v. 1, 2.
2. The Joyful Procession, v. 3-5.
3. The Error of Uzzah, v. 6-9.
4. The Blessed Household, v. 10-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did David wish to do? Bring the ark of God up to Jerusalem.

Where was the ark? In the house of Abinadab.

How long had it been there? Nearly fifty years.

Who did David gather together to go with him? Thirty thousand chosen men of Israel.

How was the ark carried out of the house? On a new cart.

How should it have been carried? Upon the shoulders of the priests.

Who drove the new cart? Uzzah and Abio, the sons of Abinadab.

Who went before the ark? David and the house of Israel, singing and making music.

What did Uzzah do when the oxen shook the ark? He took hold of it with his hand.

Why was the Lord angry with him? Because the ark was holy, and man might not touch it.

How did God punish Uzzah? With instant death.

Why was David displeased with himself?

Because he had not consulted with God about carrying the ark.

What did he do with the ark? He carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom.

What came to Obed-edom and his household? Blessings from the Lord. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What did David do when he heard this? He went and brought the ark up to the city of David with gladness.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The ark in the house was a blessing to Obed-edom.

Christ in the house is still a greater blessing to us all.

But he cannot stay in a house where the hearts are shut against him.

Have you Christ in your heart?

Have you Christ in your house?

Every true child of Christ will show something of Christ.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The holiness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Moses? The deliverer and law-giver of the children of Israel, who led them through the wilderness.

Who was Aaron? The brother of Moses, and the first high priest of Israel.

B.C. 1042.] LESSON III. [July 20.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID.

2 Sam. 7. 1-16. Commit to memory verses 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

OUTLINE.

1. A House Proposed, v. 1-3.
2. A House Refused, v. 4-10.
3. A House Promised, v. 11-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did David wish to do? Build a house for the ark of God.

Who encouraged him to do this? Nathan the prophet.

What came unto Nathan by night? The word of the Lord.

Where was the ark kept? In a tent.

Had God asked the people of Israel to build him a house of cedar? No; he dwelleth not in temples made by hands.

Where is his dwelling-place? In our hearts.

What was David when the Lord called him to be ruler over Israel? A tender of sheep.

How had the Lord prospered him? He had made his name great upon the earth.

Over whom had he given David the victory? Over all his enemies.

What did the Lord promise David? That he would bless and continue his house.

Who did he say should build a house for the ark? The son of David.

What did the Lord promise to be to David's son? A heavenly Father.

How would he chasten him when he sinned? With mercy.

What would he establish forever? David's house and kingdom. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God blesses—

Those who trust him.

Those who honour him.

Those who love and obey him.

"Surely it shall be well with them that fear God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The promises of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Priests? Those who were set apart to offer sacrifices to God, and who taught his laws to men.

Who was Joshua? The leader of the children of Israel, who brought them into the Promised Land after the death of Moses.

LUCK AND LABOUR.

DON'T charge your failure to "bad luck," my boy. I'll tell you what your trouble is—you are lazy. Learn Mr. Cobden's proverbs about "Luck and Labour:"

"Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

"Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.

"Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

"Labour turns out at six o'clock, and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

"Luck whines.

"Labour whistles.

"Luck relies on chances.

"Labour on character.

"Luck slips down to indigence.

"Labour strides upward to independence."

KEEP THE WORDS OUT.

"I DON'T want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his school-mates.

"It does not signify," said the other boy; "they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," said Charlie; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."