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# THE SUNBEAM

[ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

No. 24.

## STILTS.

THREE of the jolly little chaps in our picture were very anxious to be taller than they were and to see how it would feel "to be away up in the world," so they made themselves stilts in which Jack and Tom have learned to walk very well. You can see how well they are walking and how high the stilts are made. Ted, who leans against the wall for support, is having a rather hard time trying to make a start, and hardly knows how to balance himself on the stilts. Ted, with his hoop in his hand, is enjoying Ted's discomfort, and Willis you see, stands smiling with admiration at the way in which Tom, his brother, can walk, for he is ahead while Jack follows in the rear. Let us hope that poor Ted will not have a fall, but that he will be able to walk away from the fence all right and surprise Ted.



STILTS.

## RAY'S BANK.

It was under a plank of the great barn floor, a place just large enough to hold three bushels of hazel-nuts which Ray had picked and carefully hoarded there—this was the bank. "If folks save only a little every year, they'll have money to spend when they are old, papa says. So I'll just not eat all my nuts right up, and keep some for the next winter," said Ray, sagely.

So he and the squirrels worked together through the brilliant autumn weather. He was as busy as they, and hoarded his winter store as carefully, so that when the crimson gold leaves turned to brown, his bank was full. Every day he went to peep into it until he went with mamma to visit at grandpa's.

all, papa, I don't believe banks are a sure solid thing, do you? Some men are as bad as chipmunks, you know. I believe the best way is to try to do joy things as you go along, and make folk happy as you can, instead of putting lots of money in the bank to lose or be quarrelled over when you die." Wise little Ray.—*YOUTH'S COMPANION.*

They staid two weeks, and what a long time it was to the boy, with a bank to look after! Grandpa's sweet apples, and grandma's brown, twisted doughnuts, didn't taste half so good as they generally did. Grandpa and grandma wondered, and said he surely was sick, but then they didn't know about the loose plank in the great barn floor, and the store of wealth under it, and what a care it was!

It was the first thing Ray thought of when he got home, you may be sure. And this was what he found there—empty husks. As if some one had filled his bank with counterfeit money while he was away. His bank had failed.

"A family of chipmunks have been very busy here for a week," said papa. "I should not wonder if they were the thieves, and I think that their bank is under that old pine-tree that I'm going to cut to-day."

And there it was. Under the roots he found another bank filled with the wealth of his. So he was more successful than some officers; but he said gravely: "After

LILIES AND ROSES.

WHEN a child breathes a pure and earnest prayer,  
Or cheers with gentle words another's gloom,  
In heavenly gardens springs a lily fair  
Before the angels evermore to bloom

But when it works with strong and earnest will  
Some kindly act beneath God's watchful eyes  
A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still,  
Makes glad the shining fields of paradise.

So live, dear child, that each new day  
may see  
Lilies and roses owe their life to thee

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

MR. DYER BALL, son of an old Baptist Missionary in Canton, and son-in-law of Rev. S. J. Smith, formerly Wesleyan Missionary in Canton, who is interpreter at the Supreme Court, Hong Kong, and has known the Chinese from his earliest days, writes in his new book entitled, "Things Chinese," as follows:—

Under the heading of "Children" appear the following observations: "China is alive with children. . . . A walk on shore will bring one into a swarm of youngsters almost as numerous as the swarms of gnats and mosquitoes over one's head. The wonder is where they come from and where and how they live. Clothing does not cost much, for a number of old rags for swaddling bands is all that is provided for the new arrival at first, and then in the country side, in summer at all events, a single jacket is enough, or in many cases the nut-brown skin of the little ones is considered sufficient. Clothing

is added with added years, being delayed longer in the case of boys than that of girls. Childhood does not appear so charming to our Western eyes when surrounded by all the squalor and dirt incident to Chinese village and city life, but amidst all their filth and wretchedness, children will still be children the wide world over, and they have, even amongst the seemingly stolid Chinese, the faculty of calling forth the better feelings so often found latent. Their prattle delights the fond father, whose pride beams through every line of his countenance, and their quaint and winning ways and touches of nature are visible even under the disadvantages of almond eyes and shaven crowns. . . . New Year time is the most glorious of all for little John Chinaman! In all his fine toggery he trudges along at his father's side to pay his New Year calls, his little brain busy at work calculating how many cash he will get in presents from his father's acquaintances, while his father is thinking of the good bargains that this year will bring. 'Kung-hi, fat-tsoi!'—here they are, the little man bowing and scraping and shaking his chubby little fingers in exact imitation of his elders. A veritable chip of the old block, he takes his pleasure gravely; but evidently, the visits over, he enjoys the fun to the full, as with lighted joss-sticks, as assiduously as a chiffonier, he carefully turns over the mass of (smoking paper fragments, the remnants of a long string of crackers his big brother has just let off, to be rewarded by a half-a-dozen which have missed fire." Mr. Dyer Ball has evidently studied the Chinese minikin with a good deal of sympathetic interest.

WAS HE WISE?

SOME time ago, a lad, fourteen years old, received a present of fifteen pounds from his grandmother. She told him she hoped he would use it wisely, but he was free to do what he pleased with it.

He thought a good deal about it for one week. Then he told his father that he would like to put it out at interest.

His father approved, and this was done. Perhaps some of our boys will tell us how much capital this young man would find waiting for him at the end of seven years. This is an example in compound interest, remember.

He might have bought a fine boat and a lot of fishing-tackle and gone off on a boating excursion, and had a great deal of pleasure. Or he might have bought a quantity of ammunition and some fine guns and gone off on a wonderful shooting expedition.

But he did a great deal better. He preferred the unseen to the seen. Was he wise?

Boys and girls are choosing every day between the seen and the unseen.

Be careful that you do not waste upon seen pleasures what might one day prove valuable capital, if you would save it for a good now unseen.

BEN'S SACRIFICE

BEN had two beautiful puppies, and he loved them, and was as proud of them as if they were human beings. But he was in great trouble about these same puppies. Although it almost broke his heart, yet he was going to sell them.

You see his little sister was very ill. The doctor had been coming to see her every day for three weeks.

Yesterday Ben had overheard the doctor say to his mother, "You must take her to the seashore. She will go into a decline if she is kept here. I have done all I can for her, and she will die unless she goes away."

As the doctor came out, he stopped and looked at Ben's puppies.

"Fine dogs, those," he said. "Pure breed. They'll grow into magnificent fellows. You could easily get fifteen or twenty dollars apiece for them if you wanted to sell them."

"Sell them!" Ben was indignant. He wouldn't sell them for a thousand dollars apiece, for he loved them.

When Ben went into the house he found his mother crying bitterly.

"Is it about Nellie?" he asked. "I heard the doctor. Why don't you go? I can take care of myself for a couple of weeks or more."

"It isn't that, but I can't go. I have sold everything I could possibly spare, for medicine and oranges, and I haven't five dollars left."

Ben went out and had a hard battle. "Maybe the doctor was wrong, and Nellie wouldn't die. Other people got well after the doctor gave them up," he said.

That afternoon the doctor was surprised to see Ben at his door with his two puppies in his arms.

"Is Nellie worse?" he asked.

"No, sir; but could you tell me where I could sell my dogs? You see, sir, it's for Nellie, so she can go to the seashore."

"Ah, I see!" said the doctor. "I'll do it all right for you." And so he did. The dogs sold for fifty dollars. When Nellie came back a month later, rosy and well, Ben felt fully paid for his sacrifice.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

I SHOULD be ashamed to tell mother, was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I should know all about it myself, and I'd be a very mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl! The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I should be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve! and one which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell their mother.

GRANDPA'S WAY.

My grandpa is the strangest man  
Of course I love him dearly,  
But really it does seem to me  
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day  
Is right, no matter whether  
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,  
Or what the kind of weather.

When our door fan is rained by  
A heavy shower provoking,  
He pats my head and says, "You see  
The dry earth needs a soaking"

And when I think the day too warm  
For any kind of pleasure,  
He says, "The corn has grown an inch—  
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind  
Has set my things all whirling,  
He looks at me, and says, "Tut! tut!  
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high,  
And fence-posts scarcely peeping,  
How warm beneath their blanket white  
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think, when on his face  
His sweet smile shines so clearly,  
It would be nice if every one  
Could see things just so queerly.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 46.] LESSON X. [Dec. 4

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES

Acts 14. 8-22. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In his name shall the Gentiles trust.—  
Matt. 12: 21.

Who heard Paul speak at Lystra? A poor lame man, who had never walked.

What did Paul do for him? He made him well, so that he leaped up and walked.

Whom did the people think Paul and Barnabas were? Two of their god's come down from heaven.

What did they bring? Oxen and flowers to offer sacrifices to them.

Were the apostles glad to be honored so? No; they wanted the people to worship the true God.

What did they say? "We are men like yourselves, and we have come to tell you about the living God who made heaven and earth."

How does God speak, even to nations who have not the Bible? By rain and sunshine, and all the beautiful and good things of the world.

What did the people of Lystra do a few days after this? They stoned Paul till they thought he was dead.

Why did they change so suddenly? Some Jews came from Antioch and Iconium, and talked to them about the apostles.

Was Paul really dead? No; while his friends were standing around him he rose up.

Where did the apostles go the next day? To another city called Derbe.

After they had preached there what did they do? They went back to all the cities where they had been before.

What for? To talk with and help those who had begun to love Jesus.

Did the words of the Golden Text come true on this missionary journey?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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.

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.

A.D. 52.] LESSON XI [Dec. 11.

THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.

Acts 15. 12-29. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved even as they—  
Acts 15. 11.

Who made trouble in the church at Antioch? Some men who taught that the Gentiles must obey all the Jewish laws.

What did they say would happen if they did not obey these laws? "Ye cannot be saved."

Had Jesus or the apostles taught this? No; they said, "Except ye believe in Christ ye cannot be saved."

Does God ask us now to obey all the laws and rules which he gave to the Jews? No; he only asks us to love and serve him.

Whom did the church at Antioch send to Jerusalem? Paul and Barnabas.

What did the Christians there do? They got together to talk about the matter.

What did Peter say? That God had given his Holy Spirit to the Gentiles.

How did he say we must all be saved, both Jew and Gentile? [Repeat the Golden Text.]

What did Paul and Barnabas talk about? About their work among the Gentiles, and the wonders which God had done among them.

Who else spoke? James.

What did he say? That the prophets had said that God would call the Gentiles.

What did the council decide to do? To send men from their own church with letters to Antioch.

What message did he send? That the Gentiles need not try to become Jews.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

But will he save all mankind? We can be saved only by repenting and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

What is it to repent? To repent is to be sorry for my sins, to confess and turn from them, and to seek forgiveness from God.

LARRY'S JOURNEY.

LARRY was very young to be trusted on such an errand. Not many boys could do it; but Larry had been used to danger and responsibilities all his life. He lived out on the Western prairies, in one of the new mining towns. His father was a justice of the peace, and sometimes he had narrow escapes from death at the hands of the wild lawless men he was obliged to bring to justice.

He was away now looking for a desperate man who was hiding in the mountains.

In some way Larry's mother had learned that a band of men, friends of the bad man who was hiding, had banded together, and were going to waylay her husband at a pass in the mountains and kill him. Somebody must go more than fifty miles into the mountains to warn him, and Larry's mother decided that Larry must go. He was brave, cautious, and thoroughly trustworthy. As he started away and received his mother's last instructions, he was very grave and full of the importance of his mission. All the way he prayed earnestly for guidance and help. At one place in his journey he was very much troubled. It was a place where two roads met, and he did not know which to take. Both led to the plain where his father was camping; but one was very dangerous, the other longer and easier. At last Larry decided to let his horse choose. It turned to the hard, dangerous path. At last Larry reached the camp, and found his father was mounting to ride home. Larry was just in time, and thanked God for guiding him in the right path.

LITTLE MAY MATTHEWS.

LITTLE May Matthews was a friend of mine who wanted to do right, but who "forgot" very often. Sometimes she forgot to say, "Thank you," or "Please," and many other things.

One day mamma said, "How can you make yourself stop doing those naughty things, and learn to do right and polite things?"

"I know," said May. "I'll name each one of my fingers and thumbs; then I'll be sure to remember."

So she named one "Thank you," and one "If you please," and one "Put away your playthings," and one "Be-kind-to-baby," and one "Don't-make-a-noise." Then, every time she looked at her dear little hands, she thought of the things she must do, and the things she must not do, until she became a very thoughtful child.

What do you think of her plan?



A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

## A PRINCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

THE shower had ceased, but the city street  
Was flooded still with drenching rain,  
Though men and horses with hurrying feet  
Swept on their busy ways again.

'The gutter ran like a river deep;  
By the clean-washed pavement fast it  
rushed,

As out of the spouts with a dash and a leap  
The singing, sparkling water gushed.

A little kitten with ribbon blue  
Crossed over the way to the gutter's  
brink;  
With many a wistful, plaintive mew,  
She seemed at the edge to shudder and  
shrink.

And there she stood, while her piteous cries  
Were all unheard by the heedless throng,  
Looking across with such longing eyes,  
But the torrent was all too swift and  
strong.

Up the street, o'er the pavements wide,  
Wandered our prince from Newfound-  
land;  
Sately, and careless, and dignified,  
Gazing about him on either hand.

The sun shone out on his glossy coat,  
And his beautiful eyes soft and brown  
With quiet, observant glance took note  
Of all that was passing him, up and  
down.

He heard the kitten that wailed and  
mewed,

Stopped to look and investigate.  
The whole situation understood,  
And went at once to the rescue straight.

Calmly out into the street walked he,  
Up to the poor little trembling waif,  
Lifted her gently and carefully,  
And carried her over the water safe,

And set her down on the longed-for shore,  
Licked her soft coat with a kind caress,  
Left her and went on his way once more,  
The picture of noble thoughtfulness.

Only a dog and cat, you say?  
Could a human being understand  
And be more kind in a human way  
Than this fine old Prince of Newfound-  
land?

O children dear, 'tis a lesson sweet;  
If a poor dumb dog so wise can be,  
We should be gentle enough to treat  
All creatures with kindness and courtesy.

For surely among us there is not one  
Who such an example could withstand,  
Who would wish in goodness to be outdone  
By a princely dog from Newfoundland?

YOU may become a little missionary by  
bringing some child into the Sunday-  
school. See if you can find some children  
who do not now go to any Sunday-school,  
and bring them in.

## AT THE ZOO.

THE three boys were wild with delight  
for they were going to the Zoo for the first  
time. They lived in the country, and  
their uncle who lived in the city had in-  
vited them to spend a week with him,  
and the first place he promised to take  
them was to the Zoological Gardens to see  
the animals.

Now Tommy never did like to mind,  
and his uncle had to speak to him ever so  
many times to keep him from creeping  
under the bars and going too close to the  
cages.

When they went into the monkey  
house, their uncle called their attention to  
the notices that were posted all about  
the building. "Do not tease the monkeys."

By-and-bye the boys came to the cage  
where the big ape was kept by himself.  
He was lying down, and Benjie remarked  
"I wish he'd get up, so we could see him  
better."

"I'll make him," said Tommy.

"No, don't, Tommy. You know you  
mustn't," urged both his brothers, but  
disobedient Tommy only laughed.

"Ho! monkeys aren't dangerous."  
Here, get up, you lazy fellow. Shoo!" he  
said, dashing against the bars, flinging up  
his arms, and spitting into the cage.

Like a flash, the great ape bounded  
across the cage, thrust one powerful hand  
through the bars, and seized Tommy's  
arm. Tommy screamed, and tore himself  
away, but he left a piece of his sleeve with  
the ape, and his arm was badly scratched  
and bleeding.

The keeper and Tommy's uncle came  
hurrying up.

"Can't the boy read?" asked the  
keeper.

"Yes," said Tommy's uncle, "but he  
hasn't learned to mind." "Tommy," he  
added, "I am going to send you home. I  
am afraid to take you anywhere because  
you will not obey me. Your brothers may  
remain, as they seem to have learned to  
mind when first spoken to."

Poor disgraced Tommy went home to  
his parents with a torn sleeve, a smarting  
arm, and an aching heart; but he had  
learned his lesson at last.

## SHE PLAYS LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

"I HEARD of two little children," said an  
American speaker, "a boy and a girl, who  
used to play a great deal together. They  
were both converted. One day the boy  
came to his mother and said:

"Mother, I know that Emma is a  
Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"  
"Because, mother, she plays like a  
Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the  
mother; the expression seemed a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child, "if you take  
everything she's got, she don't get angry.  
Before she was so selfish; and if she didn't  
have everything her own way, she would  
say: 'I won't play with you! you are an  
ugly little boy.'"