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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

[No. 17.]



OVER THE FENCE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

JESUS.

JESUS is our childhood's pattern :

Day by day like us he grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

OVER THE FENCE.

"OVER the Fence is Out." Even the sports of childhood often contain lessons for the coming years, and prefigure the vicissitudes which the struggle of living brings to everyone. No life is so placid that it is devoid of trials, none so fortunate as to be destitute of discouragements. The great endeavour, then, should be to pursue the rugged pathway courageously, and to never yield to despair or apathy over disappointments. When we find ourselves over the fence and out in any worthy undertaking, let us, like the young folks in the picture, quickly scramble back again and begin the game anew.

FEAR God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

A WEE STORY WITH A BIG MORAL.

SOME time ago a gentleman walking along one of the Glasgow streets was thus accosted by a little happy-faced newspaper girl :

"Evenin' Citiz'n, sir, only a ha'penny." The gentleman took a paper and gave her a penny, when, seeing her distress at not having a halfpenny to give him back, he told her to give him a paper next day instead.

About six weeks after he happened to walk along the same street, and having forgotten all about the occurrence was surprised to hear behind him a voice calling out,

"Oh, here's the Citiz'n, sir; here's the Citiz'n."

"What Citiz'n, my girl," he inquired. "O, the Citiz'n I was owin' ye," she answered. "I could na see you the next day, and I have been looking for ye every day since, but ye were na to be fund!"

The gentleman remembered the circumstance, and was so pleased with the girl's honesty that he not only afterward bought his evening paper from her, but got his friends likewise to patronize the little honest newspaper girl.

This is the wee story; now what do you think is the big moral?—*J. S. M.*

EXHIBITION DAY.

ALICE and Eva lived in the country, a long way from the school-house. They were surprised one morning in the month of April to find snow all over the ground. They were not a bit glad, either, for that day was the last of the winter term, and they were going to have an exhibition. Both of these little girls had pieces to say, and of course they were very anxious to go.

Alice began to pout right off, and said she "thought it was mean." She didn't see why the hateful old snow could not have stayed away; that it just came to spoil their fun.

Eva said she did not think that was a nice way to speak; that God sent the snow and of course it was right.

About an hour before it was time to start, their father came into the house and said :

"Well, children, I guess I will have to go to your show. I thought I could not spare the time from my chopping, but this snow has put an end to that. Guess I will have to hitch up Bess and Bill to the sled and take you and mother over."

"Oh, goody, goody! I knew it would be all right," said Eva; "it's nicer now than if

it had not snowed, 'cause now we will have a sleigh-ride, and mother and father, too."

I like the way this little girl talked. She was sure God knew best, although she did not quite see why he sent the snow just then.

The exhibition went off very nicely, and I thought I never saw a happier face than Eva's, while she was "speaking" her "piece."

Alice was so in the habit of frowning that her face never looked very pleasant.

I always feel sorry when I see a little boy or girl with an ugly frown or look on his or her face, because I know it is sure to leave a print there; just as sure as stepping in the fresh snow or in the dust of the street leaves a mark of your shoe. Do you want an ugly mark on your face?

"THE EASIER TO CARRY ME."

IN a Chinese Christian family at Amoy a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young—that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply :

"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family—of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons, are members of the mission Church at Amoy.

A RICH GIFT.

THE teacher of a girls' school in Africa wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar—such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing. The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it.

There is One who watched and still watches people casting gifts into his treasury. Would he not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all?"

LITTLE SUSIE.

LITTLE Susie's full of fun;
She is only three times one;
Full of sunshine and delight—
Little laughter-loving sprite!

Every morn she hurries out
To the barn and round about,
Full of eager, helpful joy,
'Cause she's "Papa's little boy!"

Then into the house she comes,
Wipes the dishes sweeps the crumbs;
Always in a busy whirl,
'Cause she's "Mamma's little girl!"

When she wants to take a nap
Up she climbs in Grandma's lap,
Giving kisses without measure,
'Cause she's "G'an'ma's p'ecious t'wasure!"

Like a sunbeam from above,
Susie scatters light and love;
And the darling knows not yet
Why she's everybody's pet.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 21.

JESUS AND THE LAW.

Matt. 5. 17-26. Commit to memory vs. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Matt. 5. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. The Old Law.
2. The New Law.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Jesus tell the people in his sermon on the mount? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What is it to fulfil the law? To keep all of its commands.

What did Jesus come to do? To fulfil the whole law.

Whom did Jesus say would be great in the kingdom of heaven? Those who do and teach God's commandments.

Who were very careful to keep the forms of the law? The Scribes and Pharisees.

How were their hearts? Full of sinful thoughts and wishes.

What did Jesus tell the people? That

they must be better than the Scribes and Pharisees to enter heaven.

How must they keep the law? With their hearts.

What does God look at? The obedience of the heart

What was the old law about murder? "Thou shalt not kill."

What did Christ forbid? Getting angry with any one without cause.

For what did he say he would punish us? For calling one another hard names.

What did he command? That we forgive our enemies.

What will God refuse if we feel unkindly toward any one? Our gifts to him.

What does he require of us? To love one another.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do you keep the commandments of Jesus because you love him, or because you want to enter heaven?

Do you try to keep from sinning because you hate sin, or because you fear the punishment of sin?

Is love for Jesus the foundation of all you do?

Only "love is the fulfilling of the law."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The law of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

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

A.D. 28.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 28.

PIETY WITHOUT DISPLAY.

Matt. 6. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 7-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. False Prayer.
2. True Prayer.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What kind of giving does Christ condemn? Giving so that people may see and praise us.

How does Christ tell us to give? Quietly, without show.

Who will reward such giving? God, our Father.

What does Christ forbid? Praying in public to show people how well we can pray.

How does he tell us to pray? Alone, and by ourselves.

How must we pray even when we are not alone? As if only God was near.

What did Christ tell us to avoid? Prayer of many words.

How does God want us to come to him? In a simple, honest way, asking for what we need.

What does God look upon when we pray? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What prayer did Christ give us to say? The Lord's Prayer.

Can you repeat it?

What did Jesus promise all who pray aright? That God would hear and answer.

What must we do before we pray? Forgive all who have offended us.

If we do not what may we expect? Our heavenly Father will not forgive us.

If God will not forgive us, what will he do? Punish us.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Questions for me—

Am I giving all I can?

What more can I take out of my life to give any one else?

Do I want to give for love of Jesus, or because people will think well of me?

Do I ever pray when I have not forgiven somebody?

What would I do if God did not forgive me?

"Let us search our ways and turn to the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

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.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson.

If there is a bright one be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before.

If a larger and stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.



A WISE HARE

HARES are timid little animals, and you would hardly think that one could show so much shrewdness as the one in the picture. These two dogs have been on the chase after it, and the hare ran under a gate, and when the dogs jumped to the side where it was, it just turned back under the gate and made good its escape.

BABY'S THOUGHT.

"MAMMA," said baby May, creeping close to her mamma one Christmas morning, "this is Tismus, isn't it?"

"Yes, my darling," said mamma.

"I like Tismus, mamma," said the baby. "Will you tell me what Tismus is?"

Then mamma told her little girl that this is the day we call the birthday of Jesus.

"Then Tismus is Jesus' burfday?"

"Yes, dear."

The little one was silent for a while, thinking perhaps of the other birthdays and the gifts that they brought. At last she said, softly:

"This is Jesus' burfday, mamma. What tan I div him?"

Baby may never forget that mamma told her that morning that there is no gift so pleasing to Jesus as the gift of a little heart!

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A HUMMING-BIRD flew into the sitting-room of a lady who loves birds and flowers very much. She talked to it in a gentle, pleasant tone, but after a short call it flew away. But soon after it came for another fashionable call. The third time it came it brought its mate; and they were so well pleased with their kind reception that they continued their visits all through the summer. How do you think the lady fed them? With sweetened water from a petunia-blossom, which she held in her hand. They would sip from it again and again, and seemed to relish it greatly.

During the winter of course their visits

ceased, but in the spring the birds again appeared at the window. The lady raised it, and in they flew, showing as much delight as it was possible for such little things to show. A few days since there were no less than five humming-birds in the room at one time. So it seems the birds that came first told their friends where they would be welcomed and entertained with "refreshments at all hours."

Ellen says she would give them as much sweetened water as they could drink if they would only make her a call, and I dare say many little girls would be glad to do the same.

GOD KNOWS ME, ANYHOW.

FRANK had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors went to the looking-glass, and cut off all his fair locks. His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way.

When they were all seated at the dinner-table, his father, pointing to him, said to his mother, "What little boy is that?"

"I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply.

"Nonsense!" was the father's answer;

"my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for a dozen boys such as you."

Franky now turned to his mother and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head.

Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he was not little Franky; but his brother only shook his head. He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother, and brother no longer recognized him, and he burst into tears, saying, "Well, it don't matter much, for God knows me, anyhow."

Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's.—*Selected.*

NOT QUITE UNSELFISH.

"I THINK," said Christina to Florence (Floy was seven and Chrissie just five), "That, really and truly, I'm one of The best little sisters alive."

"And why do you think so?" asked Florence.

"Because," said the curly-haired elf,

"I give you, and give you contin'ly, All the things that I don't want myself."

THREE DOCTORS.

ROLLIE has been ill for nearly a month. You may think that he was very ill when I tell you that he had three doctors! Yes, and they came every day to see him, too!

The biggest one was old Dr. Gray, who used to give pills and powders to Rollie's papa when he was a little boy. He wears whiskers, and has a gruff voice, and Rollie feels just a little afraid of him, though he knows Dr. Gray is a very kind, good man. But his powders do taste so bitter! And once he left some beautiful pink medicine in a bottle which he said was very nice and it wasn't nice at all.

The other doctors are partners, and always make their visits together. Dr. Ethel and Dr. Nannie are they. They make short, sweet, breezy visits. They bring sweet smiles, and kind words, and sometimes a caramel, or a white grape, or a fragrant flower.

To-day Ethel says. "Now your pulse is getting well, and I 'most know you can go out to-morrow and see my new kittens." That makes Rollie laugh, and mamma says laughter is the best medicine. So perhaps these small doctors are helping along almost as much as good Dr. Gray does—who knows?

Sunshine, and hope, and happiness are wonderful medicines!