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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

[No. 19.]

AN ELEPHANT FISHING.

MAJOR DALY, an English officer in India, had a war elephant, which was as kind and gentle when at the Major's home as it was trusty and courageous in battle. Sourprany, this was the elephant's name, was devotedly attached to the officer's two children, and once saved them from being killed by an elephant which had gone mad. As the latter was rushing toward the children to trample them to death, Soup, as he was generally called, dashed between him and the children and gave him battle. It was a fierce fight, but it ended in the death of the mad animal. After this, Soup was more devoted to the children than ever, and they were much attached to their kind protector. The Major preferred to have his children under the care of this watchful and devoted animal, rather than under the care of heathen servants, and they were constant companions. Soup was particularly fond of going with the children to fish in the Ganges, and he caught more fish than they did. They baited his hook and took off the fish which the patient and sagacious animal caught.



AN ELEPHANT FISHING.

"How many ends has a stick of candy got?" asked Billy Smartboy of his father. "Two, of course." "That's where you are mistaken. I have bitten three or four ends off this stick of candy, and there are two left yet."

ABOUT GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

THERE are two things that all the boys and girls are fully agreed upon. One is, that bedtimes always comes too soon, and

and as for dressing, it is a labour that is appalling.

The way to get up in the morning is just to do it promptly. The moment you are called, decide at once to rise. Do not wait till mother's gentle voice is tired, and sister Lucy has determined not to call you again, and father comes to the foot of the stairs, and calls very seriously, "William!" "Rebecca!" and you feel that you must rise in a hurry. Do not put off getting up until you can hardly take time to match buttons and hooks, and you cannot find which string belong to each other, and suspenders snap, and buttons fly off boots, and things are generally crooked.

When first you rise, let your thoughts go to God in thankfulness that you are alive and well and ready to begin another day. Then wash from head to foot, with a sponge and cold water, and dry yourselves with a rough crash towel, or take a rub with a stiff flesh-brush. You will feel quite warm and glowing after this exercise, which is the better for being rapidly performed. Dress so neatly and entirely, to the last touch of shoe polish and the last flourish of the hair-brush, that you need think

no more about your dress at all. Be sure to attend to your teeth. They are good servants, and have so much work to do that they deserve to be carefully looked after

the other, that Bridget rings the rising-bell shamefully early. Getting up in the morning is a great trial to many of us. We feel so rested and comfortable, and yet so uncommonly sleepy. It seems as though our eyes would never come really wide open,

Be a pattern to others, then all will go well.

WHY THE CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

A CAT, one day, a sparrow caught;
About to eat her up,
"Stop!" cried the sparrow; "Gentlemen
Should wash before they sup."
Grinnalkin paused. To be presumed
So fine was rather nice.
"Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird
To follow her advice.

Off flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue?"
Cried pussy, in a rage,
"So that's your game! But I'll be wise
In future, I'll engage!
I'll never wash before I eat,
But after." Which is still
A fashion that the cats keep up,
And, doubtless, always will.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"MAMMA," said little Annie, "won't you please give me two apples to-day for my lunch? I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give one to Jane?"

"Because, mamma dear, she stole one out of my basket yesterday, and I want her not to be tempted to do this again. For our teacher says that if we are sincere in praying—'Lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way of evil ourselves, but should try to keep others from being tempted; and so, I think, if I give Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and at recess time Jane came to Annie, looking very sorrowful, and said "Annie won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it's mine now, as you gave it to me; and I want to

pay you back for the one I stole the other day." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her; her thoughts were thoughts of peace and love. And we see how she was helping the blessed Saviour to spread "peace on earth" by the peaceful, loving thoughts that she cherished in her heart. The first way in which we may promote "peace on earth," is by having peaceful thoughts.

A TURTLE'S EGGS.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

WHEN little Gertie and Ruth were at their grandma's in the country last summer, they saw something that they never saw before.

What do you think it was? I don't suppose you could guess if you tried a week, so I will tell you.

One day their Uncle Peter came in with a lot of small, round, white eggs, a little larger than the pretty glass marbles you have to play with.

He had them in his hat, and called to the little girls to come and see them.

They dropped their tins—for they were making mud pies—and started for their uncle. They looked at the small white eggs, and wondered what kind of eggs they were.

"These are turtle's eggs," said Uncle Peter.

"Was the old turtle on the nest when you found them?" asked the children.

At this question he was very much amused, and you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when he told them that his hired man had ploughed them out of the soft earth, back of the barn, not far from the creek.

Uncle Peter broke one of the eggs, and in it was a little turtle, perfect even to the "house on its back."

There were fifty-six eggs in all. Only think if the eggs had not been disturbed, what a band of little turtles would have found their way to the creek!

The mother turtle scoops out with her hind feet a hollow in the sand or dry earth, in which she lays her eggs, and the heat of the sand or earth hatches them. She never gives herself any trouble about her children, and they take care of themselves as soon as they come out of the sand.

The children's uncle told them of the different varieties of turtles, and that some of them were used for food.

They listened with the closest attention, and when he had finished they scampered off, Gertie to finish their baking, and Ruth to "get the turtle soup going for dinner."

THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

Now, Carlo, don't you bozzer me;
I know you want to play,
But 't must study awful hard,
'Cos I went to school to-day.

I wish, poor Carlo, you could go;
I never could before;
I had no boots or clothes, you know,
'Cos we were dre'ful poor.

But now it isn't so no more;
I'se sura I don't know why,
But papa buys me lots of things,
And mamma doesn't cry.

It's something on that pretty card,
Where papa wrote his name;
'Cos mamma kissed it lots of times,
And put it in a frame.

I don't know (perhaps it isn't so),
But do you know, I think
(Now mind, you mustn't tell.)
That papa used to drink.

—*Temperance Banner.*

DON'T GIVE UP.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try, my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."

ALWAYS speak kindly and politely to servants and work-people. If you want them to do anything for you, ask, and not order them. They will respect and love you, and be much more willing to wait upon you if you do so.



THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

WHAT is the road to Slumber and? and when does the baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby,"

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;

And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,

And then the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of rest,

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby-eyes,

As over the road to Slumber and the dear little traveller hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go,

To the beautiful city of Slumber-land when the sun is sinking low.

—Mary D. Brine.

her mother's guest's; and, mortified, she finds she cannot play a single piece.

"Emma, don't wet your feet," says the anxious mother, as her daughter leaves for school one April morning. Emma sees no use in being so careful. She returns with a sore throat, is ill for weeks, and falls behind in all her classes.

John is selfish and greedy. He does not see the use of being particular in his conduct towards others. He will even tell a falsehood, if thereby he can gain a few cents. Gradually he slips into cheating and dishonesty. Grown to be a man, a day comes when he fails in business. He goes from one person to another; no one will lend; no one can trust him. Now he sees the use of being honest and open.

"What is the use of trying to be a Christian?" sighs Lena. "I have failed so often!" Oh! *that* is the worst of all. If you failed a thousand times, there would still be a use. Use! Did Peter ever ask the use? Use! Of no use to try for such a prize as our God offers—to gain his favor, his love, his peace that passeth all understanding, a heaven with him forever? Why, it is plain before you, a target set high above you. Look thereon, repine no more, but press on, and secure the priceless prize. —Murid.

Is a world where there is so much to be done, how happy that there is so large a portion of daylight; in a world where there is so much to be suffered, how merciful that there is so much night!

WHAT IS THE USE?

"WHAT is the use?" cried impatient Charley. "I can never learn these long Latin words," and down go his books, and out he goes to play.

A few years, and Charley finds stupid James, who used to be so dull at school, a distinguished man, and himself an ignorant nobody.

"What is the use? I hate practising!" and Jenny shuts her piano, and leaves her music, to parade the streets. A day comes when she is asked to entertain

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Now the day of work is done,
Now the quiet night's begun,
And I lay my tired head
Safe within my little bed.

Saviour, hear me,
Be Thou near me,
Till the hours of dark have fled.

I can see from where I lie,
Glitt'ring in the dark blue sky,
Here and there a little star
Shining out so clear and high.

Saviour, hear me;
Be Thou near me;
Keep me safe beneath Thine eye.

If I've grieved Thee through this day,
Let my sin be washed away;
Make me meek and pure and kind,
Give me Thy most holy mind.

Saviour, hear me;
Be Thou near me;
Let me now Thy mercy find.

Thou art loving me above,
And I love Thee for Thy love;
Thou didst leave Thy throne on high,
And for me came down to die.

Thou wilt hear me,
And be near me—
I am safe when Thou art nigh.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact. Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do 300 days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years! —Philadelphia, Methodist.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

BY ALICE CARY.

My little lad, I will tell to you
What things to do, what not to do,
If you want to grow up fine:
Arise when the day is breaking sweet,
And earn your breakfast before you eat,
And go to your bed at nine.

When you are called to meals, take care
To wash your face and comb your hair;
And neither slur nor shirk,
But have your hat upon its peg,
Your stockings straight upon your leg,
And don't make eating work.

Say "Thank you," when you take your
bread,

Or smile at least, and nod your head,
And for coffee and tea, likewise,
Or slice of toast, or johnny-cake—
In short, for any thing you take;
And "be excused" if you rise.

Don't talk, and laugh, and make rude jokes,
In presence of the older folks,
But speak both little and low;
And don't get angry, and don't swear
At anybody, or anywhere—
No matter where you go!

Whenever you know a thing is right,
Go and do it with main and might,
Nor let one murmur fall,
For duty makes as stern a claim
As if an angel called your name,
And all men heard the call.

THE RUNAWAY KNOCK.

"TEACHER," said a bright, earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you ever sit by your cheerful parlor fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a knocking at the door? Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out in the darkness, seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really expect them; we knock, but we do not wish to enter; we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawning in his soul, "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until he can not help opening the door."—*Ex.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1141.] LESSON I. [Oct. 7.

ELI'S DEATH.

1 Sam. 4. 10-15. Commit to memory verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. 1 Sam. 3. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Battle. v. 10, 11.
2. The Watcher. v. 12-15.
3. The Report. v. 16-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who fought against the Israelites? The Philistines.

What did the Israelites take with them into battle? The ark of God.

Why did they do this? They hoped it would help them.

To whom should they have looked for help? To the Lord.

What followed? A great battle.

Who was defeated? The Israelites.

Whose sons was killed? The sons of Eli.

What became of the ark of God? It was taken by the Philistines.

What was in the ark? The ten commandments.

How did the people in the city receive the bad news? With great sorrow.

Who was waiting to hear of the battle? Eli.

How old was he at this time? Ninety-eight years.

How did he bear the sad tidings? He fell back and died.

What caused Eli's death? The loss of the ark.

What did this mean to him? The loss of God's favor.

Why was Eli punished? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Some people trust in—

- Their good resolutions;
- Their good works;
- Their church-going.

Others trust in—

A living God, who fights for them, and saves them from their enemies.

In which do you trust?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's fidelity to his warnings.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What command did God give to our first parents in the garden of Eden? He commanded them not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

Did they keep this command? No; they did eat of the tree.

B.C. 1120.] LESSON II. [Oct. 14.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 3-17.

Commit to memory vs. 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. A Reformer. v. 3-6.
2. An Intercessor. v. 7-12.
3. A Ruler. v. 13-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who ruled the Israelites after Eli's death? The Philistines.

What did the people worship? False gods.

What did this cause them? Sorrow of heart.

What did they now long to do? To return to the Lord.

Who was their kind friend? Samuel.

What did he tell them to do? Put away all other gods.

To what place did he call them? To Mizpeh.

For what purpose? To confess their sins.

How did they show their sorrow? They poured out water before the Lord.

Who came to drive the people away? The Philistines.

What did the people ask Samuel to do? To pray to God for them.

Why did God hear Samuel's prayer? Because of his faith and obedience.

How did God help the Israelites? He sent a great storm to frighten the Philistines.

How did Samuel celebrate the victory of the Israelites? He set up a "stone of help" on the battlefield. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

How long was there peace in Israel? As long as the people served God.

How long did Samuel rule Israel? All his life.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

How we may show gratitude to God—

- By worshipping him only;
- By trusting him only;
- By serving him only;
- By telling how he has helped us.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What evil did they bring upon themselves thereby? They lost the favour of God, were condemned to pain and death, and were driven out of the garden.

Did their sin hurt any beside themselves? Yes: their sin hurt all mankind.