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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1892.

No. 115

THE STRANGER.

ANNIE doesn't seem to know this lady who is greeting her so kindly. When Annie's mother died, two years ago her father sent her to this boarding school, and she has been here ever since, holidays and all, and a pretty dull time she has had of it, poor girl. The two teachers who remained with her were very kind, but the poor girl missed her mother very much. So now, at the beginning of the holidays, when Miss Martin, the teacher, tells her that a lady and a young girl have called to see her, she cannot guess who they are, for she did not know she had any friends anywhere near. She hasn't long to wonder, though, for the lady soon tells her that she is her aunt, Annie's dear mamma's only sister, and that she has lately moved to this part of the country. But, best of all, she tells



THE STRANGER.

her that she has come to take her home to spend the holidays with her cousin in their pleasant home.

If God made the world you need not fear that he can't take care of so small a part of it as yourself.

triumph and penitence in his tone, he exclaimed - "I didn't do right, did I, mamma? ought to minded twick"

LISTEN! OBEY!

"WALTER," said Mrs. Mayner pleasantly, "will you close the door for me, please?"

He was a dear little fellow but not quite an angel, and at this time was kneeling on the carpet very busy with his building blocks, and pretended not to hear.

"Walter," she repeated with more authority, "close the door for mamma."

He did not even look up, but drew his feet under him ready for a spring, and went on building his church with nervous haste. Mrs. Mayner said no more but went to the nursery for a rod of correction. The little boy threw one swift glance after her, hurried on two or three more blocks, and springing across the room, closed the door carefully. Then turning around, his face all aglow with excitement, and a wonderful mixture of

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

In the green fields of Palestine,
By its fountains and its rills,
And by the sacred Jordan's stream,
And o'er the vine-clad hills,

Once lived and roved the fairest child
That ever blessed the earth;
The happiest, the holiest,
That o'er had human birth.

How beautiful his childhood was!
Harmless and undefiled.
O dear to his young mother's heart
Was this pure, sinless child!

Kindly in all his deeds and words,
And gentle as the dove;
Obedient, affectionate,
His very soul was love.

O is it not a blessed thought,
O children of human birth,
That once the Saviour was a child,
And lived upon the earth?

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1892.

HARDSHIPS.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

DID it ever occur to you, as you sit in a warm, well furnished and lighted Sunday-school room, that you have good reasons to be thankful for the privileges you enjoy and for the comforts that surround you? In Scotland not long ago it was found that two hundred and eleven schools met in private buildings. Here are some of the places they held their schools in: "Old thatched houses, very uncomfortable;" "kitchen;" "hall granted by coal-master;" there are several such; "farm

kitchens," there are a great many of these; "creamery hall;" "smithy;" "villago institute;" "barn," several of these; "barnloft;" "estate offices;" "agricultural missionary's house;" "hall of carpet factory;" "crofter's house." As I read this list over, and think of the hardships and privations that these people undergo in order to have religious service of any kind, I feel ashamed to confess that a small excuse sometimes is enough to keep us away from warm, comfortable churches and Sunday-schools.

THE FIGHT UNDER THE HILL.

"HAMILTON CROSS, your page of English has four mistakes in it; I shall mark you six. Frank Shellman, you have only one; I will mark you nine. That will do; the class may go back to their seats."

These two English exercises were the last of twenty that Miss Mary Ridgely had been correcting; she held them together in her hand until she made the marks in her book, and then gave them back to the scholars.

In another five minutes the bell had tapped, and Miss Ridgely's school was out for the day.

"I don't see where I have any four mistakes," said Hamilton Cross, knitting his brows together over his exercise. The rest of the scholars had tossed their papers into the towed desks and were already off, except Frank, who was hunting for his Geography. "I've a great mind to go after Miss Ridgely," said Hamilton, who was a careful scholar and did not like low marks.

"You'll have to hurry, then, old chap," said Frank, seizing his recovered book and making for the door; "Miss Specs is as far away as the stone fence already."

"Oh, bother, let it go!" exclaimed Hamilton fretfully, banging his desk-lid and hurrying off to join the baseball game that was organizing. Frank set out for home, but it was not till the school-yard gate clicked behind him that an uncomfortable thought startled him into an exclamation of surprise.

"I wonder, now," he said to himself, shifting his load of books uneasily from one arm to the other and looking bothered.

"Pshaw! it's not my business, anyhow," and whistling a brave tune Frank broke into a run which soon brought him to his father's gate. There Lance met him, and nearly licked the skin off his hands for joy.

Frank was rather quieter than usual at dinner.

"Frank, let's go fishing this afternoon," said his little sister.

"I don't care to go," answered Frank. "You can go with me to see the baseball game, Frank, if you choose," said his big brother Tom.

"No; I don't feel like it," answered the little boy. His mother looked at him anxiously, wondering if he was sick. No, his eyes were clear and bright, his cheeks rosy and full. Frank did not know himself why he felt so downhearted and did but he had his suspicions; he knew conscience was a terrible tease when a fellow was not doing exactly right, and he felt very cross with his conscience.

He slipped away after dinner with only Lance following, and went off to the grassy hillside that sloped down to the brook there he lay on his back, with straw hat tilted over his face, for a long, long time Lance wondered, as far as a shaggy little head like Lance's can wonder, what kept his young master idle so long that bright afternoon.

Ah, Lance! he was not idle by any means. He was fighting a battle—fighting a hard battle, though there was no guns heard, no shouts of victory, nothing but the humming of bees in the blossoms and the chirp of birds above in the trees.

Suddenly Frank whirled over on his elbows, with heels high in the air. "Lance!" he cried suddenly, and doggedly thinking something was expected of him at once assumed his most gentlemanly attitude—"Lance, its mighty easy to be mean things, old fellow! You needn't look sheepish, Lance. I don't mean you this time, though you did eat pussy breakfast this morning. I mean you humble servant, Master Frank D. Shellman. Come, Lance, let us go after Miss Mary this very minute, and tell her she got my exercise and Hampie's mixed up, and that I am six and he is nine."

I fancy the great white angel Trull walked along with Frank unseen, but crowned with laurels, having won the fight under the hill.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

"WILLIE," said a little orphan boy to his brother, now we are all alone in the world, father, and mother, and auntie are gone, and there is nobody to take care of us; what shall we do?"

"O, I am not afraid," said Willie; "don't you remember the verse that dear mamma taught us? 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

BOY OR BIRD.

ONCE there was a little boy,
And, for no reason why,
From the day of his birth, nothing else on
earth

Did he do but whine and cry.

He cried so very, very much
That no one would go near him;
The people said, "It beats the Dutch!
Why, the Man in the Moon could hear
him!"

This boy's home was on the beach
Where the sea-gull's scream is heard,
And if there's a bird knows how to
screech,
The sea-gull is that bird.

They scream their best when the sea
blows high
And the sky grows dark and hazy;
But let that boy begin to cry
And he'd drive the sea-gulls crazy.

Until, at last, they said, "Oh, joy!—
We must be very dull—
This child's no use at all as a boy,
But he'd make a splendid gull!"

So off they flew and told the king—
They told him not to doubt it—
That this boy's scream beat everything!
That's all there was about it.

The king he saddled his best curlew;
He flew down the wind like mad!
(I think 'twas a funny horse, don't you?)
'Twas the only kind he had.

And when he heard that little boy yell
He thought his ears would split,
And so he turned him into a gull,
And nobody cared a bit.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON V.** [July 31.

PETER AND JOHN BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

Acts 4. 1-18. Memory verses, 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"There is none other name under heaven
given among men, whereby we must be
saved."—Acts 4. 12.

Who came to Peter and John while they
were speaking to the people? The priests
and the captain of the temple and some of
the other Jews.

Why were they displeased? Because

the disciples were teaching the people and
saying that Jesus was alive.

What did they do to Peter and John?
They put them in prison.

Before whom were Peter and John
taken the next day? Before the rulers
and chief people of the Jews.

What did the rulers ask them? By
what power they had healed the lame
man.

What did Peter answer? "By the name
of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye
crucified."

What more did he say? [Repeat the
Golden Text.]

What surprised the rulers? That these
unlearned men should speak such bold
words.

What did they know? That these men
had been with Jesus.

If we love Jesus and think about him,
shall we grow like him?

Would you not like to have people know
by your words and acts that you were a
friend of Jesus?

What did the rulers command Peter and
John? "Not to speak at all nor teach in
the name of Jesus."

Why did they not punish them? They
were afraid of the people.

Had many of the people believed? Yes,
about five thousand.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Joseph of Arimathæa? A rich
man who buried Jesus in his own tomb.

Who were the Four Evangelists? St.
Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St.
John, who wrote the Four Gospels.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 7.

THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Acts 4. 19-31. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"They spake the word of God with
boldness."—Acts 4. 31.

What did the rulers forbid Peter and
John to do? To speak or teach in the
name of Jesus.

How did the disciples answer? They
said they must obey God rather than men.

What did they say they must speak
about? The things which they had seen and
heard.

What did the rulers do to the disciples?
They let them go.

Why? They were afraid to punish
them.

Where did Peter and John go? To their
friends.

What did they all do? They prayed
together

What did they ask God for? For bold-
ness in speaking his word.

What else? For power to heal the sick
and to work wonders.

Did they want to make people honour
them? No, they wanted them to believe
in Jesus and honour him.

Of what did this trouble make them more
sure? That Jesus was the Saviour, sent
from God.

What did David write about this Saviour,
years before? That kings and rulers
should gather together against him.

What did God give in answer to their
prayer? More of his Holy Spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were Ananias and Sapphira? A
man and wife who were struck dead for
lying unto the Holy Spirit.

Who was St. Stephen? The first who
was put to death for Christ's sake.

"AS JESUS DOES."

PERCY was a little blind boy. He had
never seen his mother's face, but her foot-
step was easily distinguished by him;
and her voice was as music in his ear.
He never saw the birds or flowers, but
yet he learned to love and delight in them
far more than most children who have
perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual.
For almost always it is found that when
one door of knowledge is shut the other
senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great
delight in listening to others. His mother
treasured up many little incidents from
her reading and observation, and in leisure
moments told them to her dear blind son.
One day she saw a strange lamb brought
home, for they were then living in the
country, and on enquiring she learned all
its history. The foolish little thing had
got through a hole in the fence where its
big mother could not follow it; had wan-
dered away into dangerous, rough roads;
been torn by brambles and frightened by
strange dogs; and, at last, when almost
dead by fear and cold, had been found by
the shepherd and carried back to its
sorrowing mother. All this she told to
Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh,
mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does?
When we wander into sin he goes out to
seek and to save us; and when he finds us
he takes us up in his arms, and brings us
home rejoicing."

Little Percy, although he was blind,
had got, you see, spiritual vision or soul-
sight.



'FATHER'S COME HOME.

FATHERS COME HOME.

I WONDER what boy or girl is not glad to see father come home? These little children are delighted, for father has been away fishing, and mother has been so anxious for his return, for there have been many storms since he went away; but God has watched over him and brought him safely home again to his wife and the "bairns," as he says. The children have been on the shore watching all day for him, and how delighted they are to take him safely to mamma.

THE WAY TO GROW.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

No more frost," said my father cheerily, as he passed through the garden to his business that bright morning.

Then I can set out my house plants," cried I, joyfully, and I went about it.

As I transferred a fine geranium to the flower-bed, one tall branch dropped to the ground. That branch, having been shaded and propped, was not self-supporting. Turning to a pile of dry brush, gathered in the walk to be burned, I broke

a stick, trimmed it to suit my purpose, and set it deep in the rich moist soil to hold up the tender branch.

Visiting my garden after an absence of three or four weeks, I noticed with pleasure that the drooping branch of my geranium had quite outgrown its support, standing self-reliant in the sunshine, covered with flower-buds. Bending down to pluck away the dry brush which had done its duty, I saw, with wonder, that it had life, and was putting forth one or two tender shoots.

"Look here, father," I exclaimed, "only see how this dry stick is growing."

"So it is; it has taken root. Where did you get it?"

"From that heap of dry brush which lay in the walk the day I set out my plants."

"Those were the rare shrubs we thought quite winter-killed. Was there anything that might have been a root to your stick?"

Yes, there was a kind of dry hook at the end which I set in the ground."

You have saved a rare plant which I thought was lost, we were too hasty in thinking it quite dead. I hope, my son,

you will learn a valuable spiritual lesson from that dry stick, now changed into a tender budding branch."

"What lesson, father?"

"Help others and you will help yourself. I once knew a man who feared he was so spiritually dead that he had no reason to hope he had a spark of life. After drooping and despairing for months, his pain induced him to forget himself, while trying to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. He went to work, and the first thing he knew, he was rejoicing in the shine of God's love. Ever since, he has been trying to grow himself by lifting others up to blossom in the sunshine."

That lesson, sweeter than the fragrance of my geranium blossoms, was a lesson for life.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I LENT my dear dolly, and what do you think?

They gave her no victuals; they gave her no drink;

They left her uncovered all night in the cold—

My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her colour how faded! It rained where she lay;

She had for a pillow a wisp of wet hay. To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?

My own little dolly, not quite a year old.

Now, swallow it, dolly—this little wisp of pill;

'Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will;

We'll no more be parted, for love or gold,

My dear little dolly—not quite a year old.

A PRINCE.

"He's just a prince of a boy," said Mr. Harton of Willie, and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see Willie was like a king I read of. When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly I began to get my answer. When he came out of school smiling instead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt sure. But when he cut his apple in two and gave one-half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied. Yes, Willie is "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that Son of a King who came to minister and not to be ministered unto.