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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIALS.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1888.

[No. 12.]

IN MISCHIEF.

THESE playful kittens are having a fine time. I am afraid they may do some damage to the lace curtains so finely shown. How sedate the old cat is, and how bright their eyes are. I guess she is like other mothers,—she likes to see the youngsters have a good frolic.

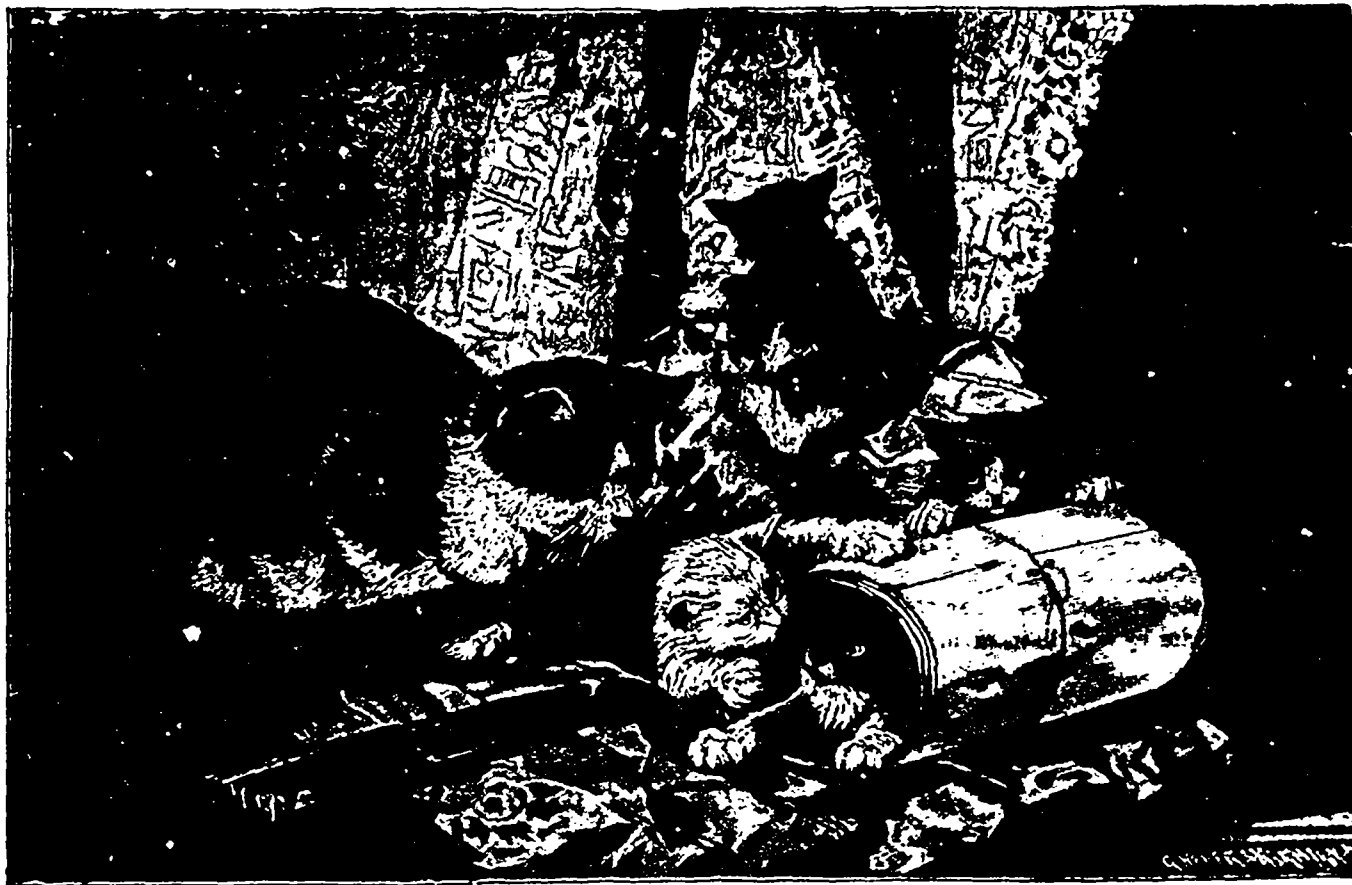
Dollie: I will play with you, and we will have some fun."

"I'd rather go to auntie's," Ruth replied; and she would not be comforted, but grumbled all the afternoon.

On that same day there was a ship at sea, and the people on board had used all their water up, and there had never been any

or wind and rain to blow them to land; and not more than an hour after a cloud was seen, and the wind and rain came down with great force; so the ship soon reached the land, where the poor thirsty sailors could drink as much as they liked.

God sends things for our good, and we ought to bear all patiently, and not grumble



IN MISCHIEF.

A GOOD RAIN.

"WHAT a bother it's so wet!" said Ruth. "I meant to go to see Aunt Mary this afternoon, and now I could not think of going, for even if it stopped raining, there is such a wind that mamma would not let me."

"Never mind, dear," said her little sister

wind or rain for three weeks; so their ship did not sail very fast, and the captain and sailors were growing very anxious, for if they did not reach the land before night they would die of thirst. At last the captain, who was a good man, said, "Let us pray." So they bowed their uncovered heads, while the captain prayed for water

as Ruth did, but think that by events happening as we like them good lives might be lost.—*Selected.*

LOST—somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two Golden hours, each set with sixty Diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as they are lost forever.

MY REFUGE.

His name is Jesus, and he died
For guilty sinners, crucified,
Content to die that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin;
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I knew he died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I.
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1888.

IS GOD HERE?

A YOUNG man had been extremely profane, and thought little of the matter. After his marriage to a high-minded, lovely wife, the habit appeared to him in a different light, and he made spasmodic efforts to conquer it. But not until a few months ago had he become victor, when the glaring evil was set before him by a little incident, in its real and shocking sinfulness.

One Sunday morning, standing before the mirror shaving, the razor slipped, inflicting a slight wound. True to his fixed habit, he ejaculated the single word "God!" and was not a little amazed and chagrined to see reflected in the mirror the pretty picture of his little three-year-old daughter, as, laying her dolly hastily down, she sprang from her seat on the floor, exclaiming, as she looked eagerly and expectantly about the room, "Is Dod here?"

Pale and ashamed, and at a loss for a better answer, he simply said, "Why?"

"Cause I thought he was when I heard you speak to him."

Then noticing the sober look on his face,

and the tears of shame in his eyes as he gazed down into the innocent, radiant face, she patted him lovingly on the hand, exclaiming assuringly:—

"Call him again, papa, and I dess he'll surely come."

Oh, how every syllable of the child's trusting words cut to his heart! The still, small voice was heard at last. Catching the wondering child up in his arms, he knelt down, and for the first time in his life implored of God forgiveness for past offences, and guidance for all his future life, thanking him in fervent spirit that he had not "surely come" before in answer to some of his awful blasphemies. Surely "a little child shall lead them."

ALONE.

ARTHUR is all alone with his little white kitty. Mamma has gone out on an errand, and nurse is down stairs washing.

"Good-bye, Arthur," said Hannah. "J shn't be gone a great while; kitty'll take care of you."

And she doesn't feel uneasy, neither does mamma. Arthur is only five years old, but he can be trusted alone. Little Ned Crafts, who lives next door, would be afraid if he were left so. He cries the moment he looks around and can't see mamma. She can't take any comfort, because the child cries for her. And Will Moody can't be left alone a minute, he is so full of mischief. He gets at mamma's work-basket, and turns everything out on the floor. Then he goes to the bureau-drawers, and out comes everything from them; and when mamma or nurse comes back the floor is a sight to be seen, and some of the things are broken and spoiled.

But Arthur never meddles with mamma's work-basket, and never thinks of such a thing as opening one of her drawers unless she asks him to. He has been taught that it is wrong, and he minds. How beautiful it is to see a child ready to mind, and to mind just as well when mamma is away as when she is looking right at him! That's the right kind of obedience; that's the kind that pleases God.

Can such a little boy think about pleasing God? Yes indeed. Mary Lester is only three years old, and she loves God and thinks about pleasing him.

"Will this please Jesus?" she asked her mother one day.

"Yes, dear," said mamma.

"Then I'll do it."

"Supposing I had said no, what would my little Mary have done?"

"Said no too," was the child's answer.

I think Arthur loves God and tries to please him. That is what keeps him so quiet and good when he is left alone, so that mamma and nurse can always trust him.

LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE KITTENS.

"KITTY, you are a lazy little thing. You lie and sleep in the sunshine all the morning. Don't you wish you could do all the things I can do?"

"Let me tell you how much I have done: First, I read a chapter in the Bible to grandma. Then I held a skein of yarn on my hands for her to wind. Then I dusted the dining-room for mamma. Then I shelled some peas for dinner; these are the pods in my apron; I am going to carry them out for the little pigs to eat.

"Mamma says I have been a very busy little girl. Don't you think so too, Kitty?"

"But I am not going to scold you, you poor little thing. You would do things too if you could. But you don't know how to read, and you could not hold yarn or shell peas. How funny you would look trying to do such things with your cunning little round paws!"

"God made me to be a little girl, and you to be a little kitten. You are happy when you sleep in the sunshine, and I am happy when I am helping mamma and grandma.

"Come, Kitty, we'll go and roll marbles and toss the ball, and have a good frolic. We can both do that."

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

HESTER loved to do errands for her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head, with a bright look in her eyes, and said: "Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am his little errand-girl too."

"Yes, dear; he has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them, and a book written full to show us how. Every day we can tell him how we try to do them, and ask him to help us; so when he calls us we will run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the child said, nestling back to her comfortable seat. "I like to be God's little errand-girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine is to honour and obey you," said Hester, quickly. "I think he gives very pleasant errands to do."

TELLING A STORY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

LITTLE blue-eyes is sleepy;
Come here and be rocked to sleep.
What shall I tell you, darling?
The story of Little Bo-Peep,
Or of the cows in the garden?
The children that ran away?
Of all the old, old stories,
What shall I tell you, pray?

'Tell me'—the sleepy eyes opened
Like violets when they blow—
"The 'tory of him in 'e manger,
The 'ittle Trist-child 'ou know.
I like to hear that 'tory
The best of all 'ou tell."
And I clasped my darling closer
As the twilight shadows fell.

And sitting there in the twilight,
I told my child again
Of Christ who was born in a manger,
And died for the souls of men;
And telling the dear old story
To the child upon my breast,
I saw his eyes close softly,
And he dropped away to rest.

And I prayed as I kissed him softly,
He might always love to hear
The story of Christ and the manger,
That now he held so dear.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But, drawn by the love so sweet,
He may sit, like the old disciples,
And learn at the Master's feet.

—Companion.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 58.] [June 24.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

1. Cor. 8. 1-13 Commit to memory vs. 9-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. 1 Cor. 8. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. Knowledge.
2. Liberty.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was the apostle to the Gentiles? Paul.
To whom did he write this letter? To the church at Corinth.
Who worshipped idols? The heathen Corinthians.
What did the Christian Corinthians ask? if this was not wrong.

Whom do Christians worship? God, our Father.

Who is our Saviour and brother? Jesus Christ.

What has he taught us? That all men are brothers.

What should brothers try to do? To help one another.

How can they often do this? By self-denial.

Did Paul say it was wrong to eat this meat? No; but it is wrong to offend a weak brother.

What does Paul call this? A sin against Christ.

What does the law of love forbid? The use of wine or strong drink.

If we are strong why may we not use it? For the sake of weak ones.

Who died for the weak ones? Christ.

Why did he die for them? Because he loved them.

What will love for him lead us to do? To deny self for their sakes.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

<i>Self</i>	<i>Christ</i>
Loves its own.	Loves others.
Seeks its own.	Seeks others.
Forgets others.	Forgets self.
"Even Christ pleased not himself."	

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian liberty.

GATECHISM.

Let me hear you repeat the Lord's prayer.
Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1491.] LESSON I. [July 1.

GOD'S COVENANT WITH ISRAEL.

Exod. 24. 1-12 Commit to memory vs. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. Heb. 8. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Covenant of Israel.
2. The God of Israel.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did God give to the Israelites from Mount Sinai? The ten commandments.
Whom did he then call near to him? Moses.

What did he give Moses? Many laws for the people.

What did the people say when they heard them? [Read ver. 3]

What did Moses then build? An altar of sacrifice.

With what did he sprinkle the altar and people? With the blood of the sacrifices.

What did he call this? The blood of the covenant.

Of what was the blood a type? Of the blood of Jesus.

What was the covenant? An agreement. Between whom was this agreement made? Between the Lord and the Israelites.

What did the Israelites agree to do? To obey the Lord.

What did the Lord promise? To bless them if they obeyed.

How is God's covenant with us sealed? By the blood of Jesus.

Where was Moses then taken? Up into the mount with God.

What did God give to him there? The tables of stone.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God's call to Moses, "Come up unto the Lord."
Jesus's call to you, "Come unto me."
God had something to give to Moses.
Jesus has something to give to you.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The nearness of God.

GATECHISM.

Rehearse the articles of your belief. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

GOING TO FIND JESUS.

A GENTLEMAN met a little girl hurrying along one Sunday morning. "Where are you going so fast, little girl?" he asked. "I am going to Sunday-school, sir," said she. "What are you going to Sunday-school for?" he asked. "Oh, to find Jesus," said the child. Yes, Jesus can be found in the Sunday-school. He is certainly there.



THE LITTLE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

WILLIE is a three-year-old darling. This summer he visited his aunt in the city, and was very much interested in the curious sights and sounds which abound there.

A few days after his return home, when his mamma sat on the piazza with some friends, Willie marched up the gravel path with his little wheelbarrow on his back.

He stopped at the foot of the steps, set his burden down, resting it upon the handles, so that it stood upright. Then holding it with one hand, and rolling the wheel with the other, he kept his foot rising and falling just as if he were at work with a genuine treadle. He looked very sober, and said, "Please, madam, have you any scissors to sharpen?"

The ladies handed him several pairs, which he ground in the best style, trying the edge with his finger, and at last passing them to the owner with the request for ten cents.

Mamma gave him a bit of paper, which he put into his pocket, returning the change in the form of two leaves.

When he had finished his task, he shouldered the wheelbarrow, and was saying "Good afternoon," when one of the party ran after him, calling to him to kiss her.

"Scissors-grinders don't kiss," he said; but the fun sparkled in his bright black eye, and he burst into a hearty laugh, which must have been a relief to the merry boy after being sober so long.

THERE is but little bad luck in the world, but there is a heap of bad management.

TOO COSTLY.

"It is a jolly knife," said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom, "it could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it to you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it to me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know, I gave him my red alley for it and the medal I picked up in the road, and I told him the medal was silver and the alley real marble and worth a lot of money; and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"Oh," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

He is welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*Boys and Girls' Companion.*

DIDN'T WANT TO GROW UP BAD.

Of all the spectacles of neglect and want in a "cold world" none is more pitiful than that of a child begging, not for charity, but for Christian care and moral training. A case of this kind was recently given by the *New York Times*.

A bright little boy of twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into Jefferson Market Police Court one evening, and said to Justice Morgan, "Judge, your honour, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I ain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy."

"Why don't you stay at home?"

"I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that."

"But where have you been living since?"

"With my aunt. She lives on Forty-first Street. But she gets drunk and she won't let me stay in-doors. To-day she chased me out, and said if I ever came back, she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home."

"Nobody will take me in, because I ain't got good clothes, and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it; then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal, nor to be

a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something, and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there?"

The justice told the boy there were such places as that for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution. —*Selected.*

HAROLD'S QUESTION.

"MAMMA, dear," little Harold said
One morning at the table,
"Will I, who eat the broken bread,
Will I be a disciple?"

For his mamma to him had read
How often Jesus blessed the bread
And gave it to the people.

Yes, darling, if you will but learn
The lessons that God sets you,
And not like some his kindness spurn,
Because the teaching frets you.
Though there were many who were fed
When Jesus blessed the broken bread;
But few were his disciples.

For no disciples, dear, are they
Who cannot be contacted,
Like Harold, when he wished to play
But was by rain prevented;
For when the rains and dews are spread,
It means that God has blessed the bread
And gives it to the people.

—*Footsteps of Jesus.*

ROB'S BETTER THOUGHT.

ROB has just got home from a long journey, he says, and Pony Jack is very tired and hungry. He has driven the faithful fellow down to the brook for a drink, and now he says, "Get Jack a piece of bread, Sue, quick;" and Sue runs and picks up a stone, which she calls bread.

But what is the matter with Elva? She looks sour and sad as with finger in her mouth she turns about to go into the house. She is affronted because Rob didn't call her instead of Sue to get bread for the pony. She gets put out very easily.

But Rob didn't mean to hurt her feelings; he only didn't think. "She is nothing but a cry-baby," said Rob to himself, scowling as he said it, "and I don't care; let her be affronted if she will."

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.