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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

[No. 25.]

## THE SISTERS.

WHAT a pretty picture this is. How loving and kind these sisters look, as their little heads nestle affectionately together. How good and how pleasant it is when children dwell together in unity. We trust none of our little readers will ever let cross looks mar the beauty of their faces, or angry feelings spoil the sweetness of their temper.

## THE SCHOOL BOY'S BEAR.

SOME years ago a young bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee, and carried into the neighbouring village, where he was tamed, and grew to be a playfellow of the school-boys. After some months spent in civilized society, he suddenly disappeared in the woods, and after several years he was forgotten.

One day last winter while a new school-mistress was teaching the small boys and

girls how to spell and knit, an enormous bear walked into the schoolhouse and took a seat by the fire in a most familiar manner. Both teacher and children fled to the farthest corner of the room, each striving to escape the horror of being eaten first.

Meanwhile the bear sat snuffing and

warming himself by the fire, showing signs of satisfaction, and deferring his meal until he had thoroughly warmed himself. The children screamed, but without embarrassing brain. Standing upon his hind legs he

to the mistress' desk, but found it locked. Giving a shake of resignation he passed out by the door and disappeared. The village was then alarmed and the bear was pursued and shot, much to the regret of the people when they discovered by some marks upon his body that he was their old friend and playfellow.

## COST OF A CHILD.

"How much that little girl costs!" said a mother, as she and I passed a little child leaning against an iron railing, eagerly watching some boys playing at marbles.

"Costs?" I said. "What! her shoes and socks, her plaid dress and gay ribbons, her hat and feathers, her—?"

"That is her least cost," replied the mother; "nor was I thinking of that, but what pain and suffering she costs, what fatigue and watching, how much of a mother's anxiety, how much of a father's toil, how many prayers, how many fears,

how many yearnings, how much patience, how much responsibility, how much instruction, how much correction, how much love, how much sorrow, how many teachers, how many sermons, how many Sabbaths! She costs, too, a dying Redeemer!" — Cameron.



THE SISTERS.

began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets, and satchels that hung on the pegs by the wall. His memory did not fail him, for the satchels contained, as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before recess.

Having made a comfortable meal he went

### JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

AND I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none;  
May now be folded on his breast,  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,  
Because he died on Calvary  
For children's sins atone;  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the little one.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

### DID HIS DUTY.

WHEN the mother of General Washington was one day congratulated on the grand achievements of her son, she quietly replied: "George was a good boy, and I believe he has done his duty as a man."

That was a splendid testimony respecting the great and noble Washington. But there is something more about it. It shows that good and great men come of good, true, and faithful boys; and that if young people would be loved and honoured for their virtues and services when they are men and women, they must begin to practise right-doing when they are children.

If children and young people will be particular always to walk in the way they should go, and grow up to manhood and womanhood in that way, they are almost sure to become distinguished for doing their duty, and they will be respected and honoured.

Jesus was a dutiful child, and as he grew in stature he grew in favour with God and man.

### STICK TO THE SCHOOL.

Boys, stick to the school. At least the majority of boys think lightly of getting an education until they are in their teens. And often, O how often, do they think too late to put their thoughts into execution! Then let us improve the moments as they fly with provisions for that vast storehouse—the mind. Most boys are tempted, and especially the poor, to quit school and get a "job." Thus for a few paltry dollars, they lose what might have been to them untold wealth and happiness—a good education.

But, boys, do not be in a hurry to get into life's cruel grinding mill; the time will come too quick without it. Youth is the spring-time of our lives, and the time when life's foundation and character are laid. We pray that it may not be on the sand, but on the solid Rock, to endure for centuries.

Stick to the determination of getting an education. Stick to it through thick and thin, and through trials, persecutions, sneers, poverty, and the many other humiliating scenes of this life. "Where there is a will, there is a way," is an old truism. Look to him who is able to give you all things, trustfully, hopefully, and repeatedly. We reiterate, "Stick to the school!"

### TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE boy sat by his mother. He looked long into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thoughts passed away, his eye brightened, and he said, "Mother, I hope I shall be rich."

His mother said, "Why do you wish to be rich?"

The child replied, "Every one praises the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not like to learn. Sometimes he speaks bad words; but the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy boy.

The mother saw that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might stand in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause those who lead evil lives to be held in honour. So she said, "What is it to be rich?"

He answered, "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied, "To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man."

The boy looked sorrowful and said: "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

She answered, "The gain of money is not

the only nor the true wealth. Fires may burn it, floods drown it, winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber may make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth without a garment like that of the wayside beggar. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart. Those who possess it are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

"Then," said the boy, "may I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up and be a man?"

The mother laid her hand upon his head, and said, "'To-day, if ye will hear his voice;' for he hath promised, 'Those who seek me early shall find me.'"

The child said, earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."

Then she looked tenderly into his face, and said, "Kneel down every night and morning and ask that the love of the dear Saviour may dwell in your heart. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

### FRANK'S LITTLE THOUGHT.

"I've had a little thought, papa," said Frank Warren the other day.

"Well, Frank, tell it to me," said his papa.

"Troubles come to women,  
Troubles come to men,  
Troubles come to children. Amen."

Frank's papa smiled; but he told the little boy his thought was good and true. "But," said he, "now let me give you another to go with it:

Whenever you have troubles  
Or trials by the way,  
Go tell them all to Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray."

### SOLDIERS FOR JESUS.

I WILL tell you for whom you must be a soldier. It is Jesus, our dear Saviour. He does not want you to kill anybody. But he wants you to fight against sin. You must learn to conquer your own heart. When your heart wants you to do something wicked, you must fight against that sin. If you are a good and brave soldier for Jesus, he will, when you die, put a beautiful crown upon your head.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

We plead for the little children  
Who have opened their baby eyes  
In the far-off lands of darkness,  
Where the shadow of death yet lies;

But not to be nurtured for heaven,  
Not to be taught in the way,  
Not to be watched o'er and guided  
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no! It is idol-worship  
Their stammering lips are taught;  
To cruel false gods only  
Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can we children offer  
Who dwell in this Christian land?  
Is there no work for the Master  
In reach of each little hand?

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,  
Which even small fingers can clasp,  
May lighten as much of the darkness  
As a lamp in a stronger grasp.

And then as the line grows longer,  
So many tapers, though small,  
May kindle a brighter shining  
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,  
And e'en infant lips can pray;  
Employ, then, the little fingers—  
Let the children learn the way,

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,  
And darkness the sooner shall flee;  
Many "little ones" learn of the Saviour  
Both here and "far over the sea."

WHY HE WAS NEVER LATE.

"How is it that you are never late at Sunday-school, Edwin?" I asked.

His Sunday-school began a quarter before nine in the morning, and I concluded that many of the children found it hard to be prompt, as they came straggling in all through the opening service; Edwin never—he was always in time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"O! I always plan to come," said Edwin. "I put the polish on my boots overnight. I find my Bible and question-book and place them in a safe corner beforehand. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers I start in time to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Edwin. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."

Ah, boys, see how it helps one along to have a plan.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 11.

PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Matt. 13: 24-30. Comm. to mem. vs. 27-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. Matt. 13. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Together.
2. Separated.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was the second parable Jesus told the people? The story of the tares.

What did he say a man sowed in a field? Good seed.

Who came in the night and sowed bad seed? His enemy.

What grew up with the good seed? Tares, or poisonous weeds.

What did the man's servant ask to do? To pull up the tares.

What was his command? "Wait until harvest."

What were they to do then? Gather the tares and burn them.

Where were they to store the good wheat? Into the barn.

What did Jesus mean by the "field?" The world.

Who was the owner of the field and sower of the good seed? The Son of man.

Who represents the good seed sown by him? The children of God.

Who stands for the bad seed sown by the enemy? The children of Satan.

When will God separate his children from the children of Satan? At the harvest time. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What will become of the wicked? They shall be destroyed.

What will become of the good? They shall shine as the sun in heaven.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Which would you rather be, wheat or tares?

A blessing or a curse to the world?  
The child of God or the child of Satan?

You MUST BE one or the other.  
Jesus says, "He that is not with me is against me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The origin of evil.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What sort of bodies will they have? They will have bodies such as can never die, made like the glorious body of Jesus Christ.

A.D. 27.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 18

OTHER PARABLES.

Matt. 13: 31-35. Comm. to mem. vs. 31-35

GOLDEN TEXT.

So shall it be at the end of the world the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just. Matt. 13: 41

OUTLINE.

1. Parables of Growth.
2. Parables of Treasure.
3. A Parable of Judgment.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? To a tiny mustard seed.

How large does the tiny seed grow? Larger than all the herbs of the field.

What did Jesus want to show them? How great and strong God's kingdom would become.

How many belonged to his kingdom then? Only the twelve disciples.

How many belong now? Thousands of disciples.

Why did he compare the kingdom of heaven to the leaven of yeast that a woman uses to make bread? To show them how little by little it would surely spread over the whole world.

What else does it explain to us? How the Holy Spirit works in our hearts, and makes us love God and hate sin.

Why does Christ compare the kingdom of heaven to a treasure hid in a field, and a pearl of great price? To make us realize the greatness of its value.

How is it like these? It is worth all other things.

What should we be willing to do to obtain it? Give all that we have.

Who belongs to the kingdom of heaven? Every one that believes in Jesus and his salvation from sin.

What does Jesus tell us? That false followers will try to enter the kingdom.

What will be done to them? They shall be cast out.

What will become of the true? They shall be saved. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What kind of a world would it be if everybody loved and obeyed Jesus?

Do you want Christ's kingdom to spread over the whole earth?

What are you doing to help it along? Do you think Jesus and his salvation worth more than the treasures of the world?

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of heaven.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How will they be employed? In praising and serving God.



A STRANGE SERVANT.

## LITTLE THINGS.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;  
 One little flower in a field of flowers;  
 One little star in a heaven of stars;  
 One little hour in a year of hours—  
 What if it makes, or what if it mars?

But the bar is built of the little grains,  
 And the little flowers make the meadows  
 gay,

And the little stars light the heavenly plains,  
 And the lit'le hours of each little day  
 Give to us all that life contains.

—*Earnest Whitney.*

## BEHAVING AT SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I OFTEN think of the remark of a bright little girl, aged two years and a half. She said, "When I get so I can behave myself, I am going to Sunday-school."

Many of the little boys and girls who are old enough to go to Sunday-school do not behave themselves very well while there. They take more pleasure in whispering to their companions, and gazing about them, than in listening to what the teacher or superintendent may be saying. They forget that they are in God's house, and, while there, should behave as if they could see God looking directly at them; for his eyes see all our actions, and he knows every thought of our hearts.

## A STRANGE SERVANT.

WHAT a strange servant this is. How would you like to have such a huge animal sweep your house and yard? Yet elephants will do this and many other household tasks very carefully. They will rock a cradle and take care of a baby with the greatest fidelity and gentleness.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
 "WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?"

"WHERE did you get such a nice apple, Fred?"

"Never mind where I got it: you may have half." But the big brother shook his head. Fred had not bought the apple, he knew, for they had started out without a cent in their pockets, and it was still early morning, so that they had not earned any money. Sandy did not like the look of things.

"Oh, well, don't be cross; I'll tell you where I got the apple—picked it up under Goody Black's stand; under it, mind you, on the ground. No harm in picking apples out of the dirt, I reckon?"

But Sandy shook his head again: "No matter where you got it, Fred, it ain't yours; it's Goody Black's; she didn't sell it to you, nor lend it, nor yet give it. How came she to part with it?"

"I s'pose you mean I stole it, Sandy

Brune; but you'd better mind how you call me a thief; and if the apple will stick in your throat, you needn't eat any; that's all."

Fred raised the apple to his lips, and the next minute he felt Sandy's arms across his shoulders. "Stop, Fred!" said the big brother; "what will mother say?"

Instantly there came to the boy's eye a picture of that dear mother, brave and kind and loving, saying, "Keep yourselves clean inside, boys, and I'll keep you clean outside."

Goody Black's apple went back to her stall, but I hope she gave our boys one apiece; don't you?—*Elizabeth P. Allan.*

## GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-NIGHT, little darlings, good-night!  
 God keep you safe till the light."

The mother prays low, scarce daring to speak,

As softly she kisses each dimpled cheek.

She smooths out the covers, and pulls up the spread,

And gently caresses each brown curly head;

She lovingly gazes on each feature fair,

While fervently breathing to heaven her prayer:

'God keep you safe till the light;

Good-night, little darlings, good-night!"

## LITTLE BROTHER.

WHOSE brother? Yours, Harry, and Susie, and Ned, and Mollie! You have seen him many a time, but, own up honestly, have you ever once treated him as if you knew and believed that he was your brother? Perhaps you haven't believed it. He doesn't look very well, and very likely he acts almost as bad as he looks. But, for all that, he is your brother, for God made him, and Christ died for him!

Maybe he would look and act better if his more fortunate brothers and sisters treated him with more respect and kindness. Suppose they should speak to him pleasantly when they meet him, help him to little pieces of work by which to earn some better clothes, maybe look up a hat and some shoes for him, invite him to Sunday-school and make it pleasant for him when he comes, lend him books and papers now and then—in short, treat him like a brother—who can tell what the result would be?

The effort would be sure to do us good, and it might make a man out of the poor little brother!

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
 CHEERFULNESS is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.