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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

[No. 20.]

ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

In our picture we see how some boys have planned to rob an eagle of her young, and how they were frightened in their attempt.

You see how they have climbed into this place of danger, on the limb of an old tree. They have carried rope with them, and one of the boys is brave enough to let them put the rope around his body and let him down upon the large flat rock a little way below, where the young eagles are.

He took two of the little things into his arms, and the boys above are busy pulling hard on the rope to bring him up again, when the mother eagle comes in sight. Of course she sees her little ones are being taken away, and she objects.

The eagle is a strong bird, and the boys know it. As she flies fiercely at the boy, as though she would take hold of him, he is frightened and drops

one little eagle. The other boys are alarmed and keep pulling away at the rope. One little boy thinks he will frighten away the mother-eagle and keep her from harming



ROBBING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

the boy who has stolen her darlings; but this is useless. She means to protect her own. They are in danger. They hardly know how to escape. They do not want to

have to give back the little eagles, and they are so frightened they hardly know what to do. I think they will learn a lesson from this experience and never go to rob birds' nests again. It is very cruel to do so, but perhaps they thought they were stronger than the eagle, and did not care about the wrong, just so they succeeded in getting the birds. We are sure to be punished for our wrongs, if we do think we may be able to hide them.

These boys would not like to be compared to Satan, would they? But Satan tries to harm God's children, and take them from his arms of love and protection, so he can hold them in his wicked power. God looks upon all his children and loves them, and while they will trust in him he keeps them safely. Don't be like Satan in any way by doing evil deeds, but take Jesus for your great pattern and do gentle deeds in his service. Do not take advan-

tage of the weak and helpless, and harm them; but do them good, by speaking comforting words and by doing deeds of kindness. Do not even rob a bird's nest.

SOME LITTLE RAIN-DROPS.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey,
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country,
They rode along at ease.

But, oh, there were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling—
Those frightened little folk.

And through the flowers and grasses,
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

KEEPING THE LAW.

A GENTLEMAN wanted some sewing done. A young girl who could sew nicely was to do it, and he was to pay her for it. When she had just begun it, she was taken very sick, and could not work at all. Her older sister, who could sew even better than she could, said she would finish it for her. By the time it was done the one who had been sick was well again, and she carried it to the gentleman. He looked at it and was well pleased. "Did you do all this work?" he asked. She told him, "No, sir. I was sick, and my sister did for me." He said: "Well, 'tis well done, and I accept it just the same as if you did it."

That is something the way Jesus, our Elder Brother, keeps the law that we cannot keep because we are weak by sin; and if

we trust Jesus, God accepts his keeping the same as if we did it ourselves. It is because he died that we may live.

"ARCHIE FOR SHORT."

A LITTLE boy came to our house one morning on an errand. He was a pretty boy, and his dress was neat as a pin. He had a very polite way of speaking too.

"Good morning," said I.

"Good morning," he replied, taking off his cap.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Archibald Foster, ma'am, but folks generally call me Archie for short."

"I think you have a good mother, Archie. you look so neat and nice."

"I haven't any mother; she died when I was a little baby; but I have a nice sister," he said. "Mary takes good care of me, the best she can."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am; but—"

I saw he faltered there. "What is his business?"

"He hasn't any."

"Is he sick?"

"No, ma'am; but—" and here the little fellow stopped short again.

"But what, Archie? Tell me about him."

"He drinks, ma'am," and after quite a pause he added, "awful bad."

I said a few kind words to him, and then he told me how hard his sister had to work, and how he tried to help her, but he could not get nice clothes to go to Sunday-school. "See how these are patched and darned," he said, "and they are not fit to wear to church and Sunday-school."

"Have you asked God to send you some?" I said.

"No, ma'am, I never thought of that. Do you think he would?"

"I do; he has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' And more than that, I believe if you ask God he will change your father's heart so that he will quit drinking."

"Do you?" he exclaimed. "I never thought of such a thing as that. I'll ask him; you better believe I will!"

I gave him a few words of instruction, and Archie went home rejoicing to tell his sister, and to get her to pray too that father might become a good man.

I have not heard from him since, but I really believe I shall hear good news when I see him again.

You must work for the Master, either willingly or unwillingly; cheerfully or complainingly. Which will you do?

LITTLE JOHNNIE TWO-BOYS.

WHEN Johnnie's mother dressed him in the morning, she always buttoned up two boys inside of his jacket. One was named Good; the other Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one and sometimes the other.

When his face was being washed, Bad would call out, "You don't want it washed; it's clean enough." And then Johnnie would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble.

Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnnie all day long; but at night, when he was going to bed, Good would say, "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnnie, just before he said his prayers, would promise to try and do better.

One day Johnnie had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it, too," said Johnnie's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it, too," cried baby again.

"Well, I won't give it to you; it's mine," answered Johnnie, giving it a toss. Baby cried.

"It's mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnnie, stamping his foot.

"That's right!" said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came, and Johnnie was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnnie.

"She put her two little arms around your neck and hugged you just now," said Good.

Johnnie felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say anything more.

Pretty soon Johnnie's round face peeped into the nursery, and two rows of teeth showed themselves while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had his way that time.

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

"MARY, what do you wish to be when you grow up?" asked a little girl of her companion.

"I want to be like my teacher," was the quick, earnest reply.

My interest was awakened, and, drawing near, I said: "Why do you wish to be like your teacher, my dear?"

"Oh! because she is so kind and good. She knows a great deal, and she takes such pains to teach us. Then she is always trying to make us happy. I am sure she does good wherever she goes."

"Like teacher!" How much is expressed in those words!

OUR GIANT.

THERE'S a mighty giant,
Bold and fierce and strong,
Clad in sturdiest armour,
Crying loud and long:
"Slay me if you're able,
Fight me if you will;
I defy your armies,
Numbers, strength, or skill."

Where's the little David,
Trusting in the Lord,
Who will boldly meet him,
Without shield or sword?
Who will face the giant
With a simple sling,
And the five smooth pebbles
From the crystal spring?

Strong drink is a giant
Stalking through the land;
Worse than old Goliath
See him proudly stand!
Come, ye little children,
Each a David be;
In your Jesus trusting,
You shall victory see.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1042] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 13

THE ARK BROUGHT TO ZION.

1 Sam. 6. 1-12. *Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. *Psa. 87. 2.*

OUTLINE.

1. The House of Abinadab, v. 1-5.
2. The Threshing-floor of Nachon, v. 6-8.
3. The House of Obed-edom, v. 9-11.
4. The Gates of Zion, v. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who soon came to fight David? The Philistines.

From whom did David seek counsel and help? From the Lord.

Who conquered in the battle? The Israelites.

What did David want, now that he was at peace? The ark of God.

What does this show? That he remembered God.

Where was the ark? At Kirjath-jearim. Who had kept it for many years? Abinadab.

Who went to bring the ark to Jerusalem? David, and many of his friends.

Why did all the people rejoice? Because they had the ark once more.

Who took hold of the ark to steady it? Uzzah.

How was he punished? The Lord smote him and he died.

What does this teach? A lesson of reverence.

Where did David leave the ark? In the house of Obed-edom.

Why did he leave it there? He was afraid to take it to Jerusalem.

What did the ark bring to Obed-edom's house? Great blessing.

What did David do after three months? He brought the ark to Jerusalem.

Where was it placed? In a new tabernacle.

Of what was the ark a symbol? Of God's presence.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Where do we learn this lesson—

That it is right to remember God when we are safe and happy?

That we must not treat holy things lightly?

That it is safe to welcome God to our homes?

That the presence of God makes true hearts glad?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's love for His Church.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. *What is it to believe in Jesus Christ?* To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive His words, and to trust in Him alone for salvation.

B.C. 1042] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 20

DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER

2 Sam. 7. 18-29. *Commit to mem. vs. 25, 29.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thess. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Mercies to David, v. 18-22.
2. Mercies to Israel, v. 23, 24.
3. Mercies to David's House, v. 25-29.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did David want to do? Build a house for the Lord.

To whom did he speak about it? To Nathan.

Who was Nathan? A prophet.

What did he tell David? To do all that was in his heart.

Who sent a message to David, by Nathan? The Lord.

With whom was the Lord pleased? With David.

Did he want David to build him a house? He did not.

What did he promise to give to David? A son.

What did he say the son should do? Build him a house.

What did God say he would establish? A kingdom for David's son.

How did David feel when he heard this? Very happy.

Where did he go? Into the presence of the Lord.

What did he do there? He thanked the Lord.

For what did he thank him? For all his kindness.

What did he feel and say? That he did not deserve it.

What did he ask the Lord to do? To keep on loving and blessing him.

What does God love to see in a heart? A thankful spirit.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

DAVID'S WISH.

David wished to build a house for the Lord. The Lord was pleased with the wish, though he did not let him do the work. God cares more for what he sees in our hearts than for the work our hands are able to do.

DAVID'S WONDER.

David wondered that the Lord would bless him so when he did not deserve it.

God blesses the child who trusts him, not because the child is good, but because he is good, and loves to help and bless.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Gratitude to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. *Can you do all this of yourself?* I cannot repent and believe of myself; but God will help me by His Holy Spirit, if I ask it of Him.

A SELFISH BOY.

JAMIE took the largest banana on the dish the other day when the fruit was passed to him. He did this before his grandmamma had been helped. He looked ashamed when he saw her take the small one, but he was glad that his was so big.

But when he took off the skin, the fruit was black, and unfit to eat. The smaller one was good. His papa's eyes twinkled, and he said:

"The largest isn't always the best, is it, Jamie?"

And his mamma said: "Selfish boys often lose what they want to get."



"THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS."

THE PRETTY DRINKING CUP.

MILLIE has a dainty silver cup which auntie gave her. She is very proud of it, and one day, when Cousin Belle was visiting her, she said,

"No one has such a pretty cup as this!"

"I saw a bird drinking from a prettier one than that one day," said papa.

"Birds don't drink from cups, do they?" asked Belle.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf-cup, the cup of the pitcher-plant, and it has a lid, and holds water as well as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out of it?"

"Yes; the rain and the dew gather in the cup, and by and by a thirsty bird comes along. 'Now I will have a drink,' says Birdie, and he sips from the leaf-cup, and lifts up his head as if to thank God for the drink. No wonder; the heavenly Father loves and cares for the birds, as well as for the children!"

AT THE FARM.

ONE of the things that Lawrence and Susie very much enjoyed was watching the birds at the farm. There were a great many of them, and every morning the children were awakened by a perfect chorus of sweet singers in the trees just outside their windows. Then out in the barn there were a great many pigeons, some white and some blue, and some brown and golden. The sun shone on their beautiful backs as they glided so gracefully past on their outstretched wings. They were very tame too. They made a soft cooing sound that the children learned to imitate quite well. One day when they were out in the woods they found a nest with five little birdies in it. The mother bird came and brought them

food, and the wee birdies seemed as if they were all mouths, so eager were they for their breakfast. Sometimes they went with old Towser after the cows at night, and they used to enjoy these evening walks very much, often gathering little bouquets of wild flowers by the roadside and in the pasture. The cows were all very gentle and steady, so the children did not fear them the least bit. They were not at all afraid of Towser, either. Indeed, they were fond of him, for he was always ready for a frolic with them. Nobody was

afraid of him—not even the cat, who would quite often sit close beside him on the most friendly terms.

MRS. SPECKLES AND HER FAMILY.

It was very strange, was it not? This is how it was. Mrs. Speckles had sat upon her eggs for a whole month. It was very uncomfortable to sit with her legs cramped up under her, and never to move. No running about, no play, no nice things to eat. For when she did rush away to snatch a morsel, she was back again in half a minute. Mrs. Speckles got so thin you would hardly have known her.

And all this for what? Well, for the sake of the ten dear little downy creatures who at last rewarded her patient care. After her long waiting she heard a faint "Peep, peep" from one, then a shrill "Chirp, chirp" from another, till presently, why there they all were, started on the great world with nothing but egg-shells left behind. Mrs. Speckles was happy; ten healthy thriving children, what mother could wish for more? Mrs. Speckles thought hers the dearest and downiest that ever could be. It might have struck her (but it didn't) that they were not quite the same as her last family—that they were more yellow, their backs broader, and that there was something wrong about their bills. Their legs, too, looked odd, and what well-bred chickens ever waddled as these did? However, Mrs. Speckles did not notice, and so they lived together happily—for a little while. Then a man came and moved her and coop and all to another place. It was a shock to her feelings, and ruffled her very much. But a worse shock was coming. There was a pond just below, and what should she see but all her children—the

whole ten of them—rushing down as fast as they could to the water! How she cried and clucked and tried to make them know that they would all be drowned!

But they were not drowned. They dived and spluttered and played as if they had been on the pond for weeks and yet they had never seen it before!

A SIGN-BOARD.

I'll paint you a sign, rumseller;
And hang it upon your door,
A true and better sign-board
Than ever you had before;
I'll paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting.
So like the reality.

I'll paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy;
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I'll paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
Holding in either hand:
He wavers—but you urge him,
Drink! pledge me! just this one;
He lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

I'll paint you now a drunkard—
Only a year has flown,
And into this loathsome creature
The fair young boy has grown;
The work was quick and rapid,
I'll paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Beneath the winter skies.

I'll paint the form of the mother,
Knelt by her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy who was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I'll paint the shape of a coffin
Labelled with one word "Lost";
I'll paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and sorrow,
The crime, the pain and the woe
That's born there in your rumshop
No hand could paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

—Ellis Wheeler.