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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

No. 23.

BRAN NEW BABY.

This is our bran new baby,
He's come down from the skies,
And oh, he is so lovely,
And has such bright blue eyes!

I know he is the sweetest
Wee baby in the world,
Tho' perhaps, they have in heaven,
Some babies like Arnold.

You see, he has a rattle,
'Twas I who gave him that,
With all the pennies I could earn
By selling my old cat.

And do you see my mamma?
Well, she's just awful good,
And tells us lovely stories,
Just like all mammas should.

USING THE PIECES.

SOME years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was the artist knew about him.



BRAN NEW BABY.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly, "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?" "Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing."

derful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

Day after day, then the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around he came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here."

"O master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you throw away."

The child with an artist-soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently and lovingly wrought them into a won-

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PRAISE HYMN

On this happy day we gather,
Mid the sunshine and the flowers,
All around us joys and blessings
Fall like soft, refreshing showers.

Our young hearts are full of gladness,
Our young lips are full of praise,
We have come to thank thee, Father,
For the love that crowns our days.

For this Christian land we praise thee,
Stretching out to east and west;
For the precious open Bible,
For the holy Sabbath rest.

And for Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Better than all gifts beside;
For the blessed Holy Spirit,
Sent our timid steps to guide.

Thanks for all, dear Lord, we bring thee,
As we gather here to-day;
And may every one departing
Some sweet blessing bear away!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

THE BIG BROTHER.

There are many things which nobody at home can do half so well as the big brother. For one thing, he can keep the peace. If there is a dispute between two of the little ones, or a general row in the nursery, the big brother has only to say the word, and the belligerents will cease their strife.

handyman to settle all that goes wrong and set a good example.

Nobody equals a big brother in taking the children's part when they are attacked, whether it is by a savage dog, an occasional bull in the meadow, or the bad boys from the next street. How safe they feel when brother Tom advances boldly to the rescue, and how proud they are of him, with reason, too! for is he not strong and brave and quick to act, knowing just what to do and just how to do it? I never yet heard of a cowardly big brother; did you?

ASHAMED OF FATHER.

With a wreny face and tired manner, an old man entered a store on Broadway, and looking around in a wistful way, said to the first person he met: "I've stopped for my little girl. I thought she wouldn't want to walk home alone, and it's about time to close, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's time to close," replied the floor-walker; "but who is your little girl, and where is she?"

"My little girl is Sally—Sally Denham, and she's here somewhere; can't you please tell me where? I'm a little near-sighted, or I could find her easy enough."

"There is no such girl in our employ," said the floor-walker decidedly; "you must be labouring under a mistake, sir."

"This is Rathbone's, ain't it?" the old man asked.

"Certainly."

"Then she's here." "I am quite sure, as I told you before, sir, that there is no girl by that name in our employ."

"Is there another store kept by a man named Rathbone?" he asked wearily.

"Yes, I believe there is"—without much interest—"three blocks further down, I think."

The old man went out, and a young girl who had heard the conversation between him and the floor-walker, breathed a sigh of relief. She was a new clerk, and her name had been registered with other new ones, but not as Sally Denham (although it was Sally); it read Maud Elliot. No one in the store knew her, she reasoned, so why should she not call herself Maud, if she wanted to, instead of that plebeian Sally? And to think her father should come after her! Her face flushed hotly as she wondered what those proud girl clerks all around her would say if they should find out that the shabbily-dressed old man was her father. The girls were starting for their homes, she put on her jacket and went out.

"I will give father a piece of my mind," she said to herself, undutifully. "I shall ask him never to stop for me again. I'm quite old enough to go home alone I think."

She took a roundabout way home. It was a pleasure to walk along the street now, for she was dressed in a very neat and becoming suit, the hard-earned gift of the dear, loving old father of whom she was ashamed.

But what was the matter at home? She was startled as she reached her door, and heard the commotion within.

"Your father's killed, Sally!" was the abrupt explanation of a small boy outside. "He was alookin' of you an' couldn't find you."

The frightened girl darted past him into the house, where she found her mother nearly wild with grief.

"Mother," she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it, that father is dead?"

"Yes; he was killed—was knocked over by runaway horses while looking for you. He died just after reaching home. His last words were 'Tell my little Sally father tried to find her; tell her to find her Father in heaven. He'll watch over her to the end.' Where were you, Sally?"

But Sally did not answer; she simply could not. She was down on her knees beside her father's dead body, sobbing out her agony of grief and remorse.

"It's my fault—all mine," her tormented soul moaned. "He wouldn't be lying here cold and still if I hadn't been ashamed of him."

A year has passed since then, and Sally Denham is still a clerk at Rathbone's. But there has never been an evening since her father's death that, as the time for closing the store arrived, she has not heard a voice say, "I've stopped for my little girl. I thought she wouldn't want to walk home alone."

CHARLIE'S PLANS

"Well, my bonnie Charlie, upon what is that curly head of yours so busily pondering now?"

"I'm just thinking, Sis, what I shall do when I am quite grown up. I mean to be a soldier like father, and wear a big sword and a cap on the side of my head—and— And then I shall marry some nice, pretty lady with lots of money and grand dresses, and live in a fine, beautiful home, and—"

Here Charlie paused for breath. Sis had much ado to keep from laughing, but she answered gravely:

"What then?"

"Why, then," and a shadow crept over "bonnie Charlie's" face, "I shall grow old, I suppose, and have to die; but I don't want to think about that."

"But, Charlie dear, you must think about it. You may live to enjoy your grand wishes, or God may call you away while you are young; but, sooner or later, death will come, and then—"

Charlie was silent, so she went on:

"Dear little one, then comes the judgment, when the small as well as great must stand before God to answer for all their forgetfulness of him and naughty ways. Think of that, Charlie. There no one can help you—no one shield you but him whom you have left out of all your plans—the Lord Jesus. Oh, seek him first, the knowledge of him as your Saviour; that's the one thing needful—for your happiness now, your safety hereafter."

MY FAIRY.

BY DEE SHACKLEFORD.

O HAVE you never seen her,
My Fay with sun-light hair?
Her eyes are blue as violets,
That seek the warm spring air.
There's music in her laughter,
There's magic in her wand,
And where she lists she wields it
O'er sea or over land.

She's never idly sitting—
This charming Fay of mine—
Sipping dew from roses,
Or swinging in the pine;
Her hands, though small and pretty,
And white as lily-bell,
Are busy from the morning
Till tolls the evening knell.

Sometimes into the kitchen
She glides with noiseless tread,
Where mamma, warm and weary,
Is making pies and bread;
Then pots and pans and kettles,
Are quickly stowed away,
The hearth is swept the table laid,
All by this wondrous Fay.

Then up into the nursery
She almost seems to fly;
The magic wand is lifted,
The baby ceased to cry;
The cross words are forgotten,
The angry looks depart,
And love for one another
Fill every childish heart.

Now don't you want to know her,
This Fay with golden curl?
I'll tell you she is simply
A good, kind little girl.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 46] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 20.

PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON

Acts 13. 26-43. Memory verse, 38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To you is the word of this salvation sent.—Act 13. 26.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go from Cyprus? To Antioch and Pisidia.

Where did they go on the Sabbath day? To the Jewish church or synagogue.

What did the rulers of the synagogue ask them to do? To preach.

What did Paul preach about? About the King whom the Jews expected.

Who did he say was this King? Jesus, the Saviour.

What had the Jews' own prophets said? That the Saviour would be "rejected of men."

Did the people understand what the prophets meant? No, but they had put Jesus to death, and so fulfilled what the prophets had said.

What else showed that Jesus was the Saviour? "God raised him from the dead."

Who had said this would happen? David, in the Psalms.

What would Jesus do for all who believed in him? He would forgive their sins.

Can you repeat the Golden Text? Is it meant for us as well as for the Jews?

When Paul had finished his sermon what did the people ask? That he would preach to them again the next Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How did it hurt them? By causing them to be born in sin, so that they also suffer pain and death.

What do you mean by being born in sin? We are all born self-willed, and, but for the grace of God, inclined only to evil.

A.D. 46.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27.

THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 13. 44-52, 14. 1-7 Memory vs 46-48.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.—Acts 13. 47.

Who came to hear Paul preach the second Sabbath? Almost the whole city.

How did the Jews feel when they saw the multitude? They were very much displeased.

Why? They thought this "good news" should have been preached to them alone.

What did they do? They contradicted what the disciples said and spoke evil words about them.

What did the apostles say? "If you will not hear us, we shall preach to the Gentiles."

What did they say God had commanded them? [Repeat the Golden Text.]

Were the Gentiles glad when they heard this? Yes, and a great many believed.

How did the Jews feel? They were more angry than ever, and sent the apostles out of their country.

Where did they go? To Iconium.

Did many people there believe? Yes, "a great multitude," both of Jews and Gentiles.

Who stirred up the people against the apostles here? The unbelieving Jews.

Did Paul and Barnabas stay here long? Yes, a long time, speaking and doing wonderful works.

What did they hear at last? That the people wanted to stone them.

What did they do? They went away to other places.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

May we all hope for this Grace? Yes,

through the Saviour who was promised when our first parents fell into sin.

How may we be saved from sin? Only through Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of God.

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS."

ANNIE was standing in front of the glass getting ready for Sabbath-school. "I heard Mrs Jones tell mother the other day that I was prettier than ever," she said, half aloud. "I wonder if she will say so to-day. This hat is so becoming. I only wish my sash was a better colour. Let me see—this curl will have to be done over again—I wonder what the catechism questions are for to-day. I'll look over them while I'm getting ready. Oh, yes, the first two commandments. I can't see what Dr. Edgerton will find to say about them. I don't worship false gods or make graven images. I suppose he'll tell us about the poor heathen children in India. Oh, dear, this curl isn't right yet! Well, I'm glad I'm not a heathen; that I know what is right," and with a final look at the glass, Annie picked up her muff, spread her umbrella to keep off the fine snow that the March wind was whisking about, and started across the field for Sunday-school. "Oh, my, but won't my bangs be in a fix by the time I get to church! I guess the heathen girls don't wear bangs. Poor things! I wonder how they do fix up."

While the minister was closing the school with remarks about the condition of the heathen, Annie felt more than ever glad that she was not one of them. While she was thinking this, she caught Mrs. Jones, whose class was near the one where she sat, looking at her for a moment.

"I suppose she is saying to herself, 'How pretty Annie looks in her new hat.'" she thought. "How awfully plain Sarah Brown is! And how like a fright she dresses!"

Just as she was trying to get a glimpse of herself in the glass doors in the library-case, she caught a sentence of Dr. Edgerton's talk about the lesson. He was saying that there were idol-worshippers even among children in Christian lands; those who thought more of their pretty faces and fine clothes than of God. He went on to speak of these things and of other ways in which children broke these commandments, and Annie heard no more excepting something about their being more sinful than the poor heathen, because they had been so much better taught.

These were new thoughts to Annie. She was really a sensible little girl about most matters, notwithstanding her foolish vanity. She went very quietly home from Sabbath-school, thinking very busily about herself and the heathen children. I am glad to say that though she did not get cured of her fault at once, she did in time—and this day made a beginning.

I wonder if there are any other little girls and boys who worship themselves in this or any other way?



TOMMY'S ADVENTURE WITH THE CALF]

TOMMY, while out playing in the field where a calf was tied by a long rope to a tree, thought it would be great fun to chase the calf. He began running after the calf, and as they ran round and round the tree, Tommy did not notice that the rope was getting twined around him until it was too late, and try as he might he could not get out of it. At last he found himself as you see him in the picture, tied fast to the tree, his hands fastened to his sides so that he can not move. Poor little boy, he looks very frightened! The calf looks at Tommy as if it knew what it had done and were saying, "It serves you right, little man. Perhaps, you will learn a lesson by this, and when a calf is quietly eating the grass, you will not so rudely interrupt it."

ONE OF HIS LITTLE ONES

"So you had a new scholar, to-day," said mother, to Bessie. "I hope you were very nice to her?"

"No, indeed," answered the little girl, tugging impatiently at the strings of her hood, "she is a horrid, stuck up girl and we didn't have anything to do with her."

Mother took the strings in her hand, and gently opened the vexed knot, but she looked very grave all the while. "What made you tunk little Phillis Bierno a horrid stuck up girl?" she asked.

"Oh, she was dressed so fine," answered Bessie, "in a great wadded silk mantle, and she had fine lawn sleeves and cape, and white hands. She would not even look at us, mother, just looked the other way, as though we were not good enough to play with her."

"Did you say anything to her, Bessie?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did anybody speak to her?"

"No, ma'am."

"My, my, my!" said mother, and that was always a sign that mother was very much troubled indeed. "Here was one of the Lord's little ones, strange and shy, and lonely, and sad, and fourteen little girls

gave her the cold shoulder and passed her by. What will these fourteen little girls do when they hear him say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me not in,' and, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?'"

"But, mother, she is a rich little girl," said Bessie.

"And rich little girls want to be treated kindly, just as much as poor ones: don't you think a silk wrap would be worse than a ragged one if it shut

you up in a lonely prison, all by yourself?"

Bessie went back to school the next day with some new thoughts about the new scholar. She didn't keep them to herself, either. And Phillis wondered what made her second day at school so much nicer than the first. The first day she was lonely and homesick, but the next day she made fourteen little friends and had a real good time.

HOW TO BE AMUSED

OUR little folks will no doubt be pleased to know how to be amused."

1. Learn to amuse yourselves. You need to be amused. The body and the mind get weary of work and study. You wish to play. But the weather will not allow of outdoor sports. Don't fret and fume over it. Sit down quietly to plan out nice little ways of amusement indoors. This of itself will be a pleasant pastime. Be content with simple things. A girl can make a doll, cut an apron, or plan a fancy covering for some corner shelf. A boy can make the shelf or "bracket" from a piece of thin wood with a hand saw, or he can build a miniature house, which his sister can fill with tiny furniture of home manufacture. A few wooden clothes-pins, a lot of smooth sticks or small blocks will afford amusement for hours.

2. Learn to amuse others. The best way to amuse one's self often is to look for ways to amuse others. As you make them happy you increase your own happiness. Set your wits at work in every way to invent plays and acts that will please those about you. Do not feel that amusing "the baby" is too small business for a "big girl," or even for a "big boy." With a lot of old picture papers and a pair of small scissors, young persons can find useful amusement for hours cutting out the pictures and arranging them.

3. Do not depend on others to amuse you. Never play the sponge among your companions or in your home. Do not try to suck all the comfort you can out of those about you, and never give a drop of it to them in return. Only a mean, stingy nature will do that.

SOMETHING FOR ALL

To the dear little folks who are now gathered here,

I'm going to speak without favour or fear. I am going to ask you to not make a noise. Let the boys think they're men, and the men think they're boys.

And we'll get along nicely, and all will go well,

For I'm full to o'erflowin' with something to tell.

And I hope ere you leave, you'll be glad that you came,

For this meeting is yours, with its object and aim.

To the boys, I would say, never drink smoke, or chew;

For the habit is filthy, it never will do.

'Tis the temperance boys of each nation and State

Who will grow into men and be noble and great.

I expect I shall hear wondrous things of you all,

Not excepting the youngest, no matter how small;

If with smoking and drinking you've nothing to do,

Then the grandest of futures is open to you.

To the girls with their dollies, their pictures and toys;

I would say, keep an eye open on the creatures called boys;

And as older you grow, don't you ever be seen

With a two-legged drinking and smoking machine;

For you each have an influence mighty and great,

As no doubt you will find if you patiently wait.

And when older you're grown, and look handsome and wise,

Don't season with branzy your puddings and pies.

To the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts,

I have only to say that the boy just in pants

Will be better and brighter, in body in brain,

If he comes to our meetings and learns to abstain.

And the girls you may save from much trouble and care,

If you have them instructed of drink to beware.

So look after the children, the dear ones we love;

And the great God will bless you from heaven above.

LIGHTING THE STARS.

"You can see nothing in the garden now, May," said Auntie. "Come away from the window."

"I am watching them light the stars," said May, gravely; "and Auntie, is the lamp-lighter on this side of the sky or the other?"