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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

[No. 24.]

CHRIST AND THE CENTURION.

How confident and earnest is this officer, as he kneels before Jesus, telling Him of the sick servant who was dear unto him and whom he wanted to have made well. He makes known the great trouble and asks for help. See how kind and loving Jesus looks as he talks with him: "I will come and heal him," he says. But the Captain, with true humility, replies: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; just speak the word only and my servant shall be well. I tell one of my soldiers to go, and he goes; and to another come, and he comes; and to my servants do this, and they do it."

He implied that the great and good Master had just such authority over sickness and death, and he had only to speak the word of command and it would be obeyed.

This greatly pleased Jesus, who immediately told the people that this man had more faith than any one he had yet found; He says to the kneeling officer: "Go thy way; as thou hast believed so shall it be."

If we had been in the sick-room of that suffering servant at the time these words



CHRIST AND THE CENTURION.

were spoken we should have seen a strange sight. A man lying very ill, unable to stir, full of pain and weakness, several persons standing by watching him die. when, suddenly, the man exclaims, with a strong voice: "Why! my pain is gone—see! I can move

my feet and hands. What does it mean! I don't feel sick any longer." Then he jumps up off from his bed, crying out: "I am well! O, I am well and strong!"

What a thrill of gladness would they all feel! When the Centurion returned what a story they would tell him, and he would say: "That's just what Jesus said would take place." Then, too, they would all admire and praise Jesus. The man himself—how would he feel toward Jesus, and what would he say to others about it?

Jesus is the same strong and compassionate friend to-day as then. He it is who now "forgives our iniquities and heals our diseases," if we but ask him for such blessings. How much he will do and how much he will do to us if we will but come to him.

THE VERDICT OF A LITTLE LADY.

LITTLE LILLIE D., just four years old, was looking out of the front window one day, and hearing some of the company around her remark on the handsome appearance of some passing person, gave her opinion on this wise: "I sinks any gemman wid a cigar in his mouth always looks ugly!"

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I KNOW a funny little boy—

The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his fanny bone?

There is sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

TAKING A WALK.

DORRIS and Davie went to take Dorothea out for a walk. Dottie carried the little blue silk parasol that grandma had given her last summer, and Davie had Brother Fred's cane. They saw the minister coming, and they were so interested looking at him, they did not notice how Dorothea's feet dragged on the ground. When the minister came up to them, he said: "As I passed your house, I heard your mother say she was looking for you."

"We will go right home," said Davie,

while Dottie picked Dorothea up in her arms so they could walk faster. "That is right; always honour your mother's wishes," the minister said.

"I wonder what he meant?" said Dottie. "We will ask mamma," said Davie. When they did so, mamma said, "Honour means a great deal. It is to obey because we love to obey, and to do all that we can to make others love them too. God says that children should honour their parents, and God always tells us the best thing to do."

THAT KISS OF MY MOTHER.

GEORGE BROWN wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went off slamming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his fourteen years' experience with one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop! hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved? her oldest boy! How tenderly she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened its rough-

ness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and noble Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to do so!

A CAREFUL LITTLE MOTHER.

BERTHA doesn't know that she is learning lessons every day. She is too little to go to school. But let me tell you something about her, and then you too will think she has learned some good lessons.

One day Alice came to see Bertha and brought her doll. When they had played a little while, Alice said, "My doll is bigger and prettier than yours."

Bertha's face grew very red, but she answered quite gently as she hugged her own dear doll to her kind little heart: "Yes, I guess she is, but my Dollie is real good; she hardly ever cries."

When Alice had gone, it was nearly time to help mamma set the table for tea. Bertha undressed her doll and set her little shoes carefully together on the floor. She folded Dollie's clothes, and had rocked her to sleep and put her in her cradle before mamma's voice called, "Come, little daughter!"

Now, perhaps you can tell what lessons Bertha has learned.

WAS HE RIGHT?

ONCE a lady asked a little boy who made him. He answered: "God made me so big, and I grew the rest." As he said this, he measured with his hands as long as he was when he was a wee baby.

How many of our little ones think he spoke truly? Do you think he would ever have grown at all, if God had not made him grow? No, no, dear children. It is God who makes you grow, and who even keeps you alive. You could not grow, or do anything else of yourself, without him. Ought you not to be very thankful to him every day you live?

I once heard of a little boy who planted himself to grow. That is the way God makes flowers and trees to grow; but he has a better way for boys and girls. They can grow as they go about. Did you ever stop to think that God had made everything just the best way that it could be made?

LITTLE Susie coming home from her first attendance at church, was met with the playful remonstrance from her mother, "They tell me you went to sleep, Susie, how did that happen?" "All the mens did," said the child, in answer.

WOULD YOU ?

WHAT would you do, my darling,
If the Saviour went and came
In and out of our homes to-day,
As he did in Jerusalem ?
Would you hasten out with gladness
Your blessed Lord to meet—
Would you fling the door wide open, love,
At sound of his coming feet ?

Would you listen to the teachings
He only could unfold,
Would you nestle in his loving arms
As little ones did of old ?
What do I hear you answer—
You wish that it could be so,
For Jesus seems so far away
When we seek his love to know ?

Ah, don't you know, my darling,
The Saviour comes to-day—
Comes pleading for an entrance, now,
Into your heart to stay ?
O ! set the door wide open,
Then bid him welcome here,
And in the New Jerusalem
You shall see him surely there.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 992] LESSON X [Dec. 8

SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Queen, v. 1-5.
2. Her wonder, v. 6-9.
3. Her gifts, v. 10-13

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did the Lord give to Solomon? Wisdom and riches.
Who heard of his great fame? The Queen of Sheba.
Where did she live? In a far distant country.
What did she determine to do? To visit Solomon.
What had she been told? That he knew the true God.
What did she bring to Jerusalem with her? Many costly presents.
How did she try Solomon? With hard questions.
How did Solomon answer her? Very wisely.

What did the Queen see? That Solomon was very great and wise.

What had she not believed? In his riches and wisdom.

What did she say? That the half had not been told.

What did she give to Solomon? Gold and spices and precious stones.

What did Solomon give to her? Costly presents.

What else did he give her? Words of truth.

What is better than gold and silver? The knowledge of God.

What should we love to give away? The truth about God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The Queen gave	Solomon gave
Gold,	Love,
Spices,	Wisdom,
Precious stones.	Truth.

"My fruit is better than gold." Prov. 8. 19.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Accountability.

CATECHISM QUESTION

27. Where will the wicked be punished? In hell.

B.C. 984] LESSON XI. [Dec. 15.

SOLOMON'S FALL.

1 Kings 11. 4-13 Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall 1 Cor. 10. 12

OUTLINE.

1. The King's folly, v. 4-8.
2. The Lord's anger, v. 9-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did heathen people still live? In Canaan.
What had the Lord commanded Israel? Not to mingle with them.
From whom did he say the heathen would turn them away? From the true God.
Who disobeyed the Lord? King Solomon.
What did he take from these heathen nations? Strange wives.
From whom did they turn away his heart? From the Lord.
What did he begin to do? To worship false gods.
When did he do this? In his old age.
What did Solomon build? Temples for idol-worship.
Who was angry with Solomon? The Lord.
What had he done? Disobeyed the Lord.
What is always a great sin? Disobedience.
What does the Lord always do? Punish sin.

What did the Lord say he would take from Solomon? His kingdom.

When did he say he would do it? After Solomon's death.

For whose sake was he merciful, to Solomon? For David's sake.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

LESSONS FOR US.

That to disobey the Lord is to fall into sin. That evil companions lead us into evil ways.

That the Lord punishes sin because he loves the sinner.

That he shows mercy to us for our King Jesus' sake.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Apostasy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What will become of the righteous after death? The righteous shall go into everlasting life.

NETTA'S LESSON.

NETTA was a little girl who liked to have her own way. If mamma said, when Netta was out playing, "It is time for you to come in now, dear," she would answer, "I want to stay a little longer." If mamma said, "Will my little girl do an errand for me this afternoon?" Netta would say: "I want to go and play with Edith Gray this afternoon; Fred can do your errand."

Netta's auntie brought her a beautiful bird. Netta loved to hear it sing, and feed it, and care for it. One day she said, "I am going to let birdie out of his cage." Mamma said, "I would not, dear; he may fly away." The little girl pouted, and said, "But I want to; it is my bird." So Netta let him come out. He stood on her hand a few minutes, but then Birdie spread his wings and flew away.

THANKFUL ANNIE.

ANNIE'S papa was dead, and her mamma was very poor; so poor that sometimes they had nothing to eat but potatoes and salt. One day when they were eating their supper, Annie said: "Mamma, how sorry I do feel for those poor people who have no salt to eat on their potatoes!" And, as she sprinkled the salt on another mouthful of potato, she added: "We ought to be very thankful, mamma." Isn't that a beautiful example of gratitude? I wonder if all our little readers are as grateful for all the blessings God has given them? The next time you are tempted to fret because you have not all you want, just stop to think of somebody who has less than you, and see if that does not make you thankful.



A TRUE WOLF STORY.

NEAR Waverly, in Iowa, a nest of wolves was found. The little fellows were so young that they had not yet opened their eyes; and the man who found the nest took one of them, and put it with some puppies about the same age, and the mother-dog adopted it.

The young wolf was of a yellow-gray colour, while all the puppies were jet black. It grew fast in its new home, and was soon larger than the mother-dog, who seemed, however, to have the same affection for the wolf as for the other members of her family.

All the puppies were finally given away, and the mother-dog had only the young wolf left. It was amusing to see them play together. The wolf had become so large that he would toss his adopted mother about as he pleased.

This wolf is still allowed his liberty, and runs about like a dog. Thus far he has done no injury to the boys, who delight to play with him. I suppose he imagines himself a dog; but the neighbours who hear his doleful howlings night after night think differently. They fear that he may not continue his good behaviour, and are anxious to have him killed.

A STORY ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL

"NELLIE, you can't go to Sunday-school any more" So said Mr. R——, an infidel father, as his sweet-faced child came home one Sunday. He hated the Bible. He hated God. Nellie looked him straight in the eye, not saucily, not angrily, but only to see if he meant it. She believed he did. What should she do? Cry? Pout her lips and look cross? Go into the bed-room, and slam the door with vengeance? She went quietly to the outside door, opened it, went out, shut

it carefully, and with a heavy heart crossed the street to the stable.

What could she be going over there for? To have room to cry? Or call papa names? Her papa was curious to know. Her not saying a word, her look of sorrow, her quiet way of leaving him, stung him. He rose, and looked out to see where Nellie went. No sooner had the stable-door closed behind her, than he went quietly out and across the way

to listen. As the conscience-stricken man almost held his breath to hear every sound, he heard a sweet, tremulous voice saying, "Dear Father in heaven, bless my dear papa; give him a new heart, and make him willing I should go to the Sunday-school, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Scarcely was the prayer ended before the father rushed into the stable, and, pressing the child to his bosom, said, "You may go to the Sunday-school as much as you please. I will never say another word against it."

Two weeks passed, and the infidel father lay on a sick-bed, from which he was never to rise. Nellie watched him very tenderly, as did the anxious mother. "Papa, may I come and sit by you when you are awake?" "Yes, Nellie." "And may I bring my little Bible, papa?" "Yes." "And may I read to you some of my Sunday-school lessons, and tell you what my teacher said?" "Yes, Nellie, you may."

A few weeks elapsed. Every day found the little eight-year-old preacher by the infidel father's pillow, telling of Jesus. The Spirit owned the word, and sent it home to the proud heart. He would hide in his "refuge of lies" no longer. He was soon to face God, whom he had tried to deny. His strong will yielded; his heart melted; and the dear child's prayers were heard. The infidel owned his God, accepted his little child's Saviour, and died rejoicing in Jesus. Is anything too hard for the Lord? God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty.

"We've 'listed in a holy war,
Battling for the Lord;
Eternal life, eternal joy,
Battling for the Lord."

It is a pleasure to obey those we love. Their commands we do not forget. If we love God, we will keep his commandments

A MITE SONG.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny;
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

NO USE FOR IT.

AT school little boys and girls learn lessons about how many inches make a foot, how many ounces make a pound, and how many farthings make a penny. One day, when the lesson was the table called "ale and beer measure," a little boy remarkable for the correct manner in which he usually said his lesson, was quite unprepared.

"How is this, John?" said his teacher.

"I thought it was of no use," said John.

"No use!" interrupted the teacher.

"No, sir; it's ale and beer measure," said John.

"I know it is," said the teacher.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "father and I both think it is no use to learn about ale and beer, as we both mean never to buy, sell, or drink it."

TAKING THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandma and said:

"Grandma, which of all the people do you like the best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like the best?"

Looking up into her face with some hesitation, he said, slowly, "I like Christians."

"Why, my son?"

"Because she took the children with her, grandma."