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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888

[No 19

OH, MY POOR BOY!

ABOUT the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a little scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years who was drunk, sick and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes. As I drew nearer I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, while she was opposite the saloon, when she cast



AH

a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed, in tones that I shall never forget:

"Oh, my poor boy!"

It seemed as if a lifetime of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before.

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace.

Some of the bystanders helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken boy.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this cure consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers, and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men.

THE PICTURE BOOK.

LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.

Our Kenneth went to Sunday-school
One pleasant day. He was but three;
But in his brand-new hat and coat
He felt quite like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well
That grandma heard it with delight;
Kissing his rosy cheeks, she said,
"Now you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones
That round the teacher's smiling face
Were filling every vacant chair,
He quite demurely found a place.

And now what do you think he said,
When asked if he his lesson knew?
"Honour my papa and mamma,
And honour my nice grandma, too."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

A SHORT STUDY FOR BOYS.

THE life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered journals to subscribers in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City. He used a skiff to cross the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old he entered a lawyer's office as an errand-boy. He borrowed law-books, took them home, and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he

was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer, and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of O'Connor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest cases, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

ONE afternoon religious services were held at the McAulay Mission, on Water Street, in the city of New York. One man after another arose in the meeting, and gave testimony to the power of Jesus Christ's grace in breaking the chains that liquor had forged about his soul. Many had been in the lowest depths that a slavery to the accursed traffic could bring them. Some were spending their first Christmas for many years, clothed and in their right minds—sinners saved by grace.

After a number of testimonies had been given, a man about thirty-three years old got up and said that he wished to bear testimony to the goodness and the mercy of the Lord to him. He directed his conversation particularly to the boys and young men in the room, warning them against the first glass of liquor. He told them that the first glass of liquor he drank made him a murderer. It was his first Christmas outside of the prison walls in sixteen years! Sixteen years ago he had killed a young man in a quarrel in a saloon.

Both of them were under the influence of liquor at the time. He was arrested and tried for murder, only his extreme youth saving him from the gallows. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But after sixteen years, owing to good behaviour and the intercession of his friends, aided by the influence of the father and mother whose son he had killed, he was released.

"One night," said he, "I received word to come to the Warden's office the next morning. I did not know what he wanted of me, and when I went into his office the next day, judge of my surprise when he said: 'James, you are a free man; you are pardoned.' I cannot tell you how I felt when I walked out of the gate and found myself for the first time in sixteen years a free man. The first thing I did when I got out was to telegraph my dear old mother:

'Mother, I am pardoned; I am coming home.' My mother was a good Christian mother and had done her duty in trying to bring her boy up in the fear of the Lord; but when I left my country home and came to the city I fell in with evil companions, and I followed their instructions rather than the warnings and teachings of my good mother. I thought it would make a man of me to drink liquor, but it made me a murderer. I knew my mother would ask me the first thing how it was with my soul, and I was glad to be able to tell her that Jesus Christ had visited me in my prison cell, and that through his grace and mercy I felt that my sins had been forgiven. But I thought that I could never look into the face of that poor mother whose son's life I had taken, and I kept out of her way. But she found me, and as soon as she saw me she put her arms around my neck, and said: 'All is forgiven. Do all you can now to save young men from the curse of liquor.' What wonderful grace is that of our Lord, which enabled that mother to forgive me and even work to get me pardoned! And now, by the grace of God, the rest of the time I have to live I shall do all I can to save other souls from the curse of drink.'

CROWNING CHRIST.

A TEACHER described to her Sunday-school class of small boys the crown of thorns that was put on the brow of Christ in his mortal trial. Shortly after, one of the class was discovered twining a wreath of rare flowers. Being asked what he was doing, he replied, "Long ago Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and even died for me; and now I am making him a wreath to show how much I love him." The flowers we should put in a wreath for Christ's brow are love, faith and obedience. He said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

FOREVER

A LITTLE girl, whom we know, came in her night-clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worse, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

Art thou my Father, canst thou bear,
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little child can raise?

Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, in deed, and thought
To serve and please thee as I ought.

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
What-ever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451] [Sept. 30
Deut. 21. 18-21. Commit to memory vs. 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The soul that sinneth, it shall die. *Ezek. 18. 4*

OUTLINE.

1. Disobedience.
2. Punishment.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who gave the law to Moses? The Lord.
To whom did Moses then give it? To the children of Israel.

What command has God given to children? That they honour their parents.

What is a rebellious son? One who will not obey.

To whom did the law say such a one should be brought? To the elders of his city.

What were the elders? The heads of tribes.

What was made their duty? To see that the law was obeyed.

What complaint must the parents make? They must declare the sin of their child.

What may often be said of a disobedient son? "He is a drunkard"

What was the law for drunken sons? That they be put to death.

What did this show? That drunkenness is a great evil.

What should be done with evil? It should be put away.

What does strong drink do? It poisons the mind as well as the blood.

How does it affect the heart? It makes it cold and hard.

What do drunk men sow of on earth? The death of their parents

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE

Downward steps:

Disobedience. Drunkenness.

Dallying with sin. Disgrace.

Death.

Jesus points upward Who will go up the shining way?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The doom of the sinner.

BC 1451] LESSON I [Oct. 7

THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

Josh. 1. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 8-9

GOLDEN TEXT

Stand therefore, having your loins girded about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness. *Eph. 6. 14.*

OUTLINE.

1. The Leader.
2. The Commission.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who led the children of Israel forty years? Moses.

To whom did the Lord speak after Moses' death? To Joshua.

Who was Joshua? The son of Nun, and Moses' minister.

What is a minister? One who serves.

How had Joshua served Moses? In helping him to lead the people.

What lay between the Israelites and the land of Canaan? The river Jordan.

What did the Lord command Joshua to do? To lead the people into Canaan

What must he cross to do this? A great river.

Who lived in the land of Canaan? Idolaters.

What did Joshua need? Courage and faith.

What encouragement did the Lord give him? "I will be with thee"

What does God give to those who trust him? His wisdom and strength.

What did God command Moses to do? To keep all the law.

Why should we study God's word? So as to know and do it.

What promise belongs to all who keep God's law? "Thou shalt have good success?"

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Joshua was told to do things that seemed impossible.

What God says "I" can be done.
Joshua was a great leader and ruler.
But he was himself ruled by God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—Christian courage.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

Who was Samuel? The prophet who was called by the Lord when he was a little child?

Who was David? The sweet psalmist of Israel, who was raised from a shepherd to be king.

"I AM THE DOOR"

In a town in the north of Scotland, some boys were in the habit of meeting together for prayer. A little girl was passing, and heard them sing. She stopped to listen, and thinking it was just an ordinary prayer-meeting, she felt anxious to get in. Putting up her hand she pulled the latch, but it would not open; it was fastened inside. She became very uneasy, and the thought arose in her mind, "What if this were the door of heaven, and I outside?" She went home, but could not sleep. Day after day she became more troubled at the thought of being shut out of heaven. She went from one prayer-meeting to another, still finding no rest. At length, one day, reading the tenth chapter of Job, she came to the words "I am the door." She paused, and read the verse again. Here was the very door she had been seeking, and wide open, too, and she entered and found peace.

ALL CAN HELP.

WHEN France was ruled by tyrants a band of boys used to march through the streets with the motto (in French) on their flags:—

"Tremble, tyrants, we shall grow up."

But let none of the boys and girls think they must wait until they "grow up" before they can lend a hand in fighting against wickedness and helping the right. You have heard of the loaded team that was stuck in the mud and the men couldn't quite start it. A little boy came up, saying, "I can push a pound." He lent a hand and his help was just enough to start the load. Let every boy and girl lend a hand of helpfulness at home, in the school, and in the Church. You can push a pound by a kind word, a little gift, or a deed of love. All your pounds together will help a great deal in saving people from sorrow and sin.



THE WRECK.

THESE children are in the wreck of an old boat by the sea shore. The sand has drifted in, and they are having a fine time playing in it.

"I WOULD RATHER BE SCOLDED."

THIS was a noble reply which Augustus made, and one which we wish all boys would remember when any one asks them to tell a falsehood. One day when Augustus was sent to a dairy by his mother to get some milk in a pitcher, Robert wanted to go in his stead, and when they got into the street he tried to force the pitcher out of his brother's hand. Augustus held the pitcher fast till at last it was broken in the scuffle by falling to the ground. A person who was in the street and saw how it happened came up and told him to say, when he got home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus wiped his eyes, and, looking steadily in that person's face, said, "That would be telling a lie. I will tell the truth; then my mother will not scold me; but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie." Who would not? To tell a lie is both mean and wicked.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

BY LEVI BLOUGH.

DEAR young readers, I want to say a few words to you about your soul. Every person has a soul. The soul is that which never dies, but will live forever. The soul is of great value. In young days is the time to begin work that your soul may be saved. Now is the time while your hearts are young and tender, and you have every opportunity to come to Jesus. The dear Saviour is calling you every day and telling you of his great love, and asking you to flee from the path that leads to destruction.

If you look about you, you can see tokens

of his love everywhere. Do not think that you are young, and have yet a long time to live, and when you grow older it will be a better time to turn to the Lord. No better time will ever come than now.

We may learn a lesson from the trees. A few months ago they were covered with green leaves, and were beautiful. Now they are pale and without leaves. In a short time they ripened and fell to the ground. So it may

be with us. To-day we may be strong and healthy, but to-morrow we take sick and die.

Then let us love our Lord and Saviour, who loves us and cares so much for us that he left his beautiful home in heaven and came to this world to save sinners. Dear children, think of this and learn of him, for he now is calling you to prepare for that glorious home in heaven.

DO OUR BODIES GO TO HEAVEN?

I AM going to tell the readers of SUNBEAM about a visit with Minnie Waters who was my daily visitor, and I might call her my heavenly visitor (she loves so well to talk about heaven) were it not that she sometimes displays so much human depravity that it quite convinces me that she belongs to earth. Just the other day she was vexed at me and she said she would bury me. I coolly replied that we would have to be buried when we died.

"I'm going to heaven when I die," she replied in a surprised and half-disappointed tone.

"Well; our bodies are buried in the ground, but our souls go to heaven if we're good."

"Don't we all go to heaven? Don't I all go?" she questioned curiously. "Not till after the resurrection. At the resurrection our bodies will come out of the grave and be united to our souls again and then we will be 'all in heaven.'"

This was quite a theological problem to attempt to explain to a four-year-old girl, and my older readers will not wonder that Minnie was afflicted with "theology" sometimes. In one of our recent play go-a-visiting talks she told me she had been very sick. When I asked her "What was the matter?" she confidently replied, "I had the theology."

"Do you mean theology or neuralgia," I asked.

"I mean theology," she replied emphatically as to put an end to doubt in the matter. But Minnie is very bright and apt, and she won't be muddled long over the theology question. Perhaps some of you older Sunday scholars can tell us all about the doctrine of resurrection, can you not?—*Flora.*

A CHILD'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father,
Who made us, every one;
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon, the stars and sun.
All that we have each day,
To us by him is given;
We call him, when we pray,
"Our Father, who art in heaven."

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us, from heaven,
And loved us every one.
He taught us to be holy,
Till on the cross he died;
And now we call him Saviour,
And Christ the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve him
He ne'er will go away.
From heaven, upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

UNKIND BOYS.

EVERYTHING that has life should be kindly treated. It is wrong to destroy a flower or twig or bird or any animal unless it be in self-defence or to apply it to some useful purpose. The lesson should be enforced in the Sabbath-school.

A certain class of boys are in the habit of killing birds and insects of various kinds without any thought that God gave the little creature its life for some useful end. As a matter of course a boy does himself a great injury in this. While he kills a bird he also kills the tenderness of his own heart and commences a hardening process that may in the end lead to the taking of human life.

The return of spring brings to our doors the birds in great numbers, and boys will be tempted to kill them. Don't do it. It is cruel. Outside our office window is an iron frame-work on which all through the winter a family of sparrows gathered. A few bread or cracker crumbs each day supplied their wants and secured their friendship. These are now a part of our family, and we all belong to God.