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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

[No. 18.]

THE SAVOYARD BOY AND HIS PET.

A TRAVELLER was once making a walking tour, and met a pretty little Savoyard boy. His short stunted figure, his dark complexion, his blooming cheeks, his black sparkling eyes, the stick in his hand, and the little animal which, fastened by a string, he carried under his arm, left no doubt as to the country and calling of the lad. He was a poor little Savoyard, and he went about exhibiting a marmot.

When he saw the traveler, he at once hastened his steps, and began to sing out, "Here is Hannchen, a living marmot; would you like to see my marmot? It is prettier than anything in the world, and climbs up any stick like a cat. Will you not look at it, good sir; it will amuse you very much."

The gentleman had little desire for this amusement, but the poor boy looked so happy as he took his marmot out of the



THE SAVOYARD BOY.

box, he regarded it with such tenderness, with such pride, that it seemed cruel to disappoint him. He placed his pet on the ground, and covered it with his hands to warm it. The poor little animal was so sleepy, it was with great difficulty it could be made to stir. Little Jacob was troubled at this; he stroked the little beast, scratched it, scolded it, cheered it up, all by turns. "Now, my little Hannchen—I call it so, dear sir, because it reminds me of my little sister, who also bore that name—now, my little Hannchen, stand up, then, and show the good gentleman what you can do. Ah! you should see it when it has dined sir, it is then lively as a cricket."

"And I suppose you are too," said the gentleman. "Well, here you are, go and dine both of you," and he gave the boy half a franc—about ten cents of our money. So the little Savoyard went begging his way through Europe—not a ver-

good way of making a living, and one that I would be sorry to see Canadian boys adopting.

A MALTESE CAT.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

When papa came home the other night
He held the lid of a basket tight.

"Now children," he said, "guess that."
And when they guessed everything but right,
He lifted it just a little mite,
And showed them a Maltese cat.

"And now," said papa, "though puss likes fun
Yet, if you torment him, of course he'll run.

Don't love him *too* hard and squeeze him."
"Why, papa," cried Ned, in surprise at that,
"I thought they called it a *Maltese cat*,
Just so's you could *maul* and *tease* him."
—*Harper's Young People*.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

DOING GOD'S ERRAND.

HESTER was a little girl who was trying to love and serve Jesus. And she showed her love for Jesus by seeking to please Him in all she did. She loved to do errands for her mother, and to have her mother say she was a faithful servant when she did them well.

One day she had been talking with her mother about God. As they got through, she looked up with a bright thought beaming in her eyes, and said:

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! O! it is so nice to think that I am God's little errand-girl."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "God has given us all errands to do for Him, and plenty of time to do them in, and a book full of directions to show us how to do them. Every day we can tell Him what we

are trying to do, and ask Him to help us. And when He calls us home to Himself, we shall have great joy in telling Him what we have been trying to do for Him."

"I like that," said Hester. "It is very pleasant to be allowed to do errands for God."

"One of my errands," said her mother, "is to take care of you."

"And one of mine, dear mother, is to honour and obey you. I think God gives us very pleasant errands to do."

You know that nothing makes us more happy than to do anything or a person that we really love. This is what Jesus meant when he said, "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." That is what the apostle John meant when he said, "His commandments are not grievous." His people serve Him from love, and that makes everything they do for Him light and pleasant to them.

—*Children's Friend*.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY JOHN HILL LUTHER.

LAMB of God! to Thee we sing,
Dying that our souls might live;
Lamb of God! to Thee we bring,
All that children have to give—
Hearts that sinful thoughts allure—
Lamb of God! oh, make them pure.

Living, all Thy life was light,
Cheering earth and opening heaven;
Weeping, through the lonely night,
All Thy tears for us were given;
Dying, all Thy blood was spilt
To redeem our souls from guilt.

Oh! ascended Lamb of God!
Victor over death and sin,
Let Thy life, Thy tears, Thy blood,
Guide us, melt us, make us clean;
Lamb of God! our sins forgive,
In Thy likeness let us live.

Now within Thy presence met,
Saviour, send the Heavenly Dove,
That we may no more forget,
What we are and what Thy love.
Spirit, live thou in each breast,
Till the eternal Sabbath Rest.

THAT LITTLE SIN.

"O my! How dirty and drooping the leaves of my cineraria are," cried Emily Short as she stood gazing with a very sad face upon the fading, almost dead, plant in the window seat.

"The red spider has taken possession of it," said her father.

"The red spider!" exclaimed Emily, "what is that?"

"I will show you," said Mr. Short, stepping to the window with a pocket microscope.

Emily looked through the microscope, and saw the undersides of the leaves of her cineraria covered with dirty webs, among which were thousands of little active red insects running about as briskly as a party of children at a picnic. In fact, they were having a picnic, and feasting richly on the juices of the leaves which had been so broad, bright, and beautiful a few days before.

"O what tiny little things!" exclaimed Emily.

Yes, they were tiny little things indeed, but they had almost spoiled a fine, beautiful plant. Had the first pair been crushed the plant would have lived; but, being let alone, they had multiplied, and then devoured the flower.

That's the way our sins do. They seem small at first—a little fib, a little feeling of envy, a little thought of pride, a little covetous desire, a little feeling of revenge, a little selfish wish—little red spiders, ever increasing until, as in the case of wicked Judas, the love of money which made him crave to keep the "bag" of his fellow-disciples, grew into the crime of betraying the blessed Jesus to his enemies. O, my children, crush the little sins to death! Ask Jesus to give you strong wills by which you may say to your little sins, "Get out!" and they will obey you.

NO ONE LIKE MOTHER.

POOR Joe has had a long spell of sickness, and is just becoming convalescent. During the weeks he had been suffering with fever, no one, not even his brothers and sisters have been admitted to his room—no one except mother, for who is like her?

Have you ever thought, children, how much these words mean? No one like mother? No indeed! She is always ready in every emergency. It is her tender hands that minister to you when you are sick, no matter how worn and tired she may be herself. And when you are well, who is it that plans so many enjoyments for you. Night and day has his mother watched beside Joe's bedside, until now he is out of danger. She reads to him at times, and sometimes tells him stories to while away the tedious hours. To-day, she has been reading to him of One who when He was on earth miraculously cured many who were sick of fever. Do you know His name? —*Old and Young*.



THE GINGERBREAD DOG.

HE was not made of gingerbread. He was a live Newfoundland dog, with large brown eyes, and a loud but not savage bark. His name was Typhon.

The children called him Typhe; and little Mary used to sing around the house, at the top of her voice, "Old Typh-ee is the *goodest* dog that ever ran a race."

Typhe grew up with the children, and loved fun and frolic as well as the merriest of them. He would eat any thing from their hands, and expected a share of whatever they had. Molasses gingerbread sometimes formed part of their luncheon, and Typhe would often tease, in dog-fashion, for a bite.

His taste for the sweet morsel increased as he grew older; and at last it came to be a regular thing for the great dog to find his way into the dining-room after supper, and beg for a piece of gingerbread.

Gently wagging his graceful tail, he would march close up to his mistress, and look at her with a smile (so Susie said). Then he would scratch the closet-door, and, as a last resort, he would give a short, loud bark, which Joe called "speaking."

The family were so much amused at Typhe's devices to get gingerbread, that the poor fellow often had to go through with them all, before he got what he asked for.

Like Mary's little lamb, Typhe often followed the children to school. One day they called him into the schoolroom, and got him up on a bench. Then, while Joe kept him quiet with gingerbread, Lucy tied a sun-bonnet on his head, and Susie pinned

a shawl about him, and completed his costume with a bright necktie, which was very becoming.

There he sat, patient and good-natured, while all the children were having a good laugh at his expense. Joe said that Typhe was laughing too, for, although he made no noise, he opened his mouth, and showed his teeth, and seemed greatly pleased.

HIDDEN AND SAFE.

ONE morning a teacher went to the school-room and found many vacant seats. Two little children lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school, gathered round the teacher and said, "O, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed: "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease and mourn the death of your dear little friends, and you fear you may be taken also. I know of only one way to escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about the hiding place;" and read Psalm xci., 1-10: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl glided up to the desk, and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of diphtheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted up as she said, "Oh, I know, you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide?"

Yes, this the only true hiding place for old, or young, for rich, for poor—all. Do any of you know of a safer or a better?—*Old and Young.*

TRIALS are medicines which the great Physician prescribes because we need them. Then let us trust in His skill, and thank Him for His prescription.—*Newton.*

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF.

ONLY a wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor,
'Mid a pile of neglected playthings
Which litter the whole room o'er,
Two little fat arms lying
Over a curly head,
And smiles which awaken the dimples
Parting the lips so red.

Here's dolly with arms and legs broken
And a terrible crack in her head,
And her cheeks washed as white as a lily,
That once were so rosy and red.
Poor Fido—the puppy—is whining;
Poor fellow! no wonder you wail!
I wonder what mischievous fingers
Fastened that cup to your tail!

It was only that wee little mortal,
Asleep on the nursery floor;
And nurse stands aghast at the litter
Which covers the whole room o'er,
Well, pick them up patiently, nurse,
Over and over again,
E'en though that bundle of mischief
Will make all your labour but vain.

Better a home with a baby,
And a floor all littered with toys,
Than one that is empty forever
Of childish prattle and noise.
So here's a kiss for the darling!
On forehead, and mouth, and chin,
And wherever I find a dimple,
I'll smuggle the kisses in.
—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1171.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.

A PRAYING MOTHER.

1 Sam. I. 21-25. Commit to memory verses 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. 1 Sam. I. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. Promised to the Lord. v. 21-23.
2. Presented to the Lord. v. 24-28.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For what did Hannah ask the Lord? For a little boy.

What did she promise the Lord? That she would give the child to him.

Why did God answer Hannah's prayer? Because she believed in him.

How did Hannah keep her promise? She brought the boy to Eli.

Who was Eli? The priest of the temple.

What did Hannah name her boy? Samuel, which means "asked of God."

What did she say to him? "This is the child I asked of the Lord."

Why did she bring him to Eli? That he might learn to serve God in the temple.

How did she fulfil her vow? She left him with Eli.

What were her last words to Eli? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

With whom may mothers safely leave their children? With God.

Why was Hannah glad to leave her boy in the temple? Because she loved him.

What was Samuel's first work for the Lord? To help Eli, the priest, in the temple.

Why did Eli need his help? He was growing old.

What did Samuel finally become? God's priest and prophet.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Children may serve the Lord by being—

Loving and obedient.

Ready to do what is right.

Ready and glad to help others.

Willing to learn the ways of the Lord.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Religion in the family.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

In whose image was man created? Man was created in the image or likeness of God.

How was man made like God? His soul was created like God: immortal, holy, and happy.

B.C. 1150.] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 23.

THE CHILD SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 1-19. Commit to memory verses 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.
1 Sam. 3. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Night in the Temple. v. 1-3.
2. A Voice in the Night. v. 4-9.
3. The Words of the Voice. v. 10-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who spoke to Samuel in the night? The Lord.

Who did Samuel think was calling him? Eli.

What did Eli tell him? "I did not call you."

How many times did the Lord speak to Samuel? Four times.

What did Eli tell Samuel the third time? That it was the voice of the Lord.

What did Eli tell him to say if God called him again? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What did the Lord tell Samuel? That he would punish Eli and his sons.

Why did Eli's sons deserve punishment? Because of their wicked deeds.

Why would God punish Eli? Because he allowed them to sin without restraining them.

To what does sin always lead? To sorrow and suffering.

What did Eli ask Samuel the next morning? What the Lord had said.

What did Samuel do? He told him all the truth.

What was Eli's reply? "Let the Lord do what is right."

Why did the Lord thus speak to Samuel? To show the people he had chosen him for his prophet.

How old was Samuel at this time? About twelve years.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

How God speaks to children now—

By the words of his Holy Book.

Through kind friends and teachers.

By sickness or trials.

By his Holy Spirit in the heart.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine revelation.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did our first parents continue holy and happy? No; they sinned against God and fell into misery.

What is sin? Sin is not obeying the commands of God.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.—SEPT. 30.

Repeat the GOLDEN TEXTS for " " after.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. Be strong— | 8. And they— |
| 2. When thou— | 9. The sword— |
| 3. By faith— | 10. The God of— |
| 4. Be sure— | 11. Thy people— |
| 5. I have set— | 12. I have lent— |
| 6. Who have fled— | 13. Speak, Lord— |
| 7. Choose you— | |

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Lesson I.—Whom did God appoint to succeed Moses? Joshua. Where was he to lead the Israelites? Into the land of Canaan.

Lesson II.—What miracle did God work for the Israelites? He made for them a dry path in the river Jordan. Why did God do this? To show his power and goodness.

Lesson III.—Who appeared to Joshua at Jericho? The Lord. What city did the Lord deliver into his hands? The city of Jericho.

Lesson IV.—Who sinned against the Lord? Achan. What was his sin? He coveted and stole. How was he punished? With death.

Lesson V.—What did Joshua build unto the Lord? An altar of stones. What was written on the altar? The laws of God. To whom did Joshua read the laws? To all the people.

Lesson VI.—What did God command Joshua to do? To build cities of refuge. Why were they needed? As a place of safety.

Lesson VII.—What had Joshua now become? An old man. What did he ask of the Israelites? To choose whom they would serve. Whom did they choose? The Lord.

Lesson VIII.—Whom did the Israelites worship after Joshua's death? Other gods. How did the Lord punish them for leaving him? By bringing great trouble upon them.

Lesson IX.—Who delivered the Israelites from their enemies? The Lord, through Gideon. How large an army did Gideon have? Three hundred men.

Lesson X.—Who was the strongest judge of the Israelites? Samson. How did he destroy the Philistines? He pulled down the temple upon them.

Lesson XI.—What did God send to Naomi? Great sorrow and trouble. Who went with Naomi to her own country? Faithful Ruth.

Lesson XII.—Whom did Hannah give unto the Lord? Her only son Samuel? Why did she do this? Because God had answered her prayers.

Lesson XIII.—Who spoke to Samuel in the night? The Lord. What did he tell Samuel? Of the punishment to fall upon Eli and his sons. Of what was this a proof? That Samuel was true to God.

Special Quarterly Service.—Topic: Education. 1. What is education? 2. Who should seek education? 3. The Church and education.

LOOK OUT FOR THE VOICE.

You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often, even in mirth, and it sticks to them through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest-voice at home." Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. Train it to sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.