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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SKRIPS—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

No. 17.

THE RIGHT THING.

To be able to keep our mind about us in times of calamity, and in acting do the thing that is best to be done, often proves of untold worth. Not many years ago a fire broke out in a village of Switzerland, and in a few hours the quaint little houses were entirely destroyed. Among the poor peasants who were weeping and wringing their hands at their loss was one man seemingly in deeper trouble than the rest. Not only were his home and cows gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighbouring villages. Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up, he saw his favourite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried. "Are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.



A SUMMER SONG.

A SUMMER SONG.

COME, dear children, one and all,
Here the birds are singing,
Here the sound of summer joy
Through the air is ringing,
Butterflies on wings of gold
Kiss the fragrant flowers;
Bees go humming gaily by,
All the sunny hours.

But the boy said, "Oh, no. A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah," cried the father,

the world there is very little similarity between the work last done and that which was first done. The Christian needs, therefore, to be constantly reminded that he must copy the first line. He must not copy his neighbour nor his own earlier efforts, but look away to the great

Model.—*Dr. Pentecost.*

"he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

THE BEST EXAMPLE.

I REMEMBER my first copy-book when a child. I got through the first line fairly, having the master's copy well under my eye. The second line, however, was a copy of my first and the third a copy of my second, and so on. When, therefore, I got to the bottom of the page, there was very little likeness between my writing and that of the accomplished penman who wrote the line at the top of the page. In Christian work we have been doing something very similar to this. The first disciples copied the Master, the succeeding ages copied the disciples, the third age copied the second, and so on. Accordingly,

in some parts of

THAT'S THE WAY

Just a little every day,
That's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first.
That's the way
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit and mite by mite,
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and to power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour
That's the way
Just a little every day

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TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1894.

THE QUARREL.

A BROTHER and sister angry with each other! See how their eyes snap! Hear their naughty words!

"I'll never, never play with you again, you bad girl."

"I'm glad of it; I don't want you to," said the angry little girl.

"How dreadful is a quarrel between a brother and sister! It is so wicked to be angry, so wicked to tell untruths!" said a voice from the window. It was their mother's.

"Untruths! I didn't tell a story," said Amy.

"Nor I," said her brother Edmund.

"Both of you did!" said mother, "and anger almost always leads to falsehoods. You said, Edmund, you'd never play with your sister again. Now, you know you will. And, Amy, you said you were glad. Now, if I were to forbid your ever playing with your brother again, how you would cry! You would be very unhappy."

"So I should, mother, I'm sorry I said it." "I'm sorry, too," said Edmund, "but Amy was—"

"Stop, my boy. No matter to tell what Amy did, or for Amy to tell what you did. If you are both sorry, you can make up with a kiss. And then both of you can go upstairs, and kneel down and ask Jesus to forgive you."

WHAT GOOD IS IT?

ROWLAND HILL, on a voyage from Ireland, was distressed by the conduct of the captain and the mate, who were both given to the habit of swearing. In turns the captain swore at the mate, and the mate at the captain, then they both swore at the wind.

"Stop, stop," said Rowland Hill; "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play; it's my turn now."

"At what is it your turn?" asked the captain.

"At swearing."

"Well," says Hill, "they waited and waited till their patience was exhausted, and then told me to make haste and take my turn. I told them that I had a right to take my own time. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn at all?'"

"'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'that I do—as soon as I can find the good of doing so.'"

The men learnt the lesson, and Mr. Hill did not hear another oath for the rest of the voyage.—*Selected.*

"MISS POSITIVE"

THE girls called her that because she was always so sure that she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse it made all the scholars laugh; and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips to keep a little sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tones: "It never rains but it pours."

Now, all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it, except Ida. She was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said, "and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley."

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once: "Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?"

"Miss Hartley, there isn't, is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible or heard it read, she certainly never had heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible—in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school and show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very

best thing to do. So the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters: "It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that isn't a Bible?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Ida, "it is out of the Bible, every word of it. Don't you see it says 'Proverbs' on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then all the girls laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs because they had so much meaning in them, and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end. Then, how her naughty little playmates teased her!

At the play-hour they buzzed around her like so many mosquitoes, and giggled and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said: "I've got a verse for to-morrow that is surely in the Bible. Uncle Ed found it for me: 'Set a watch. O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And, girls, in spite of all your teasing, I am going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of those naughty tongues slipped away, one by one, looking ashamed. It wasn't the thing to say so much just about a mistake.

HOW BEN WET HIS FEET.

Two small boys were going home from school one sharp autumn afternoon.

"Look," said Benny Bruce, "the mill pond is frozen over."

"It won't hold you yet," said cautious Johnny Jones. "My papa says it has to freeze and freeze before it's safe."

"I'm going to try it," persisted Ben, "and if it holds, I'll go skating."

"I shan't go on," said Johnny, standing shivering on the bank, and watching Ben as he ventured out. Only a few steps, when the ice broke, and splash! Ben was up to his neck in the cold water.

Johnny turned and fled to the grist mill, for Ben's father was the miller. Pushing open the heavy door, there was Mr. Bruce, emptying a bag of corn into the hopper.

"Oh," panted Johnny, "Ben got into the water, and his feet are all wet!"

"I'll warrant it," said Mr. Bruce, starting out of doors. "He's always getting his feet wet. I'll show him!" and he hunted around for a switch.

"Oh, you'd better hurry," said Johnny, "for the water was up to his neck when I came away."

Mr. Bruce didn't stop longer, but rushing to the pond, had Ben out of the water in about two minutes.

And I think Ben was more careful after that.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE "MOTHER'S ROOM."

I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;
He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you
know;

And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no "mother's room."
I tell you what, it is fine enough
To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,
But the room of rooms that seems best
to me,

The room where I'd always rather be,
Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,
And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,
And sometimes startle my aunt with a
shout?

It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,
To the hints of others I'm always blind.
Maybe I lose my things—what then?
In mother's room I find them again.
And I've never denied that I litter the floor
With marbles and tops and many things
more;

But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,
It is jolly to rest on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe when he visits me,
I take him to mother's room, you see,
Because it's the nicest place to go
When a fellow's spirits are getting low.
And mother she's always kind and sweet,
And there's always a smile poor Jack to
greet.

And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow
More brightly in mother's room, I know,
Than anywhere else, and you'll never find
gloom

Or any old shadow in mother's room.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 26.

FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

John 2. 1-11. **Memory verses, 1-5.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in
Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his
glory.—John 2. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Marriage in Cana, v. 1, 2.
2. The Mother of Jesus, v. 3-5.
3. The First Miracle, v. 6-10.
4. The Manifested Glory, v. 11.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully.
—John 2. 1-11.

Tues. Find the names of all the disciples
at this time.

Wed. Learn what this miracle was for.—
Golden Text.

Thur. Read about God's kind of wine.—
Psalm 104. 15.

Fri. Read about man's kind of wine.
Prov. 23. 29-32.

Sat. Learn why Jesus could do this
miracle.—John 1. 3

Sun. Learn what the true wine is like.
—John 4. 1-4.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus go to a wedding? Who
went with him? How many disciples
were there now? Six. Can you name them?

What woman was at the wedding?
How long did the feast last? What strange
thing happened one day? Why were the
people troubled?

Why did Mary tell Jesus about it?
What did she tell the servants?

How many stone waterpots were stand-
ing there? What did Jesus tell the ser-
vants? What did they do after filling the
pots? What did the master of the feast
say? What had Jesus done to the water?
Changed it into wine. Why did he do
this? What did it show? That he was
God.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus is Lord over all.
That it is safe to do as he says. Verse 5.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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.

May we all hope for this grace? Yes,
through the Saviour who was promised
when our first parents fell into sin.

A.D. 28.] **LESSON X.** [Sept. 2.

JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

John 2. 13-25. **Memory verses, 13-16.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

Make not my Father's house a house of
merchandise.—John 2. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's House, v. 13-17.
2. The Lord's Body, v. 18-22.
3. The Lord's Wisdom, v. 23-25.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the visit to the temple.
—John 2. 13-25.

Tues. Read of another visit to the same
place.—Matt. 21. 12, 13.

Wed. Find what God's house is for.—
Isa. 56. 7.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find what to do in God's house.—
Eccles. 5. 1.

Sat. Learn the good of going to God's
house.—Micah 4. 2.

Sun. Read Hymn 770 in "Methodist
Hymnal."

DO YOU KNOW—

What feast was near at hand? Where
was it kept? Who went to it?

What did he find in the temple? Was
it right to sell these things for sacrifice?
Yes, but not in a holy place.

What did Jesus do? Whom did he
drive out? What did he do with the
money-tables? What did he say to those

who sold doves? Why did he not drive
out the doves as he did the oxen and
sheep? The doves were in cages.

What did the Jews ask him? What did
Jesus say? What did he mean by the
temple? Did the Jews understand? When
did his disciples think of this answer?

What did Jesus do in Jerusalem? What
was the result?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God's house is a holy place. Matt.
21. 13.

That I am one of his little temples.
1 Cor. 3. 16.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

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

*What did our Lord Jesus Christ do to
save us?* He was made man, suffered death
in our stead, rose again from the dead, and
went up into heaven.

GYP AT THE COAST.

BY M. N. SANFORD.

FROM my window I can see a hill where,
in winter time, the little folks come every
day to coast. Little girls and boys, with
their gay red and blue and green sleds,
have great sport when school is done, and
all day long on Saturday. Of course there
are lots of tumbles in the soft snow, and
much laughter and shouting, and some-
times very funny things happen.

One day, little Harry Hill, with his dog
Gyp, came out to coast. And while Harry
rode down the hill on his sled, Gyp ran
close behind him, until they came to the
bottom. Then what do you think Harry
did? He took a piece of stout string
from his pocket and tied Gyp to the sled.
Away went the little dog, dragging the
sled after him up the hill.

All the afternoon Gyp worked for his
little master, and when I saw Harry going
home in the evening, Gyp was trotting
along by his side, with his little black tail
curled over his back, and he did not look
one bit tired.

WHITE LIES.

WHATEVER are white lies? Can lies be
anything but black and evil? No, never.
Every falsehood is dark and shameful, and
there never can be anything white and
stainless about deceit.

"Johnnie, did you break the vase?"

"No, mother." But the dog that Johnnie
was teasing broke it.

"Mary, why are you so late home from
school to-day?"

"I went round to borrow a book from
Jane Peters, mother." But Mary does not
add she was kept in half an hour for bad
behaviour. John and Mary comfort them-
selves with the notion that these are white
lies, though their consciences give them a
sharp little pinch, now and then.

Have nothing to do with lies, white or
black, acted or spoken.



FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.—John 1. 11.

A CRADLE SONG.

BY ISAAC WATTS.

Hush, my dear; lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay
When his birthplace was a stable
And his softest bed was hay.

See the kinder shepherds round him
Telling wonders from the sky!
There they sought him, there they found
him,
With his virgin mother by.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days,
Then go dwell forever near him,
See his face and sing his praise!

A MOUSE'S TALE.

"WELL, I never!" exclaimed Mr Pinkeyes, the white mouse who had escaped from his cage, and had found his way to the home of a brown mouse. "What a horrible, nasty, dark, dismal hole to live in; you should just see where I live. My home is a perfect palace. I have every luxury in the world that a mouse can want. It really seems terrible to live in a place like this, in fact I can't even stay and look at it any longer." And the white mouse went away.

The next day, Mr. Squeak, the brown mouse, thought he would go and see this beautiful palace. "How do you do, sir?" he said to the white mouse, who was looking out between the bars. "Let me see your palace, and then come out and have a romp."

"I can't open the door, it's fastened," said Mr. Pink-eyes.

"Well," thought the little brown mouse, give me freedom and a crust of bread, and you may keep your palaces, for they are not much better than prisons."

Then he went home; and after having told the little Squeaks the story, he remarked, "You have only got to be contented with your lot in life to be thoroughly happy."

GOING CALLING.

MAISIE liked to go calling with her mother. It was not often mamma took her, but when she did it was usually to the house of dear friends.

Once she took her to a lady's who was a stranger to Maisie. The lady had just come in from calling herself, so she had not taken off her bonnet.

After they left the house Maisie said to her mother, "I do not think that lady has any little girl of her own."

"Why do you think that?" asked mamma, smiling at her little girl's thoughtful face.

"'Cause there wasn't any little chair in the parlour; and she never gave me a picture book to look at, and she didn't speak to me at all. I'm sure she never had any little girl of her own to love."

Perhaps Maisie was right, but possibly she thought too much of herself and her own pleasure during the call.

Perhaps there might have been a cosy room other than the parlour where children could find things to make them happy even though the lady had no children of her own.

Suppose Maisie had thought a little less of what might be done just to please her, and had shown that her sweet, bright face proved a contented and patient heart while she waited. Would it not have been all right then?

PATSY'S WATER-WITCH.

"PLEASE, Nona, tell us a story," begged the children.

"Sure, and did I ever tell you about my brother Patsy's water-witch?"

"No, indeed, you didn't. Do tell us now."

"Well, it was when I was no bigger than Miss Jeannie, and Patsy was just about as big as Master Fred, and baby Mary was going on two. We never had water come into our houses through pipes, as you do in this country, but we had to bring it from a lake a long way off. So the men folks used to keep a big barrel full of water near the house.

"Patsy was the funny boy. He believed in fairies and bogies, and such. One day, when he and the baby and I were playing by the water barrel, Patsy climbed up and looked in. 'Oh,' says he, 'here is a water-witch. I——' and over he tumbled into the water; and all I could see was his two feet. I hollered so loud, that mother came running. She hollered too; but she pulled him out. As soon as he could speak, he said; 'The wicked water-witch pulled me in. I saw her two eyes a-glaring at me.'"

"Was it a witch?" asked Jeannie.

"No, Miss Jeannie. 'Twas his own face he saw in the water."

HOW ELSIE HELPED.

ALICE was knitting a pretty white shawl for a birthday present to mamma. Elsie stood by and watched her.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I wish there was anything little girls could do for their mammas' birthdays. I wish I could make her a shawl. Please, Alice, let me try to knit a wee bit of it. I know I could; it looks as easy as anything."

Alice laughed. Your dear little mischief, you would only spoil the pretty shawl. It is not at all easy for such little fingers as yours. Promise not to touch it, and I will let you help in another way. You may hold the yarn while sister winds it into a big ball."

"Will that be helping?" asked Elsie, doubtfully.

"Yes, indeed, really and truly. Sister can't do it alone, and if you don't hold it someone else must."

Elsie held out her hands very patiently, until every bit of the wool was wound.

When Alice gave the shawl to mamma, Elsie spoke up eagerly: "I helped make it, mamma, I did truly."

"Why, what could such little hands do with knitting needles?" asked mamma.

"Didn't do with 'em. I held the yarn. Alice couldn't do it. I did help. She said so."

"So you did, sweetheart," said mamma kissing her.