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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

[No. 21.

CALLING TO DINNER.

THIS is a queer way to call people to dinner—but a very good way. The clear strong sound of an iron triangle can be heard a long ways. See the bee-hives in the background. The little girl seems afraid of being stung.

THE MERCIFUL PRINCE.

MORE than two thousand years ago, in a far-off country, a prince was born. While he was yet a child every care was taken that he should be made happy, and sights of sorrow were carefully kept from him. He was of a very kind, loving, and tender disposition.

But the care even of a king for a prince could not keep away all sorrowful sights. His watchful eyes sometimes saw suffering that filled his heart with pity.

As he was playing with his cousin in the palace ground, a flock of wild swans flew over their heads. His cousin drew his bow and wounded one.

It fell at his feet. The prince with pity drew the arrow from the wounded bird, and saved its life.

While his child-life was one of tenderness and mercy, the years passed by and he became a man. His heart was still filled with pity for every suffering creature. He



CALLING TO DINNER.

went from the palace, from home and dear friends, to become poor and a wanderer, that he might help the suffering. It is beautifully told that in his wanderings he came upon a flock of sheep driven along the dusty highway. There was one poor wounded, bleeding lamb, which he took

tenderly in his arms and carried. And so through life his pity and his help were given to the weak, whether men or beasts. From his tender and beautiful life, men came to worship him after his death.

The prince was Prince Gautama, of India, who is worshipped as Buddha. Is not his loving and merciful life, from a little child to an old man, a beautiful example to us? But there is a greater Prince, even the Son of the Most High who came down from heaven and gave his life to seek and to save the lost. Should not all men love and worship him?

TAKING THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandmother and said, "Grandma, which of all the people do you like best?" "I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her

reasons. "Which do you like best?" Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said slowly, "I like Christiana." "Why so, my son?" "Because she took the children with her, grandma."

THEY who seek me early shall find me.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upward unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling place,
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earth-born,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispered gently,
"Suffer such to come to me."

And in that eternal kingdom,
Mid the grand, triumphant throng,
Childish voices sweet may mingle
In the glorious choral song.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

THE NEW BOOK.

THERE were only two books, and three children. One was all about a little boy; and as Dick was a little boy, it seemed clear that he should have that one. The other was about two little girls; but to which of the girls would papa give it? Would they quarrel, and each one want it? No, indeed! I am glad to tell you it was just the other way. Bess said: "It is beautiful; but Belle is the little one, and ought to have it." And Belle said, "It is lovely; but Bess is the oldest, and ought to have it." Wasn't that sweet and good in them? Then when papa talked with them, they said, "It will belong to both of us." They spent many happy hours with their two bright little heads bent together over it. Jesus wants all the children to love each other. And I am sure this must have made him very happy.

HOW SHE KNEW IT.

WHEN God's grace gets into a man's heart it will be seen in his life. No one can expect to hide his religion so no one can see that he has any. The change made by grace is not always so great as it is in the following case; but this illustrates nicely the fact that religion in the heart will show itself in the life.

"How is your father getting on now?" was asked of a little daughter of a man formerly a drunkard, but who, some months before had been persuaded to sign the pledge.

"He is getting along very well," was the reply.

"Has he kept the pledge?"

"Oh, yes," she joyfully replied.

"Are you sure he has?"

"Yes, sir, I am quite sure."

"How is it that you are so positive on this point?" I asked.

"Why," she said, and her face was radiant with joy, "he never abuses mother any more; we have always plenty to eat; and he never takes my shoes off to pawn them for a drink now. This why I know it, sir."

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

"JACK, you're a little sailor," said I.

"My father's a big one and I'm a little one," said he. "We have jolly times going fishing together in the *Susan*."

"Don't you get seasick?"

"No, indeed; nobody but greenies get seasick.

By "greenies" he meant folks that only go out on the sea once in a while. But Jack was used to it; he had been out in boats and ships ever since he was a baby, even in the roughest weather, and of course he wasn't seasick.

To-day they were going down to Kit's Point to get some fish Jack's uncle had left them.

"Take your ship along," said father.

Jack had a pretty little ship his papa had made for him in the winter evenings. Mother made the sails and the union jack at the top of the mast.

"There's going to be a storm," said father.

"How can you tell?" asked Jack.

"The gulls tell me. See them flying about and hear them screaming."

"How do they know the storm is coming?"

"The wise God teaches them," said father.

The waves were pretty rough that day, but Jack didn't mind the waves. He was not afraid in the boat with his father. And his father was not afraid. Can you think why? "Because," as he said, "Jesus was

always in the boat with him; and how could he be afraid where Jesus was?" There was one little Bible story he loved to read. It is in Mark 4:36-40. Will you find it and read it?

A great steamship passed quite near them, and father began to talk to Jack about it, but Jack didn't seem to mind.

"You don't seem to care for the great ocean steamer; guess I won't tell you any more," said papa.

"Can't 'tend but to one thing at a time," said the little sailor. "If I look at the steamer, my boat will be wrecked."

"Good for you, Jackie!" said papa. "I'm glad you remember your Sunday School lesson."

So Jack learned something every day by paying attention to what he saw and heard. That is the way for all little children to learn.

WOULD YOU HAVE DONE SO?

"I WISH I had a toy balloon!" said Freddy. "And oh, mamma, I've got five cents in my Wide Awake bag!"

"I thought you were going to give that to the missionaries."

"But I'll give another five cents ' them."

"It is your money. Yes, my little boy," said his mother.

Freddy knew his mamma was sorry. She always was when she said: "My little boy." But he ran and got the five cents and soon after came proudly down the street with his balloon.

"Ain't it lovely, mamma? Look, mamma! See, mamma! Look quick! quick! Oh, what's the matter? It's going in! I'll joggle it to make it bigger. Oh, now I've broke it!"

And down sat Freddy with the broken balloon and weeping eyes. And there was no five cents in his bag for the Wide Awakes.

Would you have done so?

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

PAPA, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. "How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. But are you sure Uncle Will's scales weigh right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed *nothing*." Who can guess who this king is? Whom must we take with us in order to be full weight?

THAT BOY.

Is the house turned topsy-turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue
Spite of all your wild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions
That you have at home—that boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and in upset?
Have two eyes so bright and roguish
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden beds a prowler
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid-air twirling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever sit up to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers
You were once just like that boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trousered urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that boy.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-days. Matt. 12. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Keeping God's Day.
2. Doing God's Work.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus walk with his disciples on the Sabbath-day? Through the open corn-fields.

What did the disciples do? They gathered the ears of corn and ate them.

Who found fault with them? The Pharisees.

How did Jesus defend them? He said they had not done wrong.

What did he tell the Pharisees? That they would not have accused the disciples of sin if they had kept the law in their hearts.

What did he declare? That he was Lord and Master of the Sabbath.

What had they no right to do? To judge his actions.

Where did Jesus go to preach on another Sabbath-day? In the Jewish synagogue.

Who was there? A man with a withered hand.

What did the Pharisees ask him? If it was right to heal on the Sabbath-day.

What did Jesus ask them? If it was right to help a sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath-day.

How did he then question them? Whether a man was not more worthy of help than a sheep.

What did he tell them? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did he then do? He healed the man with the withered hand.

How did the Pharisees feel toward him? They hated him, and planned to kill him.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Sunday was given to be a help and a joy to you.

Do you remember it as "God's day," not to be used like other days?

Would you rather use it as you do the other days?

Do you ever want to spend it in selfish or worldly pleasures?

'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Why will their joy be perfect? Because they will be always with the Lord.

A.D. 27.] LESSON X. [Dec. 4.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Matt. 13. 1-9. Commit to memory vs. 3-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God. Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Seed.
2. The Word.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How did Jesus teach the people who came to hear him? By parables.

What is a parable? A story that teaches and explains God's truth.

What was Jesus's first parable? The story of the sower.

Where did the sower sow his seed? In all places.

What of the seed which fell on stony ground? It was quickly withered away.

When was the seed choked and killed? When it fell among thorns.

What became of that which fell by the wayside? Birds came and ate it.

What seed bore much fruit? That which fell upon good ground.

What did Jesus mean by "the seed?" (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Who are the sowers of the seed? Our ministers, and teachers, and parents.

What is the soil? The hearts of the people.

What are like the birds of the air that devour the seed? Sinful thoughts and wishes.

What are like the thorns that choke the seed? The pleasures of the world and the love of money.

What is the stony ground where the seed withers and dies? The hearts of those who begin to obey God, but are easily discouraged and stop trying.

What is the fruit that the seed bears in good soil? Loving, unselfish words and deeds.

How may we all bear fruit a hundred-fold? By keeping the Word in our hearts.

Who will help us? Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The seed has been sown in your heart today; will it bear much fruit?

Does the thinking of your clothes or your play ever choke the seed?

Does the seed ever wither and die because you forget all about Jesus and his love?

'Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.'

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fruit-bearing.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Will they suffer nothing there? Good men will suffer nothing in heaven: they will have no want nor pain nor sin.

NAUGHTY JIMMIE.

JIMMIE does not behave well in Sabbath-school. I will tell you what he does, and what he does not do. He crowds the boy who sits next to him, snatches his cap or book, pinches him when the teacher is not looking, and whispers loud every time he gets a chance. He does not listen to what the teacher says about the lesson; he does not sing or pray when the others do; he does not recite the Golden Text or Tiny Text, and he does not learn much about God and good things. And all the time God is looking at Jimmie.—*Our Children.*



A QUEER TEAM.

A QUEER TEAM.

THE boys in Belgium often employ a dog to pull a cart; but those in the picture have improved on that plan by employing a goat. We think that with all the pushing and pulling and coaxing the boys have to do themselves they don't get much benefit from the goat. But they get lots of fun out of it which, I suppose, is what they want. I don't think the load is as heavy as it looks. It is probably charcoal, which is very light.

A BOY'S SLING.

It was not exactly a boy's sling such as you use in your play, though the chief difference, perhaps, is that it was a little larger and stronger.

That was before the days of guns, you know, and the sling was a weapon of war. It would look very funny to see a body of soldiers marching out armed with nothing but leathern slings, but had you lived in those days, you might have seen it.

But these were only the common soldiers who could not afford armour. Have you ever seen a suit of armour in a museum? It is a suit of clothing made to keep out—not the cold or rain—but the weapons of the enemy.

Then in those days, too, it was not the man who could shoot the straightest who was the best fighter in war. It was the man who could strike the hardest blow—the largest and strongest man. And this was the kind of a man against whom David went out to fight with nothing but his sling.

How could he win, then, if he were not the stronger and had not the best weapons? He didn't win. I have never read it in

that way—that David won that fight with Goliath.

Behind David, but invisible to all the rest, was another who aimed and threw the stone, and who could see, what no one else could, just the right place to have it strike, and put force enough behind it to make it go right through a man's skull. "Who was this other man behind David?"

It was not a man. I did not say that. It was God. God is always behind the man or boy who tries to do right, and helps him.

God is always behind the man or boy whom he has given some work to do, and who goes straight ahead to do it, though there are giants in the way.

There are giants nowadays as terrible to some boys as Goliath was to the Israelites. Do you know any of them? The giant Ridicule is a terrible fellow in the eyes of some boys. If they would just march right into his face once, as David did into the face of Goliath, God would give them the strength to overcome him once for all. But they stand off and dread him, and let him make his brags in their very faces, and they dare not do their duty because of him, when it is so easy a thing as praying in the presence of the boys, before they retire, or confessing Christ in the meeting.

Boys, giant Ridicule is a great coward and one determined blow at him in the shape of duty nobly done, will crash through his brain, and he will never open his lips to you again. God will march behind you.—*Selected.*

If a man saw himself occasionally as others see him, he would cut his own acquaintance on the spot.

OUR LIGHT.

JESUS bids us shine
With a clear, pure light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness;
So we must shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for him,
Well he knows and sees it,
If our light is dim;
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine.
Then, for all around.
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound;
Sin and want, and sorrow:
So we must shine—
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

Selected.

LILY AND VIOLET.

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes line, and were washing their dolls' garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenilo tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once.

Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peacemaker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought of her mind; so she said, soothingly, "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."

SOMEBODY'S FATHER.

HE wasn't a tramp, though he had no home, no money, and no friends. I mean he didn't want to be a tramp, though he'd walked a long distance; and it would be a long walk yet, before he reached anybody who knew him.

Alvan and Alma saw him leaning against the tree, standing close to keep some of the rain-drops off. Alma was a little afraid of him at first; but Alvan said: "I guess he's somebody's father." And, taking a shining little coin that he had in his own pocket, he put it into the poor man's hand.

I think these two children are the kind of givers whom "the Lord loveth."