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# THE SUNBEAM

ROBERT SMITH & CO.

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1893.

No. 23.

## THE MAGNET.

WHAT is that in Bert's hand? It looks like a little horse-shoe. It is a magnet, you say. The magnet is a very wonderful thing. It has a strange power—a power to attract, that is, to draw towards itself, iron or steel. A great deal of amusement can be had out of a magnet. Get one and see. If you have any iron filings, spread them out on a piece of white paper or card, and lay the magnet to and fro underneath the paper, and you will see some queer movements among the filings. If you have iron filings, perhaps you can find some said containing grains of iron, and you can easily separate the iron from the other sand with the magnet.

Speaking of this power of attraction, does it not remind us of something we have seen and felt among people around us? Why are we drawn to some people more than others, and cannot some draw others to them better than we can? Ah! there is a power more wonderful even than the magnet, and we have been speaking of, a force which can lead the whole world together, the power of love.

Shall we not let one try to be so filled with love for everybody that we shall all be magnets to draw others to us?

KINDNESS to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on for kindness toward his companions.



THE MAGNET.

## BOYS RESOLVED TO RISE

FIFTEEN years ago, two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, in New England, went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which, when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach, they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet

with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

The first boy is now a middle-aged man. He still gathers moss on the coast near Plymouth. The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and is now a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen, he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed at the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith, I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night and at every opportunity as a beginning."

Two of the men joined him, the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—*Sunday School Herald.*

## A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

I CANNOT do great things for him  
Who did so much for me;  
But I should like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto thee.  
Faithful in very little things,  
O Saviour, may I be

There are small things in daily life  
In which I may obey,  
And thus may show my love to thee  
And always every day  
There are some little loving words  
Which I for thee may say

There are small crosses I may take,  
Small burdens I may bear  
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
Some sorrows I may share,  
And little bits of work for thee  
I may do everywhere

So I ask thee to give me grace  
My little place to fill  
That I may ever walk with thee  
And ever do thy will  
And in each duty, great or small,  
I may be faithful still.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1892.

## HOW A CHRISTIAN CHILD SHOULD PRAY.

It was little Ida's birthday, and her mamma had given her a birthday party, and she had received many presents, a little set of dishes from mamma, a lovely doll with real hair from papa, a little work-box from grandpa, and many things besides from other friends. Ida was very happy. She played with them all day, and when bed-time came she put them all away in her little play-house, with mamma's help. In her evening prayer she thanked Jesus for the doll, and the dishes, the work-box, and every thing, but she remembered that there was something much greater to be

thankful for, so she said. "I thank you O Jesus, that you was punished 'nstead of me."

Ida's mother thought that she did not understand what she was saying, so a few days afterward she showed to Ida a picture of Jesus dying on the cross, and asked, "Why was Jesus punished so? Had he done something naughty?"

Little Ida answered: "No; it was me. It is because I was so naughty, and Jesus loved me so much he didn't like me to be punished, so he was punished 'nstead of me."

In all of your plays and joys remember Jesus just as little Ida did.

One day a little boy, who was trying to be a Christian, came in crying, and laid his head on mamma's lap. Then he said, "O mamma, I don't believe I am a Christian boy at all, for I forget all about Jesus when I play." He was partly right and partly wrong. It makes children play more sweetly and kindly to think about Jesus. It helps them to play like Christians, but if they should forget about Jesus sometimes, for a little while, it is no sign that they are not Christians—*Selected.*

## HOW TWO LITTLE BOYS CAME TO JESUS.

As the children were leaving their Sunday-school one afternoon the superintendent gently placed his hand upon the shoulder of one little boy, saying:

"Are you trusting in the Lord?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Would you like to trust him?" asked the good man tenderly.

"Yes," said the little fellow, and with such deep earnestness that the kind superintendent was convinced Willie was really longing for the knowledge of salvation through Christ.

The same evening Willie was listening attentively to a preacher reading a portion from John 20, who, at the end of verse 27, at the words, "Be not faithless but believing," paused and said, "Be not unbelieving, but believing."

These words were impressed upon Willie's young and tender heart.

At the close of the service, the boy, together with his brother, remained, by the wish of his superintendent, to speak with the preacher. Willie's whole frame quivered with emotion as he owned how he had been long desirous of salvation. And then the four knelt down together.

"O Lord, save me!" prayed Willie, and he repeated after the preacher these well known words.

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me;  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Without a storm was raging, and the rain was descending in torrents, but within poor Willie's heart there was a storm scarcely less fierce.

"What hinders you from accepting

Christ and obtaining salvation through him, Willie?"

"I want a sign to know that I am saved," he replied.

If you had offended me, and I told you I forgave you, would you believe my words—or would you ask me for a sign that I had forgiven you?"

"I would believe you without a sign," the boy answered.

"Can you not believe God?"

"Lord, may I not be faithless, but believing!" he sighed.

"Jesus says, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" was whispered to him.

"Lord, I come to thee, and ask thee to save me!" was his response.

Jesus says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me.' Just tell God that you come in the name of his Son."

"O God, I come in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ask thee to save me!" said the little boy, earnestly.

Above the fury of the storm was heard that simple petition, and the Lord spoke peace to Willie's soul.

"I am saved," he said. "Lord, I thank thee for having saved me! Lord, I pray thee to keep me from evil, and to save my dear brother!"

Now Tommy, who had remained silent, began to pray aloud too, and, with child-like simplicity, followed the prayer of his much-loved superintendent, repeating every sentence after him, word for word.

"Jesus is so loving, and gracious, and tender," said the servant of Christ to the little boy; "cannot you trust him?"

And Tommy told the Lord he could do so, and then all arose from their knees and stood and praised the Lord.

"Glory, honour, praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever!  
Jesus Christ is our redeemer!  
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."

While we thank God that Willie and Tommy are now happily conscious that they are safe for time and for eternity beneath the shelter of the blood of Christ, let us ask you, dear young readers, to consider well whether you have fled to him for shelter, who is indeed a hiding-place from every storm.

## THE OLD SCORE.

"MARK you," said a pious sailor to a shipmate, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible nor praying nor being good. It is none of these, for, even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score, and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done or can do. It's taking hold of what Jesus did for you, it's forsaking your sins and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."

**A BOYS SUGGESTION.**

BY DAVID S. HIBBARD

People talk about the bounty  
Of the lad that never smokes,  
And never plays a game of cards,  
And always minds his folks:

What a manly-looking fellow  
He will make in manhood's years!  
With a healthy constitution  
And a heart that has no fears.

This kind of talk is good enough  
For any one to teach,  
If folks would only bring to mind  
To "practice what they preach."

I've had the deacon lecture me  
On things like this enough,  
While with the other hand he'd take  
Another pinch of snuff

And then he'd tell me solemnly,  
With a face as long again,  
To remember while at play,  
That the boys will make the men.

Now to those who're always talking,  
With an everlasting noise,  
I'd say, to make us good or bad,  
'Tis the men that make the boys.

If the people round about us  
Set examples good enough,  
Boys who now are closely watching  
Will not drink nor chew nor snuff

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.**

AD. 44] **LESSON VI.** [Nov. 6

**PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.**

Acts 12. 1-17. **Memory verses, 5-8.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

Who did all he could to hurt the Christians at Jerusalem? A wicked king named Herod.

Whom did he kill with the sword? James, one of the apostles

Who were glad of it? The Jews, who hated all Jesus' disciples.

When Herod saw they were pleased, what else did he do? He put Peter in prison, meaning to kill him.

How was Peter guarded? He was chained to two soldiers, and watched by others.

What happened the night before Peter was to be put to death? An angel spoke to him while he was asleep.

What did the angel tell him to do? To rise up quickly and follow him.

How could Peter go when he was chained? His chains fell off, and the doors opened of themselves.

What did Peter think at first? He thought that he was dreaming.

When Peter knew that God had delivered him, where did he go? To his friends, who were together praying for him.

When Peter knocked at the door what did the maid do? She left him standing at the door while she ran and told all the people that Peter was there.

Did the people believe her? No they could not believe it was true until they saw Peter themselves.

Can you repeat the Golden Text? Is it just as true for us to-day as it was for Peter?

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

What command did God give to our first parents in the garden of Eden? He commanded them not to eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

Did they keep this command? No: they did eat of the tree.

A.D. 45.] **LESSON VII** [Nov. 13.

**THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES**

Acts 13. 1-12. **Memory verses, 2-4.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.—Luke 24. 47

What did the Holy Spirit tell the Christians in Antioch to do? "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."

What was this work? Preaching to the Gentiles.

Do you suppose everybody in Antioch had believed on Jesus? O, no; there were thousands of people there who had not believed.

Does God want us then to wait till every one in our country is a Christian before we send missionaries to other nations? No, for the more we work for other nations the more we shall do for our own.

What had Jesus told his disciples to do? To "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Is this command for us, too?

Where did Saul and Barnabas go first? To Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

While they were there who asked to hear them preach? The governor of the island.

Who tried to keep him from believing what they said? A wicked man, named Elymas.

How did Saul say he would be punished? He said that God would make him blind.

Did he become blind at once? Yes, he had to get some one to lead him home.

Could he keep the governor from believing in Jesus? No, he was astonished at what was done, and believed at once.

What did Saul and his company do? They went away to preach to other people.

What did Saul begin now to be called? Paul.

**CATECHISM QUESTIONS.**

What evil did they bring upon themselves thereby? They lost the favour of God, were condemned to pain and death, and were driven out of the garden.

Did their sin hurt any beside themselves? Yes, their sin hurt all mankind

**THE EMPEROR BORROWS A BOOK.**

KWANG-SEU, Emperor of China, is about twenty years old. He is the ruler of nobody knows how many people, at least six or seven times as many as there are in the United States. He has palaces, servants, fine clothes, every thing he wants, but there is one thing that is as hard for a king as for an American boy or girl. Some wise old fellow truly said "There is no royal road to learning." He meant that when it comes to learning letters or geography or grammar or anything else, you have to do your own studying, and you can't do it any better if you sit on a gold throne with diamonds on your crown and an ivory sceptre in your hand.

Last year the Emperor Kwang-seu took it into his head to learn English, and he summoned two educated Chinese to teach him. One comes one day, the other the next—a queer way, but it suits the Chinese. The first thing these teachers wanted for their grown-up primary scholar was a primer. So the call went out. "A primer for the Emperor" Who has an English picture-primer for the lord of the Celestial Empire? For good English primers are almost as scarce in that country as good Chinese primers would be in New York or Chicago. But they found one at last; it was a "Model First Reader," and it belonged to Frances Taft, a little American girl, whose father and mother are Methodist missionaries at Peking. The Emperor ought to be satisfied with it, for of course what is good enough for an American girl is good enough for anybody, but shouldn't you like a peep at his celestial majesty in study hours when he is learning to spell c-a-t—cat, and b-a-t—bat, out of Miss Frances' book?—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

**"LET JESUS IN."**

A WEE little girl was playing Sabbath school. She sang and talked as if she were a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible and mind what papa and mamma say. After a while she looked toward the door and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She thought Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.



LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

### A LITTLE RED LIGHT BY THE DANGER.

TUNK! TUNK! TUNK! TUNK!—Faint and far away

'Tis the morning side of midnight, and the city streets, deserted, echo to each passing sound. At the corners of the squares the pendant arc lights fizz, and sputter, and flash. Sombre shadows cower by the street sides and in the recesses.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Just a little clearer than before.

Opposite the ends of the alley ways, on some of the side streets, here and there, out of the range of the flashing electrics, an occasional dingy gas lamp relieves the utter darkness.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Rising and falling like the Rat! Tat! Tat! of a distant roveillo

Close by the intersection of two streets, half hidden and almost unseen within the shadows of the overarching chestnuts, rises a mound of earth. A 2 x 4 scantling bridges over the blackness between the top and the adjacent sidewalk. On the end of another scantling, reaching but just across the first one, near the centre, hangs a little red lantern with a clear tiny light.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! still rises and falls with mathematical precision.

Around the street corner, a block away, where Yonge crosses the end of Elm, a solitary pedestrian steps into the glare of the electric light, overhead, as it suddenly drops into dulness and darkness for a moment, and turning along Elm, pursues, with almost measured tread, his way westward.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! The sounds are clearer and varied a little now. The mystery is explained.

The electric light flashes in as suddenly as it went out, revealing a portly figure in clerical, priestly garb. The tall hat, set slightly backward, disclosing a face—once seen, never to be forgotten—broad, clean shaven, brows suggestive of keen insight and penetration, clear blue eyes, jaws—almost heavy—showing with the curling

upper lip and strong persuasive mouth an educated, self poised, confident, aggressive man. A heavy, well-knit frame, tending a little to corpulency, and a little above the medium height, with broad shoulders, slightly rounding, revealing the physical as "tipping the scale" at fourteen stone, easily. The rosy flush of health betokening one just on the verge of two score years.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk!

The steps suddenly cease as they reach the shadowy seclusion of the chestnuts and the ray of the little red lantern. The sound of a human voice breaks the stillness. There is a shade or tone of harshness in its ring at first, or seemingly so but the spirit and quickening impulse of its questioning soon erases that first impression.

"What are you doing there, little red lantern? Are you running opposition to the arc at the corner? Can you talk? What's that you say?"

"No! I'm not an opposition light."

"What are you, then?"

"O, I'm only a little red light by a danger-hole. The arc light up yonder has too large a work to do to come down here under these chestnuts and illuminate the shadows. The gas lamps have all they can do in the lanes. All the night I sit here alone by the danger. I can't shine much, but I shine steady. In the morning my good father, the sun, will come and take my place, and tell me: 'Well done!' Until then I stay and keep watch. Good-night, Mr. Preacher."

"Good-night little red lantern, with your trusty ray God bless you! I am very much obliged to you for the very nice little sermon you have given me. I will tell my people about you some time, and I know they will learn to shine more faithfully by your consistent example. Receive the benediction: 'May the blessing of the Father, and the Divine Son, and the Gracious Spirit be with and abide upon everything, animate and inanimate, that is in harmony with God and does his will—and this little red light by the danger. Amen.'"

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Steadily westward go the footsteps, until the quiet earth of the Park Avenue cushions and kisses the echo.

The clock in the cathedral, a mile away, strikes one, and as the sonorous sound waves reverberate over the sleeping city, towers and fire halls answer back. The arcs sputter and flare on the shieve ropes, and the little red light by the danger shines on—*Llewellyn A Morrison in the Luminary*

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.

### ABOUT MY BOY AND ME

WE were driving together one summer's day,

My little boy and I,  
The fields were green along the way  
Under the cloudless sky.

All nature seemed on pleasure bent,  
The birds were singing free,  
But none of them were more content  
Than the child I had with me.

One songster hidden from our sight,  
Sang loud and full and long,  
And I said I thought that little mite  
Seemed happiest of the throng.

My little one listened to the lay,  
And looked to find the bird,  
On the bushes and trees beside the way,  
To trace the sound he had heard.

But giving up the search for a while,  
When he had scanned each limb,  
He said, looking up with a sweet little smile,  
"Has he his mother with him?"

I kissed my thanks for the compliment  
So prettily given to me,  
And wondered if ever a mother were sent  
As sweet a boy as he.

### THE GYPSY BOY.

A POOR gypsy boy lay dying. He had never heard the story of the Cross. By his side sat one who had come to tell it to him, but she feared she was too late, for the lad lay with eyes closed without any sign of consciousness. "God so loved the world that he save his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Three times over were the wonderful words repeated. The third time there was a movement, and from under the long lashes rolled two big tears. The lips moved. As she bent over him, the one who had repeated the words heard him whisper, "And to think I never thanked him!" Dear child, has his love ever touched you as it touched that gypsy lad? Have you never "thanked him?"

### A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

IN one of our cemeteries is a little white stone marking the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone is chiselled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" Think what a shadow of blessing her ever present influence must have been! I have often thought how much it might help us all in life if the vibrations of character which play upon us, and which we thus sympathetically reproduce, were ever good and only good! And I am sure that none of us can covet a higher ideal than a character so Christ-like and pure that in our daily walk among men the very shadows we cast will render lives more beautiful and souls more true.