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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

[No. 23.]

HE SAID HE WOULD.

LITTLE Lorena loved her grandmother dearly, and was very kind and thoughtful, always ready to pick up her ball or knitting-work, or hunt her spectacles, or read to her out of her little primer.

When grandmother was able to walk, little Lorena was eyes for her, as well as a staff; for grandmother often said, "Lorena, just to steady me a little, is a great help."

But one day grandmother was taken very sick, and the doctor said she would never walk again, but would go to heaven.

The little girl was almost heartbroken, and could not understand how grandmother could take such a long journey, as it was to heaven, without her little hand to lean upon.

Sorrow never comes singly, and while the little girl was grieving that grandmother was going away, never to come back, a neighbour came, in great haste, saying: "Have you heard? Paul Woodward has been thrown from his horse, and will not live till morning."

Lorena's ears were open, and her mind was busy. She slipped away, and ran bare-headed, with all her might, to Mrs. Woodward's, and asked, "May I see Paul?"

The family thought it would do no harm, and so the little girl went on tiptoe to



Paul's cot, and whispered something in his ear.

The poor boy smiled, and said: "Yes; I will."

Little Lorena ran home again, and going to her mother, said: "Oh, I'm so glad Paul is going to heaven to-night."

"Why, my child," said her mother, "I thought you loved Paul; how can you be so glad he is going away?"

"Well, you see, poor grandma is going to heaven, too, and so I just ran over to ask Paul when he got there, to keep a little lookout for grandma, for she will want somebody to help her, she is so weak and feeble. And Paul said he would."

And so it came to pass that the dear, feeble grandmother followed the strong, robust Paul only one day later, and little Lorena kept saying, "How glad grandma will be that I asked Paul to be on the lookout to help her."

RULES FOR FRETTERS.

A LITTLE girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself, and troublesome to her friends. We

all have our trials, but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it, do so.

CHILD'S HYMN.

GOD, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow—
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And make the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so, what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

CHILD-LIKE FOLLOWING GOD.

VERY suggestively does an inspired writer say: "Be ye followers of God as dear children." A good model is thus commended. Children naturally imitate or follow the example of their parents. Whatever they see them do they attempt to do. They conform as closely as possible to the copy set before them in parental doings and sayings. This tendency is developed at quite an early period in life. The young child is found in various ways resembling the parent. To this imitative principle in human nature

allusion is evidently made in the apostolic injunction just quoted.

Thus, to follow God is to fully confide in him. No feeling of a child toward a parent is more spontaneous and distinguishing than confidence. Hardy anything is more unnatural than a child's distrust of a parent. Ordinarily, a child's highest idea of excellence is embodied in the parent, who is deemed a paragon of perfection. Many a child trusts a parent even without a question. It is taken for granted that all is right in what a father or mother does. Of the class of children who believe that their parents can do nothing wrong was the little girl, seven years old, who said of a counterfeit coin which some one had refused to take of her, "I am sure it is a good one, for my father has just made it." Such a confiding child certainly deserved a better father, that she might never come to know that her confidence was misplaced.

LAWYER GEORGE.

GEORGE LEE was ten years old. His good parents had taught him to be kind and helpful to every person, and that animals should never be ill-treated.

One day a horse was drawing a cart full of stones over a road. The mud was deep, and soon the wheels sank into it so far that the poor, tired horse stopped, and could not pull the cart another step. The driver struck the helpless animal several cruel blows, and had lifted his big whip again, when George Lee ran up and stood between the man and horse.

"Don't strike that horse again; don't," pleaded George. "It's wicked to abuse a dumb beast."

"Boy, get out of the way," said the man angrily. George did not stir an inch.

"Mister, how would you like to be a horse and when you were so tired you couldn't draw any more, to get a whipping?" he asked.

The man laughed and lowered the whip. "If you will make believe that you are a horse and are in his place, and that he is in yours, I guess you'll never strike him again," said George.

"Well, you are right, I know."

"You must get another horse to help him," said George.

Just then two strong men came up, and each put a shoulder to the cart, and gave it such a push that the horse pulled it out of the mud, and went on easily.

I think George made a good horse lawyer, and, what is better, he says he will "never drink a drop of liquor as long as he lives."

OPEN rebuke is better than secret love.

"I AM MY FATHER'S."

"WILL you not be my little girl?" I said one day to little Nannie Wheeler; "you do not know how much I love you, and how happy I will try to make you, if you will only be my little Nannie." She looked up earnestly in my face with her bright black eyes, and said:

"I'm father's."

"Well, Nannie, I will give you such nice things if you will be my little girl. I will give you a beautiful new dress, and a hood, and such a fine little muff to keep Jack Frost from finding your fingers, and a little shawl, and new shoes. Now, do be my little girl!" She looked up again in the same touching manner, and said:

"I'm father's."

"Oh, now, Nannie," I continued more earnestly, "when poor Aunt Carrie has no little girl, and your father has Augusta, and Willie, and Tooty, as well as you. Oh, I will buy you a new doll, very large, with black eyes bright as yours, and a little rocking-horse; and you shall have so many toys that I will give you a drawer on purpose to keep them in, all for yourself; and such picture-books! Dear Nannie, now do be Aunt Carrie's little girl." She again said, in her quiet, simple way:

"I'm father's."

Dear little girl, how few would have withstood temptation so strongly set forth! She is only three years old, and yet she would not, for any inducement held out, give up her love for her father.

Little children, we have all one Father, even "Our Father which art in heaven." The world with all its allurements is held out to tempt us from his love. Do we turn from it, and with childlike faith and love answer, "I am my Father's"?

Loving friends gather around us, and may lead us to forget that there is One whom we must love above all others; do we turn from them, and say, with Nannie, "I am my Father's"?

Comforts and luxuries are brought to us to tempt us on every side; do we take up the cross humbly, and walk in the footsteps of Him who "had not where to lay his head," and answer, "I am my Father's"?

Let us all take a lesson from little Nannie in her unswerving love for her father. Nothing can tempt her from his side; she follows him about like a little lamb, and she nestles in his arms, and lays her precious head on his bosom. May the good Shepherd watch over her, and keep her; and may I hear that dear voice repeat those words, "I am my Father's!"

THE DARK.

WHERE do the chickens run,
When they are afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark, into the shade,
Under the mother's downy wing,
No longer afraid of anything.

Dear little girl, dear little boy,
Afraid of the dark,
Bid you good-by to the daylight with joy,
Be glad of the night, for hark!
The darkness can no danger bring;
It is the shadow of God's wing.

Where do the little violets creep,
In the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep,
And to wait for the spring they go,
Under the ground where storms ne'er reach,
And God takes tender care of each.

Be not afraid, little girl or boy,
Of the dark of death.
Jesus will carry you, full of joy,
To his home, as he kindly saith:
And in the ground where violets sleep,
Your little body the Lord will keep.

—Mother at Home

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.O. 1014] **LESSON VIII.** [Nov. 24

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

1 Kings 3, 5-15. Commit to mem. vs. 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is better than rubies. Prov. 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Solomon's request, v. 5-9
2. God's answer, v. 10-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Which one of David's sons was a good man? Solomon.

Who had chosen him to be king after David? The Lord.

When was he anointed as king? Before David died.

Where did Solomon go, at one time, to offer sacrifices? To Gibeon.

Who spoke to him there in a dream? The Lord.

What did he say? "Ask what I shall give thee."

What did Solomon ask? A wise heart.

Why did he need wisdom? To judge the people.

What did this request show? An unselfish heart.

What pleased the Lord? Solomon's unselfishness.

What did he give Solomon? A wise heart.

What more did he give him? Riches and honour.

What did he promise if he would obey him? Long life.

Where did Solomon go after this? To Jerusalem.

What did he offer to the Lord there? Sacrifices.

What will God give to those who ask him? True wisdom.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

A Selfish Heart	An Unselfish Heart
Seeks { Riches,	Seeks { Wisdom,
{ Honour,	{ Truth,
{ Pleasure,	{ Love,
{ All for self.	{ All for God.
"To him that hath shall be given."	

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True Wisdom

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. Who will be the Judge of all men? Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, will be the Judge of all men.

B.O. 1004] **LESSON IX.** [Dec. 1

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8, 54-65. Commit to mem. vs. 62, 63.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silent before him. Hab. 2 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Thanksgiving, v. 54-56.
2. Prayer, v. 57-61.
3. Sacrifice, v. 62-63.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did David want to build? A house for God.

Why was he not allowed to build it? Because he was a man of war.

What did the Lord promise David? That Solomon should build it.

When did Solomon begin to build the Lord's house? In the fourth year of his reign.

How long was he in building it? Seven years.

To whom was the house given when it was finished? To the Lord.

Who made the prayer of dedication? Solomon.

Whom did he bless after his prayer? All the people.

For what did he praise the Lord? For giving rest to Israel.

What did he say had never failed? One of God's promises.

Who had always been with the people of Israel? The Lord.

What was Solomon's desire? That he would never leave them.

What did he want the people to do? To obey the Lord.

Who may expect the blessing of the Lord? All who obey him.

What did Solomon offer to the Lord? A great sacrifice.

What sacrifice does the Lord love? A willing heart.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Solomon built a beautiful temple for the Lord. When it was finished he asked the Lord to come and live in it.

The Lord himself has given each of us a temple—a heart in which he wants to live

Have we asked him to come and live in our hearts?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

26. What will become of the wicked after the day of judgment? They shall go away into everlasting punishment.

A LITTLE HERO.

THERE are many adult Christians who have not the courage displayed by little, Charlie. Here is what he did:

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. These little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," cried his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that; and Charlie knelt down just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.

THE BIBLE ON THE CHAIR.

A BOAT'S crew from a ship wrecked off one of the Fiji Islands were afraid of their lives. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a cottage, and crept into it, and as they lay there wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called to his friend, "All right, Jack, there is a Bible on this chair! no fear now!"



THE HUMBLE HOME.

WHAT a beautiful little girl! and what a rough house! But her sleep is as sweet as though she lived in a palace. She may become wealthy some day, but she will never forget the pleasant time in the old home. Her pure face is a fine illustration of the effects of contentment. Yet she wishes to go to a better house—"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She has given her heart to Jesus, and is his child whether she wakes or sleeps. In that "better country" none are ever sick.

THE BIRD'S FRIENDS.

JAMIE and Susie are very fond of birds, and are always throwing crumbs to them. Summer and winter many of them come about the door for their daily meals.

Poor puss used to have many a whipping ere she learned that she must let the dainty feathered creatures be. It must be very aggravating to her to have them come close to her and know that she must not touch them, when her mouth fairly waters.

I strongly suspect, however, that the birds farther away from the house are not so safe in her presence, for cats will be cats, you know, and it is her nature to catch birds as well as mice.

Jamie's and Susie's birds have learned to have no fear of puss, and will hop close to her, and even eat off of her dish.

In the winter the snow-birds and the sparrows come regularly for their crumbs, and will even eat them off their little friends' hands.

One can tame any creature by kindness,

SUPPLY THE WANTS OF OTHERS.

I KNEW a little boy a number of years ago, who had a very loving and tender heart. He believed his mother to be the noblest woman on earth. His little heart was pained when she was in want of anything. His father was poor. He had met with heavy losses, and had been sick, so the family were poor. The mother was a careful, saving woman, and taught her children to be so. She never allowed them to have money to spend foolishly.

One day the little boy did an errand for a neighbour, and received five cents for pay. He said, "Now I will buy some salt for mamma, for I heard her say she needed some." He ran to the store and bought five cents' worth of salt and took it home to his mother. She was much pleased

with this act of her son, and told him he had been very kind and unselfish to think of her wants first. Do you not think this little boy was very much happier than he would have been had he spent his money for candy? Do you always think first of the wants of others before you please yourself? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Try this, and see if you are not happier.

HAPPY EVA.

MY little friend, Eva Wilson, was one of the happiest girls I ever knew. She went singing about the house or yard all day long. From the time she ran into her mamma's room for her good-morning kiss until she had been tucked in her little bed at night, she seemed to be always thinking of what she could do to make somebody happy; and without thinking about it, she was happiest of all herself. If she could find a nice red rose, or a sweet ripe berry for mamma, she did not mind if her own were not so pretty or so sweet.

One day I asked her why she was so happy? She looked at me with her pretty blue eyes, and said: "What else could I be? I love mamma and papa, and they love me, and I can't help being happy."

If every little boy and girl were kind and loving to papa and mamma, and could feel that way toward God, they could not help being happy all the time. And when they grew up to be men and women, God would always go with them, and they would be honoured and respected.

A LITTLE QUESTIONER.

WHAT do the birdies dream about?
Who paints the roses red?
Why do the pretty stars peep out?
When do they go to bed?
The moon looks like a silver ball;
Who tossed it up in the sky?
Why don't the clouds upon us fall?
When it rains do they cry?

Why do the brooks run fast away?
Do fishes ever talk?
Can little frogs their lessons say?
Why don't grasshoppers walk?
Do baby crickets sit up late?
Who teaches them to sing?
Why do the flowers for summer wait?
Where does snow hide in spring?

What do the cows say when they "moo"?
Where do the wee lambs sleep?
What will the bees in winter do?
Why is the sea so deep?
Some parrots are—talk so, I mean;
Mamma says it's absurd;
That little children should be seen
And very seldom heard.

A BOUNTIFUL TREE.

ORANGE trees are said to be very fruitful, a tree twenty feet high sometimes yielding from 3,000 to 4,000 oranges a year. The orange is one of the most delicious of fruits, besides being very useful as a medicine; in fact every part of the tree is made use of, the wood, leaves, blossoms, fruit, and even rind. The tree has been known to live for one hundred and fifty years.

There are many species of orange found in numerous parts of the globe. My readers have probably all eaten our delicious Florida oranges and the sweet Havanas, and some of them have eaten the curious little Mandarin or Clove oranges from China and the Maltese or blood orange. Then there are the juicy Messina oranges and other varieties.

Our lives are compared to trees; either we are continually growing in grace, filling the days and hours with the fruit of good deeds to bless those about us, or else we are slowly dying and bringing forth knotty or wormy fruit—evil deeds and unkind actions—that only do harm. When the Master comes to look for the good fruit, not finding it, he will say, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Don't let this be said of you, my reader.

Do not be late at Sunday-school if you can help it. It is not right to sleep later on Sunday than at other times. We should try to spend all of God's day in his service.