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THE SUNBEAM

[ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

[No. 17.]

ON THE BEACH.

GATHERING up the pebbles,
Delving in the sand,
Building mimic castles,
Wading hand in hand
With one's little neighbours,
Happy smiles for each,
Ah! 'tis surely pleasant,
Playing on the beach.

Dimpled feet swift treading
The huge billow's track,
Rosy fingers flinging
Merry kisses back,
Little people striving
First the shore to reach,—

Ah! 'tis very pleasant,
Playing on the beach.

THE CHILD'S LESSON.

LITTLE Nellie Lawson was spending her holidays with her mother at the sea side. She loved to wander along the shore among the cliffs, and to dig and play in the soft white sand. She was just learning to read and write, and loved to make letters on the smooth shore. One day she wrote on the sandy shore the words she had seen the Sunday before on the blackboard at Sunday-

school. "GOD IS LOVE." Just then a gentleman who did not believe in God at all—an infidel, as such men are called—came along and read the words, and said to little Nellie, "How do you know that God is

love?" "Because, sir," said Nellie, "He loved me, and gave His Son to save me!"

The Holy Spirit of God applied the words to the gentleman's heart. It was a

AT THE SEASIDE; OR WHAT SHALL WE BUILD?

FOUR children were playing on the sea-shore. They had gathered bright pebbles and beautiful shells, and written their names in the pure, white sand; but at last, tired of their play, they were going home, when one of them, as they came near to a pile of stones, cried out—

"O! let us build a fort; and we will call that ship away out there an enemy's vessel, and make believe that we are firing cannon-balls into her!"

"Yes, yes! let us build a fort," responded one of the boys, named Edward.

And the two children ran off to the pile of stones, and began removing them to a place near the water.

"Come, Anna and Edward," said they—"come and help us."

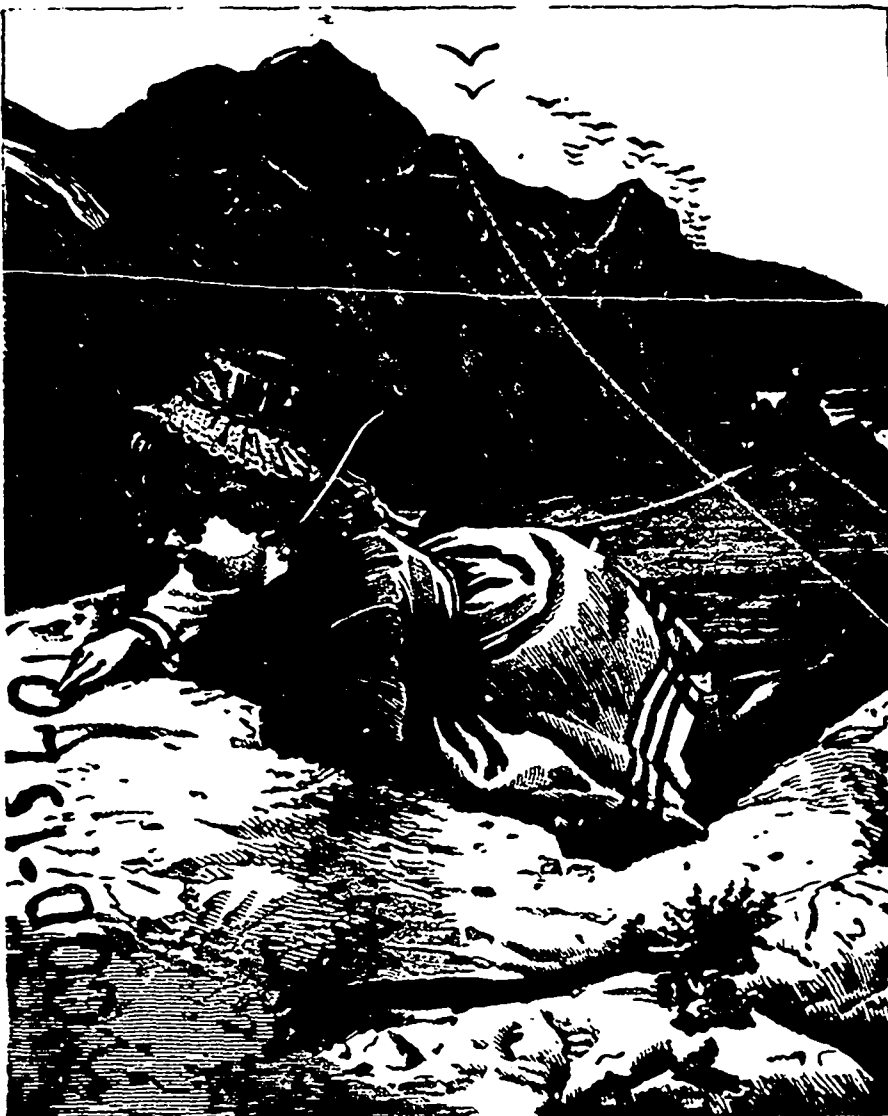
"O no. Don't let us build a fort," said Anna.

"Yes, we will build a fort," returned one of the boys. "What else can we build? You would n't put a dwelling-house down on the water's edge?"

"No, but I'll tell you what we can build, and

it will be a great deal better than a fort." "Well, what can we build?"

"A lighthouse," said Anna: "and that will be just as much in place on the edge of the sea as a fort. We can call the ship



THE CHILD'S LESSON.

lesson he had learned at Sunday-school years and years before; and he had no rest till he found rest in the love of God. So true are the words of Scripture, "and a little child shall lead them."

yonder a vessel lost in the darkness, and we will hang out a light and direct her in the true way. Won't that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort and destroy her? See how beautifully she sits upon and glides over the smooth water. Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, and kill the men who are on board of her? O, I am sure it would make us feel much happier to save her when in darkness and danger. No, no; let us not build a fort, but a lighthouse; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girl spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm, and her words reached the better feelings of her companions.

"O yes," said they, "we will build a lighthouse and not a fort."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THERE was once a coloured nurse girl left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She sung to it, and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm was coming up, and the wind began to blow very hard. Hepsy closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire. Hepsy looked around but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery and found the room in flames. The wind had blown a lamp over, and caused the fire. Her first thought was for the baby.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried: Wrapping a blanket around the baby, she groped her way to the door,

almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The fire was soon put out; the baby was uninjured; but poor Hepsy was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad." Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allow his childrer to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are His. He will comfort and help us; and if we are faithful to the end, He will give us a crown in heaven.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

SAID the corn to the lilies,

"Press not near my feet;

You are only idlers—

Neither corn nor wheat.

Does one earn a living

Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the lilies—

Neither yea nor nay;

Only they grew sweeter

All the livelong day.

And at last the Teacher

Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples

Rested at His feet,

And the proud corn rustled,

Bidding them to eat,

"Children," said the Teacher,

"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the lilies,

How beautiful they grow!

Never king had such glory;

Yet no toil they know."

Oh, how happy were the lilies

That he loved them so.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

JACK'S REZURLUTIONS.

JACK started for school in a brown study. He took out his diary and wrote: "Resolved that i'll be xtry good if I have a chance. John Appleton Willis."

Jack surveyed this production with much pride; he took it out every few minutes and read it over, until recess drove it out of his mind. He never thought of it again until the next morning; then he came rushing into the kitchen where mamma was helping Bridget.

"O mother, I want something to eat now, and some luncheon put up. We have got a holiday, and we are going chestnutting—the whole school of us," he said.

"How's Maggie?" asked Mrs. Willis of the washerwoman, as she put up the desired luncheon.

"She's better, ma'am, but she don't gain so fast as if she could get out some of these nice days."

Jack swallowed the gingerbread and rushed upstairs after his chestnut bag. There on the table lay the diary, open at the "Rezurlutions." The last words caught his eye: "If I have a chance." Just then Mrs. Donovan's words flashed back on his mind, and the thought came with it how the sick girl's dull eyes would brighten at the prospect of such enjoyment as he was promising himself that afternoon.

"I wonder," he said, "if this is a chance! But nobody would expect a fellow to do it," he said to himself, then bent his energies to finding his bag; but the voice whispered on: "If you were sick and poor in that dingy little street, think how you would like to get out for a nice ride."

Jack hesitated. "How the boys would laugh to see a fellow taking her to ride, and just think of the fun I'll lose if I don't go chestnutting with them! It's too much to ask of a fellow. Where on earth is that bag? The voice kept whispering; "It's a good chance. You are not very brave if you can't stand laughing at."

There was the bag. Now he must decide whether to go chestnutting or get old Fan, and take Maggie out to ride. All at once Jack bounded down stairs three steps at a time. "Say, Mrs. Donovan, don't you think Maggie would like to ride with me this afternoon? I drive mamma very often, so you needn't be afraid to trust her; and its real nice out to day."

Mrs. Donovan looked up in surprise for a moment, and then she broke down completely. "There's nothing in the wide world would do her more good, and I'll bless you foriver!" she sobbed out.

"Inasmuch," whispered mamma, as she kissed him tenderly.

Jack wrote in his diary at night: "Resolved, that ill try being common good awhile 'cause I couldn't be xtry good if I did have a chance."—*Sunday School Times.*

A TEACHER in the Chinese Sunday-school at Portland, Me., was relating to one of the pupils the story of Job, when he suddenly exclaimed: "Job, me know him; me see his name on waggon!"



THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

THE LITTLE BLACK DOG.

I WANT to tell "The Sunbeam" readers a true story about a little boy who had a dog,—not a live dog, such as many of you have, but a dog made of black astrachan, which was sent to him by one of his aunts.

It is the size of a real, live puppy, and has on a red blanket. Wilson, for this is the little boy's name, often takes it with him when he goes out to walk; and it looks so natural, that one day a large dog came up to him and was going to take it right out of his hands.

Wilson had always wanted a dog; but his grandpa, with whom he lives, would not give his consent for him to have one. So, when this dog arrived, the little boy thought he would play a joke. As soon as grandpa came home to tea, Wilson began to make a noise like a dog. His grandma went in and told grandpa that Wilson had had a dog sent to him, and wanted to know if he could keep it.

Grandpa shook his head, and said, "Wilson knows I am not willing for him to have a dog. I wish he would not ask it."

"But," said grandma, "when you see what a cunning little thing it is, I don't believe you will object. I'll go and bring it in." So she took it in, and put it on the floor a little way off.

Grandpa looked up from his paper over his spectacles, as much as to say, "Well it is cute, sure enough." And then the most comical expression came over his face when he found what a good joke had been played on him. He said very meekly, "Tell Wilson he can keep the dog."

THE best way to procure the most enjoyment from any pleasure, is to have others share it with you.

LITTLE HANDS.

THEY all belonged to the primary class, and they all wanted to help at the coming Sabbath-school concert.

"Dear me!" said the teacher, "they are such little dots, I don't know what I can have them do! But yet, I want them to learn early to speak of Jesus. I must try to think."

So she thought, and the result was, that on a sunny

Sabbath afternoon the eight little dots stood up in the church, in the space between the seats and the pulpit, and recited the sweetest verses. Mamie was first, and her voice was sweet and clear as she said:

Oh, what can little hands, little hands do,
To please the King of heaven!

As she spoke she held up her chubby little hands and looked at them thoughtfully.

Mabel, the seventh girl in the row, bent forward and gave her a bit of an answer.

The little hands some work may try,
That may some sinners want supply.

Then wee Alice, the smallest in the class, but a very clear-voiced maiden, said:

Beautiful hands are those that do,
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Then did Mamie fold her small hands and raise her eyes to heaven, and said slowly:

Such grace to mine be given.

Anna was the next to speak, and she had a good word: "Jesus said: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'" And Carrie said sweetly:

Little deeds of kindness to a wandering soul,
Blessed by God may lead him back to Jesus' fold.

Bella, the sixth little girl, held up her hands and said:

These two little hands must be ready to labor,
For Jesus all my days.

And now all the little girls who had spoken, clasped their hands and looked up and said:

Such grace to mine be given.

Ida had a wonderful promise ready: "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."

And Kate added: "I the Lord have

called thee in righteousness and will hold thine hand and will help thee."

Then the eight little girls folded their hands and bowed their heads, and said in concert:

Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of thy love.

Now, just at their sides, fastened by ribbons, were little squares of bright coloured pasteboard. As they finished reciting this prayer, they raised their bright boards, forming an arch over their heads, and on each square was a word, so that the whole read:

HIS BANNER OVER ME IS LOVE.

The fathers and mothers all decided that the little girls from the primary class had helped along the Sabbath-school concert very nicely.

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child, your age;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lightened all her care.

I'm sure He never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded, and He hastened—
No errand was deferred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child Divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that in home-life
The children's happy part
Is but like little soldiers
Their duty quick to do,
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you!

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with his parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like Him day by day,
So gentle, meek, and loving,
And ready to obey.

—Margarette E. Sanjster.

A LITTLE boy, disputing with his sister on some subject, exclaimed, "It's true; for *ma* says so; and if *ma* says so it is so, whether it is so or not!"

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan.
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks,
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes,
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—Independent.

BE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

CHILDREN, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it, and when mother is tired and weary, and father comes home from his work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them and do what you can to help them. Very often you can help them most by not doing something, for what you would do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself "Will this help mamma?" or, "Will this please papa?" There is something inside of you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide, when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss which will then greet you. One thing remember always—the effect of what you do, lingers after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or cheerful word which you gave your father or mother, or the little act you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they will talk about it, and thank God for their little household sunbeam.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply. "He's too old to go to school this year."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER

B.C. 1120.] LESSON X. [Sept. 2.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

July. 16. 21 31. Commit to memory verses 23 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Psa. 68, 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Humbled Hero. v. 21-25.
2. The Prayer of Power. v. 26-28.
3. The Day of Death. v. 29-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was one of the judges of Israel? Samson

With what had God blessed him? With great strength.

What was the secret of his strength? His long hair, which showed that he belonged to God.

To whom did Samson tell his secret? To a woman named Delilah.

What was Delilah? A friend of the Philistines.

What did she do? She cut off his hair while he was asleep.

What followed? He became as weak as other men.

What did the Philistines then do? They put Samson in prison.

What else did they do? They put out his eyes.

What did the Philistines then prepare to do? Hold a great feast to their idols.

For what reason? To rejoice over Samson's downfall.

Why was Samson at the feast? To make sport for his enemies.

Was Samson still weak? No; his hair had grown while in prison.

How did Samson show his strength? He pulled down the temple of the Philistines.

How many were killed? About three thousand.

Did God hear Samson's prayer? Yes, he died with the Philistines.

Why did Samson lose his strength? Because he trusted too much in himself.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

If we trust ourselves we shall—

Tell God's secrets to his enemies.

Lose the strength which God has given.

Fall into the hands of wicked people.

Bring trouble upon ourselves and dishonour upon God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The retributive justice of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How did God make man? God made the body of man out of the dust of the earth.

Did his soul come from the dust? No, for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

B.C. 1322.] LESSON XI. [Sept.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth 1. 14 22. Commit to memory vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy people shall be my people, and the God my God. Ruth 1. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Great Love. v. 14-18.
2. Great Grief. v. 19-22.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was Naomi? A woman of Israel. Where did she go with her family to live? To Moab.

Was it right to go there? No; for the people worshipped idols.

What sorrow came upon her there? The death of her husband and sons.

What did she now wish to do? To return to her own country.

Who asked to go with her? Ruth and Orpha, her daughters-in-law.

What did she tell them to do? To stay with their own people.

Who obeyed her? Orpha.

Who refused to leave Naomi? Ruth.

What did Ruth say to Naomi? "Ask me not to leave you." [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Where did they go together? To Bethlehem, Naomi's home.

What did Ruth's actions show? Her desire to know the true God.

What did Naomi tell her friends? Not to call her "Naomi," but "Mara."

Why did she wish this? Because she had seen great trouble.

What always brings us into trouble? Going away from God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Naomi's fault teaches us—

To stay among God's people.

To trust him for food.

Never to stop depending upon him.

Ruth's love teaches us—

To give up home and friends for God.

To love those who love God.

To trust every thing to God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's discipline of adversity.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why did God make man? God made man that he might know Him and love Him and serve Him, and be happy with Him for ever.

Where did God put the first man and woman? God put the first man and woman in the garden of Eden.