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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

No. 1423

THE RATTLE.

"TINKLETY, tinkle-ty, tink." Baby May hears the music of the little bells on the rattle which papa brought home for her last night. Mamma is shaking it, just to please her a little before she lets her have it, but baby doesn't think it sounds half as nice in mamma's chubby little fist, and she won't be happy unless she gets it.

THE LITTLE PRAYER.

At a meeting for children a prayer of three words was given them to learn: "Lord, help me." The teacher said, "If you get into any trouble and will pray this prayer, you will get help." Little Lulu went home from the meeting and told her mother about it. "Whenever I get into trouble I shall know what to do," she said. "I will pray this little prayer."

A few days after

she was returning from school she saw an ugly-looking cow in the road. She was very much afraid of cows, and what should

she do? All at once the little three-worded prayer came into her mind, and she ran home saying, "O mamma, I met a



THE RATTLE.

very dangerous cow, and at first I was afraid to go by her, but I said, 'Lord, help me,' and the cow never looked at me."

Lulu's little prayer led her mother to say, "I'll try it too."

THE HORRORS OF HEATHENISM.

A MISSIONARY who travelled up the Zambesi a few months ago, tells us that on one occasion a company of natives gathered in front of his hut and began an animated discussion. This grew hotter and hotter, till presently a fire was kindled and a large pot of water was set on it. "I was told," said he, "that this was a trial for witchcraft, and that the two persons charged had to wash their hands in the boiling water and if the skin came off after twenty-four hours, the victims were to be burned alive. First one, then the other dipped his hands in the fiercely-boiling water, lifting some up and pouring it over the

wrist. Twenty-four hours told its tale, and I saw the poor fellows marched off to be burned before a howling, cursing mob."

BOYS, BE WORTHY, BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
 The liar's a coward and slave, boys.
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
 He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
 'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
 Still cleave to the right;
 Be lovers of light;
 Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
 Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words and temper I ween,
 Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
 Be visible through and through, boys.
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The cheating and "cramming;"
 In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other: a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is

more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

In a wretched tenement in New York, a little girl stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her last words: "Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her. One day she wandered off, unmissed, a basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started to find Jesus. At last she stopped from utter weariness in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door, and almost stumbled over her. He uttered passionately the name of him whom she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she inquired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him"—this time with great earnestness.

The young man looked curiously down at her for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said in a broken husky voice, hopelessly: "I don't know, child; I don't know where he is."

Poor Jessie trudged on; but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet, and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on an hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night, they knew she could not live until the morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse bending over her, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it: "O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the questioning spirit had received an answer.

ONLY A DOG.

We were all crying, every one of us. Father declared that it was smoke that had got into his eyes and made them smart, but mother threw her apron over her head, and sat rocking and sobbing for ten minutes. Phoebe and I just threw ourselves down on the floor by poor Leo, and I took his dear old shaggy head in my lap, and the hot tears dropped one by one; and Phoebe patted his old stiff ears and smoothed out his thin grey hairs; and then we took off his old brass collar that was marked all over with hieroglyphics that we had scratched with pins in the proud days when he first wore it; then we cried again, and just then in walked Squire Toots, and he didn't seem to know what to do when he saw us so distressed: he looked at us and then at Leo. Then he took out his handkerchief and gave his nose a real blowing, and said huskily:

"Why, it's wicked to feel so bad. Anybody would suppose it was a person; and its only a dog!"

That just made us feel all the worse. There wasn't any heaven for him to go to, and we knew we could never see him again, and we couldn't remember any life without Leo, we were such little tots when he came to us, and he had been one of the family all the time. Father used to lecture him just as he did us children. "Where did I see you to-day, sir?" he would say; "over at Mr. Mason's associating with that dog that steals? Shame!" And then Leo would whine, and pretty soon father would say, "Leo, go to bed, sir!" and he'd sneak off to his box in the back shed and lie awake all night to protect us while we slept, and he never once in fourteen years was forgetful of his trust—and he was "only a dog."

Only a dog! Why, was there ever a time that we went racing home from our school that Leo hadn't met us half-way to race with us and do all sorts of funny tricks at our bidding? And how proud we had always been of him with his handsome stately presence and superior manner, and how safe we felt to hear his deep-chested bark as we went to sleep!

Well, death had found him sure enough, and we buried him out in the grove in a little hollow, where he loved to lie on hot summer days, and there will be no resurrection for him, though there will be for the vilest thief he kept from our doors; but none the less in looking over his honest, blameless life, we see he was never faithless to any. He was a good and faithful servant although he was "only a dog."

THE LITTLE SINGER.

BY NELLIE K. KELLOGG.

A LITTLE bright-eyed maiden,
With unaccustomed air:
She wondered at the organ,
And nodded during prayer,
She listened to the reading,
And watched the people too—
For her first Sunday service
Seemed very strange and new.

And when the congregation
Broke forth in sacred song,
She stood upon the footstool
And tried to help along.
She did not know their music,
And so she chose her own—
Of "little robin redbreast"
She sang, a cheery tone.

All utterly unconscious
Of many a smiling gaze,
The childish voice rang clearly
In this odd hymn of praise.
And when the rest were silent
Still those blythe notes were heard,
Her last long stanza warbling
Like some enraptured bird.

And the gracious pastor waited
Till the lingering echoes fled,
With a touched and tender spirit,
Ere his loving text he read;
For he knew the listening Father
Would accord the chant sublime
No dearer worthier welcome
Than that happy nursery rhyme.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON III.** [July 17.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Acts 2. 37-47. **Memory verses, 37-39**

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord added to the Church daily
such as should be saved."—Acts 2. 47.

What did Peter say to the people? He told them that Jesus, whom they had crucified, was their Lord and Christ.

How did they feel when they heard that? They were pricked in their hearts.

What does that mean? They saw how very wicked they were.

What did they say? "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

What was Peter's answer? "Repent,

and be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ."

What is it to repent? To be sorry for our sins and try to do right

What would being "baptized in Jesus' name" show? That now they belonged to Jesus.

What did Peter promise them? The Holy Spirit.

How many were baptized? About three thousand.

What did these new believers do? They talked and prayed and sang together.

What else did they do? They sold their property and gave money to the poor.

What do we call this company of Jesus' followers? The first Christian Church.

Did the Church grow? [Repeat the Golden Text.]

How were these people an example for us? They were sorry for their sins, they believed on Jesus; they were baptized, they lived beautiful and happy daily lives.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was St. Thomas? An apostle, who at first did not believe that the Lord had risen.

Who was Judas? The wicked apostle, who betrayed the Lord with a kiss.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON IV.** [July 24.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-16. **Memory verses, 6-8.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong."—Acts 3. 16.

Where did Peter and John go? Into the temple to pray.

Whom did they see at the beautiful gate? A man who was poor and lame.

What did he ask them? To give him money.

What did Peter say? "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

What did he tell the man to do? To rise up and walk.

Did the man obey? Yes, he began to walk and to leap.

Where did he go first? Into the temple to praise God.

Who gathered around Peter and John? A great crowd.

Did they know this man who was leaping for joy? Yes, they knew he was the same lame beggar whom they had seen every day at the temple gate.

Who did Peter say had cured him? Jesus, the Son of God, whom they had put to death

Can you repeat the Golden Text?

Who had faith in Jesus' name? Peter and John, and the lame man himself

Do you suppose the man who was healed always loved Jesus after this? Do you love him for what he has done for you?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Caiaphas? The high priest who condemned Christ

Who was Pontius Pilate? The governor of Judea, who delivered up Jesus to be crucified.

A DREADED TASK

A TASK never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done, and there is an old maxim that teaches us that a thing "once begun is half done."

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance: his heart is heavy and a cloud immediately overspreads his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day when I was out at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little patch of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there is so many of them 'taters I'll never get them hood."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress: "Plague on them old 'taters! It makes me sick to think of them."

"Why do you think about them then?" I said laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long now, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

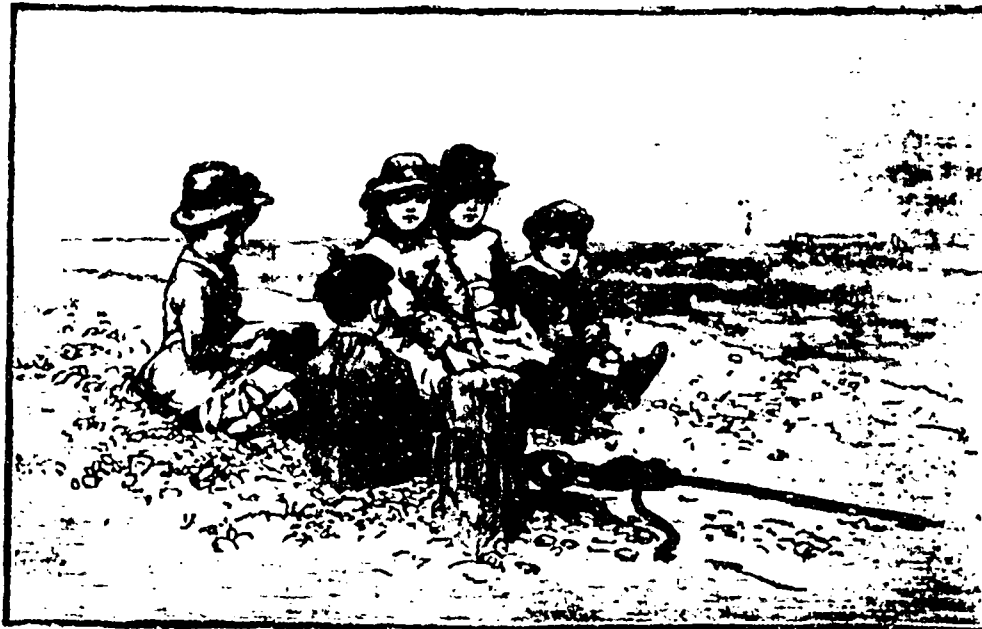
"And you have been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe 'taters."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"Well, I, I—" Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said: "I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes



HAPPY CHILDREN.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

WHAT a happy group of little children sitting on the sea-shore. Mary, who is the eldest, is reading pretty stories to them about fairies who live under the water, and bye-and-bye when it is not quite so hot papa is going to take them for a nice row on the beautiful rippling water which is dancing in the sunlight and looks, "the children fancy," like the fairies Mary has been reading to them about.

A NOBLE BOY.

WELL! I saw a boy do something the other day that made me feel happy for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it is.

As I was walking along the street of a large city, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slow, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And its very high, too; I wonder if some one won't tell him and start him in the right direction."

Just then a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm, and said, "Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving towards every one for many days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and do good, is to be happy.

If any of you boys and girls who may chance to read this little account doubt that it makes one happy to do a kind deed, suppose you try it for yourselves. I am sure you will prove it true, and that you will be so well pleased with that method that you will keep on at it.

NELLIE'S REASON.

THE wind blew softly down from the hill, across the lake, and through the vines climbing about the porch. It rustled the paper little Nell held until the sound made Aunt Mary look up.

"What are you reading, Nellie?" she asked. For Nellie did not read well enough yet to care much about reading to herself.

"My Sunday-school paper," answered Nellie. "I like better to have you read the stories to me, auntie, but, you see,

Georgie Flynn likes stories too, and he hasn't any Aunt Mary. When I go and sit under the tree by the garden fence, he comes and sits down by the great tree on the other side of the fence, and I am trying to read this over so that I can do it well enough to read out loud to him. It's most all the Sunday he has."

Was that not a good reason for trying to learn to read well? She was doing in her home just what the missionaries are doing across the sea learning for the sake of helping others. Any girl or boy can do that.

WHO IS THE SINNER?

NOT long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—bootblacks, m-w-boys, etc.—such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions

he asked was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to a boy at the other end of the class and said, "Yes, sir, that fellow down there."

NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

ONE very warm afternoon in July, I visited a school in Boston. There were about sixty children, from four to eight years old. The schoolroom was small, and the children looked much oppressed by the heat, especially the youngest.

I stood before them and asked, "Children, can you tell me what peace-children will do?"

One said, "Love your enemies;" another, "Forgive your enemies;" another, "When others strike one cheek, turn the other;" another, "Overcome evil with good."

All these were good answers. At length a little girl in the middle of a seat directly before me, looking very uncomfortable,—she was so crowded that she could not move her elbows,—looked up, and in a plaintive tone said, "Peace-children don't hunch when others crowd."

The little crowded suffering child gave the best definition of "peace" I ever heard. "Never hunch when others crowd." She drew it directly from her own personal experience, and said what she felt. There the little girl was crowded up; her arms squeezed down to her sides, she could hardly move or breathe; yet there was no anger, no quarreling, simply because she did not "hunch."