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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889.

[No. 14.]

A BAD START.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

THE steamer that we took to bring us over the sea was very grand and fine; but she made a bad start, and that spoiled the pleasure of the passage. Just after we left New York she ran into another ship and cut off her stern, so that the poor thing went to the bottom. In doing that mischief she knocked two holes in her own bow, as large as a man's head, and she had to be taken back to New York for repairs. After they had mended her we started again, but were not nearly so brave as we were the first time. We could not help thinking how near our ship had come to drowning us, and we were afraid to trust her for fear she would do it again. Then we did not know but what she had hurt herself more than anybody thought, and when she came to pull through the great waves out on the sea she would give way somewhere, and let the water in so that she would sink and take us all down with her.

And that is the way we feel about a child who says a bad word, or tells a wrong story, or does any other mean thing. We are afraid all the time that he will do it again.

But there is one good thing about it. If



SHEPHERDS CALLING THEIR SHEEP BY NAME!

he goes to the Lord Jesus, and asks him to forgive the wicked things, the dear Saviour makes it just as though they hadn't been done at all. We were not sure the carpenters mended our ship so as to make her as

good as ever; but we know that Jesus will make our hearts just right if we obey and trust him.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

THE *Amateur* says: "The young man or boy who has not the courage to do what he knows is right, for fear of being ridiculed, is indeed a weak mortal." Yes, indeed; but there are thousands of such mortals—mortals who would rather do what they know will ruin them for eternity than to be ridiculed and scoffed at by their fellowmen or associates. Weak indeed!

We wish to relate that which is really true, and no made-up story: A young man attended a grand dinner, at which wine was served. He had never tasted it, and when the waiter placed it by his plate, noticing the eyes of his friends fixed upon him, he raised the glass and said: "Friends, I do not drink wine!" At this sudden exclamation they laughed, but he refused to drink it. Ten years have passed since

that dinner. A few months ago he was called to the bedside of a dying college-mate. As the poor fellow was nearing his end, he looked up and said: "Say,—, it was that glass of wine I drank at that dinner ten

years ago which ruined me. If I had only followed your example, I would be all right now." If he had. If he had not taken the first glass. One glass only calls for another. Boys, don't have to say "If;" say, "I will let it alone."

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

ONLY a little child!
Yet, Lord, thou callest me;
Therefore, confidently,
I come to thee.

Only a little child!
And though I sinful be,
Thou, Lord, forgiveest me!
I come to thee.

Only a little child!
Brightly and cheerfully,
Sweetly, obediently,
I come to thee!

Only a little child!
Thou wilt my Father be,
Till in eternity,
I dwell with thee.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889.

A CHILD'S KISS.

A SWEET little incident is related by a writer, who says, "I asked a little child, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes; when I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to halloo at grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her softly. Then I went into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready;'" and she never knew what woke her."

THE MOUSE, THE ROOSTER, AND THE CAT.

I READ a little story in a French book to-day which I thought I would like to tell you. It is a kind of story called a *fable*. A fable is a story that is not true, but only made up, about animals talking and acting like real persons, and meant to show some important truth, which is put at the end, and is called the moral.

This fable is about a little mouse—a very little one—a kind of a baby mouse, not so big as your thumb. One day he thought he would go out into the yard to see what he could find. His mother advised him not to go, but to stay with her and his brothers and sisters, in their warm nest in a hole under the shed. But he would go.

In a short time he came back, running as fast as he could, and seeming to be in a dreadful fright.

His mother asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, mother!" said he, "I have had such a terrible fright. I was scared almost out of my senses. I saw a dreadful wild animal in the barnyard. He had something that looked like feathers all over him, and a pair of arms or something, one on each side, and he flapped his sides with them.

"I was very much afraid of him—he was such an awful looking thing. But pretty soon I saw another beautiful animal lying down on a sunny flat stone, so gentle and kind that I was sure he would take care of me if I could only get to him. He was all covered with soft fur, just like such as we have, and he had smooth and soft balls for feet, that could not hurt anybody, and he looked at me so gently, and seemed so kind, as if he was glad to see me, and was only waiting for me to come nearer; but just then that other dreadful animal jumped up to the top of the fence, flapping his arms upon his sides; and he screamed out with such a frightful screech—enough to frighten all the world! I turned and ran back here just as fast as I could run!"

"Pooh!" said the old mouse, "that was nothing but the rooster crowing! He never does anybody any harm. But that other gentle looking animal that you wanted to get to, was the cat. In those soft and harmless looking balls at her feet were some long and terribly sharp claws, all hidden away, ready to catch you with as soon as you came near. She would have eaten you up at one mouthful. She was only slyly waiting for you to come near enough for her to spring at you and catch you."

MORAL.

It is not safe to trust too much to appearances. They are often very deceitful.

A SWEET STORY.

READ us a story sweet,
Do, mamma dear!
Josef will sit at your feet,
Sue and I here,
Surely just as still as three little mice!
We'll listen, behaving ever so nice.

Mamma sits musing alone,
A smile on her face,
And the leaves turn one by one,
Losing her place.
Surely it must be something nice!
Tell us, and we'll be like little mice.

It is a story old
Of a sweet babe
Lain in a manger cold,
On the coarse hay,
Though the Son of a King he came,
Great in glory, and high in name.

QUEER TOM.

THIS story was written for some other little people, but it is so very good that we give it to the SUNBEAMS. How many of them will try to be "Tom Flossofers" all this warm month of July!—

Tom Flossofer was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say, "What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? do you think every sob makes a root or blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew far away out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' won't bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "can't play any m-o-o-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in the school on the multiplication table, for I say it over and over, till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

My mother's weary hands!
Their praises let me speak;
They have held love's golden bands
So long—they are thin and weak.

They are tremulous now and slow,
But to me they are just as sweet
As when, so long ago,
They guided my baby feet.

They have old and wrinkled grown;
But to me they are just as fair
As when they clasped my own,
And folded them first in prayer.

They have tolled through patient years,
While no one praised their deeds;
They have wiped most bitter tears,
And supplied unnumbered needs.

They have heavy burdens borne,
When manhood's strength has failed;
They have soothed the hearts that mourn,
And inspired the hearts that quailed.

The naked they have clad,
The hungry they have fed;
With tender touch and sad,
They have laid away their dead.

Mother's hands are thin and old;
But their every touch I'll love,
Till they clasp the harp of gold
That awaits their touch above.

How long did it remain there? Twenty years.

For what were the Israelites sorry? For their sins.

What good prophet prayed for them? Samuel.

What did he tell them to put away? Their false gods.

Where did they go to fast and pray? To Mizpeh.

Who came to fight against them there? The Philistines.

What did Samuel do? He offered sacrifices and prayed.

Who were defeated? The Philistines.

Why did the Israelites gain the victory? The Lord was on their side.

What did they set up in remembrance of the victory? A stone of help.

What was it called? Ebenezer.

What should we remember? How God helps.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE DOWNWARD WAY.

It is easy to go away from God. A little naughty temper, a little self-will, a little untruth, how quickly they shut God out!

THE UPWARD WAY.

How can we come back? "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." Only God can teach us how; when he sees we are sorry for sin, he will come and help us.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Contrition for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

17 What is sin?

Sin is not obeying the commands of God?

B.C. 1095] **LESSON IV.** [July 28

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 4-20.

Commit to mem. vs. 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us. 1 Sam. 8. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The People's Demand, v. 4-6.
2. The Lord's Consent, v. 7-9.
3. The Prophet's Protest, v. 10-20.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who judged Israel for many years? Samuel.

What kind of a judge was he? A wise and safe one.

How long did the Israelites prosper? As long as they obeyed Samuel.

Whom did they obey, in obeying Samuel? The Lord Himself.

What did Samuel do when he became old? He made his sons judges.

Were they good judges? They were not. What did the Israelites ask of Samuel? That he would give them a king.

Did this seem right to Samuel? No; it seemed evil.

To whom did Samuel go for counsel? To the Lord.

Who was the true king of Israel? The Lord himself.

What were the Israelites really asking? For another king than God.

What did God tell Samuel? To let the people have a king.

What else did he tell him to do? To warn the Israelites of trouble.

Did they heed the warning? No; they would have their own way.

What should we give to God? The first place in our lives.

What shall we have if we choose another king to rule over us? Trouble and sorrow.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

GOD MY KING.

I refuse him when I am self-willed, proud, disobedient, unloving.

I choose him when I am willing to mind him and to follow even when I cannot see my way.

"Little children, choose him,
Never dare refuse him."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine forbearance.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. 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.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1141-1120] **LESSON III.** [July 21

SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

1 Sam. 7. 1-12.

Commit to mem. vs. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Isa. 1. 16, 17.

OUTLINE.

1. Repentance, v. 1-6.
2. Victory, v. 7-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did the Philistines do with the ark? They took it to their own country.

What came upon the places where the ark was kept? Great plagues.

What did the Philistines finally do with the ark? They sent it back to the Israelites.

Why were the Israelites glad? Because the ark was the sign of God's presence.

To what place was it finally taken? To Kirjath-jearim.

HAVING MERCY AND FORGIVING

ALBERT NELSON'S mamma gave him a little portion of the flower-garden to have for his very own. He kept it nicely weeded, and when one day his papa brought home a nice watering-pot, and gave it to him, he took more care than ever in keeping them fresh with water. One day Tommie Toner came to play with him. Tommie was not a careful boy. I am sorry to say his mamma had not taught him to be careful. When he came to see Albert he ran about in the garden and tramped on some of the pretty flowers in his bed. At first Albert was very angry, and was going to strike him. But then he stopped and ran away. His mamma had been watching, and asked him why he changed his mind, and he said: "Because you read to me that Jesus had mercy and forgave people, and I want to be like Jesus." Dear little Albert! God will help him to be like Jesus.



PUTTING THE PROPHET JEREMIAH IN THE PIT.

SABBATH BELLS.

RING on, sweet Sabbath bells;
For as your music swells
Unto the heart it tells
Of worship due to him
Who did our souls redeem—
Calls to the house of prayer,
And thither we'll repair.

Cease now, sweet Sabbath bells;
For sweeter music swells,
Where the Holy Spirit dwells—
Where the voice of prayer is heard,
Where we listen to God's word,
And with highest rapture raise
To him our songs of praise.

Ring again, O Sabbath bells;
For as your music swells,
Fond recollection dwells
On the blessings that we found
When we hearkened to your sound,
Calling to God's house of prayer—
For the Saviour met us there.

Cease again, O Sabbath bells;
For the sweetest music swells
Where the Saviour ever dwells:
We shall go to meet them there,
And with saints and angels share
In the everlasting praise
Of his redeeming grace.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another,
'Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give
you any rewards of merit?' "I s'pose
he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a
thrashing every day, and says I merit two!"

PUTTING THE PROPHET JEREMIAH
IN THE PIT.

THEN took they Jeremiah, and cast him
into the dungeon of Malchiah the son of
Hamelech, that was in the court of the
prison: and they let down Jeremiah with
cords. And in the dungeon there was no
water, but mire: so Jeremiah sunk in the
mire. (Jer. xxxviii. 6.)

ROSIE'S KISS.

ROSIE brought father his dinner. "Poor
tired papa!" she said, and then she kissed
him and ran away to school.

John Randall thought more of his little
girl's kiss than he did of the nice dinner she
had brought him. No one can tell how
much good it did him. Perhaps it kept
him from going with evil companions to the
liquor saloon. Love works wonders!

Little girls can do a great deal for their
fathers if they try. Many are learning now-
adays how to cook, and when their fathers
come home from work at night a good sup-
per is ready for them which Rosie or Susie
has prepared. And they can get a good
breakfast for them, too, in the morning.
"My papa says he can work so good when
he has had one of my nice omelets in the
morning," said Frida. Frida was not quite
twelve years old, but she was an excellent
little cook. She had learned at school. In
this way she helped her mother, too, and
thus made all the family happy.

If you try to make home comfortable and
pleasant, fathers and mothers would not so
often be tempted to go to liquor saloons.

FAITHFUL ELSIE.

"O MAMMA," said Elsie, "aren't you glad
it's such a beautiful day?"

It was Saturday afternoon, and she was
going to a lawn party at Mabel Hall's.
Mamma smiled as Elsie put her arms around
her neck, saying between her kisses, "Won't
we have a lovely time?"

"I hope so," said the mother. "Remem-
ber, dear, to be unselfish and make some
one else happy."

"Yes, mamma," she replied, "I'll try.
good-bye." And off she skipped.

Just as she reached the bottom of the
hill, and could see Mabel's house at the top,
a little bareheaded child toddled around a
corner and came up to her. She knew the
washerwoman's baby at once, and she ex-
claimed, "Why, Johnny Murphy, are you
running away?"

"Doin' walk," said Johnny, gleefully

"Where is your mother?" said Elsie.

"Doin' walk," said Johnny again, and off
he started.

Elsie looked up the hill and saw children
running on the lawn. Her heart beat fast
as she thought, "The party has begun."

But Johnny—what would become of him
if she left him? She ran out into the road,
brought him back to the sidewalk, and
turned down the street leading to the
washerwoman's.

"Doin' to walk wid oo," said Johnny, as
he trotted along by her side, holding her
hand.

It was a long distance, but she thought,
with a little sob, "If I run back, I shan't be
very late."

When she reached the house the door
was open, but nobody was there. Johnny
was tired and cross and wanted a "djink."
She got him some water in the big tin
dipper, but as he raised his head, he bumped
it against the dipper, and the water was
spilled over Elsie's fresh white gown,
drenching the front of it.

Poor Johnny and poor Elsie! They both
cried, but Johnny's tears were soon forgot-
ten in a nap. Dear, patient Elsie sat and
watched till his mother came home, worn
and worried with her long search for the
little runaway.

Elsie lost the party, but after she had
sobbed out her disappointment in her
mother's arms, mamma said, "Repeat your
verse for to-day, darling."

With a trembling voice Elsie repeated,
"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of
the least of these my brethren, ye have done
it unto me."—S. S. Advocate.

Be true to the dream of thy youth.