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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1887.

[No. 6.

REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

ONE of the connecting links between the lessons is the 24th chapter of Genesis, which describes the meeting of Rebekah at the well, by the servant of Abraham, and the events which led to her becoming the wife of Isaac and mother of Jacob and Esau. After reading the beautiful story look again at this picture of the maiden watering her flock at eventide.



REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

A HINT TO TOUCHY PEOPLE.

"I LEARNED a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses waiting to drink. The cattle all stood very still and meek till one of the cows, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour, whereupon the neighbour kicked and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with great fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.'

a whole family by the ears on a frosty morning. Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children; remember how

the fight in the barn-yard began. Never return a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves a good deal of trouble.'"

A GOOD PLAN.

THE children lived in a little cabin home, and all three of them—Nell, Rob and Lizzie—were taking a gay "make-believe" ride on an old log. Fido jumped and barked as if he enjoyed the fun as much as anybody.

A gentleman who was passing down the road stopped and laughed.

"Good morning, little folks! That is rather slow riding. Wouldn't you like a horse and carriage?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, "but we haven't any, and so we are getting the most fun we can out of what we do have."

Was not that a wise answer? How much pleasanter this world would be if all the little people and big ones too—would stop fretting about the things they cannot get, and

make the best of what they have! Do you know any verse in the Bible that teaches us to be satisfied with what we have?

CHILD'S EVENING SONG.

A FAMILIAR HYMN AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GERMANY.

WEARY now I go to rest;
Fold my hands upon my breast.
Father, let thy loving eyes
Look upon me from the skies.

Have I not been good to-day?
Lord, forgive me now, I pray!
Jesus' blood and thy rich grace
Cleans me from each sinful trace.

Every near and absent friend
To thy care I now commend;
May all people, great and small,
Follow thee, O Lord of all!

Show to sick and sad thy love;
Send them comfort from above.
Take us all at last to thee,
Happy angels then to be.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1887.

A GOOD WAY.

Two little girls, Lily and Violet, were playing in a yard where they had strung some twine for a clothes line, and were washing their doll's garments in a diminutive tub, and hanging them out to dry. Along came Lily's brother, Master Jack, a juvenile tease, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole day's washing from the line and scattered it on the grass. Lily bubbled over in tears at once. Violet was saddened, too, but the necessity of playing peace-maker in the impending family quarrel was the first thought in mind; so she said soothingly: "Never mind, Lily, let's play Jack was a high wind."—*Syracuse Herald.*

GOD'S LITTLE CHILD.

THE Rev. R. Davey, of Bervie, writes as follows:—"The following was composed by a little boy now in his eleventh year, who has been recently converted in one of my special services. If you judge it worthy, please insert in the SUNBEAM. The name of the lad is Alfred Thompson, of Pine River P. O. "God bless the dear boy. May he grow up a sweet singer in the Church of Christ."

I am a happy child, you know,
And happy I shall be,
If I be good and faithful,
My Saviour I shall see.

Although I meet temptations,
I mean to fight them all;
I mean to fight the battles,
May they be great or small.

I'm on the road to heaven,
I'll be Christ's little child,
I'm trying to be like him,
Be gentle, meek, and mild.

And when I get to heaven
My loved ones I shall see,
And with them I'll be happy
Through all eternity.

In heaven I'll be an angel
All robed in snowy white,
And I shall sit at Jesus' feet
Amidst the glorious light.

FOOT-PRINTS.

"WHAT is that?" asked Benny.
"It is a foot-print, my son; and it is a sign that some one came into our front yard last night."

"It must be," replied Benny; for there could not be a foot-print without somebody had been there to make it."

"That is true, Benjamin; and now show me some of the foot-prints of the Creator."

"I don't understand you, father," Benny said.

"Well, who made all these beautiful flowers, these splendid trees, the clouds up in the sky, the great round earth, the mighty sun flaming in the heavens, and started the bright moon rolling round the world?"

"Oh! God, to be sure!"

"Then all these things are but the foot-prints of the Creator. They are the sign that there is a Creator, and that he has been here. See this ice-plant that I hold—man could never have made it. See the glistening grass, hear the chirping birds—man did not nor could not make them. God made them; and they are all simple 'foot-prints' of the great Creator, to prove



PROTECTING PUSSY.

to us that there is a great and good God, whom we love, worship, and obey. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father, I understand very well now; and I thank you for teaching me the lesson."—*Little Christian.*

PROTECTING PUSSY.

LITTLE Hallie Barton has a beautiful Maltese kittie, that gambols and plays with her all day long. It loves to chase a rubber ball across the room. One afternoon her little cousin George, whose papa had made him a present of a pretty little cane, went to see Hallie, and show her his gift. His little dog, Snap, followed him, and the first thing Hallie and George knew, Snap was chasing poor Kittie all over the house. Hallie ran to the rescue; and now you see her in the picture, comforting poor Kittie, and holding her well out of Snap's reach, who frisks about her feet.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

I ONCE asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by thrusting his finger in a straight line. I then asked him, "What is falsehood?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this; let whoever will take a zigzag path, go you on in your course as straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from falsehood as you would from a venomous serpent.

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"PLEASANT HOURS."

MAUDE had been waiting all week for *Pleasant Hours*; and here it is at last. Maude is not home from school yet, but mamma is reading it to baby Ethel. But Ethel likes the *SUNBEAM* better, for she is too little for such a big paper as the *Pleasant Hours*. Evie and Grace, in the corner of the picture, are reading the *SUNBEAM*. They all think it such a nice paper. Evie and Grace got it last Sunday in Sabbath-school. Maude's big brother, Harry, is as fond of *Pleasant Hours* as Maude herself. Here you see how eagerly he is looking at it.

"DIDN'T I, DAN?"

"JIMMY, have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle. I watered him; didn't I, Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering a little at Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Harley's first visit with his nephews, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behaviour. Still there was something in Jimmy's appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavourably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavour had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse's head homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephews, Jimmy bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he, Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Harley.

Jimmy's face flushed and his bright eye fell below his uncle's gaze. Mr. Harley noticed his nephew's confusion and rode on without further comment.

"This map of North America is finely executed; did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Harley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother he added, "Didn't I, Dan?"

Mr. Harley closed the book and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question that

I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own words be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Harley kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say: 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

"No, uncle; I'm going to speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy, impulsively.

Mr. Harley spent the season with his nephews, and before he left he had the pleasure of hearing people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says lately, 'Didn't I, Dan?'"

Mr. Harley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children?—*Little Sower*.

A SOFT ANSWER.

ONE day at school Amy broke a pretty inkstand that belonged to her friend Clara. It was quite an accident, but Clara, who is very passionate, did not think so; and at first Amy was too much frightened to explain. After school Clara hurried away, and Amy followed; for she would not rest without being forgiven.

When she reached the door of Clara's home she felt almost afraid to lift the latch; and, just as she expected, Clara's first words

showed that she was very angry. But when Amy said, "Dear Clara, I am so sorry. Won't you forgive me?" her passion was all gone.

SAYING GRACE.

"COME, come, mamma, to the window!" Cried little Fred one day.

"I want you to see my chickens; Why do they drink this way?"

I quickly went at his bidding, And saw a pretty sight, Of his downy little chickens Drinking with all their might.

And, after sipping the water, They raised their heads on high, To the heavens o'er them bending, To the beautiful blue sky.

"See, mamma," again cried Freddie, A sober cast on his face; "See how they look up to heaven; They must be saying grace.

"They are thanking God for the water, As papa does for food. Who could have told them to do it? Are not my chickens good?"

A STORY ABOUT A BIBLE.

THERE was a little boy who wanted a Bible very much indeed—wanted it more than anything else he could think of. But he was a poor boy, and could not afford to buy one; for he lived a good many years ago, when Bibles cost more than they do now.

One day two strange gentlemen came to his house and asked his mother for something to eat. Although she had only plain food, she gave them a welcome to what she had. As they ate they saw that the little boy looked sad. They asked him what he wanted, and he told them a Bible.

His mother said: "Never mind. Don't fret about that. I'll take you to see General Washington next week."

"But I'd rather have a Bible than to go to see General Washington," the boy said.

One of the gentlemen seemed much pleased with this, and told him he hoped he would always be as fond of the Bible.

The next day the little boy received a beautiful Bible, and on the fly-leaf was written, "From George Washington."

The little boy did not know it, but he had been talking to General Washington himself the day before.—*Our Little People*.

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,

GUARD THE TONGUE.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That't speak no wrong;
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speaks no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thy eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear,
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear and eye and tongue
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be.
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear and eye and tongue.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 1739.] LESSON XII. [March 20.

JACOB'S NEW NAME.

Gen. 32, 26-29. Commit to memory vs. 28, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. Gen. 32:26.

OUTLINE.

1. Jacob.
2. Israel.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

When did Jacob start to return to the land of Canaan? After twenty-one years.

What news reached him by the brook Jabbok? That Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men.

Of what was Jacob afraid? That Esau would kill him.

To whom did he go in his trouble? To the Lord.

Whom did he send to meet Esau? His family and servants, with costly presents for Esau.

Where did he return? To the brook, to pray.

Who wrestled with him there? God, in the form of a man.

What did God say to him? "Let me go, for the day breaketh."

How did Jacob answer? Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What did God give him? His blessing and a new name.

What does this teach us? The power of prayer.

What was Jacob's new name? "Israel, the prince of God."

What did God tell him? "Thou hast power with God and with men."

What did Jacob name the place where he wrestled with God? Peniel.

Why did he so name it? Because there he met God face to face.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Never be afraid to go to God with all your troubles.

He loves to have you talk with him about them.

He loves to help you and bless you.

He has power to do all things for you.

"Watch ye and pray always."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conversion.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where is God? God is everywhere.

What can God do? God can do whatever he will.

B.C. 2348.]

[March 27.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Gen. 9, 15-22.

Commit to memory vs. 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wee unto them that are mighty to drink wine. Isa. 5:22.

OUTLINE.

1. A Father's Shame.
2. A Father's Curse.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was Noah after the flood? A husbandman or farmer.

What did he plant? A vineyard.

What happened when the grapes were gathered and made into wine? Noah took of the wine and became drunken.

Who saw Noah lying drunk in his tent? Canaan, Noah's son.

What did he do? He went out and mocked him before Shem and Japheth.

What did Shem and Japheth do? They cared for their father with love and respect.

What was given to Noah when he came to himself? Knowledge of all that had taken place.

Who gave him this knowledge? God.

What did Noah, inspired by God, pronounce upon Canaan and his descendants? The curse of slavery.

What upon Shem and Japheth? Honour and prosperity.

What does this prove to us? That Noah

drank of the wine, not knowing it would make him drunk.

Why does it prove this? God would not have stood by Noah, and punished Canaan if he had purposely drank to excess.

What proof has Noah himself given us? We never again hear of his drinking wine, either little or much.

What did wine bring upon Noah, even when taken innocently? Shame and disgrace.

What will it bring to every one who drinks it? Sorrow, shame, ruin, death.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Wine is a mocker."

It will make you the sport of the wicked and the shame of the good.

It will drag you down to the lowest depths of sin and disgrace.

Watch, lest you be tempted to taste it.

Take heed that you never touch a drop of it.

This is the only way to escape: its awful power.

"Lox not upon the wine when it is red; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Does God know all things? Yes, God knows all things; every thought in man's heart, every word, and every action.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school room, talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you and lots of things for myself too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One little girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PATIENCE under persecution for Christ's sake is the greatest work of true discipleship—greater even than miracles.