

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE SUNBEAM

ROLAND BATES & CO.

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

No. 1-



CHILDHOOD—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

BEDTIME.

In the fold and in the nest
Birds and lambs are gone to rest,
Labour's weary task is o'er;
Cheerily shut the cottage door.

Saviour ere in sweet repose
We our weary eyelids close;
While our mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room;

While across the curtain white,
With a dim, uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,—
Let our latest thoughts be thine.

If our slumbers broken be,
Waking let us think of thee;
Darkness cannot make us fear,
If we feel that thou art near.

Happy now we turn to sleep:
Thou wilt watch around us keep.
Him no danger o'er can harm,
Who lies cradled on thine arm.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 20
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 20
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 80
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 80
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 30

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Heury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIE, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

HOW BERTIE HELPED MAMMA.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and mamma was very busy. Worse than all, baby was cross. Somehow, when mammas are especially busy and hurried, babies and little folk have a way of getting unusually cross and troublesome.

"Oh, dear!" sighed mamma, "I don't see how I can get anything ready for to-morrow with Florrie so fretful. I can't have her under my feet all the time, and I can't sit down and rock her."

"Give Florrie to me, mamma. Maybe I can amuse her a little while," said Bertie.

"Come, baby, see what brother Bertie is going to do," he said to Florrie, leading

her into the next room and shutting the door.

Florrie was just going to cry when she saw the door close after her mamma, but Bertie snatched up the white sheepskin rug and threw it into the big rocking-chair.

"See, baby!" he exclaimed. "We're going sleigh-riding in this big chair. This is the robe, and I'll tuck you in so warm that Jack Frost, bad old fellow, can't catch your little toes. I'll be the horse, and we'll have such fun."

Bertie danced about so, and acted so quickly, that baby found herself in the chair, and laughing too, before she knew it.

Bertie found some new amusement as soon as Florrie showed signs of getting tired of the old one. At last the sun came out brightly, and Bertie put on the baby's wraps and took her out for an hour's ride in her sleigh, and brought her in rosy and merry, with her fretfulness quite gone for the day.

When all the cousins and aunts and uncles sat at the table the next day, and praised mamma's good dinner, she said: "You must praise Bertie, too, for he helped me cook it." Bertie looked surprised, and mamma added, laughing, "Yes, you did, my boy. I couldn't have done it if you hadn't kept little sister happy for three hours. One of the things I am thankful for to-day is my dear, kind, helpful little boy."

WRITING TO PAPA.

"I'm goin' to write to papa my own self," said little Robbie Ray.

Mamma was writing a letter to papa, and had asked her little boy if should tell papa anything for him, and this was his answer.

Mamma laughed, and gave Robbie a piece of paper and a pencil. "What are you going to say to papa?"

"Just secrets," answered the little fellow.

"And can't poor mamma know?"

Robbie looked at her a while, and then said, "Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't tell. I'm going to say, 'My papa, I send you a kiss. My horsie is all broked, and I want some more horsie that has got a tail that isn't off. And it must go. I want an engine too. I guess that's 'nuff for now. Come home. I love you.'"

Mamma wrote something in her letter, while Robbie worked away at his. By-and-bye he brought it to her, and said:

"Now put it in the envelope, please."

"May I read it, Robbie?"

"Yes, if you want to, very bad."

Mamma gravely opened it, and—well, could you read crooked circles, criss-crosses, and all sorts of queer marks, and not even a big A for a letter?

Mamma didn't laugh, at least not while Robbie was looking, but folded the letter with hers, sealed it and mailed it.

Papa came home in a few days; and Robbie ran up to him eagerly, and asked:

"Did you get my letter, papa? I wrote it all myself."

"Yes, indeed, I did. And here is your horse: and here is your engine."

How do you suppose papa ever knew what those funny marks meant? I think mamma could tell you.

CHILDHOOD.

BY H. S.

DREAM were the world without a child,
Where happy infant never smiled,

Nor stirred a mother's love!
We sooner could the flowerets spare,
The tender bud and blossom fair,
Or breath of springtime in the air,
Or light of dawn above.

O little king, O little queen,
You rule not with the golden sheen
And pomp of larger courts;
But sovereign is your gentle sway,
Strong hearts a willing homage pay.
Love scatters garlands on the way
When your young life disports.

Now tearful as an April day,
Now radiant as the blooming May,
Or blithe as birds in June
That thrill us with their "woodnotes wild,
The world were drear if never child
The busy thoughts of man beguiled,
Or set his heart in tune.

O Jesus, who our sins did bear,
Once deigning childhood's robes to wear,
Who bad'st the children come,
We pray thee in thy tender grace,
To guide them through this little space
And fit them for a perfect place,
In yon eternal home!

THE FOURTH BIRTHDAY.

I'm four years old to-day, Baby. I'm big, and you're little. I'm 'most a lady. I don't cry when I get my face washed; that's 'cause I'm big. I've got a party, and it's good. It's peaches, and grapes, and 'nanas, and cake, and ice cream. Think of that, Baby! And there's little girls coming. You can't come, 'cause you're little. You're only two years old. O Baby dear, don't cry! You shall come; and sister'll feed you some ice cream her own self, 'cause I'm big enough, now. I'm four years old to-day.

INNOCENT SUFFERERS.

No one ever bears all the burden of real or imputed wrong-doing. A father suffers scarcely less than his profligate son, and certainly feels more in many cases; a whole family withers under the blight of the lost character of one of its members, as the whole body is fevered by a local injury. When the tares are pulled up the wheat comes with them. What tears, what prayers, what sacrifices, what humiliation, does the shadow of shame wring from a household! Around dishonour there is only desolation.

WHOSE BOY AM I ?

WELL, whose boy am I, anyway ?
I fell down cellar yesterday
And gave my head an awful bump
(If you had only seen the lump) ;
And mamma called me when I cried,
And hugged me close up to her side,
And said, 'I'll kiss and make it well,
Mamma's own boy. How hard he fell ?'

"When papa took me out to play
Where all the men were making hay,
He put me on old Dobbin's back,
And when they gave the whip a crack,
And off he threw me, papa said
(When I got up and rubbed my head
And shut my lips and winked my eyes),
'Papa's brave boy. He never cries.'

"And when I go to grandma's—well,
You'd be surprised if I could tell
Of all the pies and ginger-cakes
And doughnuts that she always makes,
And all the jam and tarts and such,
And never says, 'Don't take too much,'
'Because,' she says, 'he must enjoy
His visit, for he's grandma's boy !'

"And grandpa says, 'I'll give him soon
A little pony for his own ;
He'll learn to ride it well, I know,
Because he's grandpa's boy.' Ho ! !
And plenty other people say,
'Well, how are you, my boy, to-day ?'
Now can you tell me, if you try,
How many little boys am I ?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27 or 28.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 9.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Need of the New Birth, v. 1-3.
2. The Mystery of the New Birth, v. 4-12.
3. The Author of the New Birth, v. 13-16.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses from your Bible.—John 3. 1-16.
Tues. Find what no one can say.—Prov. 20. 9.
Wed. Learn what Jesus wants to do.—1 John 1. 9.
Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
Fri. Read about the brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 6-9.
Sat. Learn what is true of everyone.—Verse 3.
Sun. Think, what is it to belong to God's kingdom ?

DO YOU KNOW—

Who came to talk with Jesus ? Who was he ? What do Pharisees think ? What did Nicodemus think of Jesus ? (Verse 2.) What did Jesus tell him ? What did he mean ?

How do you know that Nicodemus did not understand ? (Verse 4.)

Can you see the life in a tree ? How do you know it is there ? What is this like ?

How does the life of the new kingdom come ?

Where can you find the story of the brazen serpent ? (Num. 21 6-9.) What was the brass serpent put up for ? What was Jesus lifted up on the cross for ?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That the new heart comes from God. Ezek. 36. 26.

That the new heart is of God. Verse 6.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What do you mean by being saved ? Through what Jesus Christ has done for us, we may obtain forgiveness of sin, and holiness, and heaven.

But will God save all mankind ? We can be saved only by repenting and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 9-26. Memory verses, 11-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Water of Life, v. 9-18.
2. The Worship of God, v. 19-26.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the talk at the well.—John 4. 9-26.
Tues. Read about Jacob in Shechem.—Gen. 33. 17-20.
Wed. Find out how God invites.—Isa. 55. 1; Rev. 22. 17.
Thur. Learn how you may have living water.—Verse 10.
Fri. Learn what it will do.—Golden Text.
Sat. Read what followed the talk.—Verses 27-42.
Sun. Learn a beautiful promise.—Rev. 7. 16, 17.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus go from Jerusalem ? What country did he pass through ? Where did he stop to rest ? Near what city is Jacob's well ? Sychar. Who came to draw water ? What did Jesus ask her to give him ? Was she a good woman ? Why did the holy Jesus speak to her ? What surprised the woman ? Why ? The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. What did Jesus say God could give her ? What did she say to him ? How did his words make her feel ? Why did she think Jesus

was a prophet ? What did Jesus tell her about true worship ? What did he finally tell her ?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I need the living water. Verse 14
That Jesus tells us who he is. Verse 26.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to repent ? To repent is to be sorry for my sins, to confess and turn from them, and to seek forgiveness from God.

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ ? To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive his words, and to trust in him alone for salvation.

POPPING CORN.

MAGGIE was very fond of popcorn balls ; but she had never known how they were made until she went to visit Aunt Sarah.

That evening after tea, Cousin Jamie said, "Maggie, do you like popcorn balls ?"

"I guess I do," answered Maggie. "Have you got any ?"

"No, but we will make some, and you may help us, if you like."

Maggie watched the boys bring in some corn on cobs, a kettle of molasses, a pan, and a sieve with a lid to it and a long handle that they called a popper.

"You may help us shell this corn, Maggie," said Harry.

"What do you do with it ?" asked Maggie, trying to get the kernels off.

"Pop it, of course," answered Jamie.

"Didn't you ever see corn popped ?"

Maggie screamed with delight when she saw the hard yellow kernels fly open and turn into white flowers with wings, as she said, and the boys let her hold the popper over the fire too, after a while.

Then the candy was mixed with some of the corn, and salt and butter with the rest. Maggie liked this almost better than the candy balls.

WHAT WAS ON THE APPLE

"BESSIE, come out to the orchard with me," said mamma. "You know I asked you not to touch an apple on the strawberry-apple tree. I think you have minded me. Now I will show you something."

She walked to the tree and reached for a large fine apple that hung rather low down. She rubbed it a little and handed it to Bessie.

"Look at it," said mamma, smiling. There was her name, "Bessie," in golden green letters, while the rest of the apple was red.

Bessie was so surprised she asked all sorts of questions.

"Long ago," said mamma, "I pasted letters of paper on this apple. The sun turned the rest of the apple red, and left the part under the paper green. That was why I asked you not to touch these apples until I told you that you might. You were a good girl, and did not spoil my surprise."

JESUS AND NICODEMUS. *John 1:16.*

TRUE LIFE.

BY PHILEA A. HOLDER

Not what we have, but what we are,
Makes blessed life and sweet,
The inner self a templed shrine,
For holy presence meet.

Not simply for the present joy
Are earthly treasures given
But to unfold the richer life,
And make us meet for heaven

The secret of true joy is found
Not in the sunny hour,
Not to escape the toils of life
Or sorrow's heavy power.

But to go forth in cheerful faith
To find them in our way
To overcome in Jesus' name
As nears the heavenly day.

HOW MOTHER FELL THROUGH.

"LET go of me, Mary; go away. Becky; I am not going on but a little way, just to try. Don't be so silly; turn me loose."

And being a pretty strong chap, Phil jerked away, and slid over the ice. He did not mean to go far; but it was too slick to stand still, and somehow all the shoves he made were away from shore.

It was the first ice of the season; winter was not ready for skaters yet, and Phil soon came to a thin place, and went up to his knees in ice-cold water. With splashing and spluttering and pounding and scrambling he got back to the bank, and the anxious little sisters ran him home between them.

Now a ducking does not hurt a small, stout boy; but there was one thing that was very dangerous about this affair; Phil

had promised his mother not to go on the ice at all!

He thought maybe he'd get a whipping, but he didn't. Mother would scold him then. Not a word, and Phil wondered what she was going to do about it. He found out that evening.

"Mother," said the little boy, "let me run round to Ned Moore's to see how high his snow-fort is?"

"It is too late," said his mother.

"Why, mother, it isn't dark yet, and I will only stay a few minutes."

"I ventured on a little boy's promise this morning," said the mother very gravely; "but it broke with me and I fell through. I am going to keep off it for a while now."

When at last Phil got mother to trust his promise again, he was so glad that it seemed as if it would be a long, long time before he broke another.

FATHER WATCHED ALL NIGHT.

LITTLE Ella and her father were once travelling together, and in order to reach their home, it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside his little girl's hat, and spreading out cloaks and shawls, said, "Now we rest."

But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one, as she asked, "Father, how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart; "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully that, in place of what had been a little girl there seemed only a great bundle of shawls. But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say: "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her, and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance, and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few moments, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there, just in sight, was her own dear home. She could even see her mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. Their first meeting was too full of joy for many words to be spoken; but after those close embraces and warm kisses were over, the mother asked: "And so my little girl has been travelling all night! Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh no, mother, not at all; I had such a

good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it—all night, mother, he watched over me! At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him, and shut my eyes and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I crept close to him, and before I knew it I was really and truly sound asleep."

Then the mother told her child of the other good Father who watches over each of his children, not only one night, but every night of their lives. And though grown to womanhood now, Ella still remembers them, and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling. "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thoughts on waking to the beauties of the morning light are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.

BETH AND THE KITTEN.

BETH could not go out to play one day when it rained, and she felt a little cross about it.

By-and-bye she walked over from the window where she had been watching the rain, to where her great gray Maltese kitty was asleep on the rug, and she picked up kitty rather roughly. Kitty did not enjoy this at all, so she growled and spit at Beth.

When mamma came into the room presently, Beth had kitty tucked into her dolls' crib so tight that she could not get out, and poor kitty looked very unhappy indeed.

"What's the trouble with kitty?" asked mamma.

"She is a most distempered cat, mamma, and I put her to bed to cure her," said Beth, who loved big words.

Mamma laughed. "Is it the kitty or you that is cross, I wonder?" she said, taking her sewing.

Beth thought about it for awhile, and by-and-bye she took kitty up, and kissing her, put her down on her own rug in front of the grate fire.

"Please do excuse me, kitty. I felt cross, and I thought it was you, and I am a pretty mean thing, I think," she said.

Kitty only yawned and purred, as she curled up before the fire, but Beth went to singing and playing with her dolls very happily.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

If sin called for the death of Jesus, what an enormity sin must be! Jesus was crucified with thieves, but he prayed for his enemies while they railed on him. The cry of a true penitent is always heard. The rending veil tells of man's closer approach to God through a dying Saviour. Even the heathen centurion was compelled to see that Jesus was a just man. With Jesus out of this world what a darkness would settle on it!