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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

[No. 16



PAUL AND THE APPLES.

(See also fourth page.)

PAUL left his horse and ran after a little bird; but he could not catch it, and came back to finish his ride. James had set the basket on the stile, and Paul clambered up the steps. The horse would not go fast enough, so Paul shook his bridle and used his spurs quite freely. Then the horse became unruly, and began to kick so that Paul could not keep his seat, and he and all went tumbling down the steps.

PAUL came toddling across the garden and found a basket of apples that James had left. "I'll carry it to the house for James," said he, in his baby fashion; and his fat little hands raised the basket just enough to tilt out half the apples. "Now I must pick them up," he said; and round he went, till every red apple was in its place. "If I can't carry you, you must carry me," he told the basket, as he perched himself on it for a ride.

A LITTLE boy of extraordinary abilities being introduced into the company of a dignified clergyman, was asked where God was, with the promise of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where he is not, and I will give you two."

CUNNING CROWS AND THEIR VICTIM.

SAYS a writer in *Chatterbox*: "I have a funny story to tell you from Burmah, about some clever crows. I dare say you have often noticed those bold, black birds, who gather so quickly over a newly sown field, and are sometimes seen in hundreds holding a solemn conclave, or in ones or twos warming their feet on the back of some quiet cow! The Burmah crows are not a whit

boldness or cunning. One day I gave my dog, Rajah, a nice bone, and he went to enjoy it on the lawn opposite my window. Presently I saw about a dozen crows perch round him, at a respectable distance, with their glossy black heads first on one side and then on another. They seemed to be wondering how it was possible to get hold of the coveted morsel. Presently two old fellows hopped nearer and nearer to the tempting bait, when a deep growl from Rajah warned them that he meant to keep it for himself. They drew back, and then once more seemed to hold a whispered council.

Soon, to my great amusement, I saw one of the conspirators hop quickly up behind the victim, and with his sharp, strong beak he seized the end of Rajah's tail!

With a snarl of pain the dog turned upon his enemy, and in an instant the game was won. Before poor old Rajah very well knew what it was all about, his bone was gone! High up in the air went the wicked thieves, carrying their booty to some safe place, while Rajah lifted up his head and howled. He was answered by a distant 'Caw, caw, caw,' which sounded to me very much as if the crows were chuckling over their practical joke."

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

In *The Heathen Woman's Friend* we find the following story told by an English missionary lady about a class of small children she was teaching in China:

"The youngest of them had by hard study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him whose face expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me no make An Fun's heart solly.' That little act meant much self-denial, yet was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark. He do all the same as Jesus' Golden Rule.'—*Sunday School Advocate*.

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl. "By being myself just as good as I can be," was the wise reply.



JESUS DIED.

JESUS died upon the cross,
Full of tender love for us;
He can wash our sins away,
He can teach our hearts to pray.

Jesus watches all we do,
All we say, and think of, too;
When our friends we disobey—
When we're selfish at our play.

He the smallest effort sees
Of the child that tries to please;
Hears and answers every prayer
Of the child that seeks his care.

And he will our sins forgive—
His good Spirit to us give;
Fill our hearts with joy and love,
Take us soon to dwell above.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

THE WIDOW AND HER BIBLE.

A POOR widow was once asked by a city missionary if she had a Bible. "Thank God I have," she said. "What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my old age. It wounded me, and it healed me; it showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour! It has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me hope in death."

Children, do you love your Bible as this poor widow did hers? Do you read it often, and lay up its precious teachings in your hearts?

Love the blessed Saviour whom it tells you of; try to be like him, and you may then hope to be one of the holy, happy ones who will sing his praise forever.

JESUS WITH US ALWAYS.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

ROBBIE was spending a week at grand-ma's; what a good time he had. There was Frank's velocipede to ride, and grandpa's little dog to play with, besides all the treats that auntie and the dear grandparents were constantly getting up for him. Still, Robbie had his trials. Aunt Mary didn't enjoy being kicked all night long, and there was no folding-bed in his room, such as he had at home; so Robbie had to sleep alone.

The room was quite close to auntie's, so she could hear him if he called, but still he was alone, and he wasn't six years old. The little fellow had a habit of waking in the middle of the night, when he always said: "Mamma, you in bed yet?"

"Yes, dear," his mother would say, only half awake; when Robbie, quite satisfied, dropped to sleep again. But in this spare room there was no mamma, and he could not call out for auntie unless he were ill; so when Robbie woke he felt lonely and almost frightened.

There was just a little glimmer of gas—so little that it made the room seem full of strange shapes. Robbie felt as if he would scream in one moment more, but—just then he remembered.

That very day he had learned as his text: "He that keepeth thee will not slumber." "It is Jesus that keeps me," thought Robbie. "I asked him to when I said: 'Now I lay me,' and he isn't asleep. I'll just ask him if he's here, and then I won't be so lonesome."

"Jesus," said the child's voice, "are you here? Mamma's home, and auntie couldn't have me sleep with her. Jesus, are you here?"

Coming softly up the stairs, passing the child's open door just at that moment was a young man who for years had forgotten about his Saviour. He heard the child's question, and both he and Robbie, in different ways, felt the Lord say: "Lo, I am with you."

Jesus was with the little child as his protector and friend, and the boy slept peacefully; but his uncle could not sleep—Jesus, his neglectful Saviour, was with him. He tried to forget, but it was of no use; that same Jesus whose presence was such a comfort to the child was like a sword in his heart to him.

It was no long, though, before Uncle Henry sought his Saviour's forgiveness, and then he, too, loved to remember that "He that keepeth thee shall not slumber."

Now it may be that some of the little ones who read or hear this story are timid

at night. Then remember Jesus is always with you, and ask him to keep you. If you are trying to please him all day, thinking of him and obeying him, you will never be afraid to be alone with him.—S. S. Times

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, pretty sun, good-night;
I've watched your purple and golden light
While you are sinking away;
And some one has just been telling me
You're making, over the shining sea,
Another beautiful day;
That, just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
At your face—beginning to say
"Good-morning!" just when I say "Good-
night!"
Now, beautiful sun, if they've told me
right,
I wish you'd say "Good-morning" for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

—St. Nicholas.

THE TAGGING SISTER.

CHILDREN, like grown up people, do not like to be encumbered or hindered in their enjoyment or pursuits, and especially, children do not like to be "tagged around" by those who are younger than themselves. So sometimes we see the elder children running away and hiding from those who are smaller, and leaving them to mourn and cry alone, and perhaps to get into trouble and danger.

We should remember that we have duties and obligations to those who are weak and young, and we cannot always consult our own pleasures in such matters. Sometimes we may do what is pleasant, but we must always do what is right. And doing what is right brings more pleasure at the last, than doing what is simply pleasant.

"I wish I could go out now and then by myself, without always having my little sister tagging after me."

It was a sweet-faced girl who said this, only the face for the moment was clouded and cross. Another girl came by. She had on a deep mourning dress. As she had heard what I did, I was not surprised to hear her say, "My little sister is dead!"

The child who had first spoken said nothing, but presently she took the chubby hand in hers, and seemed to be patient with the little "tagging" sister.

"I should always care for others.
Nor suppose myself the best;
For to love like friends and brothers,
'Twas the Saviour's last request."

—Little Christian.

"TWO IS COMPANY."

BY MARJORIE S. HENRY.

MAY takes out her dollies each day to ride,
Two sit in a coach, while one walks by her
side.

The coach is a box that pulls with a string,
And little May thinks it a very fine thing.

"There's only one thing that goes wrong,
Aunt Jo:

But two can ride at one time, you know;
For 'three is a crowd,' and so, you see,
There's always a dolly to wa'k with me."

"I know a plan," answered dear Aunt Jo,
"That will do for the dolly that crowds you
so:

Suppose you should meet a poor child some
day,
Could you make up your mind to give her
away?"

"Yes. There is room in the coach for only
two,

So I think, Aunt Jo, that is what I'll do;
For 'three is a crowd,' and then, you see,
There'll be nobody left to walk with me."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 19

THE FEAST OF THE TABERNACLES.

Lev. 23. 33-44. Commit to memory vs. 41-43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The voice of rejoicing and of salvation is
in the tabernacles of the righteous. Psa.
118. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Solemn Assembly.
2. The Joyful Service.
3. The Grateful People.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What followed the day of atonement?
The feast of tabernacles.

What was this? A thanksgiving feast.

When was it held? In the autumn of
each year.

How long did it last? Seven days.

How were these days spent? In thanking
and praising God.

For what did the people praise him? For
all his gifts to them.

In what did they live during this time?
In booths made of the branches of trees.

Of what did the booths remind them?
their wilderness life.

What was offered each day? Thank-
offerings to the Lord.

What was each man expected to do? To
bring a willing offering to the Lord.

What was offered on the eighth day? A
burnt-offering and a sin-offering

What must we never forget? Our sins
and our Saviour.

Who had brought the Israelites out of
Egypt? The Lord.

Where was he leading them? To Canaan
Where does he want to lead us? To the
heavenly Canaan

What should we often stop to do? Praise
him for his goodness.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE

Have you—

Kind friends? A home to shelter you?

A loving Saviour? A hope of heaven

They are all God's gifts. Do you thank him
for them?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian
joy.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

Who was Noah? That good man who
was saved in the ark when the world was
drowned.

Who was Abraham? The pattern of be-
lievers, and the friend of God.

B.C. 1490] LESSON IX [Aug. 26

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE

Num. 9. 15-23. Commit to memory vs. 17, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

O send out thy light and thy truth: let
them lead me. Psa 43 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud.
2. The camp.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To what land were the Israelites journey-
ing? To the land of Canaan.

Which way did they go? Through the
wilderness.

Did they travel all the time? No; they
often rested in camp.

At whose command did they travel or
rest? At the Lord's command.

How did he appear to them? In the
pillar of cloud and fire.

Upon what did this rest? Upon the
tabernacle.

What was it like? A cloud by day, and
a fire by night.

When the Lord wanted the people to go
forward, what happened? The cloud was
taken up.

What did they do when the cloud stood
still? They pitched their tents.

How long did they stay in camp? As
long as the cloud stood still.

What did the Israelites need to do? To
keep their eyes toward the tabernacle.

What do Christians need to do? To keep
their eyes unto the Lord

What will he show us? Where to go and
what to do.

Who will lead us in our journey, if we
ask him? The Lord who led Israel.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE

"Looking unto Jesus,"

{ Light on the way.

There come { Sweet whis-pers in the heart,

{ Gentle drawing to the right

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The guidance
of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Isaac? Abraham's son accord-
ing to God's promise.

Who was Jacob? Isaac's younger son,
whose name was changed to Israel.

GLOOM AND LIGHT.

A WISE man in the east had two pupils, to
each of whom he gave one night a sum of
money, and said, "What I have given you
is very little; yet with it you must buy
something that would fill this dark room"

One of them purchased a quantity of hay,
and coming into the room said, "Sir I have
filled the room."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with
gloom.

Then the other, with scarcely a third of
the money, bought a candle, and lighting
it, said, "Sir, I have filled the hall."

"Yes," said the wise man, "and with
light. Such are the words of wisdom, for
it seeks good means to good ends."

This teacher certainly had a droll way of
instructing his pupils, but it was a very
good way. They learned that it is one
thing to fill, and another thing to fill pro-
perly. One of them knew this before; the
other seemed not to know it. He was a
simpleton.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

LITTLE Minnie, only three years old, to
amuse a home-sick cousin who was visiting
at her house, brought out her choicest play-
things. Among these was a tiny trunk,
with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very
pretty toy; but Freddy bent the lid too far
back and broke it off. He did not mean to
do this; and when he saw what he had
done, he was frightened and began to cry.
Then dear little Minnie, with her own eyes
full of tears, said, "Never mind, Freddy;
just see what a cunning little cradle the
top will make!"

That was certainly a great deal better
than fretting. She made the best of it.



we'll go over to the other orchard and get some lovely sweet ones for you to eat."

"Sweet ones are the kind to bake, miss," said Joel.

"You seem to understand about the cooking, little boy," laughed Mabel.

"Oh, I know all my mother does," said Joel, "I watch her and I hear her tell. I know how to bake sweet apples myself. Mary likes 'em, and mother says they are good for her."

"Who's Mary? and what's the matter with her?"

"She's my sister, and she's sick and weak."

"I'm glad you told me; I'll send her something special. Here's a lovely red apple for her to eat. Give it to her, with my love, and when these are gone come and get some more; will you?"

"Yes, and thank you, miss."

Mabel watched for a week, and gave the apples to many poor boys and girls, and when the week was over she did not want to stop.

"I guess Mabel has gotten more good this week than the poor folks have," said Farmer Ovington to his wife; which was very much like a verse in the Bible.

Can you think what it is? "It is more blessed to give than it is to receive."

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"Mamma, you can't guess what grandma Davis said to me this morning when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary Price as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary. "She said: 'Good morning, dear; you are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try to weave sunshine every day."

"Mamma," continued Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful poetry, 'Four Little Sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If those sunbeams could do so much good I think we all ought to be little sunbeams."

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed

to pop into Mary's little head, and she said, "O, mamma, I have just thought. When Lizzie Patton was here she told me that her Sabbath-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees. Now, next Sabbath I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go weaving sunshine." It is a good plan. Sunshine weavers will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.—*The Sunnyside*

CHOSEN FOR HIS WORTH.

ONE morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Grey said to her husband: "We had such a fine rain during the night, and I think the garden had better be weeded and the walk smoothed over to-day."

"Let Sam do it," said Mr. Grey; "he is large enough."

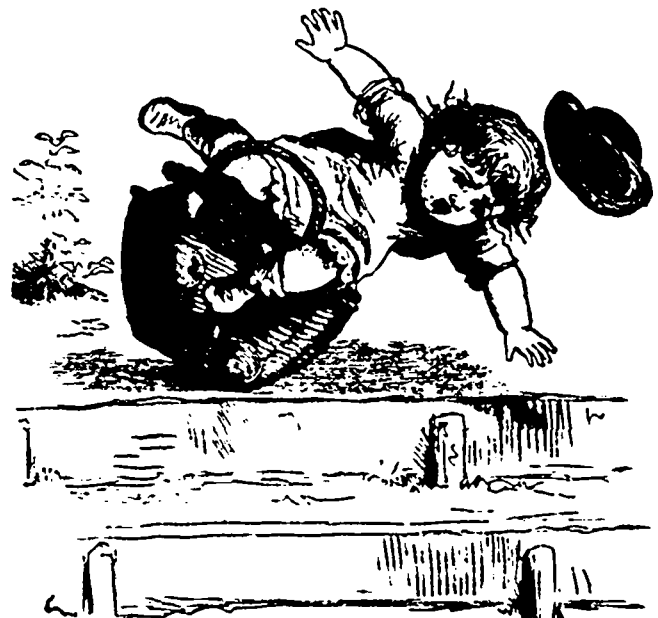
"But he is so careless," said his mother; "Johnny would do better."

"Johnny is too small," said his father.

"Johnny is small, but he is the best worker," answered his mother; "He is conscientious, and whatever he does he does well. You can depend upon him."

So Johnny was sent to the garden to pull up the weeds, and make the walks look trim and neat, feeling very proud and happy at the honour placed upon him by his parents.

Dear children, God has work for us all to do, and sometimes he calls very young people to do important work. He chooses only those whom he sees are fitted for the work. The pure in heart and life, and the earnest and faithful ones are those he wants. Try to be what he would have you, that you may be fitted for and able to do the work he gives you.



FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

"I wonder what we're going to do,"

Cries Nellie to her sister,

"Now Cousin Susie's gone away?

If she knew how we missed her!

There's not enough with only two

To have good times in playing;

I wish we two were five or six;

But what's the use of saying?

"Oh, look!" calls Fannie, full of glee;

Cries Nell, "Why, Fan, what is it?"

"There's some one coming—one, two, three;

They're coming here to visit."

Away they run to meet them all—

Louise and Dot and Dimple:

'Tis easy now to have good times;

Of course that's very simple.

IN THE ORCHARD.

MABEL lived in the country on a farm where there were two large apple-orchards, and more apples than Mabel's mother knew what to do with.

"What a pity," said she one morning, "to have so many apples decaying on the ground, when the poor people would be so glad to have them!"

"Mabel," said papa, "I'll give you leave to distribute them. You may give a basketful to every poor child you see this week."

"There's one now," cried Mabel, as she saw Joel Barton going from the house with a basket. He had been into the kitchen to bring the cook something from his mother. "Look here, Joel; do you want some apples?" called Mabel.

"Thank you, miss, I'm sure my mother would like some. She said this morning how good apple-sauce would be to eat with our bread. And she can make splendid apple dumplings, and we all love 'em so."

"Well, come here and fill your basket. There, that's enough from this tree. Now