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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886.

[No. 15.]

FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—

The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,

Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,

For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,

And yet have made no flowers.

Our outward life requires them not,

Then wherefore had they birth?

To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man, to whisper hope,

Whene'er his faith is dim;
For God, who careth for the flowers,

Will care much more for him.

HOW JULIA WAS CURED.

JULIA is a bright little child, and usually behaves very well; but one day she was so naughty that her mother told her she must

go out in the dining-room and stay till she was a good girl.

She went, crying very hard, but in a little while she said would be good, so her mother told her to come in; but she didn't look just right. There was no smile on her face, and very soon she had to be sent out again; and again she came in with a promise to be



FLOWERS.

good, but her mother had to send her out the third time.

Now Julia, although she was only four years old, got very angry and made a great noise for a few minutes. Pretty soon the noise ceased, and her mother went close to the door and listened to see if she could hear anything. Sure enough, she heard her

saying the little prayer she had been taught:

"Dear Jesus, bless papa, and mamma, and Julia, and sister, and make me a good girl, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Her mother opened the door very softly, and there she was, on her knees. She got up with a very sweet smile, and said: "I'm a good girl now, mamma. I was so naughty, and felt so dreadful bad, I said to myself, 'I'll say my prayers, and may be Jesus will help me to be a good little girl.'"

And sure enough, she was just the best girl you ever saw.

Now this is a true story, every word of it, and her whole name is Julia Allen Tucker.—*Selected.*

LITTLE ZAIDEE.

Zaidee was a little heathen girl who attended the mission school. One morning she found a verse in her testament which read thus: "Go into all the world and preach the gospel." She went to school as usual, but was very quiet all day. At night, when she returned

home, she was less happy than was her habit. The next day she was at school, and her teacher, seeing that she was troubled, called her aside and asked her the cause.

"Why," said Zaidee, "the verse."

"What verse?" said the teacher.

Zaidee produced her testament, and she read the words Zaidee had read.

"Why, my child," said her teacher, "why should these words make you sad?"

"Seems when I read 'em it means me," she replied.

From that time her teacher gave her extra instruction in the mission school, and now Zaidee is a missionary, carrying the glad news to her own race. Many homes have been made happier by her presence, many hearts cheered, and many souls have found salvation through her untiring labours for God.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1886.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

KATIE climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture-book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now, Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this, "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer, don't you?

NOT A CHILD'S PRIVILEGE.

A FRIEND, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why," inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday!"



A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

WHAT a novel mode of travel. The passenger looks as though he was enjoying a comfortable ride, and no doubt the men who carry the planquin are happy in the anticipation of a reward at the journey's end. The priest follows the carriage; whatever his object may be, we cannot determine. At any rate, we know he is not a priest of the true God.

How much better it is to live in a civilized country, and travel by rail or steamboat, rather than be carried about after the same manner shown in our picture.

These people belong to one of the countries in the far East, where the inhabitants are no doubt as backward in learning as they are in modes of travel. We may trace the cause of their ignorance to the lack of Christian teachers among them. Can we not help them? There are a few missionaries who have gone from among us to carry the Gospel light to the dying millions in India and in Africa, and every cent or dollar you give to the missionaries helps the work along.—*The Pearl.*

"It's awful hot out, mamma!" he said, as he sat on the back steps fanning himself with his big straw hat. "My neck is all presbyterianism! See how wet it is!"

UP AND DOING.

Up and doing, little Christian,
 Gentle be, and ever kind;
 Helpful to thy loving mother—
 E'en her slightest wishes mind.
 Let the little children love you
 For your care and harmless play;
 And the feeble and more wilful,
 Help them by your kindly way.

Patience, patience, little Christian,
 No cross look or angry word;
 Follow him who died to save you,
 Follow Jesus Christ your Lord.
 Help the suffering and needy,
 Help the poor, whom Jesus loves;
 Tell the sinner of the Saviour
 Who still lives to bless, above.

A "NICELY" GIRL.

LITTLE Nellie is naughty sometimes, but when she is not, she tries very hard to please papa and mamma, and she likes to know when she is pleasing them.

So the other day she said: "Papa, if I don't say 'no' any more, or 'I won't,' or run away without asking mamma, or push any little girls on the street, will I be a 'nicely' girl?"

And papa said, "Yes," though he smiled in a queer way, and Nellie could not tell what it was about.



BUBBLES.

BUBBLES.

WAS there ever a child who failed to find pleasure in bubbles? See little Fritz; how pleased he looks, because he has just set a bubble free, and sent it floating on the air! He'll watch it until it breaks, and then he'll make another. What beautiful colours are found on bubbles! they are like the colours of the rainbow.

But, beautiful as bubbles are, they do not last long. They float for awhile, and then, while we are looking at them and admiring them, they burst. There are many things in this world just like bubbles; they are pretty to look at, but they are not of much use, and soon pass away.

It is to be hoped that Fritz will not spend too much time in bubble-blowing. It's a very good thing for play, but even little boys have something else to do in this world besides play; and they enjoy their play all the more for having worked a little.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you who gives it to me—isn't it?" "Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother. "Where do I get the bread I give you?" "From the baker, mamma." "And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of

which he made the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?" "Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember Uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?" "Well, now, suppose that Uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would Uncle George have any harvest?" "Why, no," said Nellie, looking sober. "Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven who never forgets to give us what we need."

A TEXT WELL PUT IN.

A LITTLE curly-headed girl who had lately begun learning the "Golden Texts," took a great fancy to some trimming her aunt was making, and begged her aunt to give her a piece for her doll's dress. "O no, Lena! I can't cut it," said her aunt. "Just a little piece, please, aunty," pleaded the child. But again her aunt refused. The little one regarded her for a moment with serious eyes, then climbing up behind her, put both arms about her neck, and whispered in her ear: "Aunty, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "Here, child, take your trimmings, every inch of it," said her aunt, crowding it into her hands with an affectionate kiss and a hug.

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky!"

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in the fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
Oh, Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

—Selected.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"LITTLE boy, you don't know Jesus, do you?" asked Elma Byington of a little barefooted boy with a checked apron, who lived in a house on the way to Aunt Jennie's.

Elma had sat down on a log to rest, for her new shoes hurt her feet, and while sitting there heard this little boy saying some very naughty words, because he could not make an old cabbage-stalk, which he was trying to plant in the dust, stand up straight.

"No; I don't know as I do," said the boy. "Who is he?"

"He is the Son of God, who came to die for you and all the other people in the world; and he don't like to hear you talk that way," said Elma.

"Don't he?" asked the boy with surprise. "I didn't ever know anything about him."

"Can't you come to our school Sunday afternoons?" said Elma. "You can hear about him there. My teacher tells us lots of things about him. Just wash your hands and face clean, and comb your hair nicely, and I'll come by this way and stop for you. They have picture-cards and everything at our school," said Elma.

"Give 'm away?" asked the boy.

"Yes, they give them to you for being good and learning your lessons," replied Elma.

"I'll be there," said the boy.

And this is the way it happened that Elma took a new scholar to Sunday-school the next Sunday. Could not you, every one, find at least one new scholar for your class or school? Try.

A BOY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

I HAVE heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays, you
know—

Whose friends were as troubled as they
could be

Because of a hole in his memory

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said, "Yes," and hurried away,
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole
did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory:
When he rose to recite, he was all in
doubt;
Every word of the lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—
He could speak but two words: "I forgot."
Would it not be sad indeed to see
A boy with a hole in his memory?

—William Norris Burr.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IV. [July 25

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 17-44. Commit to memory vs. 25-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection
and the life. John 11. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus and Martha, v. 17-27.
2. Jesus and Mary, v. 28-37.
3. Jesus and Lazarus, v. 38-44.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How long had Lazarus been dead when
Jesus came to Bethany? Four days.

Who went out to meet Jesus? Martha.

What did she say to him? "Lord, if
thou hadst been here, my brother would not
have died."

What was Jesus' answer? "Thy brother
shall rise again."

What did Martha think that Jesus meant?
That Lazarus should rise at the last day.

What did Jesus say to her? Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.

Why did he say this? To tell her that
in him was power to raise Lazarus to life at
that moment.

Who did Jesus say should live again?
All who believe in him.

What was Martha's reply to Jesus? "I
believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of
God."

What word did Martha bring Mary?
"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

What did Mary do? She fell down at
his feet and wept.

What did Jesus ask her? "Where have
ye laid him?"

How did Jesus show his love and sorrow
at the grave? He wept.

What did he tell the people to do? To
take away the stone from the tomb.

Why did he pray to the Father? That
all might see that he did nothing without
God.

What happened when he called, "Lazarus,
come forth?" Lazarus came out of the
tomb alive

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What a blessed GOLDEN TEXT! read the
whole verse. Do you think it is almost too
wonderful to be true, that Jesus has power
to raise the dead to life again? O but it is
true, darlings. That dear little body that
went to sleep and was laid "under the
violets" will surely rise again, and Jesus
will make it like his own glorious body.
Then he will take it to the.

"Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful gates of pearly white;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Victory over
death.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Can you do all this of yourself? I cannot
repent and believe of myself; but God will
help me by his Holy Spirit, if I ask it of
him.

What is the state of those who do not
forsake their sins and believe in Jesus Christ?
The wrath of God abideth on them.

A.D. 30.] LESSON V. [Aug. 1.

JESUS HONOURED.

John 12. 1-16. Commit to memory vs. 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosannah: Blessed is the King of Israel
that cometh in the name of the Lord.
John 12. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Guest, v. 1-9.
2. The King, v. 10-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who made a feast for Jesus in Bethany?
His friends.

Who served at the feast? Martha.

Who sat at the table and ate with Jesus?
Lazarus.

What did Mary do? She anointed the
feet of Jesus with spikenard.

What was spikenard? A sweet and
costly perfume.

Why did Mary do this? Because she
loved Jesus.

What will we do if we love Jesus? Give
him the best that we have.

Who found fault with Mary? Judas,
who afterward betrayed Jesus.

What did he say she ought to have done?
Sold the perfume, and given the money to
the poor.

What did Jesus say? Do not find fault
with her, she has anointed me for my
burial.

Why did he speak of his burial? He
knew that in a week he would be lying in
his grave.

Where did Christ go the next day? To
Jerusalem.

How did he go? Riding on the colt of
an ass.

Who came to meet him? A great multi-
tude of people.

What did they strew in his way?
Branches of palm-trees.

What did they shout? Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.

When did the disciples understand all
these things? When the Holy Spirit came
and opened their eyes and hearts to the
truth.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Can you not sing a happy song and
praise Jesus, too? The birds are singing;
the woods, the fields of waving grain, the
lakes, the mountains, and the sea to "his
throne their tribute bring."

Hark! I can almost hear you singing,

"We thy children join the chorus,
Merrily, cheerily, gladly praise thee,
Glad hosannas joyfully we bring thee."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The King of
kings.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why does not God take away the wicked
at once? He gives sinners time to repent.

What will become of those who do not re-
pent? After death they will be cast out of
God's presence forever.

TOM AND SUSIE.

"Tom!" cried Susie Taylor one day,
"you have been stealing some of mother's
apples, and I am just going to tell her.
You know she told us we could not have
any more till after dinner."

"If you do, I'll tell her that you stole one
of her doughnuts yesterday," was Tom's
angry answer.

"Say, Tom," answered Susie, "if you
will give me one of the apples, and won't
tell about the doughnuts, I won't tell on
you."

Do you think that either Tom or Susie
did what was right? Perhaps they hid their
stealing from mamma, but do you think
they could hide it from God?—Ex.