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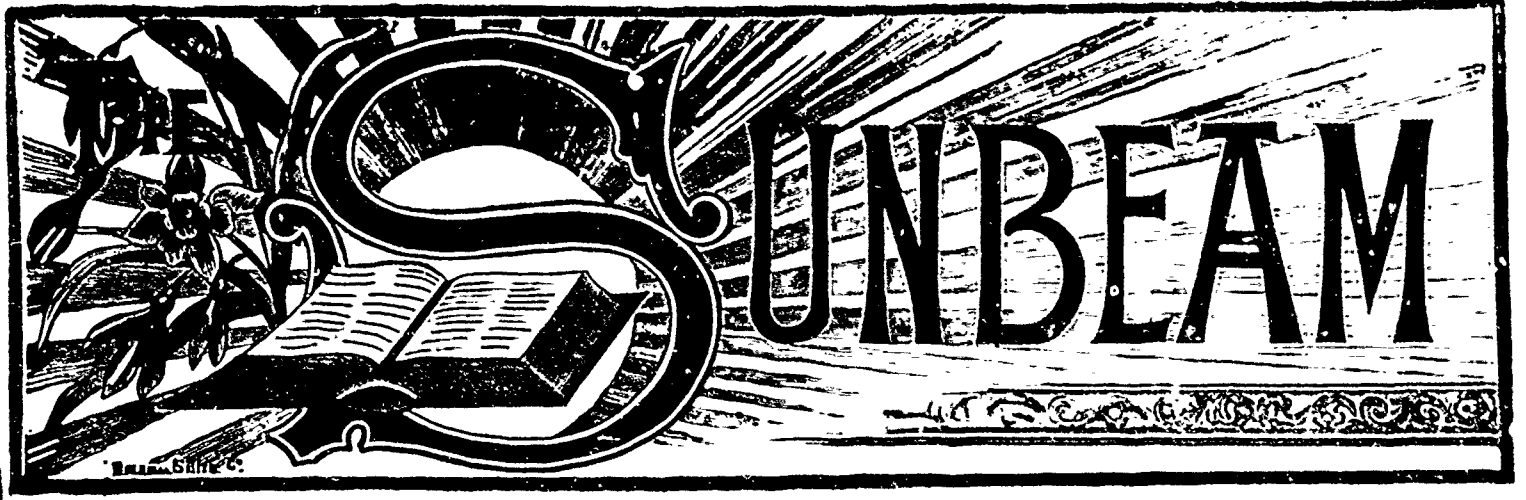
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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

No. 23



A BOY WANTED. —(See next page.)

A BOY WANTED

"WANTED—a boy." How often we
These very common words may see!
Wanted a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that men to-day can do,
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too;
For the time is coming when
The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants a boy to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay—
Honour, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, and a deathless name;
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plough and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun;
For the world's great task is never done.

The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brains will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do,
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy,
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE
MOWER.

"MISTER! I say Mister!" called a wee little girl to the big man who was mowing the field.

But the wee little girl had a wee little voice, and the scythe kept going swish, swish, swish, so loudly that the man did not hear anything else.

The wee little girl stood still a moment, and then ran right in front of the big man and called again, "Mister!"

My, how the big man did jump!
"Look out!" he shouted. "Don't you know better than to run right in front of this big, sharp scythe? Why, if I hadn't

happened to catch sight o' your pink skirt I might have cut both your little feet right off. Don't ever do such a thing again, little girl!"

"Well, I called and called, and you just wouldn't listen one bit," said the little girl.

"I didn't hear you, little one. What do you want?"

"I want you to please stop cutting c'own my flowers," said the little girl. "Some big man cut them all down in that field over there yesterday, and now they are all dead. You mustn't hurt them so, please, 'cause its naughty." And the wee little girl gravely shook her curly head.

The big man sat down and took the wee girlie on his lap. "See here, little one, you like milk to drink, don't you?"

The little girl nodded.

"Well, what do you think the cows would do all winter if somebody didn't cut down and dry the clover and grass to make hay for them to eat? God made this clover for them to eat, as he made the cows to give milk for you to drink."

"Then you are a good man, and I love you. When I grow big I will cut down flowers for the cows to eat. Good-bye." And the wee little girl walked soberly away. And the big man turned his back so that she might not see him smile.

PUSSY'S BREAKFAST.

I'm a pretty, white pussy-cat, and my name is Snowball. I'm as white as snow, they say. I don't know how white that is, for I never saw any snow. I know white from black, though, for I am put to bed with my little mistress, and nurse always washes me before bedtime, so I shall not soil the clean white sheet. She says I must not go into the kitchen, for I would get as black as a coal. I know what coal is, for I have seen cook put some into the fire, and she had very dirty hands afterward. I wouldn't like to be like that. If I get a speck on my fur, I lick and lick until it is all off.

My little mistress is very good to me. I did not know how good until I went to my cousin's one day. There were several children at that house, and it makes my hair stand up with horror to remember how they treated me and my cousin. They pulled our tails, and swung us by a leg, they slapped us, turned our ears inside out, tickled our noses until we sneezed, pulled our whiskers and abused us until my little mistress cried, and carried me home.

A BOY'S TEMPTATION.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said: "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day never moving the cannon. About

nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day, and the next. By-and-bye the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week, he made a hole in that castle big enough for the enemy to walk through.

Now, with a single gun firing away at every boy's life, the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A LITTLE brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand,
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day,
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away,

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings;

It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light,
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mists
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down;

Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown.

ALICE and Frank had been reading out under the trees one hot Sunday afternoon. After a while they grew tired of sitting still.

"Let's see how many different kinds of leaves we can find," said Alice.

"Why, yes," Frank answered.

So they walked around the garden, picking a leaf off every bush and tree and plant. Then they laid the leaves out in a row, and tried to remember what the name of each one was.

They were very much surprised when supper time came, for the afternoon had seemed very short.

MAKE no man your idol, for the best man must have faults; and his faults will insensibly become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.

MAMMA'S HELP.

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see;
And mamma has no one to help her
But two-year-old Laurence and me.

"You'd like to know what I'm good for,
'Cept to make work and tumble things
down?
I think there are no little girlies
At your house at home, Doctor Brown

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the
table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs.
I've polished the hearthstone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the
floor;
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle,
But I 'spect it was cracked before"

"And the steps that I save precious
mamma,
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if
you knew;
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!
And 'Bessie, dear, run to the door!
And 'Bessie, love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor."

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day;
Good-bye! well, perhaps, I will help you
When your Bridget goes off to
stay!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 18.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Luke 6. 20-31. Memory verses, 27-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As ye would that men should do to you,
do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. The Blessed Ones, v. 20-26.
2. The Loving Ones, v. 27-31.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson from your Bible.
Luke 6. 20-31.
Tues. Find the same sermon in Matthew,
chapter 5.
Wed. Learn the Beatitudes. Matt. 5. 3-11.
Thur. Learn the Golden Rule. Golden
Text.
Fri. Find what the Golden Rule will
bring about. Isa. 65. 25.

Sat. Learn when a disciple may rejoice
Verses 22, 23.

Sun. Think, do you keep the Golden
Rule?

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus stand with his apostles
one day? Who came to him there? What
great needs had they? Did Jesus help
them? Where did he go then? Who went
with him? What did he tell the disciples?
What does Jesus call the happy ones?
What did Jesus mean by "the poor"?
What is promised the truly poor? (Verse
20.) What is it to hunger and thirst?
How does God fill those who hunger for
him? What does Jesus say about loving
enemies? Can a disciple ever "pay back"?
Why not? What is the Golden Rule? By
what name is this sermon known? What
would this earth be if we all followed this
teaching?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That little children can be disciples.
Mark 10. 15.

That Jesus calls children now. Mark
18. 2.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What sort of bodies will they have?
They will have bodies such as can never
die, made like the glorious body of Jesus
Christ.

How will they be employed? In prais-
ing and serving God?

A.D. 27.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25.

OPPOSITION TO CHRIST.

Mark 3. 22-35. Memory verses 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own and his own re-
ceived him not.—John 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Foes, v. 22-30.
2. Christ's Friends, v. 31-35.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mark 3.
22-35.

Tues. Read the story in Matthew. Matt
12. 24-32.

Wed. Learn what Jesus said of the
Pharisees. Luke 11. 39, 42-44

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find who is meant by "the strong
man" in verse 27.

Sat. Learn how Jesus loves his friends.
Verse 34.

Sun. Learn how the Pharisees might
have known the truth. John 7. 17.

DO YOU KNOW—

What made the Pharisees more angry
than ever? What could they not deny?
What were some of these wonderful works?
How did they say he did the miracles?
What did Jesus say? What had he cast
out of many? What change had been
made in them? What does Satan never
do? Try to destroy his own kingdom.

What is an awful sin? How do we know
that God is very merciful? Can we so sin
as never to be forgiven? Who came look-
ing for Jesus? What did he say? Of
whom did he say it? Can he say it of us?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I may belong to the family of
Jesus. Verse 35.

That he is my heavenly Father as well
as my Brother. Eph 3. 15.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

In what manner will they serve God in
heaven? We cannot tell how they will
serve him until we go there.

What must you be, if you would go to
this glorious and happy place? That I
may go to heaven I must be holy in heart
and life.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

"Go weed in the garden till half after ten,"
Rob's mother said, sharply, "I'll not
speak again."

"Fear me," said Rob sighing. "I wish I
could be
The robin that's singing up there in that
tree.

"Birds never weed gardens—they never
bring wood,
They do as I'd like to, and would if I
could.

"They've nothing to trouble them, only to
sing,
And rock on the branch when they're not
on the wing."

"See here, little boy," said the robin to
Rob,
"Though you think I'm idle I'm planning
a job.

"Four nestlings to care for—such great
hungry things!
There isn't much rest for a father-bird's
wings.

"The cats try to catch us—the boys are
as bad.
Birds have work, wants, and worrie-
like others, my lad.

"Be content as God made us—as bird
boy, or man,
And do what needs doing the best way
we can."

WHY HE DIDN'T GO.

JOHNNY had been out in the yard playing
ball, and suddenly came in and sat down
to read. His father looked up, and seeing
that Johnny had his Sunday school book
in his hand, thought it time to question
him. "What did you do with the ball?"
"It went over the fence into Mr. Brown's
yard." "Did you go over after it?" "No
sir." "Why not?" "Because it went
through the window."



REBUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

STONES IN CHRIST'S TEMPLE

A MAN dreamed that he was trying to build for himself a temple to commemorate his name. He wanted a whole temple to himself, and an angel came to show him one that was a model of beauty; but there was one stone missing from its peak, and the man asked the angel where it was. "There has never been one there," replied the angel. "We intended to place you there," but you say that you want a whole temple to yourself, and so the place will be filled by someone else; but you will never have your special temple." Then the man, aroused by his fears, started up from his sleep, crying: "O God, put me in your temple. Put me in, even though I can be but a chink stone. Put me in."

TWO SMART DOGS

ROMEO is a beautiful large black dog. One day he was crossing a bridge over a canal with his master, who stopped to watch a little puppy that some men were trying to coax into the water. At last the men grew tired of coaxing, and they threw the puppy into the canal for a bath. Romeo stood on the bridge and watched until he could stand it no longer. He jumped into the water and swam up close to the frightened little puppy, and guided him to the bank.

Romeo drinks tea and coffee, but his greatest treat is a lump of sugar.

In the same house where Romeo lives there is a dog named Smut, because he has a black mark on his nose as if he had poked it into a chimney. When Smut hears the postman, he jumps up and runs for the letters and brings them in to his master. In the evening, when the young man comes home from his office, Smut gets

his slippers and marches around his chair three or four times, and then places them at his master's feet.

SLUMBER SONG.

CREEP into my arms, my baby dear,
And mother will sing to you soft and low,
A little song you'll be glad to hear,
Of the old moon-sheep and her lamb
that go

Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hills that seem so high.

The moon is the mother-sheep, my dear;
The stars are her little lambs, and they
Follow her, follow her, there and here,
In the wide sky-meadows to leap and play,

Up the sky,
And down the sky,
And over the hilltops by and-bye.

Rock-a-bye, baby, and go to sleep;
The little star lambs will sleepy grow,
And all lie down with the moon to sleep
Till the sun goes down at night, and so

Up the sky
And down the sky,
The moon and her little white lambs go by
Go to sleep,
And mother'll keep
Watch o'er her lamb, like the old moon-
sheep.

A YOUNG ARTIST.

ARTHUR was drawing. And he did not seem one bit happy.

"Teacher said I must draw that house. Can't do it, anyhow, so I sha'n't try. Who ever heard of a little boy no bigger than I, who could draw a house?"

"I did," said a voice behind him.

Arthur jumped, for he had no idea that anyone was near. And there was his drawing teacher.

I read not long ago, of a little boy only eight years old, who took a big book on the art of drawing and studied it so carefully that he drew a large house, not a simple little outline, like this. And not copied at all. It was so well done, that his father wrote under it: "This is really wonderful."

When this little boy was twelve years old, he painted the portrait of a gentleman. He was so poor that he had only a piece of an old sail for a canvas, and common house paint for his colours, but the portrait was so good that people knew that the little boy would become a great artist. And so he did. He was known afterward as the great Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anybody may learn to draw correctly. Come now, and try again, and let your motto be: "Whatever I do, I will do well."

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

"TICK," the clock says, "tick, tick, tick,
What you have to do, do quick:
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

"When your mother speaks, obey,
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick;
What you have to do, do quick."

A DESPERATE STRAIT.

A MOUSE fell into a beer-vat, poor thing! and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat: "Help me out of my difficulty!" "If I do, I shall eat you," said the cat. "Very well," replied the mouse. "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honour that I may do so."

"Very well; I will give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out and, trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept into a hole in the corner, where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," said the mouse; "but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

How many promises made in liquor have been broken!—Selected.

GOD will give us anything for our sakes, but will deny us nothing for Christ's sake.