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THE SUNBEAM

CHUMS.

WHAT happy-looking chums they are, these two. They never quarrel. They are fond of each other and have too much sense to fall out about trifles. Do you know where they have just now been? You can't guess. They look as if they had been having some fun somewhere, don't they? They have been swimming in the mill pond near the house, and feel as fresh as can be and ready for a frolic. Watch is a splendid swimmer, for he is a natural water dog, and George learned to swim when he was a little fellow, for he has lived near the old mill all his life.

SIMPLY STUPID

We were talking a little while ago with a mother whose boy was troubling her by his apparent determination to seek low associates and coarse pleasures. "He has a good home, and his father and I are just as kind to him as we know how to be," she said; "and yet we cannot pre-



CHUMS.

As we listened to this kind mother, whose tears flowed while she spoke, we could not help saying to ourself, "How unutterably stupid, as well as sinful, this boy must be! If he had a grain of sense, he must see that the course he is pursuing not only brings grief to his parents, but must cramp and darken his whole life. He is deliberately throwing away his chances for the future, and marking out for himself a course which can lead to nothing but disappointment and ruin."

What we thus thought of this boy we say of all like him. In an age as full of opportunities for good as ours, the young man or woman who turns away from them and contents himself or herself instead with the low and coarse is simply stupid. The fact is, there is nothing so stupid as sin. He that is wise will avoid it, no matter what the shape in which it offers itself.

We cannot keep our children too near our hearts, if our hearts are as they should be, for their welfare and for our happiness.

We have tried in every way to get him to do differently, but he will persist in his course, and we are at our wits' end."

HELPING MOTHER.

YOUR hands may be small, but every day
They can do something that's good as
play;
They can help mother and she'll be glad
For all that's done by her lass or lad.

If all the children would think to-day
Of helping mother, as all of them may,
They'd bring in water and wood, and do
A dozen things she would like them to.

For though hands are small and the years
few,

There's always something they can do
To help the mothers and make them glad;
Remember that, little lass and lad.

So help your mothers' about their work;
Don't wait for asking, don't try to shirk,
Do just the best you can, and she
Will say, "What a help are my dears to
me!"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

A YOUNG HOME MISSIONARY.

A LITTLE girl in rags and tatters was found in the streets of London, and taken into a Home, where she was clothed and fed and taught. Her mother was dead; her father was a drunkard, and had deserted his child. In the Home she heard about Jesus, and learned to love him. One day, when she had been there about a year, she met her drunken father in the street, and hardly recognized him, so bloated and wretched looking had he become through drink. He was delighted at the change in his daughter.

"But, father," said the dear girl, "Jesus is able and willing to do for you what I has done for me. Won't you come to Jesus, father? He could save you yet."

The tears ran down the miserable drunkard's face while his child pleaded with him, and we hope her entreaties and prayers resulted in his conversion.

Dear young friends, do not be content merely to collect money for the Home and Foreign Missions. We want you to be Home Missionaries yourselves. The man from whom Jesus cast out the devils desired to remain with Jesus, but our Lord would not permit that. "Go home to thy friends," he said, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." He says the same to each one of his children now. Has he blessed you, and pardoned your sins, and made you his happy child? Then he says it to you. Have you not some unconverted friends? Speak to them lovingly; tell them what God has done for you; try to bring them to God's house; and, above all, pray for them. So shall you too be Home Missionaries.

THE BEST ORNAMENT.

"OH, mother," said Johnny Reid, "next Wednesday will be the last day of school, and I am sure to get the prize. Sammy Jones is next to me, but I don't intend to miss a single lesson, so he can't get ahead of me. Won't you be glad when I come home with the prize, mother?"

"I am always glad, my son, when you succeed in any right undertaking. You have certainly been studious this term, and glad as I shall be to see you come home with the medal on, yet there is another which I would much rather see you wear."

"What is it, mother?"

"The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

Johnny dropped his head, for he knew how much pain he sometimes caused his mother by his fretfulness and impatience.

"I don't see what the medal has to do with that," he said at length.

"I should be glad to see you manifesting as much eagerness to overcome your wrong habits as to master the lessons given you at school," said his mother.

Wednesday soon came, and Johnny won the coveted prize. He was delighted, and said to Sammy Jones as they were leaving the schoolroom together, "I wouldn't come so near getting the prize and then miss it."

This called forth an ill-natured reply from Sammy, which so irritated Johnny that he said hard things to his class-mate. Words soon came to blows.

Johnny's fist was clenched, and he was just rushing forward to strike when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, turning, there stood his father and mother. They were surprised and grieved at what they saw—books and slate on the ground, and Johnny with flushed and angry face, and hand raised to strike.

In answer to his father's questioning look, he said, "I couldn't help it, father. He said I cheated, and I wouldn't stand that."

"Pick up your books and hat, and we will go home," was all the father said.

The three walked home in silence. When they reached home Johnny took from

his neck the medal he had expected to exhibit with so much pride, and handing it to his mother, said, "Take it, mother. I don't deserve it nor anything else," and laying his head in his mother's lap, he burst into tears.

His mother did not attempt to comfort him, for she felt it would be better to leave him for a time with his own thoughts.

At length she said, "I felt very sorry, my son, to see you as your father and I found you this afternoon."

"Oh, mother," sobbed Johnny, "I did not intend to be so naughty, and I see now that it was all my own fault, for I boasted, and that made Sammy angry, and almost before I knew it we were fighting; but indeed I am very sorry." After a moment he added, "I would rather have a meek and quiet spirit than all the medals in the world."

"That ornament may be yours, my son, but in your own strength you cannot obtain it. You understand me?"

"Yes, mother. You mean that I must ask God to give me this spirit."

"I mean just that. You know how easily you are led astray, and you need to look to Jesus for help when you are tempted. Will you do this, my son?"

"Yes, mother, for I see that, unless I overcome my naughty temper, all the prizes in the world can't make me happy, and then," he added in a softened tone, "I want to live so as to please Jesus."

WATCHING.

It is necessary in this world to be constantly on the watch. A doll, a slate, a new suit of clothes, toys, books, everything we have requires unceasing care; and unless it is given, we soon have nothing, or our things are so defaced and injured that we no longer prize them. Children do not always think of this. The pleasure of having a thing seems to satisfy them, without a thought of how long they are going to keep it.

"You must not go out in this damp, cold air," said a lady to a little boy. "It will make you cough so you can't get your breath." "I got that a good while ago," said he. Far too young was he to realize what a constant warfare it was to keep that precious breath of life without which he would perish. He must have daily food, he must have garments made and prepared, he must have so many hours of sleep and so many of activity; and then if all was not done just right and he got sick, it was very hard to get him cured and back on the right track again.

Now if it requires so much watchfulness to keep the body of a child in health and life, what do you think of the care you should take of the inner man, the heart and mind? Do you think you can scold, fib, get angry and talk saucily, and still keep a healthy spirit in you? No, you cannot; and more than this, you can grow in sin till you lose eternal life the same as you can lose this life and kill your body by breaking the laws of health.

WE ALL BELONG TO JESUS.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

L. we come, a happy band!
All delight to hear us;
Song and smile and waving hand
Unto each endear us.
Would you know the love we bring?
Learn what life decrees us?
We are children of a King,—
We all belong to Jesus.

Refrain:

We belong to Jesus!
And we belong to Jesus!
We sing his praise,
We do his will,
We all belong to Jesus!
We all belong to Jesus!
We all belong to Jesus!

I am Jesus' little boy;
I, his little maiden,
All our hearts with love and joy
Are for Jesus laden;
So we join his grace to sing—
All his doings please us—
He is Master, Lord and King.
We all belong to Jesus.

I will serve him every day,
I will love him truly,
We will each his truth obey,
Wisely, freely, duly.
Jesus is our perfect friend;
From all sin he frees us;
Earth and heaven will join and blend
When all belong to Jesus.

*The E'ns," Toronto.

[Cannot some of our musical friends send Mr. Morrison a setting for this?—ED]

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 40.] **LESSON IV.** [Oct. 23.

PETER AT CAESAREA.

Acts 10. 30-48. **Memory verses, 39-43.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10. 43

Who went to the house of Cornelius in Caesarea? Peter, and with him some other disciples of Jesus.

Who were waiting for them with Cornelius? Several of his relatives and friends.

What did Cornelius tell Peter? He told him about the vision which God had sent him.

What did he say all these people were come together for? To hear whatever message God had for them.

What did Peter say to him? "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

Can you repeat verse 15?

Whom did Peter tell Cornelius about then? About Jesus who came to help people, and was always doing good.

What else did he tell them? That Jesus died on the cross, and rose from the dead.

With what words did Peter end? [Repeat the Golden Text.]

Have you found any other verses that say "whosoever"?

What happened while Peter was speaking? The Holy Spirit came upon all "who heard the word."

Why were the disciples who came with Peter surprised? Because those who received this gift were Gentiles.

Tell what you can remember about the Gentiles, and how the Jews felt toward them.

How did Cornelius and his friends show that they believed in Jesus? They were baptized.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

In whose image was man created? Man was created in the image and likeness of God.

How was man made like God? His soul was created like God: immortal, holy, and happy.

A.D. 40-44.] **LESSON V.** [Oct. 30

THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ANTIOCH.

Acts 11. 19-30. **Memory verses, 21-24**

GOLDEN TEXT.

A great number believed and turned unto the Lord.—Acts 11. 21.

Can you remember how Stephen was put to death and why?

What were many others obliged to do? To leave their homes and go into other countries.

What did they do wherever they went? They preached about Jesus.

Where do we hear of some of them? In a great city called Antioch.

To whom were they preaching? To both Jews and Gentiles.

Did many believe? [See Golden Text.] Who was sent from Jerusalem to help them? Barnabas.

Who was Barnabas? "A good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

Whom did Barnabas ask to come and work with them? Saul.

Why would Saul be glad to help them? Because he had once persecuted these very disciples.

What did the people in Antioch call the disciples in sport? Christians.

Was this the best name they could have had? Yes, for it means, "Belonging to Christ."

How did these disciples show that they really belonged to him? By doing all they could to help others.

What did Jesus say about showing

kindness? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have it unto me."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Did our first parents continue holy and happy? No: they sinned against God and fell into misery.

What is sin? Sin is not obeying the commands of God.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHICKEN.

ONCE there was a little, fluffy yellow chicken who lived with his mother and little brothers and sisters in a little bit of a house which stood not very far from a very pretty pond. This little chicken was very bright and wide awake, and, in spite of his mother's cluckings, would keep running away from his home. He was very fond, too, of walking on the very edge of the pond, though his mother told him he would surely get drowned if he fell in.

One day he saw a number of little, fluffy yellow things walking towards him. "They look very like me," thought little chickey, "but how queerly they walk. I can walk much better." And he straightened himself on his little slender legs and strode gracefully along.

Soon these funny little yellow balls waded to the very brink of the pond, and in a moment glided away on the water.

"Dear me," said little chickey, "if I can walk on land so much better than they, of course I can go on the water too. I don't believe mother knows everything."

So into the water he sprung, and soon found that he was sinking. He flapped his wings and shrieked with all his might. "Oh, dear me," he thought, "if I had only minded what mother told me."

But, alas the cruel water had almost covered his poor head; and this would have been the very last of little chickey if a man had not just at that very moment passed the pond with a small fishing-net in his hand. Seeing chickey struggling in the water, he quickly fished him out and throw him upon the grass, saying, "There, you foolish little thing, lie there until you get dry."

Poor little chickey was half dead with cold and fright; but soon the warm sun dried his wet feathers and warmed his little, cold body, and gave him strength to stand on his feet. With one look at the dreadful pond, he flapped his wings, and, with a shrill cry, ran back to his home.

"Foolish child!" said his mother, when he had told his story; "those little fluffy things were ducks, and live half the time on the water."

So little chickey found out that his mother knew best after all, and ever after when he was tempted to disobey, he thought of the dreadful pond where he had been almost drowned, and he became a good little chickey, and a comfort to his mother in her declining days.



SEAL SITTING IN A CHAIR.

WHO KILLED WILLIE?

"PLEASE, mamma, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his questions, but appeared to be lost very deeply in thought.

"I am thinking about who murdered Willie," said his mother.

"Who was Willie?" and "Who murdered him?" and "Why did they murder him?" were questions all asked in one breath by Ernest.

"I'll tell you about it, Ernest. There is a green grass mound in the churchyard of a village on the hills, where the stone quarries are. The little fellow who now lies in that humble grave was the sweetest and best beloved boy in that rude place. He was the son of a poor but decent woman, whom you know very well. She had other children who were all very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willie. He was 'the flower of the flock,' she said. Indeed, he was so gentle and affectionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him.

"One day he was sent to the stone

quarry with the dinner of a man who was working there and he gave him a glass of ale. He might as well have given him a glass of poison. Poor child! His father had killed himself with drink, and yet—can it be believed—Willie's mother had never told him of the danger in tasting, and so the poor child tasted that one glass of ale, and it was his last. As he was returning from the quarry he felt the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him, so he got on the cart, with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home and wondered why he stayed so long. Little did they think they should never hear little Willie's voice again. The cart went rattling on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt over a large tree, which, as Willie could not steady himself, threw him off, again the broad wheel jolted—crash. It had crushed little Willie! Poor murdered Willie! There he lay, the curls, and the blue eyes, and the dimpled mouth, and the rosy cheeks, were all crushed in the cart rut. There lay one of the many victims of strong drink! Strong drink murdered Willie!"—*The Morning*.

WHEN TO SAY "NO."

"No" is a very little word;
In one short breath we say it—
Sometimes 'tis wrong, but often right,
So let me justly weigh it.
"No" I must say when asked to swear,
And "No" when asked to gamble;
"No" when strong drink I'm urged to
share;
"No" to a Sunday ramble.

"No," though I'm tempted sore to lie
Or steal, and then conceal it;
And "No" to sin when darkness hides
And I alone should feel it.
Whenever sinners would entice
My feet from paths of duty,
"No," I'll unhesitating cry—
"No, not for price of booty."

God watches how this little word
By every one is spoken,
And knows those children as his own
By this one simple token.
Who promptly utters "No" to wrong,
Says "Yes" to right, as surely—
That child has entered wisdom ways,
And treads her paths securely.

MASTER PIN AND LADY NEEDLE

A PIN and a needle being neighbours in a work basket, and both being idle folk, began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in the side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye out if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She tied the thread round the neck of the pin and attempted to sew with it, but pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are" said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems my fortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."