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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

[No. 1]

## I SEE YOU!

"I SEE YOU!" And how scared the little miss does seem over the announcement. Yet, she might have known, silly child, that Polly couldn't very well help seeing her, and she must also be quite familiar with his ability to declare the fact, since the vocabulary of parrots is commonly very limited. But the trouble is the little girl is doing wrong, getting ready to taste of forbidden fruit, evidently, so poor Polly's opportune remark naturally startles her. Does she forget, what should be in her thought, that God sees her, and is displeased by her wrong-doing?

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

IN a Sunday-school at Nantasket there was a little girl of whom the following incident is related. It occurred when she was only six years of age:

Her uncle was brought home very sick, and the doctor told the family

he could not live. The little girl heard it, and at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went softly in, and up to the bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the man, and reaching up, pressed her face close to his, and whispered, "Cast your sins on



I SEE YOU!

Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God." His bodily distress had been very great, a moan coming with every breath; but at her whispered words, the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked, and he burst into tears. The little girl went about her play, not

telling any one she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness of sin. The next day the little messenger God sent watched her chance, and again went to the sick man and whispered with a winning tenderness.

"Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?"

"Yes, I did, I did! He washed away my sins."

Only a few hours before he died, he implored God's richest blessing on his "little angel," as he called her, for teaching him the way to Jesus.

## A GOOD PRAYER.

A LITTLE boy, the son of a Friend, about six years old, after sitting like the rest of the congregation in silence, all being afraid to speak first, got up on the seat, and, folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a clear, sweet

voice, just loud enough to be heard on the fore seat, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left." Would a longer prayer have been more to the purpose?

## "NICE AND NEW."

"GRANDPA your chin is growing old,  
So are your hair and face,  
And Baby Jean stroked my cheek  
With condescending grace.

"I know," I said, "maybe sometime  
Baby will grow old too."  
"O no!" she cried in frightened tones,  
"I am all nice and new."

Sweetheart, it will be many years,  
Should God your dear life spare,  
E'er Time can steal your peachy bloom,  
The gold from your soft hair.

But there is pathos in your wish  
To keep all "nice and new;"  
I fancy older people feel  
A good deal that way too.

—*Wide Awake.*

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## The Sunbeam.

(TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.)

## HOW THE GOSPEL WAS FIRST PLANTED IN COREA.

This incident is related by Mrs. Fannie Roper Feudge, of Baltimore, Md.:

"Among many efforts made during the present century to carry the gospel to Corea, and with little apparent success, one seed of sacred truth was planted by a Chinese lad shortly before Corea was opened to missionary effort; and this, so far as we know, was the first of all the Hermit Kingdom to spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God. This little boy's name was Ah Fung. He had been taught at one of the mission-schools at Ningpo to read the Bible and to go to Jesus in prayer whenever he was in need of help. When he was about nine years of age his father took Ah Fung with him on one of his trading expedi-

tions to the Corean capital. By some mishap while there the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who presented him to his wife, who made him her page. He would often attempt to tell his young mistress of the Saviour whom he loved and trusted, but without avail until one day the reaper Death took away her baby girl, and then in her great loneliness and sorrow she recalled the words of her little page about Jesus and his love, and asked him to tell her about the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk of the Saviour, until she too came to love this same Friend."

## PUTTING A COOPER'S PIPE OUT.

The late Rev. Thomas Collins was a model tract distributor, being instant in season and out of season. He often travelled in smoking-cars, in order to have a wider field for doing good. In his interesting memoir, recently published, we find that he describes some incidents of one of his journeys:

"In the train I presented a New Testament to a soldier; he received it gladly, and I was pleased to see that he caught my meaning at once when I called it a 'sword.'

"A cooper got on at an early station, and, without an apology, lighted his pipe. After a little introductory talk, I submitted for his consideration whether the cost of that cloudy gratification would not send a child to school, and whether that would not be a better outlay, as it would confer a benefit that would last forever?

"He said: 'I never thought of that, but it is true. So, out goes the pipe, and here's for the child.'

"Do you mean that? Will you give up the practice?"

"To be sure I will, and send the young 'un to school.'

"I am so glad to have put your pipe out. Will you oblige me by the gift of the cast-off thing?"

"Certainly, sir, here it is.' So with joy I brought the trophy home."—*Good News.*

## DOING RIGHT.

If a boy is always ready for little deeds of kindness; if he is willing to give up his own plans to help along the plans of others; if he tells the truth, though it may be against himself; if he obeys his parents cheerfully and promptly, even when the task is hard and disagreeable—it is easy for any one to see what that boy desires most. His wish is to do right; and such a wish is always granted, because the Holy Spirit is ever ready to lead the willing feet into the paths of righteousness.

## A CHILD'S FAITH.

IN a town in Holland there once lived a very poor widow. One night her hungry children asked her for some bread. With the tears streaming down her cheeks she said, "My darling children, how gladly I would do this if I could, but there is not a morsel of bread in the house." This poor woman was a Christian, and was trying to love and serve God.

She knew how good he is, and how he has promised to help his people when they are in trouble. So she gathered the children round her, and read a part of the fifth Psalm, ending with the fifteenth verse, in which is found the sweet promise, "Call on me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Then she prayed with them, telling the Lord of their trouble, and earnestly asking him to help and deliver them.

On rising from their knees, her eldest child, a little boy, about eight years old, said to her, "Mother, dear, are we not told in the Bible about one of God's prophets, who had food brought to him by the ravens?"

"Yes, my son, but that was a very long time ago," said his mother.

"But mother, what God has done once, can he not do again? Now I will go and open the door, that the birds may come in, and bring us some food."

Then the dear little fellow went and set the front door wide open, so that the light of their lamp shone out upon the sidewalk.

Now it so happened just then that the burgomaster of the town was going by. He was a kind-hearted Christian man. Seeing the door open, and the light shining out from the room, he thought it very strange, and stopped a moment. Then he entered the house, and asked, "why they left their door open on such a cold night as that?"

"My little boy did it, sir," said the mother, "that the ravens might come in, and bring some bread for the hungry children, for we have nothing to eat."

"Indeed," said the burgomaster; "then here is the raven already. Come with me, my boy, and you will soon see where the bread is to come from."

So he quickly led the boy to his own house, and sent him home with a basket full of bread, and butter, and meat, and potatoes, and lots of nice things. What a happy supper they had there that night! And after supper the little boy opened the front door again, and looking up to heaven, he said, "Many thanks, dear Father in heaven, for all the good things thou hast sent us."

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,  
Your doll should break her head  
Could you make it whole by crying  
Till your eyes and nose are red?  
And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's  
And not your head that broke?  
Suppose that you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down,  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And wouldn't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house,  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get,  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And wouldn't it be wiser,  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair,  
Will it tire you less while walking  
To say, "It isn't fair?"  
And wouldn't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,  
Nor the way some people do,  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered just for you?  
And isn't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan,  
Whatever comes or doesn't come,  
To do the best you can?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON XII. [Sept. 16

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

Num. 20. 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ. 1 Cor. 10. 4.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rock of Kadesh: Rebellion.
2. The Water of Meribah: Rebuke.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Why did not the children of Israel enter Canaan? Because they were afraid.

What punishment did the Lord send upon them? They were sent back to the wilderness?

To what desert had they now come? To the desert of Zin.

Who died there? Miriam, the sister of Moses.

What could not be found here? Water to drink.

What did the people do? They found fault with Moses and Aaron.

Who had always supplied their wants? The Lord.

What did their complaint show? That they did not trust his care.

Who came and spoke to Moses and Aaron? The Lord.

What did he tell them to do? To bring water out of the rock.

Had they power to do this? No; but the Lord could do it by them.

With whom were Moses and Aaron angry? With the people.

What did they call them? Rebels.

What did they say to them? "Must we fetch you water out of this rock?"

To whom should they have given the glory? To God.

What did God tell them? That they should not enter Canaan.

Why did he say this? Because they had not honoured him.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Are you sometimes tempted to doubt God's care?

"He careth for you."

Are you sometimes tempted to be impatient?

"Be ye also patient."

Are you sometimes tempted to take honour to yourself?

"Them that honour me, I will honour."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Perversity of human nature.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Aaron? The brother of Moses, and the first high priest of Israel.

Who were the priests? Those who were set apart to offer sacrifices to God, and who taught His laws to men.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 23

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MOSES.

Deut. 32. 1-12. Commit to memory vs. 5, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. 4. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prophet's Vision.
2. The Prophet's Death.
3. The Prophet's Memorial.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

How long were the Israelites in reaching Canaan? Forty years.

What made it so long and hard a journey? The unbelief of the people.

To what place had they now come? To the border of Canaan.

How old was Moses at this time? One hundred and twenty years.

What had the Lord said? That Moses could not enter Canaan.

Why not? He had sinned when he smote the rock.

What did the Lord show him? The promised land.

Where did he then take him? To the heavenly Canaan.

Where did Moses die? On Mount Nebo.

Who buried him? The Lord.

Where is his tomb? No man knows his burial place.

How long did the Israelites weep for Moses? Thirty days.

What was now the leader of Israel? Joshua.

With what was he filled? With the spirit of wisdom.

By whom was Joshua chosen to lead Israel? By the Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What will make our earthly life a hard journey?

Unbelief.

What will make the way easy and pleasant?

Faith in Jesus.

"There is no friend like Jesus,  
So faithful wise, and true:

Come danger, or come darkness,  
He'll guide us safely through."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The power of rectitude.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Joshua? The leader of the children of Israel, who brought them into the Promised Land after the death of Moses.

Who were the prophets? Holy men whom God taught to foretell things to come, and to make known his mind to the world.

THE GREATER KING.

DID you ever hear of Jenny Lind? She was a sweet singer, who used to sing to great crowds in Europe and America. Once the King of Sweden, her native land, asked her to give a concert in his palace on the Sabbath-day. He even commanded her to do it. But she answered, "There is a higher King than you, and we ought always to obey God rather than man."



BACK TO SCHOOL

## BACK TO SCHOOL.

A JOLLY little army—

I seem to hear their feet,  
Patter, patter, tread, tread,  
Beat, beat, beat!

Here they come, there they come,  
From happy hour of play—  
Down hill, across dale,  
"Back to school!" they say.

A jolly little army—

Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
From the seaside cottage,  
From the mountain camp;  
From the dear old homestead,  
Hidden far away—

Down hill, across dale,  
"Back to school!" they say.

A jolly little army,

Many thousand strong,  
Wild roses on their cheeks,  
On their lips a song;  
Coming back to school again,  
Bright with rest and play—  
Down hill, across dale,  
"Back to school!" they say.

## CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but, day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat-of-mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years of age gets up in the morning, works, plays, and studies, and we will tell

you just what sort of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast and late at school stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

## GOOD NEWS.

THE conversation that follows between a mother and child gives the very heart of the Gospel. "Jesus came to seek and to save the lost," and the people who are good enough already, do not need him—of course not! This idea that, before Jesus will have anything to do with us we must do something to win him over to our side, is a mistake from beginning to end:

"How am I to be saved, mother?" said a little boy.

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son."

"But have I nothing to do?" said the boy. "I thought I must do something; for I was once told that I must be good or else God would have nothing to do with me."

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed, and you are saved by knowing that all is done."

"But I am not good," said the boy; "will God have nothing to do with me unless I am good?"

"My boy, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He receives the bad, not the good, else none would be saved. It is your badness, not your goodness, that you are to bring to him."

"Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "Oh, how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good."

"Yes it was, You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus."

## SLUMBER SONG.

BY E. ALICE KINNEY.

Run, little brooks, from the uplands brown  
Run, run to the sea!  
Fly, little birds, when the sun goes down,  
Back to the greenwood tree!

Beat little waves, on the rocky shore,  
Sing on the pebbly beach!  
And teach us the sweet truths o'er and o'er  
That you always used to teach.

Crowd, little birdies, 'neath mother's wings,  
The night is dark and cold;  
Hide, white moon, from all earthly things,  
The month is growing old.

Nestle closer, O, baby head,  
To the tender, snow-white breast!  
Soundly sleep on the downy bed,  
Sleep, sleep and rest.

For the years come and the years go,  
Hearts of youth grow cold;  
The roses bloom, but soon the snow—  
The world grows old.

## WHAT TIDDIE DAY SAID.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl went one day up to her father's friend, whom she dearly loved, and said, "Mr. Hastings has you dot a new heart?"

He was compelled to answer, "No, Tiddie, I am afraid not."

"Well," continued she, "didn't you know that you tan't go up to the dood heaven and see Dod?"

Mr. Hastings, although an unbeliever in the Bible could not resist the little pleader, and Tid's simple question was the means of bringing him to Jesus. Here was a case in which strength came from the lips of a babe.

## THE BROKEN ARM.

ALAS for poor Edwin! He has a broken arm. I will tell you how it happened. He is fond of climbing up on fences, and walking on the top rails. His mamma has often told him he must not do it, or he would fall. Edwin thought he knew better than his mamma. But one day he fell down on the hard pavement, and now he has a broken arm. I hope he will obey his mother after this.