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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

[No. 16.]

AMONG THE WHEAT.

TOM LOKER and his sisters and his baby brother are having fine fun among the wheat. The ripe and bearded ears lie thick upon the ground, and Tom has tied his handkerchief to a staff and is shouting with glee, while Mary is pointing out to baby, whose chubby hands are full of flowers, how the wheat with which God feeds mankind grows on the stalks. When we think of this it is almost as wonderful, and is as directly the work of God, as when Jesus multiplied the loaves for the feeding of the hungry multitude.

PAWS AND CLAWS.

"MOTHER," said little Nannie, "sometimes pussy has paws and sometimes she has claws. Isn't that funny? She pats with her paws and plays prettily; but she scratches with her claws, and then I don't love her. I wish she had no claws, but only soft little paws; then she would never scratch, but be always nice."



AMONG THE WHEAT.

"Well, Nannie, dear," said her mother, "remember that you are very much like pussy. These little hands, so soft and delicate, when well employed, are like pussy's paws—very pleasant to feel, but when they pinch or scratch or strike in anger, then they are like pussy's claws."

"Well, that's funny enough, mother. I never thought I was so much like pussy."

"You love pussy much," said her mother, "and you may learn a good lesson from her. When you think kind thoughts, and speak gentle, loving words, then you are like pussy with her nice, soft paws, and everybody will love you; but when you think bad thoughts, or give way to ugly tempers, or speak cross and angry words, then you are like pussy with her sharp scratching claws, and no one can love you."

BEFORE God there is no difference whether a man takes another man's goods by force or by circumvention.

PRAYER.

O HELP us, God, while it is day,
By kindly words and deeds,
To store good memories away,
For the last evening's needs;
And so to hear, at set of sun,
The comfort of the Lord's "Well done;"
Nor feel remorse, and grief, and shame,
But gladly face the falling night,
And hope for heaven's eternal light,
Through the Redeemer's name.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

"MAN, JESUS CHRIST LOVES YOU."

It was not quite train-time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro on the long platform, holding his little daughter's hand. A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner. It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal, who was sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years. The little child looked at him, first with wonder and horror; then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and, lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words. He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back, half afraid, to her father's hand; but, a moment after, she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness; and this time the prisoner dropped his defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed on his hard face. Then her father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly. The train came presently, and the prisoner

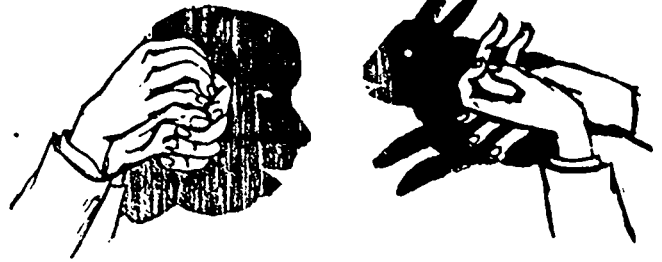
went quietly in, and during the journey gave the officers no trouble. Upon their arrival at the prison his conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so. Inmates of that prison, having terms of twenty years and over, are allowed a light in the evenings, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible. At length some one asked how it came that he brought with him such a reputation for wilfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well-behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'll tell you. It was when I was waiting at the station before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wasn't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flying over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you wout often see. Somehow I couldn't help looking at her. By and bye she let go her father's hand and came over to me, and said, 'Man, I am sorry for you;' and you wouldn't believe it, but there were tears in her eyes! Something appeared to give way inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it. I just scowled at her, blacker than ever. The little dear looked kind of scared-like, and ran off to her father, but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me, and said, 'Man, Jesus Christ is sorry for you!' O, sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoken to me like that since my good old mother died years and years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, and all the way down here I was just thinking of mother, and the many things she used to teach me when I was no bigger than the blessed baby. I made up my mind I would never rest till my mother's God was mine also; and O! sir," he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "He's saved me—he's saved me!"

HE WOULDN'T SELL RUM.

THERE had been a temperance meeting, and all the boys attended. That evening, Carl sat in a brown study. He pressed his lips tight together and knit his forehead into frightful wrinkles, and glared straight into the fire without saying a word for a long time.

"What is it?" said Aunt Abby, smiling at the boy's earnest face. "No, Abby," said Carl, slowly and with much emphasis, "If I was as poor as a knitting needle, and hadn't any more money than a hen has teeth, I'd never sell rum!"



THE SHADOW PICTURES.

UNCLE HARRY can make queer shadows on the wall by the use of his hands. He makes us laugh a good deal by the odd things he shows us. Last night he fixed his hands so as to cast a shadow like that of a face. Then he gave us the shadow of a rabbit. You can see what he did, from the pictures I give you.

JOHNNY AND GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples, and pennies, and cake,
Without a grandma or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way, when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar,
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pie for a "feller."

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys;"

"Life is only short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I 'spose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.



THE LITTLE SCISSORS-GRINDER.

WILLIE is a three-year-old darling. This summer he visited his aunt in the city, and was very much interested in the curious sights and sounds which abound there.

A few days after his return home, when his mamma sat on the piazza with some friends, Willie marched up the gravel path with his little wheelbarrow on his back.

He stopped at the foot of the steps, set his burden down, resting it upon the handles, so that it stood upright. Then holding it with one hand, and rolling the wheel with the other, he kept his foot rising and falling, just as if he were at work with a genuine treadle. He looked very sober, and said, "Please, madam, have you any scissors to sharpen?"

The ladies handed him several pairs, which he ground in the best style, trying the edge with his finger, and at last passing them to the owner with the request for ten cents.

Mamma gave him a bit of paper, which he put into his pocket, returning the change in the form of two leaves.

When he had finished his task, he shouldered the wheelbarrow, and was saying "Good-afternoon," when one of the party ran after him, calling to him to kiss her.

"Scissors-grinders don't kiss," he said; but the fun sparkled in his bright black eye, and he burst into a hearty laugh, which must have been a relief to the merry boy after being sober so long.

EVEN a child may live to please God, if its heart be pure.

FAULTS.

CHILDREN sometimes have a great deal of trouble with their faults. They are often told of them, and if sensitive and conscientious, these same faults come to seem like great mountains to them. For a fault does not disappear so easily or so quickly as one would like to have it. There is often a long, hard fight before one can really get the better of a fault.

What to do with these troublesome enemies, which are such a grief to our friends as well as to ourselves, is the question, and this very question the great Apostle John, who knew Jesus and loved him well, answers for us! It is such a comfort to have a difficult question answered by some one who really knows; and surely the good and great John was such an one.

First, then, he tells us to "confess."

What, own up, not the wrong-doing only, but the inward sin which leads to the wrong-doing? Yes, confess it all, first to God, and then to our friends. This is our part. And now comes God's part. If we do this he will forgive our sins, and then he will wash away the stain that the sin has made. This is the safe and right thing to do with our wrong natures, and the wrong thoughts and deeds that flow out from them. Take them every one to the heavenly Father, and see what he will do about it! The Evil Spirit, who is behind all the sin in the world, will not stand being taken to God very long! Little by little he will give up one point after another, and as he goes out the Good Spirit will enter!

THE BOY'S FAITH.

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked a passer-by to a lad holding to a string.

"Flying a kite," said the little boy.

"I can see no kite," exclaimed the man.

"I know it, sir," answered the boy; "I can't see it but it's there all the same, for I feel it pull."

If we hold on to God's promises, an unseen power draws us heavenward, and, although unseen, we know it.

KIND hearts are our gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossom,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

A MAN.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"WELL, well! I am really as tall as Papa!
I'm almost a man! Do you see?
I don't have to tip toe to look in his eyes.
Would you have believed it of me?"

"Tis time for Mamma to be cutting my hair.
I don't like to have it in curls.
I don't want a feather to wear in my hat,
It makes me look just like the girls.

"I want her to cut all my ruffles off, too;
For men do not wear them at all.
I want a stiff collar to wear on my neck,
And a hat that is shiny and tall.

"And then, on my trousers I want her to
sew

Some pieces of some kind of stuff,
To make them reach farther than just to my
knees

They never are half long enough.

"And then they must give me a cane and a
watch.

Dear me, but I'm going to be grand!
And then I shall walk all alone in the street,
With nobody holding my hand.

"Yes, yes; I am tired of having such clothes,
Just fit for a baby to wear;
For see, I'm exactly as tall as Papa,
When I climb up and stand in a chair."

"DID YOU NAIL HIM, MA?"

THE Rev. James Robertson said, at a recent meeting in England: "A lady came to me recently very anxious about her soul. Her case was a striking illustration of the words, 'A little child shall lead them.' She and her husband were sitting in the family circle one evening, as their child, who is about four years old, was busily engaged and much interested in a picture book containing Bible stories. The little fellow presently came upon the representation of Christ on the cross, and looking up he said to his mother:—'Who is this?'"

She explained the picture to him, and after drinking it all in, he gazed into her eyes very lovingly, and enquired:—

'Did you nail him, ma?'

By that question the arrow of conviction was forced deep into her heart. She could not at first give the dear child any answer; then she tried to set the question aside, but he again said:—

'Did you nail him, ma?'

That night both mother and father were troubled in their hearts and could not sleep. They have now, however, obtained peace of mind through accepting the crucified one as their Saviour."

THE SICK DOLL.

I'm taking out my Claribel
This morning for an airing,
She has been sick so very long,
We both have found it wearing.

She's had the measles and the mumps,
And all since last December,
'Sides several ovver sicknesses
Whose names I can't wemember.

I've had her vac-ci-na-ted, too,
And oh' the scar it's leaving'
But all these fings are nuffin to
The time when she was teeving.

I sat up all night wis her;
She grew worse fast and faster,
I gave her pollygolic, and
Put on a mustard plaster.

She's been so patient and so sweet,
I love to kiss and pet her,
Poor child, she's suffered ev'ryfing'
But now the darling's better.

I hope the air will do her good;
"Dear, don't kick off your cover,"
I've been so anxious; no one knows
Or feels it like a movver!

BEAUTIFUL ANGELS.

A LITTLE boy was reading about the angels, that there were two classes, called cherubim and seraphim. He asked his father what was the difference between them.

"A cherub," said his father, "is one who has the most knowledge, a seraph is one who loves most."

"Then when I die," said the little boy, "I hope I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than be so very wise."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A LITTLE girl in India was asked by the mission lady if she bowed to the idol of the house. "Yes," she said, "when mother bids me I have to. But then I go right away by myself and fold my hands, and look up and say, 'O God, please to forgive if I have sinned. Thou knowest I cannot help myself, because my mother will beat me.'" What a good lesson this is for a child who is compelled to do any thing wrong.

"WHAT good has the liquor-seller done?" asked a public speaker. "Can anybody think of any one whom the liquor-business benefited? I pause for an answer." The silence was broken by some one crying out, "The gravedigger."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER

B. C. 1427.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 19.

ISRAEL FORSAKING GOD.

Josh. 2. 6-16. Commit to memory verses 14, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers. Judg. 2. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Good days in Israel. v. 6-10
2. Evil Days in Israel. v. 11-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What promise did the people of Israel make? To serve and obey God.

How long did they keep it? As long as Joshua lived.

What did many of the people forget? The great things God had done for them.

Whom did they then begin to serve? The gods of the people about them.

What does this show us? The danger of being in bad company.

Where did the Israelites' sin begin? In not being true to God.

To whom did God leave them? To their enemies.

Why did he do this? To show them their sin. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What did they soon suffer? Great trouble?

Whom did they seek in their trouble? The Lord.

What did he give them? Leaders, called judges.

Why were they so called? They judged the people in God's name.

Did the people deserve God's help? No; for they wilfully forsook him.

When do we forsake God? When we do not obey him.

To what should his goodness lead us? To sorrow for our sin.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Little people sometimes forget—

That God sees all their acts.

That God knows all their thoughts.

That God hears all their promises to him.

That if they forget him he will let them suffer.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The evil results of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Will He call us to account for all we think and do? At the last day God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.

B. C. 1249.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 20.]

GIDEON'S ARMY.

Josh. 7. 1-8. Commit to memory verses 14, 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon. Judg. 7. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. The Many. v. 1-3.
2. The Few. v. 4-3.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was one of the greatest of Israel judges? Gideon.

What made him great? His faith in God.

Who now ruled the Israelites? The Midianites.

Why did God permit this? Because his people had forsaken him.

Who will rule us if God does not? Our enemies.

What did Gideon call the people to do? To fight the Midianites.

How many came at his call? Thirty thousand.

Why was this too many? They would trust their own strength.

Who were told to go home? All who were afraid.

How many were then left? Ten thousand.

What did God say? That there were still too many.

What did Gideon tell them to do? To drink of the brook.

Whom did he then choose to fight? Those who caught only a little water as they passed.

What did this show? Their eagerness to serve God.

Whom does God choose for his service? Those who are whole-hearted.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Our enemies—

Hearts that do not believe God.

Hands that do Satan's work.

Feet that run on Satan's errands.

Our friends—

Trials that make us think of God.

Weakness that makes us trust God's strength.

Ignorance that sends us to God for wisdom.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sovereignty of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does God love you? Yes, God loves everything which He has made.

What has God made? God made every thing in heaven and earth, and, last of all, He made man.