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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

[No. 13.]

## WHAT MAMIE SEES.

WHAT do you suppose he does see? Mamie lives way back in the country where there are no houses to be seen, whichever way you look, from the doors and windows of her home nothing but fields and fields of waving grain and growing vegetables and orchards of apple, peach and pear trees, and beyond them the green woods.

The nearest neighbour lives the other side of the road, which seems to Mamie's folks very near, as the nearest neighbour to him in turn on the other side is over a mile. My little city reader may think this a lonely sort of a place to live in, but Mamie thinks it just lovely, and I do not believe that any little girl in Canada has a better time than Mamie has.

But we are forgetting to find out what it is that she sees just now.

It is near dinner time, and mother says: "I do wonder if your father heard the dinner horn. I wish I knew whether he were coming or not." You see they had to blow the horn a little while before dinner so that he could be ready in time.

"I will see if I can find him, mamma," said Mamie.

Of course Susie must trot after her to "help," as she said.

Susie's "helping" was generally hindering, but Mamie always said: "Bless her little heart, she thinks she is helping, doesn't she, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, be patient with her," mamma



would say, sighing to herself as she thought of another little one who was always wanting to "help mamma," who had gone away and left a vacancy in the mother-heart which had never been filled.

Be patient, my reader, with those about you, they may be slipping away from you even now.

Mamie and Susie with her doll in her arms started down the lane and looking toward the cornfield sees somebody coming. The sun is shining so brightly that she can-

not tell whether it [is father or not. She shades her eyes and in a few moments recognizes him. At the same moment he sees his two little girls, and waves his hand. In a moment all his fatigue and care seem to have gone, and as the tired mother looks out of the door and sees them coming up the lane she seems to have forgotten all about her fatigue and the countless worries of the morning.

There was a thrill of gladness in the father's voice as he bowed his head to bless God for their daily food, and a happy family around the table. Why was it?

## CHEERFULNESS.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality of man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture on parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. Be cheerful always. There is no path will be easier travelled, no load but will

be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but, will lift, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

THE devil tempts every man, but the lazy man tempts the devil.

## A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A FELLOW'S mother," said Fred the wise,  
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,  
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt  
By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,  
Rags and buttons, and lots of things;  
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop  
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean,  
If a fellow's face is not always clean,  
And if your trousers are tore at the knee  
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,  
But only sorry if you are bad;  
And I tell you this, if you're only true,  
She'll always forgive what'er you may do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise  
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,  
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every day,  
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

## WORKING FOR JESUS.

I WANT to tell you how some heathen children work for Jesus. A missionary writes from East Africa that the children there have formed themselves into a band of little preachers to go out among the villages near by. They do not really try to preach, but sing a few hymns and read and repeat Bible verses. They stop where they find a small group of four or five people, and the men and women listen attentively.

Sunday is a hard day to some there, as it is here. They go to church twice and Sunday-school twice, but still they have a good deal of spare time, and are quite restless and uneasy. The other children play games,

but those who have been taught in our mission schools know that is wrong.

The teachers think these little missionary meetings a very good way of employing their time. It is working for Jesus in the best way they know how.

I wonder if some of our children could not take example from these little Africans.

## WORK AND PLAY.

## A "PILLOW."

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of a friend whom he met, after a parting of many years.

"Only one," he answered; "a pillow."

"A pillow?" inquiringly.

"Yes," smiling; "a pillow is something to rest on, is it not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that is why I call my little daughter a pillow, she's so restful."

The gentleman soon reached the home of the father of the "pillow," and a lovely young girl of about sixteen years old was introduced as "my daughter Emily." The visitor remained only one night, but by the time he had left he had fully decided that his friend's young daughter merited the name given her. The smiling face with which she greeted her father and her father's friend won the latter's heart at once. In a gentle, quiet way, she brought the evening paper and laid it open at the page he always read first, on the table near her father. His slippers and dressing-gown were brought, too, and she was rewarded with a fond kiss and a whispered "Thank you, dear." Later in the evening, when her father expressed a desire that she should sing something for his friend, she did not refuse, but did the best she could with a grace and sweetness indescribable. A little bell tinkled once, and Emily left the room hastily.

"My wife is sick this evening; she is a victim to nervous headache," explained the host. "I hardly know what she would do at such times, if it were not for Emily; the child is a born nurse."

The hostess free from her headache, but looking pale and weary, came down to breakfast next morning. She sat at her usual place—the head of the table—and poured out the coffee. But Emily was near at hand, and it was she who relieved her mother by putting the cream and sugar in the cups, and passing them. It was she, too, who dished the oatmeal in a neat and dainty way that was charming.

A pink-tinted rose-bud with a geranium leaf lay at each of the three plates. The father lifted his to inhale the fragrance, smiling his thanks.

"Where is yours?" he asked.

"There were only three this morning," she replied brightly; "I shall have the next one."

After breakfast, as the guest lingered for a few moments in the sitting-room waiting for his friend to accompany him down town, he heard Emily's voice say in a low tone of entreaty, "Now, mamma, go and lie down, please; I will help Bridget with the breakfast-work, so that she can get at her ironing, and do the dusting later. Don't think of anything."

"But she must think of something," thought the guest; "she must think of the helpful little daughter who is such a joy and comfort that she is indeed a pillow, something to rest the heart on."

## A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

These verses are very sweet. Will not each boy and girl who reads the SUNBEAM learn them by heart?

I CANNOT do great things for him  
Who did so much for me;  
But I should like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto thee;  
Faithful in very little things,  
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life  
In which I may obey,  
And thus may show my love to thee;  
And always, every day,  
There are some little loving words  
Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,  
Small burdens I may bear,  
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
Some sorrows I may share,  
And little bits of work for thee  
I may do everywhere.

So I ask thee to give me grace  
My little place to fill,  
That I may ever walk with thee  
And ever do thy will;  
That in each duty, great or small,  
I may be faithful still.

## A GENTLE REPROOF.

A MAN was swearing angrily, at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up at him, and said: "Please, sir, don't call God's names, because he is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

The man pretty soon said: "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that he was my Father, too. I will not swear again—never!" and he walked quickly away, with his head down.

**KATE AND BESS.**

KATE rides each day in a carriage fine,  
Her dress of rich fabric is made;  
She sits at a table, eats cake and sips wine  
From a service the daintiest laid.  
Poor little Kate!

But she is not happy. Her head often  
aches,  
The servants she scorns and she scolds;  
In the grandeur around her no comfort she  
takes,  
A sad heart her pretty robe folds.  
Poor little Kate!

For she has no mother to teach her at night  
"Our Father" with folded hands;  
God's beautiful world gives her no delight,  
A starved little soul she stands.  
Poor little Kate!

Bessie, she lives far away from the town,  
In a house weather-beaten and gray;  
Her dress is only of russet brown,  
She is busy the livelong day.  
Rich little Bess!

Her food it is simple, spring water her  
drink,  
At night she eats bread and milk.  
"God made things so lovely," she's taught  
to think;  
"Who wants to be dressed up in silk!"  
Rich little Bess!

Bessie kneels down when the day is done,  
Saying, "Jesus, I love you so much,  
Because you have said, 'Suffer children to  
come,  
My heaven is made up of such.'"  
Rich little Bess!

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.**

B.C. 1151] **LESSON I.** [July 7

**SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD**

1 Sam. 3. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 8-10.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy  
servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3. 10.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Call, v. 1-10.
2. The Message, v. 11. 14

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

Who was Eli? A priest and a judge of  
Israel.  
Where did he minister? In the Lord's  
house.

Who helped Eli care for the Lord's house?  
The child Samuel.  
Whose son was Samuel? The son of  
Elkanah and Hannah.

To whom did they give Samuel? To  
God.

Who came and called Samuel one night?  
The Lord.

Who did Samuel think called him? Eli.  
How many times did Samuel rise to go  
to Eli? Three times.

What did Eli tell Samuel to do? To say,  
"Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

What did Samuel do? He answered the  
Lord's call.

With whom did the Lord talk? With  
Samuel.

What did he tell him? That he would  
punish the house of Israel.

How could God trust a child? Samuel  
had shown himself an obedient child.

Who calls children now? The Lord.

How does he call? By his Word and his  
Spirit.

Who are sure to hear? The obedient and  
attentive.

How should we answer the Lord's call?  
"Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth."

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

I am called { To love Jesus.  
To obey Jesus.  
To work for Jesus.

"Faithful is he that calleth you." 1 Thess.  
5. 24.

"I have called thee by thy name." Isa.  
43. 1.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine call.**

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

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

B.C. 1141] **LESSON II.** [July 14

**THE BOWROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.**

1 Sam. 4. 1-18. Commit to mem. vs. 17. 18.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

His sons made themselves vile, and he  
restrained them not. 1 Sam. 3. 13

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Army Smitten, v. 1, 2
2. The Ark Taken v. 3-11.
3. The Priest Dead, v. 12-18.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

What were Eli's sons named? Hophni  
and Phinehas.

What is said of them? "They knew not  
the Lord."

What was Eli's sin? He allowed his sons  
to do wrong.

What does God want parents to do? To  
keep their children from doing wrong.

Why could not God bless the Israelites  
now? They were wicked, and he must  
punish sin.

Who came to fight against Israel? The  
Philistines.

Who gained the victory? The Philis-  
tines.

What did the Israelites bring to help  
them? The ark.

What did they hope? That God would  
fight for them.

Why would not God fight for them?  
Because of their sin.

How many Israelites were killed? Thirty  
thousand.

What was taken from them? The ark.

What became of Eli's sons? They were  
killed.

Who waited at home to hear the news of  
the battle? Eli.

What happened when he heard the sad  
news of defeat? He fell back and died.

What did this defeat mean? That God  
was angry with the Israelites.

**WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.**

What parents ought to do.  
Show children the right way.  
Lead them in it.  
Restrain them when they leave it.

What children ought to do.  
Listen to what their parents teach.  
Believe that it is love which restrains.  
Honour and obey their parents.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Retribution.**

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

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

**THE TEMPTATION TO DISHONESTY**

A GENTLEMAN had two boys who were  
doing little jobs of work for him during the  
week. On Saturday night he settled with  
them for their work. On the way home,  
as they counted out their money, they found  
that they each had a quarter of a dollar  
more than really belonged to him. One of  
them said "He guessed he'd keep it, for he  
had worked hard enough for it." The other  
boy took his quarter straight back and re-  
turned it to the owner. Now it turned out  
that it was not a mistake on the part of the  
gentleman. He did it on purpose to find  
out if the boys were honest. The boy who  
kept the quarter proved dishonest, and the  
gentleman never employed him again. The  
other boy showed that he was honest. He  
found steady work, and was finally taken  
into business.

Let us be truthful and honest, and then  
we shall prosper.



ELIJAH'S OFFERING.

Read the account of this. 1 KINGS 18. 17-40.

### "MOTHER HUBBARD."

I KNOW a little maiden—  
Perhaps you know her, too—  
Her eyes are bright as morning,  
All sparkling with the dew,  
But let me whisper something  
I hardly like to tell—  
This merry little maiden  
Doesn't mind her mamma well!

Her suit's a Mother Hubbard,  
Her bonnet is a poke;  
She wears the cutest slippers,  
And a funny little cloak.  
She has half a dozen dollies,  
And playthings by the score;  
And yet this naughty maiden  
Will often weep for more!

Her cheeks are just the colour  
Of the apple-blossoms in May;  
"Pretty is that pretty does," I hear  
Her grandma often say.  
Her hair around her forehead  
Hangs in many a wavy curl,  
Now don't you know the picture  
Of your mamma's little girl?

### AN AWFUL STORY.

THERE once was an awful little girl who had an "awful" to every thing. She lived in an awful house, in an awful street, in an awful village, which was an awful distance from every other awful place. She went to an awful school, where she had an awful teacher, who gave her awful lessons out of awful books. Every day she was so awful hungry that she ate an awful amount of

food, so that she looked awful healthy. Her hat was awful small and her feet were awful large. When she took an awful walk she climbed awful hills, and when she got awful tired she sat down under an awful tree to rest herself. In the summer she found herself awful warm and in winter awful cold. When it didn't rain there was an awful drought, and when the awful drought was over there was an awful rain. So that this awful girl will come to an awful state, and if she does not get rid of this vulgar way of saying "awful" about every thing, I am afraid she will, by-and-by, come to an awful end.

### GOD'S HOUSE.

IN a small Pennsylvania town stood a pretty little chapel with windows of delicately tinted glass. It had been built by a wealthy man in memory of his wife, whose grave was near the chapel. From the steps could be seen the valley dotted with houses of the rich and poor, the blue waters of the lake, and the thick pine woods.

Little Marjorie Catlin had been two weeks in this pretty town, but all the time she had been ill. Now she was up and able to walk about. One of the first walks she took was to the chapel.

As they came up the road Marjorie spied an ant, and stamping her baby foot on it, exclaimed,

"Now he's gone to heaven!" She did not know any better.

Then she pointed her tiny finger at the chapel and asked,

"What's t'at, mamma?"

"That is God's house, dearie."  
"I want to go into Dad's house."  
"You can't, pet," mamma said, trying the door, "for it is shut."  
"Dod cold? He shut his doo'!" asked little Marjorie.

"No," answered mamma, "but the sexton keeps the door locked to keep all safe. Indeed, God would never shut his door against such a little one as you! He loves children and never shuts his door against them. They must be good and love him in return."

In after years, when she was an orphan and poor, she remembered that little talk. Almost every one closed their doors upon the lonely child, and it was a comfort to her to know that God had not.

### THE BIRDS CONCERT.

BY T. A. B.

Do you know, my little readers, that I go to a concert every day during the summer time? I see that some of you doubt my word; well, perhaps I ought to say that the concert comes to me, and that would be nearer the truth.

My home is in the country and the house is surrounded by trees, beside which there is a wood upon the east and west sides and beyond the orchard at the north. You have guessed by this time that the singers are the birds, and such singers? I would rather listen to them than to all the singers I ever heard in the Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy of Music.

I suppose you would like to know how these sweet singers are dressed; that is harder to tell than to describe the evening dress of a prima donna. Their costume is of every colour of the rainbow, and all made of the most exquisite, glossy feathers; blackbirds, bluebirds and yellowbirds, golden and bronzed and speckled; robins and thrushes and orioles, catbirds, scarlet tanagers and swallows, with many others to join in the chorus.

Such robins and thrushes, I wish you could see them. They are the principal singers; and at what time do you suppose they give their concerts? Not in the evening, the time when most concerts take place, but at four o'clock in the morning. How often, if you were in the country, my little reader, do you suppose that you would hear them? To tell the truth, I confess that were I not obliged to be up so early, I should often miss them myself.

Those who lie in bed until late when in the country do not know what wonderful and beautiful things they miss. I hope that you arise early.