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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES — VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

[No 23.]

EVA'S TEMPTATION.

Story, little Eva! you may be fond of apples and pears, but do not help yourself. Just run away from that tempting dish of fruit, and then when mother comes, we are say, if she think it right, she will give her little darling one. Yes, run away, Eva, and have game with the dog for a while. Children should not indulge in looking at things they ought not to touch.

If our little Eva had not looked so long at the dish of fruit which mamma had left on the table-board, she would not have put out her hand to touch it. We hope — we think she will put it back in; for even now she is trembling a little, and she remembers the words she learned last Saturday afternoon :

It will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none
can spy,
When we take a thing
forbidden,
God beholds it with his
eye.

HELPING HYMN.

Every thought I have is seen above,
Every look I give, full of hate or love,
Every deed of mine, everything I do;
Every word I speak, God heareth, too,
Oh, let me ever be pure, humble, true.



EVA'S TEMPTATION.

LAYING UP TREASURES.

LITTLE Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to be quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture book.

For an hour all was still; then Mary

heard uncle say, "There I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George," asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up?"

"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven.

"Oh, no, Mary, my treasures are all on earth — some in banks, and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But haven't you got any in heaven, too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "but run away to mother, now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out, and was gone a good while, but all the while he was thinking that perhaps he was not so well off, if he had no treasure laid up in heaven. He was so impressed with the thought, that he wisely concluded to commence at once to lay up

treasures in heaven. He did so, and many a dollar which he had laid by was used to help in laying up more enduring treasure.

Little Mary never knew, until years after, when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it means, began to lay up for herself treasure in heaven, that it was

her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.—*Selected.*

BABY'S VISITORS.

My baby sat on the floor:
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,
For he had never seen before
That baby in the mirror door—
What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward the golden head
The mirror border framed within,
Until twin cheeks like roses red
Lay side by side, then softly said:
"I can't get out, can 'ee come in?"

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

BACKWARD and forward in her little rocking-chair moved Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful doll to her bosom, and singing low, sweet lullabies; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly!" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay-window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up, said pleasantly, "I am done for to-day, Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much mamma." "Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am so glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together." "Yes, we had, mam-

ma; but I got tired, after a while, of loving her." "And why?" "Oh, because she never loves me back." "And that is why you love me?" "This is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best." "And what is the first and best?" "Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so." "And we love God because he first loved us," whispered the mother.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy, for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap and ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store. Then he stood awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for. Then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlour, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

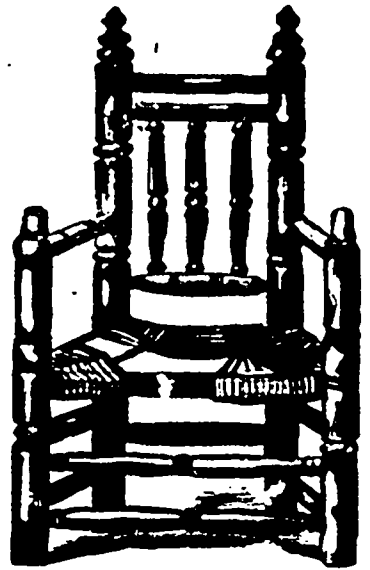
"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the heathen say: 'Give us your penny to help send us good missionaries; we want Bibles and tracts; help us, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, Oh, I want the candy, I do want the candy. At last the heathen beat, and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Missionary Echoes.*

POLITE TO GOD.

"HUSH!" whispered a little girl to her class-mates who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."



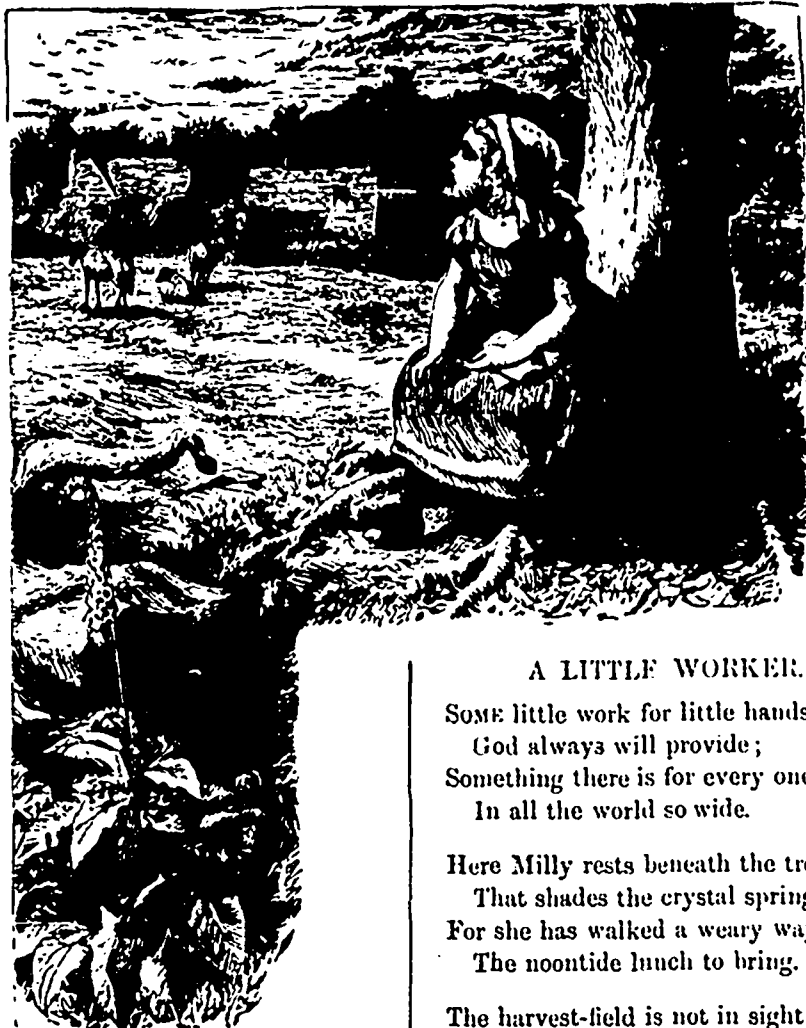
THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

BY C. M. W.

Art and invention have greatly changed (some say improved) all the articles necessary to our comfort and happiness. In nothing is this more noticeable than in the furniture which fills our houses. How striking the contrast between the old-fashioned low bedstead, with its bed-cord to hold the bed, and the new style high head-board beds, reaching the ceiling, with a wealth of carving that would have almost frightened grandpa at the extravagance of the thing. How many of the dear children have seen somewhere in the house an old arm-chair, cherished as a treasure of great value by father or mother? How different from the easy chairs of to-day! But around it are sacred memories precious as life. It was one of these old arm-chairs that a sweet poet wrote the following lines:

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair!
I've treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it
with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
heart;
Not a link will sever, not a tie will start.
Would you learn that spell? A mother
sat there;
And a sacred thing is the old arm-chair.

I've sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim and her locks
were gray:
And I almost worshipped her when she
smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her
child.
Years have roiled by, and the last one sped—
My idol is shattered, my earth-star fled;



Yet I learned how much the heart can bear
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past: and I gaze on it now
With quivering lip, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she
died—

And memory flows with a lavy tide.
Oh, say it is folly and deem me weak
While the scalding tea start down my
cheek;

But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair!

—S. S. Herald.

THE ORPHAN'S FAITH.

"WHAT do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?" said a child who had a mother to one whose mother was dead. "Mother told me whom to go to before she died. I go to the Lord Jesus. He was mother's friend, and he is mine." The other replied, "Jesus Christ is up in the sky, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you." "I do not know about that," said the orphan, "all I know is he says he will, and that is enough for me."

A LITTLE WORKER.

SOME little work for little hands
God always will provide;
Something there is for every one
In all the world so wide.

Here Milly rests beneath the tree
That shades the crystal spring,
For she has walked a weary way
The noontide lunch to bring.

The harvest-field is not in sight;
But when, at Milly's call,
The reapers hasten o'er the hills,
She shares the work with all.

Perhaps among the gleaners
Her place will be to-day,
To gather up the scattered grain
That else were cast away.

So little ones in God's broad field
In early days of youth
May glean up words of wisdom—
The golden grains of truth,

That springing up shall bear much fruit,
Perhaps an hundredfold,
To bless with richest store of wealth
A multitude untold.

And when their work is over,
And sheaves are brought by some,
Those who have only handfuls
Among the rest may come.

Then remember, little children,
That you have work to do,
For the Master of the harvest
Has need of gleaners too.

WHEN you are pained by an unkind word
or deed, ask yourself if you have not done
the same many times.

A BEAUTIFUL THING.

A LITTLE girl said to me one day.
"Please, sir, may I speak to you a minute?"
I saw that she was in some kind of trouble,
so I took her hand and said, "Certainly, my
little maiden. What do you want?"

"Please, sir," said she, as her lip quivered
and tears filled her eyes, "it's a dreadful
thing; but I don't love Jesus."

"Do you want to love Jesus, dear?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that I do," she replied.

"Well, why don't you?" I asked.

"I don't know how to make my heart
love him, sir. Please tell me how."

She spoke sadly, as if it were something
she could never do.

"Well, St. John, who loved more almost
than any one else ever did, says that 'we
love him because he first loved us.' Now,
if you go home to-night saying in your
heart, 'Jesus loves me,' I think to-morrow
you will say, 'I love Jesus.'"

She looked up through her tears and said
very softly, "Jesus loves me." She began
to think about it, as well as say it,—about
his life, and his death on the cross,—and
began to feel it, too. So she went home.

The next evening she came to me, and
putting both her hands into mine she said,
with a very happy face:

"Oh! please sir, I love Jesus to-night,
for he does love me so."

A BIBLE GENTLEMAN.

IT was a hot July morning, and old Mrs.
Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to
the parsonage, thought her basket seemed
heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the
son of the village doctor, overtook her half
way up the hill.

"Why, mother," said he, "that's more
than you can manage! Let me have one
handle, and then we'll trot it up easily
enough."

Away they went, Johnnie chatting gayly
and the old woman's face beaming with
gratitude and pleasure.

"The idea!" said Fannie Leigh, who
came down the lane just in time to see her
brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the
parson's gate. "You are a gentleman,
Johnnie! Supposing Lady Blake had met
you carrying a clothes-basket! How could
you do it?"

Johnnie whistled. "A gentleman! Of
course I am. I am a Bible gentleman, like
father."

Fannie looked puzzled, so Johnnie ex-
plained:

"Father said a Bible gentleman is always
civil to the poor as well as to rich ones;
and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbour'
just as much as Lady Blake."—*Busy Bee*,

GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven! Can he hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, thoughtful child thou need'st not fear,
He listens unto thine.

God is in heaven! Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can, he looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven! Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though thou said'st it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven! Does he care,
Or is he good to me?
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven! Can I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet; but love him here below,
And he will see it there.

God is in heaven! May I pray
To go there when I die?
Yes, seek his grace, and then one day
He'll call thee to the sky.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 14.]

PETER RESTORED.

John 21. 4-13 Commit to memory vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He said unto him, Feed my lambs.
John 21. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus by the Sea, v. 4-14.
2. Jesus and Peter, v. 15-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who stood upon the shore where the disciples were fishing? Jesus.

What did he ask them? Have you anything to eat?

What was their answer? No.

What did he tell them to do? To cast the net on the right side of the boat.

What happened? The net was filled with fishes.

What did John say to Peter? "It is the Lord."

How did Peter go to meet him? He jumped overboard and swam ashore.

How many fishes did the disciples bring to land? One hundred and fifty.

What invitation did Jesus give them? Come and eat.

What was ready for them? Bread and boiled fish.

Why were they silent before Jesus? They knew he was the risen Lord.

What did Jesus ask Peter? "Lovest thou me?"

What was Peter's reply? "Thou knowest that I love thee."

How many times did Jesus ask Peter if he loved him? Three times.

What did he tell Peter to do if he loved him? To love and care for his flock. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT)

What did Jesus prophesy of Peter? That he should die for the name of the Lord Jesus.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Feed my lambs," he said to Peter,
"If you love me as you say.

Feed my lambs, I'm sure they'll hunger,
Climbing up the heavenly way."

(GOLDEN TEXT)

There is a question which Jesus asked Peter three times that I think he is asking you. What is it?

If you have little friends you love very much, you talk about them; you want to go and see them: you want to do something for them. The same will be true of Jesus and you if you answer as Peter did.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love and service.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How was he a pattern to children? We read that he grew in wisdom, and was subject to his parents.

May children have the blessing of the Lord Jesus? When children were brought to Him, he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

A.D. 68.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 21.]

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

1 John 1. 5-10, & 2. 1-6. Commit to mem. vs. 1-7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. 1. John 1. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Light and Darkness, v. 5, 6.
2. Sin and Forgiveness, 1. v. 7-10; 2. v. 1, 2.
3. Love and Obedience, v. 3-6.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What is the message that John heard from Christ? God is light.

Why is there no darkness in God? Because he is pure and holy.

In whom is darkness? In all who have sinful hearts.

What will wash away all the sin? The blood of Jesus.

Who forgives us when we sin? God, our Father.

For whose sake does he forgive? For Jesus' sake.

For what did Jesus suffer and die? For the sins of the whole world.

How do people know that we love Jesus? When we keep his commandments.

How must we live? As he lived when he was upon earth.

Who are liars before God? Those who say they love him and do wrong things.

What do we try to be when we love God? Patient, unselfish, and loving.

What is the GOLDEN TEXT?

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"The light of the world is Jesus."

We should have been lost in the darkness of sin and death if he had not come, but now we can just bring our sins to him, this spotless "Lamb of God," and he will wash the crimson stains white in his most precious blood.

And only think, little people: There is no need of the sunlight in heaven, we are told. This "Lamb" is the light of the "City of Gold," so the light of both worlds is Jesus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The universality of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Does the Lord Jesus listen to children? He was pleased with the children who cried Hosannah in the temple.

May children know the Scriptures? Yes, for Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I READ a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead.