

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>								

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1884.

[No. 18

THE HARVEST HOME.

"They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest," says one of the most beautiful verses of Scripture. And right and comely is it to rejoice at this glad season of the year when God openeth His hand and we are filled with good. To the Jews the harvest-tide was a time of special rejoicing. So should it be with us. We greatly like that old English custom of the Harvest Home, or bringing in the last load with songs of rejoicing and thanksgiving. We would like to see more of this kind of harvest festival in Canada. As the Jews had their feast of first fruits, and presented their wave-offering before the Lord, so should we recognise the bounty of the Giver of every good and perfect gift and testify our gratitude by liberal gifts for his cause. For after all, it is only of his own that we give unto him.

Let the children share the joy. Let them gather harvest flowers and keep a holiday among the reapers, and rejoice in that love which giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Why might not all the Sunday-school be decorated with wheat and flowers and fruit, and a harvest festival of song and thanksgiving be held?

Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise,



IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise.
By him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

THE SERPENT IN THE CUP.

THERE is an old story told of the holy St. John, who, you remember, was the disciple whom Jesus loved. He lived to be a very old man, and he grew to be very pure and saintly as he came near his heavenly home. This may not be a true story, but it has in it a good and true lesson. Although St. John was so good, there were many people to hate him, and some even wanted to kill him. Once an enemy gave him a glass of wine to drink, when he was tired and faint. It looked like a kind act, but it was not, for a poison was mixed with the wine which would have killed him if he had taken it. The story says that he held it up before him, and a serpent raised its head from the cup, and then he knew that an enemy had given it to him! He threw it to the ground, and so his life was saved.

There is a cup which will be offered you, dear boys, one of these days. Perhaps it has already been offered you. It is a wine cup, and a serpent lies at the bottom! Do not touch it! You may not see it, but by and by it will raise its dreadful head, and you will find too late that you cannot throw it from you. Ask God to give you the clear sight to see what lies in the cup, and then you will be safe.

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYMES

SINCE a song of Temperance,
A pocket full of gold,
Four and twenty bank notes
In the cupboard rolled,
When the door is opened,
Out the notes we bring,
Tell me where's the drinking man
Can show you such a thing

The brewer's in the counting-house,
Counting out his money,
His wife is in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.
The drunkard in the taproom,
Dressed in ragged clothes,
Soon may he be made to see
The cause of all his woes.

—Temperance Record.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POST FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Christian Guardian, weekly\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated 2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together 3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly 2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly 0 63
5 copies and upwards 0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly, 30 pp. 8vo. 0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; 5c. per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 8c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	.. 0 30
Less than 20 copies 0 25
Over 20 copies 0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. quarto, semi-monthly 0 30
when less than 20 copies 0 22
20 to 40 copies 0 22
Over 40 copies 0 20
Four Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month 5 50
Beam, semi-monthly, less than 20 copies 0 16
5 copies and upwards 0 12

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, King St. East, Toronto

C. Crotes, S. F. Huettig,
4 Murray Street, Westman Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1884

THE MISSION FOR THE SICK.

ROGER DELAND was sick. He was just sick enough to be cross. His picture-book fell off the bed. His playthings hid under the bedclothes, and Roger cried. His mother read aloud to him, but he did not like the story. Then she told him the true story about the "Mission for the Sick."

"Kind ladies met in a hall," she said, "and took with them fruit, flowers, and good things for sick men and women, and dear little children." Roger was pleased. He thought about the mission some time. Then he said, "I wish I could send my rosebush in the little red pot."

"You can if you wish," replied his mother, "and I will write a note for you." Roger's eyes grew bright. His mother wrote, "Roger Deland sends this rose to

some sick child." Then it was sent away in a nice basket.

Three days after the flowers was sent the postman brought Roger a note. It said: "Dear Little Boy,—I am lame. I can never walk. My mother goes out washing. I am alone all day. I used to cry. I never cry since the rose-bush came. I sit in my chair and watch it. I thank you, and mother does too. I learned to write before I fell down on the ice. My mother cannot write, but she will ask God to bless you. She can work better, for the rose keeps me company. Mother used to cry, too, when I was left alone.

"The rose will grow forever, she says. I hope it will not die.

"My mother says if it does not die in the pretty pot, the goodness will keep growing. I shall not let it die.

"Your friend,

"MARY BRENNAN."

When Roger's mother finished reading the note, her little boy looked very happy. After that he sent little Mary some of his toys. He is well now, but he never forgets the Mission of the Sick.—Our Little Ones.

A FABLE.

IN a beautiful window hung a canary-bird's cage; vines were trained up on each side, and flowers drooped about the cage. On a stand underneath was a glass vase, and in the vase was a gold fish. Every morning a little girl came and cleaned the cage and put in fresh feed and a clean bath for the bird; then she put fresh water in the vase and scattered bread crumbs upon the water, so that the fish might have its breakfast. Flowers, bird, and fish all seemed contented in the window for a while; but by and by the fish looked up at the bird's graceful motions as it hopped from perch to perch, wished that it might live in the cage, and the bird, looking down into the cool, shady depths of the water, (for moss and pebbles had been arranged in the vase for the fish,) wished that the vase had been chosen for its home. Day by day each grew more dissatisfied, and moped its life away, until the little mistress, wishing to please them, made the exchange. How long do you suppose it was before the bird stifled and died in the cool, shady depths of the water, or how happy a life do you suppose the fish led in the cage? Let us be satisfied with the place God has given us. He knows best.

Be true to the dream of thy youth.



RESTING.

RESTING.

IT is pleasant to ramble in the woods in the summer time, to walk about in the shade of the trees, to gather mosses and ferns, and to smell the sweet fragrance of the evergreens. It is also pleasant to sit under the outspreading branches of some old tree, and listen to the rustling of the leaves as they are moved by the gentle breeze. This is much better on a hot day, than to be pent up amid the brick or stone walls and pavements of a great city. City people enjoy such a change as this, and though the plain country house may be very different from the elegant mansions one sees in town, yet if peace and contentment are there, it will be a happy home.

It is a good thing to rest once in awhile. This remark cannot give any encouragement to laziness, since there can be no real rest where there is no labour. The labour comes first, and the rest follows when the labour ends, and is all the more enjoyed because of the toil which preceded it.

This world is a world of labour to all people, young or old, who wish to lead a true life. By and by when our work is done we may hope for rest—real rest. Heaven is a Sabbath that shall never end. Open your Bible to Heb. iv. 9, and see what is there written.

SHE said, "Oh, yes, I am very fond of little boys," and as a snowball stuck in the back of her neck, she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple this minute, boiled!"



VACATION IS OVER.

VACATION IS OVER.

With bright sparkling eyes, and with cheeks
like red roses,

The lads and the lassies have come,
From the sea, from the mountain, the hill-
side, the valley,

To the dearest of all places,—home.

As fleet as wild deer have they climbed the
steep mountain;

Like fish have they swum in the sea;
In games of croquet won glorious battles,
And made the woods ring with their glee.

Now school-books are hunted instead of the
squirrel,

For oh, the sweet Summer has flown!
But, deep in the hearts of the lads and the
lassies,

A summer she leaves all their own.

Then turn with a will, fresh and bright, to
your studies,

Prepare for a grand school campaign,
And give by hard work a new zest to your
frolics,

When the sweet summer comes back
again.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

A DEAR lady, who loved the Lord Jesus
with all her heart, was in prison. While
there she wrote and sang hymns of praise
to God. Do you want to hear what she
said?

"It sometimes seemed to me as if I were
a little bird whom the Lord had placed in
a cage, and that I had nothing now to do
but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a
brightness to the objects around me. The
stones of my prison looked in my eyes like
rubies."

Nothing but sin can keep us from praising
God. If we know Jesus, our hearts will
be so full of joy that nothing can keep us
from singing praise to him!

"and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work.
It didn't look like a very large rock. But
it was a good deal larger than it looked,
really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out
in no time!" and he got a stout stick and
tried to pry up the rock. But the stick
broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he
jumped up, red and angry.

Then all three lifted together; but it
wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar," said Hal.

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie
shovelled and Hal pushed the crowbar
under the rock, and bore down on it with
all his might. The afternoon was very
warm, and the three little scarlet faces
needed a great deal of mopping. But the
boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandma,
looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced
that the work was done; and there—there
where the rock had lain were four silver
dimes; one apiece and one for good luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the
boys; and at that very minute grandpa
walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each
little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty
—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out
another rock; but grandpa thinks maybe
silver dimes won't grow under the next
one.

KIRWAN used to say that a pious Scotch-
man was accustomed to pray: "O Lord,
keep me right; for thou knowest if I go
wrong, it is very hard to turn me."

DIGGING THAT
PAID.

"I am going to try
'em," said Grandpa
Gray; and his eyes
were twinkling.

He meant his three
small grandsons Hal,
Herbie and Had.
So, at dinner, grandpa
said to grandma:

"I wish I had time
to take that rock out
of the yard there.
It's a real eye-sore
to me."

"Can't we, grand
pa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you
want to," said he;

FIRST STEPS.

Hush! the baby stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her,
Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stops,—quick, catch her!
'Courage! Life's first step will cost
Now again she's trying—
One, two—three! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

Precious baby! up once more—
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first step she reckons:

One, two, three—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly—
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased,—then laughing loudly.

First exploit of self-content;
Now she's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her—
She so presses to advance
In her baby-learning—
Pulls so—Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning?

There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss—
Brave again as ever,
See, the plucky little miss
Makes her best endeavour;
Walks right off—the darling pet—
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!

—St. Nicholas.

"WILL you have an orange or a fig?"
inquired the doctor of a fine little boy some-
what under the weather. "A fig," answered
the child with alacrity. "No fever there,"
said the doctor, "or he would certainly
have said an orange."

"UNTO ME."

SOME dear little children
To Jesus were led;
He took them up kindly,
And sweetly he said,—

"O, suffer the children
To come unto me,
For the kingdom of heaven
Of children shall be.

I, I am their Friend;
Their sins I'll forgive,
And they shall at length
With me ever live."

And thus the dear Saviour
To each one will say,
If but from the heart for
His blessings they pray:

"I'll make your heart clean, and
Will help you to come
Into my bright kingdom,
Forever your home."

TWO PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "Good night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise, and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"O, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

SUFFER not your thoughts to dwell on an injury, or provoking words spoken to you. Learn the art of neglecting them at the time. Let them grow less and less every moment, until they die out of your mind.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. —] LESSON X. [Sept. 7.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Psa. 27. 1-14. Commit to memory verses 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear? Psa. 27. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Resting in the Lord, v. 1-3.
2. Waiting upon the Lord, v. 4-7.
3. Walking with the Lord, v. 8-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who is our light and salvation? The Lord.

What can he take away from our lives? All fear and dismay.

From what will he protect us? From our enemies.

What did David desire of the Lord? To dwell in his house.

What will we see in the house of the Lord? The beauty of the Lord.

Who will hide us in time of trouble? The Lord.

What does the Lord say unto us? "Seek ye my face."

Does God ever hide his face from us? No, our own sins hide it from us.

What should we say in our hearts? "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Does God ever forsake us? Never; he is always near us.

For what should we pray? To be led in a plain path.

What should we be willing to do? To walk in the path that God chooses for us.

What cheers us in the midst of trouble? God's goodness and mercy.

Who will strengthen our hearts? The Lord.

On whom may we wait and trust? On the Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Remember—

God's love and goodness to us.

God's patience with us in our sin and folly.

God's gentleness in caring for us.

Do we not need his helping hand?

Should we not trust his love and mercy?

Can we do without his strength and light?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The providence of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Herod the king? The king of Judea, who killed the young children in Bethlehem, hoping to kill the Christ.

Who was John the Baptist? The prophet who told the Jews that the Christ was come.

B.C. —] LESSON XI. [Sept. 14.

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Psa. 40. 1-17.

Commit to memory verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I delight to do thy will, O my God.
Psa. 40. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. Saved, v. 1-4.
2. Serving, v. 5-10.
3. Pleading, v. 11-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who always hears and answers when we cry unto him? The Lord.

How will our praise of God influence others? To love and trust him.

Who only are blessed in this world? Those who trust in God.

What is better in God's sight than sacrifices? Obedience to his will.

If we truly love God what can we say? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

What had David done? He had preached God to a great many people.

What had he declared unto them? God's loving-kindness and truth.

What may we always tell others? Of God's goodness to us.

What does David ask of God? "Withhold not thy tender mercies from me."

What can we all say with David? "Mine iniquities are more than the hairs of mine head."

Who is able to deliver us from our sins? The Lord.

When will he deliver us? When we are willing to give up our way for his way.

What is given us when we trust in the Lord? Joy and Gladness.

Have we anything to commend us in God's sight? No, we are "poor and needy."

Who loves us, and helps us and takes care of us? The Lord God Almighty.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you given your heart and life to God?

Do you trust him always, even when you cannot understand him?

Do you obey God in everything?

Is he as real to you in trouble as when everything looks bright?

God "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's answer to prayer.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Herod the tetrarch? The ruler of Galilee, who cut off John the Baptist's head.

Who were the disciples of Jesus Christ? All who learned of him as their master.