

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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.

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

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

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 type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

[No. 21

THE FIRST SNOW.

THE first snow-fall is a time of great fun for the school-boys. It is apt to be a nice soft snow which will make capital snowballs, and won't hurt when they strike. It won't do boys any harm to have a good-natured game of snowballing. But they must keep their temper, and not get angry over it.

THE YOUNG FISHERS.

TOM and Ned attended school all summer. Sometimes they wanted to stay at home, but their mother is a very wise woman, and she always said no. They have learned that there is no use to tease their mamma to get to stay at home from school unless they are really sick, or unless there is some other very good reason. She is a woman who believes in keeping at a thing when you once begin, and doing it right. The next day after school was out, Tom asked her if they might go fishing that day. She told them that if they would promise her to be very careful not to get into deep water, they might go. They hardly ever fail to do what they promise, and for that reason she can trust them



THE FIRST SNOW.

keep at school as we did. If we had played truant, like Henry Nelson and John Hutson, I am sure mother would not have told us we might come today."

"That's all so, Ned; and I'm going to keep on minding her, and doing just what I say I will do. It's the best way always."

Yes, boys, it's the best way always. You will have a far better time if you obey your parents, and then you know that's the only right way, for God himself says, "Children, obey your parents."

ON THE ROCK

"I RECOLLECT," says Spurgeon, "an anecdote of James Smith. He visited one of his members who was dying. He said to her, 'You are ailing.' 'Yes,' said she. 'Do you feel sinking?' She replied, 'What did you say, Mr Smith?' He asked her whether she was sinking. She said, 'No! my dear minister! never ask such

a question of a child of God. Did you ever know a sinner sink through the rock? If I were standing upon the sand I might sink, but I am upon the Rock of ages!"

to do as they say. They promised, and she let them go. "Say, Tom," said Ned as they ran toward the river, "we are finding out now that it paid to obey mother all this summer, and

They promised, and she let them go. "Say, Tom," said Ned as they ran toward the river, "we are finding out now that it paid to obey mother all this summer, and

THE BABY'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in my papa,
 Who loves me—oh, so dearly
 I believe in Santa Claus,
 Who comes to see me yearly.
 I believe the birdies talk
 On the boughs together;
 I believe the fairies dance
 O'er the fields of heather;
 I believe my dolly knows
 Every word that's spoken;
 I believe it hurts her, too,
 When her nose is broken.
 Oh! I believe in lots of things,—
 I can't tell all the rest—
 But I believe in you, mamma,
 First, and last, and best!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

THE YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	3 50
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	5 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 52 pp. 8vo, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; 2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen, 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
25 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
 Methodist Book & Publishing House,
 78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

G. W. COATES, 3 Henry Street, Montreal.
S. P. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

ARE YOU WILLING?

JESUS said he would have blessed the city of Jerusalem, and all the people there, if they had let him. We think it is very foolish that they would not even let him bless them. But there are many people to-day whom Jesus would bless if they would let him; but they will not.

Would you like to have Jesus bless you? He will do so, if you are willing. But, then, you must love him, and obey him, and do just what he would have you to do. He would have you to be kind, and gentle, and thankful for other people. He would not have you cross, or disobedient, or fretful. When you have anything to do, he would have you do it cheerfully, and at once. If mamma tells you not to do anything, he would have you not to worry about it; but be content to do something else. If you really love Jesus you will want to do whatever he wants you to, and then you will have his blessing.

A LITTLE PRINCESS.

LITTLE Anne Stuart was one of the few of her family whose life was bright with pleasure.

Her father was the unhappy Charles I. of England. Her mother was the beautiful Henrietta Maria, whom the artists of that day so delighted to picture.

Little Anne was born in a great old palace in London, on March 17th, 1637.

How many years must you count back to find that far-away birthday? Some one writing to a friend at that time, mentions the birth of this little child, and adds: "The Irish ought to be glad." I suppose the gentleman thought the Irish would be especially pleased to welcome the little royal stranger, since she was born on St. Patrick's Day.

She was soon christened Anne; and since she was the daughter of a king and queen, she was spoken of as the Princess Anne.

Besides her father and mother, the Princess Anne had several brothers and sisters to welcome her coming; a grandmother also, who only a short time before had crossed the English Channel to visit King Charles and his queen. Her eldest brother was named Charles, after his father. He became Charles II. of England. Her other brother became James II. of England. The two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, were very beautiful, and looked so much alike that some one called them "two silken flowers on one stem." There is much that is interesting in the story of their lives.

Little Anne, too, was beautiful. During her childhood, the king welcomed to England a famous Flemish artist, whose name was Anthony Van Dyke. He came from Holland. He painted the portraits of the king and queen, the fine lords and ladies. He painted, too, the pictures of the little children: Charles and James, Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne. He represented them in several paintings. Sometimes their dogs were with them. These dogs were two spaniels, of which the children were very fond.

The king was much pleased with the artist's success; and one picture, including all the children, was hung in the breakfast-room in the palace at Whitehall.

Although King Charles was not a good king, he was a kind and loving father; and the queen at that time devoted herself to her little sons and daughters. She loved to steal away from the company of fine lords and ladies, to visit the nursery. She would caress her children just as fond mothers do to-day. She had a beautiful voice. Since she was a queen, she was not allowed to

sing to the lords and ladies of her court; but etiquette did not forbid the mother to sing to her children; and her songs filled the halls of the palace with melody. And so little Anne's years passed away, encircled by love, and filled with music and sunshine.

Not much is told of her life; but her dying words have been often repeated, and have even been recorded among the memorials of kings and queens.

As she was falling asleep, some one told her she ought to pray. "I am not able to say my long prayer," meaning the Lord's Prayer; "but I will say my short one: 'Lighten mine eyes, Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'" With these words on her lips, the little princess passed away, December 8th, 1640.—From the "Christian Age."

WHAT TEDDY'S SLING BROKE.

IT was a beauty—a smooth little pronged stick with a band of rubber fastened from prong to prong—and Teddy's big brother had taught him how to send a pebble from it, whack! against the side of the house.

"But what made you bring it to school, Ted?" said his teacher; "don't you know it will have to stay locked up in my desk all day?"

"Deed, Miss Jane, I won't kill any birds," said Teddy.

"No," she answered, laughing; "I think my birds are pretty safe, but my windows are not."

"Deed, I won't break any windows," declared Teddy.

Miss Jane shook her head: "You can't keep it, Ted, unless you promise not to shoot it at all on this side of the brook." And Teddy promised.

Alas! at the very first recess, pop came a little smooth stone against the window, making a crack like a long-legged spider.

"I didn't do it, Miss Jane," cried Teddy; "'twas Frankie and Julia had it between 'em."

"But you let them shoot it where you promised not," said the teacher; "and oh, Teddy, that was cracking your promise as well as my window."

So to make them remember how sad a thing it was to crack a promise, or help to crack one, Miss Jane did not give them any second recess, and while the others went out to play, Ted and Frank and Julia sat on a bench and learned some little verses about—

"Often from my sinful heart
 Naughty words and actions start;
 For his Son's dear sake I'll pray
 God to wash my sins away."

TOUCH IT NEVER.

CHILDREN, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe,
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand.
Oh then hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1249.] **LESSON X.** [Dec. 9.

GIDEON'S ARMY.

Judg. 7. 1-8. *Commit to memory vs. 2, 3.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The Host of Midian.
2. The Host of God.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Into whose hands had the Israelites now fallen? Into the hands of the Midianites.

What had the Midianites done? Driven them from their homes.

Where were they living? In caves in the mountains.

What true servant of the Lord lived at this time? Gideon.

What had Gideon's father done? Built an altar to Baal.

What did Gideon do? He threw down the altar.

What did the Midianites do then? Raised an army to fight the Israelites.

What did the Lord tell Gideon to do? To raise an army of Israelites.

How many came at Gideon's call? More than thirty thousand.

What did the Lord say? That the army was too large.

What did he want to teach them? That he was their strength.

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

How many went away? Twenty-two thousand.

How many still remained? Ten thousand.

What did the Lord direct? That all go to the water to drink.

Who only were allowed to fight? Those who drank in a certain way.

How many remained? Three hundred.

Who only can win victories for God? The obedient.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

<i>My ways</i>	<i>God's way is</i>
To make a great show.	To work very quietly.
To seem to be very strong.	To choose weak ones to help.
To do as I think best.	To work through those who obey.

"When I am weak, then I am strong."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord of hosts.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who were the apostles? Those twelve disciples whom Christ chose to be the first preachers of his gospel and rulers of his church.

B.C. 1120.] **LESSON XI.** [Dec. 16.

DEATH OF SAMSON.

Judg. 16. 21-31. *Commit to mem. vs. 22, 30.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great men are not always wise. Josh. 32. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. Blind.
2. Mocked.
3. Avenged.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was Samson? The son of Manoah.
What had God given him? Great strength.

Who were the enemies of Israel at this time? The Philistines.

What work had God called Samson to do? To deliver Israel from the Philistines.

How did Samson displease God? By telling the secret of his strength.

How did the Lord punish him? By taking away his strength.

What did the Philistines then do to him? They took him and put out his eyes.

Where was he confined? In a prison at Gaza.

What did he learn while there? That all strength is in God.

What did God restore to him? His strength.

To whom did the Philistines make a great feast? To their idol, Dagon.

Who was called to amuse the people? Samson.

Where was the feast held? In the idol temple.

Who were present? All the Lords of the Philistines and many others.

What did Samson pray that he might do? Slay all these people.

What did he then do? He pulled the house down upon the people.

What work was Samson thus able to do in his death? To deliver Israel from the Philistines.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God gives us our strength and talents to use for him.

We must not use them to please ourselves.

We must not boast of what we have or can do.

God gives all to us; let us give all to him.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fear of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who was Simon Peter? The apostle whom our Lord blessed for his good confession; who afterward denied his Lord, wept bitterly, and was forgiven; and who preached the first sermon on the day of Pentecost.

TWO NAUGHTY BOYS.

GEORGE and Fred were little neighbour boys. I am sorry to tell you they were not always good boys. Sometimes they did not mind their mamas; sometimes they did not go to school, but stayed out and played; and one day they climbed over farmer Jones' fence, and filled their pockets with the fine pears that were growing there. They were afraid to take them home, so they thought they would take a long walk and eat them as they went along. But they went so far that they did not know how to come home again. They were lost. Then the sun went down, and it grew dark except for the moonlight. They were frightened. Once they heard some sheep bleat, and they thought it was some one come to punish them for stealing. The Bible says: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." The boys found their way home at last, and promised not to steal again.



A POOR UMBRELLA, BUT BETTER THAN NONE.

A LITTLE GIRL SILENCING A PRIEST.

A LITTLE girl was reading her Bible, when a priest entered the room and wanted to know what she was reading. When he knew it was the Bible, he said, "I am sorry you are in a Bible school." "Why?" said the girl. "Because they are leading you to perdition," he replied. "The Bible is God's Word," the child said, "and I love it dearly. It tells me all about the love of Jesus and all he has suffered for me. He loves me too much to send me to perdition for reading his Word. Would you send your son to prison because he listens to what you say to him?" The priest could not answer, so left the girl to read her Bible in peace.

HELPFUL MABEL.

"My mamma has so much to do to-day, I think I will try and help her," says little Mabel. So she gathers up all the playthings that baby has left about, puts away little sister's dresses, and then sweeps and dusts as well as she can. And all the while she sings a little song—

I can run on busy feet,
Work for mamma all day through;
What I do for her is sweet—
This a little child can do.

Mamma listened a while, and then she asked, "Why is it sweet, Mabel?" Because I love you, and want to help you," Mabel replied. Then mamma kissed her, and told her she thought it was so sweet to have such a loving, helpful little daughter. Have you tried helping mamma, too?

HOW THE TWINS
DIVIDED.

THINGS mostly came by twos to the twins—two apples, two cakes, two tin horns and two kisses always. But one day somebody was foolish enough to send a little toy horse—a fierce-looking fellow, almost all main and tail.

Louis wanted it of course, and of course Willy wanted it. The only thing Nurse could think of was for the twins to draw straws, and by this plan Louis got the horse on wheels.

But Willy cried about it, and Louis never could be happy unless Willy was; so he thought up another plan out of his own little head or maybe out of his little heart, that was a great deal better than nurse's plan.

He got a piece of white paste-board from mamma, and with a long sharp pencil drew on it something that he and Willy thought looked like a horse: I don't know that anybody else saw the likeness.

Nurse cut this out for him with her big shears. "Now," said the little man, "I play wif the really horse one day, and Will play wif dis; and next day Will play wif the really horse, and I play wif dis;" and so the tears were all dried and the sun shone in the nursery again.

Mamma hopes her little boys will always find such good ways of sharing what they have with each other.

BERT'S BIRTHDAY.

"I WISH we could have birthdays all together, like Christmas and Thanksgiving," sighed little Elsie Benner.

"Why, no," said mamma; "it's much nicer to have birthdays four times a year; that is four times as much fun."

"But Bert won't let us play with any of his things," said Elsie; "he just spreads 'em out on the table and plays with 'em himself; and he won't let us paint nor draw nor roll ten-pins nor nothin'."

That night Bert climbed up on mamma's knee for a bed-time story; "And it must be a birthday story," said the little four-year-old.

"Once upon a time," said mamma, "a little boy had a birthday and got a great many pretty presents; but that night about moon-rise he opened his eyes and saw a beautiful white angel packing them all up to take them away. 'Oh don't take my things!' he cried, starting up from his pillow; 'who are you, anyhow!'

"I am the Golden Rule," answered the angel, 'and all these things complained to me that they don't want to belong to a boy who won't let his brothers and sisters play with him.' So when that little boy got up in the morning there was nothing left but his dominoes. Then he began to think about the Golden Rule, and let others help to enjoy what he had left; and one by one all his things came back to him.'

Mamma ended her story and kissed Bert good-night without another word, but I think he understood what she meant, for the next day I saw Elsie painting with his brushes and Alice watering his rosebush, while he and Jack built a blockhouse together.

BABY FINGERS.

TEN fat little fingers, so taper and neat,
Ten fat little fingers, so rosy and sweet,
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out, now pulling your hair,
Smoothing and patting with velvet-like touch,
Then digging your cheeks with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving good-bye with infantine grace,
Then digging your bonnet down over your face,
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing a book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out like a thing to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist;
Now lying asleep all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradle-pillow, secure from all harm.
Oh, dear baby hands! how much love you unfold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways,
And bless, with fond care, our last weariful days.

—Mrs. Richard Grant White.

A LITTLE boy in Sienna, during a long illness, had spoken occasionally to the Evangelist Kay of going to Jesus. He conceived the old idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when his mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." The little patient replied that "the little heart must be kept for Jesus."