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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

[No. 21.



ONE, TWO, THREE.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

THERE are not many such clever dogs as this. He enters into the fun of the thing as heartily as his little master, and helps his mistress to swing the rope that master Tommy may have a fine game.

WE are told that we are not our own, that, by virtue of infinite love, we belong to God; the boy or girl, therefore, who speaks evil of another robs not only the person spoken against, but God himself.

A CHILD'S IDEAS ON ASTRONOMY.

MARY, a little girl of six years, was out one evening in the company of her cousins, who were grown-up young ladies. A meteor shot across the sky, and they observed it, wondering at its origin and why it was allowed to wander at will. They had made a few remarks about it, when Mary, who had been noticing it particularly, said, "I will tell you all about it. It is a bad star—rotten, you know, and not worth anything—so the Lord has thrown it away, and will

not keep it any longer with the rest." The mother of the same little girl was telling her that some one had called the stars loop-holes through which God had allowed his glory to shine. Mary said, "Oh, mamma, that cannot be, because then we should see them in the daytime as well as at night, for the glory of the Lord is much brighter than the sun, and they would shine out in the middle of the day."

THEY who seek me early shall find me.

IN CHURCH.

"NANNIE, dear, we must be quiet,
Must not talk in church, you know;
We must sing, now let us try it—
Big folks hold the hymn-book so.

"Jesus loves me, this I know"—
Nannie, do not sing so loud;
Big folks smile and look so queer—
Wonder why they feel so proud?

"Then we must look at the preacher
When he speaks, so mamma said;
When he prays, you know our teacher
Told us we should bow the head."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

ANNIE CLARK was only ten years old, but already she had given her heart to Christ, and joined the Baptist Church in the little town of N.

She was an active worker in the Sunday-school, and almost every Saturday you might see her, with Sunday-school papers under her arm, trying to get scholars for the Sunday-school; so the superintendent used to call her little missionary.

Annie's papa was a real missionary—one of those who go to the far East to tell the simple story of the cross to those who have long been in darkness. A short time before he was intending to start on one of these journeys, Annie found him alone one day in the library reading. Going to him, and climbing into his lap, she said:

"Papa, I am going to help you a good deal while you are gone."

"Why, dear little one," said he, "we shall be thousands of miles apart."

Turning and looking earnestly up in his face, she said:

"Papa, I can pray for you."

Dear little friend, have you not some one for whom you can pray; some one engaged in active labour, in which you would like to be? Let them know that you are praying for them, and it may help them, as it did Annie's papa; for he said that many times when he was discouraged and weary, the thought of the little girl at home praying for him, gave him strength and cheer.

"IT STINGS."

"How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground, shrieking, "It stings! it stings!"

What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A busy little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking the nectar from it most heartily when Sammy's fat hand disturbed it; so being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with harts-horn, and when the pain was gone she said: "Sammy, my dear, let this teach you that many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: "Many pretty things have very sharp stings." It may save them from being stung if they keep this truth in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty.

A boy once thought wine a pretty thing; he drank it, and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket and ate it.

"Have you eaten one?" asked her mother pleasantly.

Fearing she would not get another if she said "Yes," she replied "No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus with it, and he will cure it. After that never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

FINGERS AND TOES.

THEY ask me, a mite of a boy, sir,
Just out of my baby-clothes,
What I shall do with my fingers
And what I shall do with my toes.

My fingers belong to my hands, sir,
My toes, they belong to my feet;
And I find them quite handy, I tell you,
To work with or play in the street.

With ten such fingers to help me,
Though one on each hand is a thumb,
I ought to do battle right bravely
With brandy and whisky and rum.

And as I am told to walk straight, sir,
I hope my ten toes will obey,
And go in the path straight and narrow,
And not lead this young chap astray.

—*Temperance Banner.*

SENDING LOVE.

THE *Sunday-School Advocate* tells us that the little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom.

When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds.

A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way: "Oh, little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes." And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother,—all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we may.

THE BULLY.

If there is anything mean, it is for big boys to bully and tease the little boys. Yet we may see a big fellow knocking off the hat of a little one, slapping his face, and even kicking him. For shame! for shame! You cowardly bully! you would not thus treat a boy as strong as yourself. You would not dare to provoke one who was larger than yourself. You are a coward and a braggart, and must strike somebody, and so you tyrannize over the little fellows. For shame!

"JUST LIKE A GIRL"

"WHAT a beautiful garden it's going to be,"
Said Faith as she planted her pansy-bed,
"With morning-glories to cover that tree,
And dozens of roses, yellow and red!"

"And maybe," she added, the earnest
thought

Illuming the face that was sweet and fair,
"We can make little nosegays of every sort
For the hotel ladies to buy and to wear."

"That is just like a girl!" said indolent
Joe,

As he spilled his sister's begonia-seeds;
"But the worms will ruin the roses, I know,
And the garden will be overrun with
weeds.

"When the tenderest seeds decay or bake,
And the others are all by the Leghorns
scratched,

You will find you have made a silly mistake
In counting your chickens before they are
hatched."

"What dire predictions!" said Faith with a
laugh.

"Don't prophesy further, I beg! I beg!
For I'd rather count my chickens by half
Than to kill them all off while yet in the
egg."

EMMA C. DOWD.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
MATTHEW.

A.D. 28.] LESSON III. [Oct 16.

POWER TO FORGIVE SINS.

Matt. 9. 1-8. Commit to memory vs. 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to
forgive sins. Matt. 9. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Power to Heal.
2. Power to Forgive.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where did Jesus go? Back to Caper-
naum.

Why was it his own city? He lived
there part of the time with Simon Peter.

Who crowded the house to hear him
preach? Many of the scribes and Jewish
teachers.

Who was brought to him carried on his
bed? A man sick with the palsy.

What was Jesus's first word to him?
"Son, thy sins are forgiven."

What did the scribes think when they
heard this? "This man blasphemeth."

What was their belief? That only God
could forgive sins.

Why did they not then believe that Jesus
came from God? Because they did not
want to.

How did Jesus rebuke them? "Why
think ye evil in your hearts?"

What did this show them? That the
thoughts of their hearts were known to him.

What did he ask them? If it was easier
to forgive sin or heal disease.

What did he declare? (Repeat the GOLDEN
TEXT.)

How did he prove his power to heal?
He made the sick man strong and well.

Of what was this a proof? Of his power
to forgive sin.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Which is the more dangerous, the disease
of the body or the disease of the soul?

Which is more awful in the sight of God?

Who has POWER to heal and save both
body and soul?

"Look upon my pain and forgive all my
sins."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Omniscience.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What will become of those who do not
repent? After death they will be cast out
of God's presence forever.

A.D. 28.] LESSON IV. [Oct 23

THREE MIRACLES.

Matt. 9. 18-31. Commit to mem. vs. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

According to your faith be it unto you.
Matt. 9. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Diseased.
2. The Dead.
3. The Blind.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came to Jesus? Jairus, a ruler in
the synagogue.

How did he show his faith? He fell
down and worshipped him.

What did he ask Jesus? To go and heal
his little daughter.

Who touched Jesus on the way to the
ruler's house? A woman who had been
sick twelve years.

Why did she touch him? She believed
if she only touched his clothes she would be
made well.

What did this show? Faith in his power
to heal.

How did Jesus comfort her? "Daughter,
thy faith hath made thee whole."

What did Jesus and the ruler see when
they entered the house? All the friends
weeping and wailing for the dead child.

What did Jesus tell them? "She is not
dead, but sleepeth."

Did they believe him? They laughed at
him.

What did he mean? That he could
wake her as easily as if she were sleeping.

What did Jesus do? He raised her to
life by a word.

Who followed Jesus as he left the ruler's
house? Two blind men.

What did they believe? That Jesus
could make them see.

What did he tell them? (Repeat the
GOLDEN TEXT.)

What do these wonderful things teach us?
To have faith in Jesus's power to help us.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do you ever thank God for giving you
your eyes to see?

Does Satan ever blind you?

Does he make wrong things look right to
you?

Who only can make you see and do right?
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Who will be the Judge of all men? Our
Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, will be
the Judge of all men.

THE FLOWER CLOCK.

A GENTLEMAN has told this pleasant
story. He says he went to visit a friend in
New Orleans, and as soon as he entered the
broad hall a cool breeze laden with the
fragrance of a thousand flowers refreshed
him. The hall led right through the house
into a perfect fairy-land. Plants were
there from every country under the sun.
The white-haired friend he had come to
see, and a group of grand-children, took him
about and showed and explained everything.
By-and-bye they stopped at a large oval
plot set out with small plants around the
edge.

"This," said the old gentleman, "is my
clock. Clara, what time is it?" he asked
of one of the children. The little girl ran
round the plot and said it was 4 o'clock;
and so it was: the four-o'clocks were in
bloom.

The clock was made up of flowers. The
plan was this: The owner of the garden
had noticed that at almost every hour of
the day some plant blossomed, and so he
had selected such and placed them in
regular order in this circle. There was one
for every hour.

This was a very ingenious and pretty
contrivance, and one we could all copy if
we chose. If you study the flowers you
will learn their habits.



ANCIENT WEAPONS.

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

"MATCHES, matches,
Penny a box, and who will buy ?
Penny a box, sir, won't you try
My matches, matches ?

"Matches, matches,
Every one, sir, is sure to go,
Never too quick and never too slow ;
Matches, matches !

'Matches, matches,
Fire in the heart of every one ,
Buy a box, sir, if you have none ;
Matches, matches !

"Matches, matches,
Penny a box, and who will buy ?
Penny a box, sir, won't you try
My matches, matches ?"

—Picture Lesson Paper.

THE SABBATH DAY.

A FARMER'S boy was once seen to listen with great attention to an address. At the close of the next week his fellow-servants saw him cleaning the boots on Saturday evening. They asked him why he did not do them as usual on Sunday morning. He replied, "Why, have you forgotten what was said last Sunday by the parson ? He told us that we ought not to do any work on the Lord's day which could be done as well on Saturday ; and can't I clean the boots now as well as to-morrow ?"

ANCIENT WEAPONS.

INSTEAD of guns and pistols the people in the olden time used bows and arrows. It is wonderful how well they could shoot with them. The English were especially famed for their skill, and won several battles by their superiority in using them.

A SYRIAN BABY.

A SYRIAN nurse thinks she knows more than old mother Nature, and fancies that a baby is not ready to begin life until she has had her finger in the business. So she begins by sticking her finger down its throat to clear the passage. Then she cracks all the joints to see that none has been left out, and then moves all its poor little limbs around in a gymnastic style to see that they are all in working order. After all this she washes it in a strong brine ; then covers its tender body with a mixture of oil and basil, especially over the joints, so that they may never be sore, and then she wraps it up and lets it rest. But the poor misused baby only rests for a little while ; each day for about a month it is oiled and powdered and wrapped up. A long strip of muslin three or four inches wide and ten feet long is tightly wrapped around it from the neck to the heels, holding the little arms close to the sides. The nurse slings the baby over her back, with its bright little eyes peeping out one side and its dark little toes the other, or else

carries it like a stick on her arm. Sometimes she carries it in a tiny little hammock, the string of which passes around her forehead, and rocks it by swaying herself backward and forward, when it falls asleep she takes hammock, baby and all and hangs them on a door-knob or any other convenient place. Here is a translation of the song nurse sings to it as our mothers and nurses used to sing "Mother Hubbard" to us:

Blacksmith blacksmith ! shoe the mare
Shoe the colt with greatest care ;
Hold the shoe and drive the nail,
Else your labour all will fail ;
Shoe a donkey for Isleem,
And a colt for Ibraheem."

"LAID UP IN MY HEAD."

DANIEL WEBSER once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never got a chance to use it until to-day," he said.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "Rule of Three" or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place, but it will be just in place some time ; then, if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

"Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lately lost his property, "and now I'm glad of it. It is just in place. I can get a good situation and a high salary." The Bible is better than that ; and it will be in place as long as you live."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

THE Sunday-school is a place to learn God's word. All should go to Sunday-school ; but they do not. We should behave well, and not laugh, whisper and make a noise, but say our lessons quietly. We should prepare beforehand for Sunday-school. We should learn our lessons so that we can recite them without the *Quarterly*. All Sunday-schools must have officers. They must have a superintendent to lead in the lessons, and such things, and the assistant superintendent is to tend to it when he is away.—Arlington L. Potts.

SAID Edith to her doll: "There, don't answer me back. You musn't be saucy, no matter how hateful I am. You must remember I am your mother !"