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THE SUNBEAM

ROBEY & COMPANY, C.

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

No. 20.



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

I'VE read somewhere about a girl
Whose cheeks are rosy red,
While golden tresses, curl on curl,
Bedeck her pretty head,
Her eyes I'm told are bright and blue,
Her smile is kind and sweet;
The errands she is asked to do
Are done with willing feet.

'Tis said that when she goes to school
She's just the sweetest lass!
So quick to mind the slightest rule
And prompt in every class.
To girls and boys she's never rude
When all are at their play;
Her "conduct"—be it understood—
Is "perfect" every day.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

THE GOLD SCALES.

ON Tower Hill there is a building called the Mint, where English money is made. Before a sovereign is sent into circulation it is put into a scale and weighed, and is not allowed to go out if it is not perfectly exact in weight. There are times when we ought to carefully weigh what we say, and not let words go out at random. We ought to think whether what we are going to say is kind and true. A man in the Bible taught us to ask God to keep the door of our lips so that all our words may be fit for God to hear and such as God will approve.

Do think of this; because there are boys and girls who use lying words and bad words, and seem to think nothing of such bad coinage of the tongue. It is mean and silly and wicked to use lying

and bad words. They are not golden apples, but scarlet poison-berries, that grow on wild trees. You cannot always prevent others from using bad words, but never take any part in them yourself, and never laugh encouragement to those who use evil talk—for this mean kind of speech is usually indulged in to make others laugh. Don't laugh. There are plenty of funny things, and I hope you will laugh at them often; but bad words are not funny.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE whole world is ringing with the name and the fame of Christopher Columbus. On the 11th of October will be celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. The story of his trials and triumphs is one that will be told in every school and by every fireside throughout the civilized world. Few things are more touching in that story than the account of he and his son wandering from land to land, and from court to court seeking for help and finding none, till good Queen Isabella of Castile pledged her jewels and crown on behalf of his enterprise. In our picture he is seen worn and weary, disheartened but not dismayed, an example of faith and endurance of which the world will never grow tired. In *Onward*, on the first of October, will be given an account of Columbus and the discovery of America, with many pictures.

HOUSE BUILDING.

THE ant family must have a new house, so the carpenters have all gone to work with hearty good-will. Naughty Ned, to try to stop them with his long stick! They think he is an ugly giant, who wants to do all the mischief he can; but he isn't. He is only a thoughtless boy, who doesn't remember that these little people have as good a right to be happy as he has. But after all he can't do much harm, for each little ant has six legs, and, of course, can run very fast!

See how they hurry! they want to get into that new house. One is carrying a straw, another a bit of wood, and another an old dead leaf. They take almost anything to stick into the walls of their houses. It doesn't make much difference, you see, because the houses are all covered up. Isn't it queer that they like to live in the dark? There are no windows in their houses, and the doors are all in the roof! That's another queer thing. Only think, how dark it must be on a rainy day, when the doors have to be shut tight!

"PAPA, FOT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

SHE was ready for bed, and lay on her arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair fastened out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "Three Men who put out to Sea"
When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered:—"A dollar, dear little heart."
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strings arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and sky,
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities, with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low soft throb,
Of my little one's loving heart,
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy, wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant.
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be,
As I wakened with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I SHALL give that to the missionaries," said Billy. And he put his fat hand on the little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box. "Why?" Susie asked. "'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus? Stillness for a little, then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him, and give him just what he asks for?" "What is that?" Billy asked. And Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick,
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whir! ?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody quick!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 40:] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 9.

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.

Acts 9. 32-43. **Memory verses, 40-42**

GOLDEN TEXT.

This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—Acts 9. 36.

When Peter came to Lydda what sick man did he find there? A man named Eneas.

How long had he been sick? He had been sick in bed eight years.

What did Peter say to him? "Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise and make thy bed."

Did a great many believe on Jesus because of this miracle? Yes; all the people "turned to the Lord."

What happened at Joppa just at this time? The good Dorcas died.

For whom did her friends send? For Peter.

Who was standing by weeping when Peter came where Dorcas lay? A great company of widows.

What were they doing? Showing the coats and garments which Dorcas had made for them.

What did Peter then do? He sent them all out of the room and knoed down and prayed and told Dorcas to arise.

What did she do? She opened her eyes, and when she saw Peter she sat up.

What else did Peter do? He lifted her up, and then called in the saints and widows to see that she was alive.

Do you not think there was great rejoicing when they saw Dorcas alive once more? Yes; and the Bible says that "many believed in the Lord."

How can boys and girls be beloved as Dorcas was? By trying to help the poor and by being kind to all around.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How did God make man? God made the body of man out of the dust of the earth.

Did his soul come from the dust? No, for the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

A.D. 40.] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 16.

PETER'S VISION.

Acts 10. 1-20. **Memory verses, 1-4.**

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10. 34.

Who was Cornelius? A Roman soldier, who lived at Cæsarea.

Did he love God? Yes; he loved God and prayed to him, and he was generous to the poor.

Who came to him one day? An angel of God.

What did the angel say? That God had heard his prayers.

What did he tell Cornelius to do? To send for Peter to talk with him.

Where was Peter now? At the house of Simon, a tanner in Joppa, where he had raised Dorcas to life.

What was Peter doing when the men whom Cornelius sent for him came to the city? He was on the housetop praying.

What did God show him in a vision? A great sheet let down from heaven to earth.

What was in the sheet? All sorts of animals; wild beasts and creeping things and birds.

What did a voice say? "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat."

Why did Peter refuse? Because the animals were those that the Jews called unclean, and that they were forbidden to eat.

What did the voice say then? "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

What lesson did God mean to teach Peter by this vision? That God loved the Gentiles just as well as the Jews.

Would Peter have gone to Cornelius if God had not taught him this lesson? Probably not, for Cornelius was a Gentile, for the Jews looked down upon the Gentiles, and did not go to their houses or eat with them.

Can you repeat the Golden Text and tell what it means?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why did God make man? God made man that he might know him and love him and serve him, and be happy with him for ever.

Where did God put the first man and woman? God put the first man and woman in the garden of Eden.

FISH THAT SHOOT FLIES.

THERE is a curious fish in the Indian Ocean, to which, although it has long been known to naturalists, attention has recently been called on account of some new observations of its peculiarities. It is flat and chubby, not unlike the ordinary sun-fish, and seldom exceeds seven or eight inches in length.

It is furnished with a short snout or muzzle, which, as we shall see, serves very much the purpose of a sportsman's gun. It is fond of insects, and its method of capturing them has suggested its name of the archer.

Swimming close beneath the surface it watches the brilliant flies flitting above, and, having selected one to its fancy suddenly thrusts its muzzle out, and with almost unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim.

Confused by the watery projectiles, and with its wings entangled and rendered temporarily useless, the insect falls upon the surface of the sea, and is immediately seized by its voracious enemy. The fish is said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from a height of two or three feet.

Some of the inhabitants of Java keep these little fish in captivity for the sake of watching them practice their archery upon flies and ants suspended above them.



MYSTIFIED MOLLY.

DID you ever see a cat look so funny in all your life? Sitting there with grandma's spectacles on as if she were reading from that book. But it is no use trying to make us believe that, for we can see that she is only looking at the bird. That is a favourite position of hers, she often sits like that. You think she must be a very well brought up cat or she would try to tear Dickie to pieces. Well, I am going to let you into a secret. She did make a spring at him once, no doubt with the hope of having a nice morsel for dinner. But some how or other she found that Dickie was not like other birds (for, between you and me, he is a stuffed bird) as he did not try to get away in the least, and he felt hard, and, on the whole, Molly (that's the cat's name) thought he would not make very good eating. So she let him alone, and now that poor Dickie has been smoothed out and set up again in his place, she has a habit of sitting and staring at him, as if she had never yet been able to make out what kind of a bird he is.

THE BOY AND THE BISHOP.

I REMEMBER a story of a wise man saying a golden word to a rough, scoffing, young fellow on a village road. Bishop Wilberforce was walking along, and some youths were standing talking and laughing, and they called out impudent things to the good man. One of them said "Which is the way to heaven, maister?" The Bishop might have gone along and taken no notice, but he did not. He looked quietly at the young impudents, and he said, "I will tell you. Do you," he said, "take a sharp turn to the right, and then keep straight on. That's the way to heaven."

THE LOST KNIFE.

BY LAWRENCE H. WOODBURY

A True Story

ONE beautiful summer afternoon two boys were flying a kite in their grandfather's field in a little Maine village, where they were spending part of their vacation.

George was ten years old, and was the dol of seven year-old Fred who thought that his brother was almost a man, and knew enough to be one anyway. The boys were very happy on this particular afternoon, as grandpa had just given each of them a fine new pocket-knife with two sharp blades and pretty ivory handles which they were fond of, not alone because of their value, but also because of the giver, for, they loved their grandpa very dearly.

The wind blew briskly as the boys put up the kite, and George soon saw by its leaps in the air that a longer "tail" was needed to balance it properly, so he set to work with some strips of newspaper and some stout twine to make the "tail" longer. George used his new knife to cut the twine, and when the kite was ready to fly again, the knife was left lying in the long grass where he last dropped it.

The kite went up beautifully the second time, and the two boys passed a very happy hour in running about in the big field and watching the graceful movements of their kite in the air. When George was winding up the kite string, after pulling down the kite, Fred saw him put his hand into his pocket and then heard him shout with alarm. "O Fred! I've lost my new knife! and I never can find it in this big field with the long grass!" and then he almost sobbed in his effort to keep the tears back.

Nothing was more serious to Fred than to see his brother in trouble, and he could not help crying himself. The losing of a knife was a very serious matter to boys of their age, and they at once began an almost hopeless search for it, for they did not know where to look, and could only wander about with the faint hope of finding the place where the knife had been dropped.

As Fred walked slowly along, this thought came into his mind: "Why not ask God to help me?" So this little boy sat down in the grass and asked God to help him find the lost knife. After opening his eyes, he had taken but a few steps when he saw the knife lying in the grass before him, just where George had dropped it.

Two happier boys would have been hard to find, as the brothers wound up their kite string and left the field, and ever after this, the blessed promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," meant more to both of the boys than ever before.

THE CORAL.

UNDER the sea, in its sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red,
Baby's rattle and necklace too
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony,
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in its sandy bed.

SPINNERS AND WEAVERS.

DID you know that all the silk in the world is made by very little worms? These creatures have a machine for spinning it. They wind the silk, too, as well as spin it. The curious cocoons the worms make are wound with silk. Men take them to factories, where they are unwound and made into the beautiful silks you and your mother wear.

The spider is also a spinner. His thread is much finer than the silkworm's. It is made up of a great many threads, just like a rope of many strands. This is the spider's rope, that he walks on. He often swings on it, too, to see how strong it is. Did you ever see a spider drop from some high place? How his spinning machine must work!

The wasp makes his paper nest out of fibers of wood. He picks them off with his strange little teeth, given him for the purpose, and gathers them into a neat bundle.

When he has enough, he makes them into a soft pulp in some strange way. This pulp is very much like that used by men in making paper. Very likely the wasps taught them how, because they are the oldest paper-makers in the world.

This pulp he weaves into the paper that forms his nest. You must look for one, and see how much it is like the common brown paper we use to wrap bundles in. The wasps work together, so that it takes but very little time to build a nest.