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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

[No. 21.]

PILLS.

MAMMA takes little sips of what's in the spoon every time she offers it to Robbie. She says it is good; he says it is bitter. Grandpa sits off in another part of the room, now and then trying to coax Robbie to take it; but he has set up a howl instead. Grandpa finally gives up the job and goes to preaching, and this is the sermon—all to himself, too:

"That's the way the world over—some glad, and some mad, all because of the medicine. Some can swallow pill after pill and laugh as they do it, while the same sort of pills almost choke others.

"There is Jane Vane; she had a pretty face and was sick, and her beauty left her. That was a bitter pill indeed for Jane; but her little sister Mollie took the same pill and never minded it at all. There's Sarah Mills—her father lost all his money. She had to take the pill of poverty, and, dear me! what a wry face she's made ever since. But old Jonas Evans is poor as one can well be in the poor-house, yet he is as happy as a king.

"My little man, my young maiden, take the medicine you need, no matter what. Make up your mind it is not so bitter after all, but just the thing for you. Open your mouth wide and take what mamma offers. Swallow it down with a sparkling eye and a big laugh, and smack your lips for more.

That's the way to turn bitter things into sweet. That's the way to take everything your heavenly Father sends you. Just think it an angel to beckon you on from earth to heaven."—Pansy.

decent after spending so much time to read; so he dropped on his knees, and this was his prayer. "O Lord, take care of us to-night, and fill us with thy light, and cause us to walk in thy way, and fill us

with joy and peace, for Christ's sake Amen." While he said these words rapidly, quick thoughts of the just completed story chased themselves through his mind; still he had said the words—mainly extracts from his father's daily morning prayer—and with one bound Tom was in bed. But he had a conscience, and his conscience was not sleepy.

"If any fellow came to you with a request like that, what would you say?" asked conscience. "You would tell him to wait till he wanted something before he took up your time. A fellow with a tongue and temper like yours ought to want something."

"I do," said Tom; "I'll try again."

This time he knelt reverently by the bedside and prayed: "O Lord, I thank thee for

having so much patience with me. Please help me to govern my temper, and make me honest in trying to do right, and please help me to serve thee like a man."

Which prayer do you think was heard?

He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person.



THE MEETING ON THE BRIDGE. WHICH WILL GIVE WAY?

TOM'S PRAYER.

It was cold in Tom's room. He undressed rapidly, thinking the while of to-morrow's base-ball. He had stood in the cold, finishing a little story by his bedroom lamp. Now he was thoroughly chilled. Should he get in bed to say his prayer? N-no; that wouldn't be manly and

having so much patience with me. Please help me to govern my temper, and make me honest in trying to do right, and please help me to serve thee like a man."

Which prayer do you think was heard?

He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me:
That makes two ugly faces
And a quarrel, don't you see?
For then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say, if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you, all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.
—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

WHAT A LITTLE MAID GAVE.

"O DEAR, I've nothin' to put in the box for foreign missions!" complained a little girl.

"No," said her friend, as she gave the little maid a caress, "but you are a little home missionary."

And was she not? She spent an hour that morning amusing her baby sister, who was cross with cutting teeth. She sewed up a tear in her brother Ned's ball, and hunted up some twine for his kite-string, and she did it with a smiling face, and not a word of being bothered.

Yesterday this little home missionary attended the door-bell for Mary, the housemaid, and let her go to visit her sick child. Meantime she wrote a letter to her absent father, who was away on business, in which she told him all the home news in

artless way, giving the man a thrill of loving pride and pleasure in his little daughter. She listened to one of grandma's old stories, told many times before, with patient attention. She laughed just at the right time to please the old lady, and when it was ended, she said, "That's one of your good old stories, grandma."

In many ways did this little maid help and cheer her mother. So, though she could not contribute to the aid of foreign missions, she gave what she could to add to the happiness of those about her; and who can do better than that?

HOW HATTIE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

SHE was only nine years old. I had been preaching to the children, and at close of meeting Hattie came to me and said, "I do want to be a Christian; how can I be?" and the anxious look in her great brown eyes assured me she was in earnest.

"Hattie, are you a sinner?"
"O yes; I am a very wicked girl."
"What! such a little girl as you a sinner? How can that be?"

The tears could be kept back no longer, and she sobbed as if her heart was broken.

"I am so wicked!" she said.
"Hattie, what did Jesus come into the world for?"

"To save sinners," came the answer between two great sobs.

"Then if you are a sinner, he came to save you, did he not?"

"Will he save me?" she asked.

"Yes, Hattie; Jesus is waiting to save you now. Will you go home and give yourself to him to be saved?"

"I will try," she replied.

Why did I ask her to go home to give herself to Christ?

The next afternoon Hattie was present at children's meeting, but her sad little face showed that the question was still undecided. She came to me, and I said:

"Well, Hattie, did you give yourself to Jesus?"

"I tried to, but I don't feel any better. I asked Jesus to take me, but I don't know whether he did or not."

I said to her:

"I think I know what is the trouble;" and as her face was turned so eagerly to mine, seeking so earnestly the light, I added, "You gave yourself to Jesus, and then took yourself right back again."

"Yes, that's just what I did," said Hattie, as the truth flashed upon her.

"Well, is that the way to do? Isn't it best to give yourself to him, and just trust

him to save you? Will you do that? and when?"

"O now—this moment;" and dropping upon her knees, she said, "Jesus, I am a sinner, and I give myself to you, and I'll never take myself back again as long as I live."

That was all she could do, and when she arose there was a new light in her heart; and to-day Hattie is one of the most joyous and earnest and useful little Christians in all the wide world.

Will my reader do as Hattie did?

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still:

Take the training or the task
As he will:

Just to take the loss or gain
As he sends it:

He who formed thee for his praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in his dear hands
Little things;

All we cannot understand,
All that stings;

Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,

Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

A MISSIONARY DOLL.

DID you ever hear of a dollie who went to a far-away land to be a missionary? I read about one the other day. It was a very pretty walking doll that a little girl put into a missionary-box.

It went away across the ocean. When it got to the end of its journey it was taken out of the box and wound up. All the little brown-faced children stood around the table. When dollie began to walk they all said, "Wah! wah!" One little thing said, "She is alive." Another said, "Without doubt she has a soul."

Pretty soon dollie said, "Papa! mamma!" then the little brown girls were more surprised than ever.

The fame of the walking and talking doll soon went over the city. The fathers and mothers came to see it. Then the missionaries had a good chance to tell them about Jesus. Was not dollie a missionary?

A BOY'S VALENTINE.

I MIGHT begin—"The rose is red"
(Though that is not so very new),
Or this the boys all think is good;
"If you love me as I love you."

But—seems to me—a valentine
Is nicer when you do not say
The same old thing that everyone
Keeps saying in the same old way.

And I asked Jane the other night
What grown-up people write about.
She would not answer me at first,
But laughed till I began to pout.

That stopped her, for she saw; I meant
The question (and she will not tease).
"Why, love," she said, "and shining eyes,
A kiss, soft hair—just what they please."

It can't be hard, if that is all,
So I'll begin by saying this,
"To my dear lady beautiful
I send a valentine and kiss.

"The valentine because she has
The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes,
The kiss because I love her more
Than any one beneath the skies;

"Because she is the kindest, best,
The sweetest lady ever known,
And every year I'll say the same,
The very same to her alone!"

There! Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one and then another,
Who, is there like it? Why of course,
I'll send it right away to mother!

What good man sometimes yielded to
Satan? David.

Who came to show him his sin when he
had yielded? The Holy Spirit.

Who can forgive sin? God alone.

Whom does the Lord declare to be blessed?
He whose sin is forgiven.

What is unforgiven sin like? A heavy
burden.

To whom should sin be confessed? To
the Lord.

What should then be done? It should be
forsaken.

What will God do for one who confesses
and forsakes sin? He will forgive his sin.

Why did Jesus die on the cross? So
that sinners might be forgiven.

Who is the hiding-place from sin and
trouble? The Lord.

Who has promised to teach and guide us?
The Lord.

Who will have many sorrows? The
wicked.

Who may be glad and rejoice? All the
righteous.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHAT IS SIN?

- A cloud to shut out the light of love.
- A burden that weighs one down.
- A pain that hurts both body and soul.

WHAT CAN I DO WITH SIN?

- Confess it to God, and forsake it.
- Ask God to take away the cloud, the burden, the pain.
- Watch the Lord to see which way he will have us go.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. What is the state of those who do not forsake their sins and believe in Jesus Christ? The wrath of God abideth on them.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Peace in God.

B.C. 1024] LESSON V. [Nov. 3

DAVID'S REBELLIOUS SON.

2 Sam. 15. 1-2. Commit to mem. vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exod. 20, 12.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Policy, v. 1-6.
- 2 Conspiracy, v. 7-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was Absalom? King David's son. For what was he noted? For his great beauty.

What was his character? He was vain and envious.

What kind of a son was he? A bad son.

What did he want to be? King of Israel.

How did he treat the people of Jerusalem? Very kindly.

Did he have love in his heart? No; he was deceitful.

What did he succeed in doing? Making the people love him.

What did some of them think? That Absalom was better than David.

Where did Absalom then go? To Hebron.

Who gave him permission to go? David.

What wicked plan had he? To declare himself king.

How did he call the people to him? By the sound of the trumpet.

What did he tell the people to cry when they heard it? "Absalom reigneth in Hebron."

How did David feel when he heard this? Very much grieved.

What did he do? He fled from Jerusalem.

Who went with him? His faithful friends.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

- Good King David loved his beautiful but wicked son, Absalom.
- God, our King and Father, loves us, his rebellious children.
- Absalom's sin grieved his father David.
- Our sin grieves our Father, God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. Why does not God take away the wicked at once? He gives sinners time to repent.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Ingratitude to God.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1042-1024] LESSON IV. [Oct. 27

SIN, FORGIVENESS AND PEACE.

Page 32. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Confession of Sin, v. 1-5.
- 2. The Joy of Forgiveness, v. 6-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who often tempts good people to do wrong? Satan.

When will Satan flee from us? When we resist him.

"I DON'T CARE."

BERTIE is a little boy who has a bad way of saying "I don't care." One day Aunt Nell said to him, "Bertie, will you do an errand for me?"

"Oh yes, ma'am!" cried he; "what is it?"

"Take your naughty 'Don't care' away up in the garret and hide it."

Bertie laughed, and then looked sober. Then he said, "I will, Aunt Nell;" and away he ran. He must have hidden it very carefully, for he hasn't found it yet. Now, if any more of our little ones have such naughty things, we hope they will hide them too.—Selected.



HOW THEY TRAVEL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

HOW THEY TRAVEL IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Rev. R. Young and other Methodist missionaries in the North-West have traveled for hundreds of miles in just such a sleigh as this—sleeping in the snow under the open sky at night—that they might take the gospel of salvation to the far-off tribes of the North.

TAKE A SHEEP.

THERE is a pertinent temperance lesson in the following anecdote.

A farmer once employed a young man to labour upon his farm without knowing anything of his habits. All too soon the farmer found that his new hand was addicted to drinking alcoholics; and this habit interfered with his usefulness.

"John," said the farmer to the man, "I'll give ye one o' my best sheep if ye'll give up drinkin' while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain," declared the man.

A grown son of the farmer, overhearing this agreement, looked up and asked. "Pa, will you give me a sheep too if I will not drink?"

"Yes," replied the father, "you may have a sheep."

Then the little boy spoke up and said: "Pa, will you give me a sheep too if I'll not drink?"

"Yes, son, you shall have a sheep too."

After a moment's pause, the little boy turned to his father and said: "Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"

"I dunno, I dunno," the farmer replied, doubtfully, and then suddenly concluded, "I declar', I'll try it an' see!"

The old gentleman was heard afterward to declare that he made the best investment of sheep that season he ever made in his life.

is not a good thing.

"Busy! busy! busy!" Listen to what the bees are buzzing about our ears. You know what workers they are. God meant them to work, and they do so.

"Chirp! chirp! Chatter! chatter!" Well, little birds, you seem to have nothing to do but to hop and fly about.

"Indeed," answer the little birds, "we have a great deal to do—more than you. You can buy your food; we have to find ours and carry it home. You can buy your homes, but every bird has to make his own house, and hunt for things with which to build. We have a great deal to do, and we are glad of it." And away they fly, singing, "Water, water, where are you running so fast?"

"Oh, I have work to do," gurgles the water. "I must turn that great wheel at the mill, and then I must carry these logs and other things; and after that go to the sea."

I think our walk will make us feel sure that God means everyone and everything to work.

It is almost impossible for a child who is strong and well to do nothing; but all *doing* is not *working*. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Little folks who have no work to do generally do a great deal of mischief. Children who have proper work to do are the happiest. How do people make silver shine? By hard rubbing. So good, honest work makes bright, shining faces. Don't you know that a top spins when it is busy spinning?

God's holy word says, "Work with your own hands." He has work for us all. Do not leave your work undone; it will hurt you and grieve God.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you.

BUSY.

ARE any of you grumblers, little ones? Do you ever sigh or fret? Let me tell you what to do to make yourselves happy: go and work. You think that is very hard. You will find, if you try, that it is a very happy thing.

Let us take one of our "make-believe" walks and see if we meet any workers. If we find that they are very unhappy, then we may think that work

GOOD-NIGHT, DOLLIE.

My Dollie darling, it is time
For you to go to bed;
I'll bring a tiny pillow now
For your dear little head.

"The baby-birds that swing all night
Up in the little nest,
And all the wee, wee chickens, too,
And lambs, have gone to rest.

"There, little pet, now shut up tight
Your cunning eyes of blue
Till morning, when the pretty sun
Will come to peep at you.

"You wouldn't be a naughty girl,
And cry and pout, I know,
Because you have to go to bed,
For that would grieve me so.

"I wonder if I'm always good
When mamma says to me,
'Come, tell papa good-night, my bird;
'Tis getting dark, you see'?"

"Perhaps—sometimes—I fret and scowl;
But, Dollie dear, 'tis true,
That after this I'm going to try
To be as good as you."

ANSWERING CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

ANY one who has the ability to ask a question that, to him, is worth asking, has the capacity to receive an answer that, to him, is worth receiving. A thoughtful child, on inquiring about the location of heaven, was told by his mother that he could not understand her, even if she explained it. She was probably right, in so far as the child's ability to understand *her* was concerned; but she was wrong in not telling him that the fault was with herself and not with him. Had she known as much about answering him as he knew about questioning her, there need have been no trouble about his understanding her explanation. There is no question that a child can seriously and fairly ask that cannot be as seriously and fairly answered. To tell a child, or to lead it to infer, that it is "too little" to know anything more on any subject about which it already knows enough to frame a question, is to deny its capacity for further growth. It is to thrust the child's mind into a dungeon, instead of opening it to the light. It is to bind it in fetters, instead of giving it freedom of action. Ability to ask pre-supposes capacity to receive. And no questions are better worth answering and worth better answers than a child's.—*Sunday School Times.*