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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1884

[No. 15.]

MY BABY-SISTER.

SHE is sweet as a lily, and mild as a dove,
My dear baby-sister, my darling, my love:
Oh, what merry times we two have together,
Beneath the green trees in summer's fine weather!

If a butterfly passes, "Doo-do!"
baby cries,
And opens with wonder her blue
sparkling eyes;
And when, from the uppermost
—~~twig of a tree,~~
A little bird sings, how she crows
in her glee!

I take her sometimes where the
columbines grow;
And how baby leaps at the beautiful
show!
I pluck two or three, which I
place in her hand:
How rich then she feels,—how
rich and how grand!

If I tease the old cat, or pull her
soft fur,
Puss will scratch me, or snarl,
and not give a purr;
But baby can handle her just as
she pleases:
Puss takes it all kindly, how-
ever she teases.

In short, this dear baby, so full
of her wiles,
Her soft, winning ways, her
chirps, and her smiles,
Finds some one to love her wherever she
goes;
For she's sweet as a lily, and fresh as a rose.

YOUTH is not like a new garment which
we can keep fresh and fair by wearing
sparingly; youth, while we have it, we must
wear daily, and it will fast wear away.

A HAPPY HEART.

A LITTLE boy came to me with a broken
toy, and begged me to mend it for him.
It was a very handsome toy, and was the
pride of his heart just then; so I did not
wonder to see his lips quivering, and the
tears come into his eyes.

girl, only three years old, whom I once
saw bringing out her choicest playthings
to amuse a little home-sick cousin. Among
the rest was a little trunk, with bands of
silk paper for straps—a very pretty toy,
but careless little Freddie tipped the lid
too far back, and broke it off. He burst

out with a cry of fright, but
little Minnie, with her own eyes
full of tears, said: "Never
mind, Freddie; just see what a
nice little cradle the top will
make." Keep a happy little
heart, little children, and you
will be like sunbeams wherever
you go.

NOT YET.

"Our little baby is dead,"
said a little boy with tearful eyes
to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my
dear?" asked his teacher, after
a few words on the nature of
death.

"Not yet," replied the child,
thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?"
the teacher asked, thinking that
the child wished to see more of
life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new
heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for
so young a child. I hope the
teacher told him the good news
of the readiness of his good
Father in heaven to give him a



MY BABY-SISTER.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said. "But
I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few
moments, and then said, cheerfully:
"Never mind, mamma! If you can't fix
it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart?
And that made me think of a dear little

new heart at once without money or price.
Whether he did or not, I will assure you
that the Great Teacher wants to give you,
all of you, new hearts just now. You need
not live another hour without that precious
gift. Let our whole SUNBEAM family
cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in
us clean hearts!"

A WONDERFUL CHILD.

I'VE read somewhere about a girl
Whose cheeks are rosy red,
With 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, JULY 19, 1884.

"FOR ME."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with black eyes, dark skin, curly hair, and slight neat form. A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that little Carrie did not look as happy as usual. "My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking." "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?" The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had recently learned at school. "Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back with all her heart.

Now if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them and believe his kind word as soon as they hear him, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.

HIDE AND SEEK.

LITTLE May Merryweather is playing hide and seek with her father. She has hidden behind the chair while papa pretends to be very anxiously looking under the table. Cunning old fellow, he knows where baby is, but he wants to give her the pleasure of thinking that she can hide from him. Presently he will discover where she is, and then there will be a scream of delight and an exchange of kisses as baby pays the forfeit for being caught. Happy father! happy May!

THE PRETTY DRINKING CUP.

MILLIE has a dainty silver cup which auntie gave her. She is very proud of it, and one day, when Cousin Belle was visiting her, she said,

"No one has such a pretty cup as this!"

"I saw a bird drinking from a prettier one than that one day," said papa.

"Birds don't drink from cups, do they?" asked Belle.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf-cup, the cup of the pitcher-plant, and it has a lid, and holds water as well as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out of it?"

"Yes; the rain and the dew gather in the cup, and by and by a thirsty bird comes along. 'Now I will have a drink,' says Birdie, and he sips from the leaf-cup, and lifts up his head as if to thank God for the drink. No wonder; the heavenly Father loves and cares for the birds, as well as for the children!"

"CEASE, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge."



HIDE AND SEEK.

COME HOME, FATHER.

FATHER, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right home from the shop,

As soon as your day's work was done. Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—

And mother's been watching since tea, With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,

And no one to help her but me. Come home, come home, come home! Please father, dear father, come home.

CHORUS.

Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the night-winds repeat as they moan,

Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers? "Please, father, dear father, come home, come home."

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—

But he has been calling for you. Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die Perhaps before morning shall dawn; And this is the message she sent me to bring,

"Come quickly, or he will be gone." Come home, &c.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes three; The house is so lonely—the hours are so long

For poor weeping mother and me. Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead, And gone with the angels of light; And these were the very last words that he said,

"I want to kiss Papa good night." Come home, &c.



DO I LOVE BUTTER?

DO I LOVE BUTTER?

THE grandmother sits by the window,
And dreams in her easy chair;
The curtains away in the soft June wind,
The sunlight touches her hair.

She hears the birds, the whisper of leaves,
The hum of the wandering bee;
And all sweet sounds of summer blend
In a subtle harmony.

And sounds come ever floating up
From the place where the children play;
Clearer than voice of bird or bee,
And sweeter far than they.

The grandmother's eyes are dim, but she
sees
The gleam of golden hair,
A flutter of white, a twinkle of blue,
And she knows the children are there.

They are down by the seat at the foot of
the walk,
Where the garden edges the mead;
Where the dear little blossoms that never
were trained,
But sprang from a fugitive seed,

Come peeping out from the choking grass
To gaze at the stately flowers.
"O would we were tall and fair," they sigh,
"And grew in the garden bowers!"

"Buttercups! buttercups!" Jessie cries,
And "Buttercups!" Fred and Grace;
And Jessie, folding her chubby arms,
And lifting her fair round face.

"Do I love butter, Fred?" she asks;
And under her dimpled chin
The buttercup sheds its golden glow,
As if from a light within.

So the buttercups run like a golden thread
Through the grandmother's memory-
dreams,
And the summer of seventeen ninety-six
Like a beautiful yesterday seems.

And in summer time, through the fields of
Lynn,
She wanders a child again,
As the past lights up from a buttercup,
And is spanned by a daisy-chain.

BRIBES.

"JUMP up, Dickie, do, there's a good
boy!" said poor patient Agnes, as Dickie
lay on the floor and kicked and roared.

"I won't get up! and I ain't a good
boy!" snarled Dickie, and he kicked at
the piano, and roared louder than ever.

"That last is true, anyhow," said his
older brother, from the sofa where he was
lounging.

Then Agnes said: "Please don't, Henry,
you make me so much worse; and I can't
do anything with him when he gets in one
of these spells, and mamma is away.
Dickie, dear, if you will get up this minute
and be a good boy, I'll give you a great big
orange."

"I want two oranges and a bunch of
grapes," said Dickie, stopping his roaring
long enough to consider.

"Very well, jump up, then, and I'll
get them."

S. D. kie jumped up.

"The Empress Agnes," said brother
Henry, "I declare, the name is all right,
too, look out for yourself, my empress,
the story has a bad ending."

"What story," said the kilt-suited boy
of six.

"The story of the Empress Agnes and
her son Heinrich. Your sister is the em-
press, and you are Heinrich."

"Tell about them," said this young
"Heinrich."

"Why, when he was five years old his
father died, and his mother, the empress,
had more than she could do to manage him
and the nobles too, she used to hire them
to behave themselves, just as Agnes hires
you with oranges and grapes, only, instead
of those things, she gave them money and
land. They grew worse and worse, just as
people always do who are hired to do right,
and by and by they resolved to take the
little boy away from his mother, and refuse
to obey her any more. So, when he was
about thirteen they invited him and his
mother to a beautiful island to spend some
weeks, then they asked Heinrich to take a
ride in a boat, and he was no sooner in
than they started for the main-land, leaving
his mother and her maids all alone on the
island. Heinrich tried to jump overboard
and swim back to her, but he was caught.
Those were the very people she had coaxed
and hired to do right—doing as wicked a
thing as they could."

"I wouldn't have done it," declared
Dickie.

"I don't know about it; you think you
wouldn't; but, you see, people who are
never good unless they are hired with
oranges and things never amount to much."

"What became of Heinrich?" said
Dickie.

"O, Heinrich grew up to be a bad man,
a very bad man; and he had plenty of
trouble, just as bad men are sure to have."

"He wasn't the one that they coaxed to
be good," said wise-eyed Dickie, who,
though a naughty boy, was a quick-witted
one.

"I'm not sure of that. If he had a
mother who did not know any better than
to try to hire her nobles, don't you believe
she managed her little boy in much the
same way?"

"My mother doesn't," said Dickie, and
he took his grapes and oranges and went
off to the front porch to watch for her
coming.

"Henry," said Agnes, "do you think I
hurt Dickie by trying to hire him to be
good when mother is away?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did. The
Empress Agnes certainly injured her boy
in some way. Dickie mends mother with-
out bribing."

A CHILD'S HYMN.

God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow—
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad—
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise—
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

—Good Words.

LET JESUS IN.

A WEE little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sung, and talked as if she were a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma says. After a while she looked toward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him come in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

THE NEW HEART.

Eva and her mamma were talking about the Sunday-school lesson.

"Mamma, Paul wasn't always good, was he?" said Eva. "He didn't tell the wicked men to stop when he saw them stoning Stephen."

"Paul had such a heart as you and I have, my dear," said Mrs. Dane; "it was a dark heart until the light of heaven came into it. Then, in that clear light, he could see what was right."

"Mamma, does the light of heaven shine upon your heart?" asked Eva.

"Yes, Eva; and it shines upon every heart that cares enough about it to ask for it."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1040.] LESSON IV. [July 27.

KINDNESS TO JONATHAN'S SON.

2 Sam. 9. 1-15. Commit to memory verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend,
forsake not. Prov. 27. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. A King's Question, v. 1.
2. A Servant's Answer, v. 2-5.
3. A Son's Inheritance, v. 6-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did David wish to find out?
Whether any one belonging to the house of Saul was still living.

Who was found that belonged to Saul's household? Ziba, a servant.

What did David do? He sent for Ziba.

What did Ziba tell the king? That one of Jonathan's sons was alive.

Where was he? In the house of Machir in Lodebar.

Where was Lodebar? On the eastern side of Jordan.

What was Jonathan's son's name? Mephibosheth.

What did Mephibosheth do when he came into the presence of David? He fell on his face before him.

What did David say? "Fear not; for I will show thee kindness for Jonathan's sake."

Who was Jonathan? David's dearest friend.

What did David restore to Mephibosheth? All the land that once belonged to Saul.

What honour did he bestow upon him? He gave him a place at his table as one of the king's sons.

Whom did he place as steward over his land? Ziba.

How many sons and servants had Ziba to help him? Fifteen sons and twenty servants.

How was Mephibosheth afflicted? He was lame on both feet.

What was the name of Mephibosheth's little son? Micah.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

A true friend—

Will remember us when we are in trouble.

Will honour us and delight to serve us.

Will be loving and unselfish.

"Let us love one another."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The loving-kindness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Prophets? Holy men whom God taught to foretell things to come, and to make known his mind to the world.

Who was Samuel? The prophet who was called by the Lord when he was a little child.

B.C. 1034.]

LESSON V.

[Aug. 3.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE.

Psa. 51. 1-19.

Commit to memory verses 9-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sin is ever before me. Psa. 51. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. A Confession, v. 1-5.
2. A Supplication, v. 6-19.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For what does David plead? For God's mercy.

What confession does he make? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Against whom had David sinned? Against God.

Who only can judge sin? God.

What does God look upon? The heart.

What did David want? A clean heart and a right spirit.

What did David ask of God? To be washed and made pure.

For what did he pray? That the Holy Spirit might not be taken from him.

What promise did he make? To teach sinners the way of the Lord.

What always follows true repentance? God's pardon.

What does God love? A broken and contrite heart.

What is better than sacrifice? A humble, obedient spirit.

What does David ask God to prosper? The Church of Zion.

When are sacrifices acceptable to God? When offered with repentant hearts.

What only can give us joy? God's forgiveness of our sins.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

When you have sinned—

Do not hide it.

Do not deny it.

Do not try to excuse it.

Confess it humbly.

Sorrow over it heartily.

And with God's help never do it again.

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True repentance.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was David? The sweet psalmist of Israel, who was raised from a shepherd to be king.

Who was Absalom? David's wicked son, who rebelled against his father, and was killed as he hung on a tree.