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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

[No. 21.]

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

READ one morning on the sand,
and written by a childish hand,
truth the billows cannot teach—
truth past human wisdom's reach—
God is love.

seemed a very angel's trace,
God's footprint in that lonely place;
brightened up the sea and sky;
and glad I was I could reply,
God is love.

and much I thanked my little friend,
who thus her joyous creed had penned;
and may she know for evermore
the truth she wrote upon the shore—
God is love.

the tide will come again to-day,
and wash that lovely print away;
at death and hell cannot erase
the charter of the child of grace—
God is love.

DO RIGHT.

WHILE others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will."



THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

SLEIGH BELLS.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh bells are made? The little iron ball is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh bell it jingles.

When the horse trots, the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell, this jinglet is put inside a little ball of mud just the shape of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. The mud ball with the jinglet side, is placed in the mould of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the ball and the mould.

When the mould is taken off, you see a sleigh bell, but it will not ring as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and will ring.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh bell.

HELPS TO HOME STUDY.

WHERE was Jesus born? Where was his home during his childhood?

Why did men despise and reject him? Who plotted to take his life? Who betrayed him? When and where was he arrested? Before whom was he tried? Who sentenced him to death? How was he treated? Where was he crucified? What strange things happened that day? Where is Jesus now? Do you love and obey him? Are you saved?

WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

THERE is no little child too small
To work for God;
There is a mission for us all
From Christ the Lord.

'Tis not enough for us to give
Our wealth alone.
We must entirely for him live,
And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,
Christ will not slight
The lowliest little one, so he
With God be right.

Father, oh give us grace to see
A place for us,
Where, in thy vineyard, we for thee
May labour thus.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not

always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

SENDING THE LIGHT AWAY.

ONE day Willie was very naughty. His mamma sent him up stairs to think over his bad conduct. When it grew dark, she sent his sister Katie with a light, to bring him down to supper. But he still felt ugly and cross, and told Katie to go away. "Mamma told me to show you down, because the hall is dark," said Katie.

"I don't want to go down," said Willie, crossly. And Katie went away with the light, leaving him in the dark.

But now he had nothing to do but to think. He saw what a bad boy he had been, and was glad to see his mother when she came in with a light. He told her he was very sorry for what he had done, and would try to be a good boy, if she would forgive him for being so naughty.

Dear children, Jesus comes to show you how to live good lives, and find the way to heaven. When you are unkind, selfish, and disobedient, you drive him away. If you wish him to stay with you, you must give up your bad ways, and try to please him. One of these days he will want to take you away with him, and then if you are not ready to live with him in heaven, he will send you away to be punished forever.

LOVE.

IN Chicago, a few years ago, there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one day a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools.

"There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good."

"They may be as good, but they are not so good for me," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because they love a fellow over there," he answered.

Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ.

ANNIE AND THE MINISTER.

THE minister had come to call on Annie's mother, and was sitting in their little parlour when she came in from school.

"My little girl," he said, "I am glad to see you;" and he took her hands and drew her kindly to him.

Annie was a bashful child, and held down her head. She hardly dared look at so great a man as the minister. "But," she thought, "he seems very kind."

"Do you love Jesus, Annie?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"What makes you think you do?" he asked.

"Why, I know it by my feelings inside of me," she said, brightening a little when she found the minister so kind and fatherly.

"But, my dear, do you think Jesus knows it?"

"Why, yes, sir; can't he see my heart?"

"Does mother know it, and does your teacher know it, and all your little mates?"

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure."

"There is one way of showing it, Annie. Jesus says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' That's the way to show that we love Jesus—to do just as he bids us."

Annie never forgot the minister's little talk, and she never felt afraid of him after that day.

THE BITE-SIDE DOWN.

A STAGE-COACH stopped at grandpa's door; it brought Allen and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother. Allen was a stout boy, but something was always the matter with Nell.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother when they had been a week at grandpa's and Nellie was paler every day. Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allen was never hit; of course not—the boy that minded mother. And nobody saw sly little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, though, when Dinah, the nurse-girl, came out the porch-door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet. Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody.

"Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must take that pear and show it to your mamma."

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie.

"Then I shall hold it the bite-side down." "No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah. "When one has been doing wrong, 'the bite-side' always comes up."—Our Little Ones.



CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

God has kept us through the night;
He, too, sends us morning light,
Keep us, Lord, another day:
Thy commands help us obey,
Bless us, sleeping or awake;
This we ask for Jesus' sake.

WHO IS YOUR MASTER?

SOME months ago five little boys were busily employed one Saturday afternoon in tidying up the garden at the back of their house, receiving now and then kind words of advice and encouragement from their father, who was preparing part of the ground for seeds. All went well for an hour or so, until, hearing some dispute, I went out to settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?" I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as Charley," he replied, placing a basket of stones on a make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your brother be master with you?" I expected an answer from the young driver; but, after glancing at me to ascertain whether I spoke in earnest or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled the bit from his mouth, and said,

"Well, D., how silly you are! how can I have two masters? The one would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,' then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's remark, so I arranged some other plan whereby little David was happily engaged, and then left the garden. But the boy's words reminded me of the words of the Lord Jesus: "No man can serve two masters." Dear boys and girls, you cannot have both Christ and Satan for your master. Choose you this day whom ye will serve.

GRACE'S CURE.

GRACE CARR had a bad trait. When told that she must not do a thing she would say, "Oh yes, I want to," or, "I will if I want to."

She went out to a farm to see some friends. It was all so new—the trees, green grass, hens and pigs—that she was delighted. For a few days all went well, then one day she went to a barn a long way from the house to see her friend Guy Grayson set a trap for rats. It was a steel trap and had sharp teeth.

"Now, Grace," said Guy, "you must not touch this trap; if you should get your hand or foot in it, you would be hurt, oh, so bad!"

"Let me try and see how it goes—play I am a rat," replied the naughty child.

Guy gave her a push and said, "Stop! you must not."

With pouts that spoiled her lips Grace went off, and in not a sweet voice said, "I guess I will if I want to."

She ran to a swing made for her in the door of a grapehouse. Soon Guy heard her sing, and knew that her grief was not deep. But she let that trap stay in her mind, and when Guy had gone into the house she thought she would go and see if a rat had been caught. No: there it was with the bait. She did not think it would snap quick, it took so long to set it; she would just stir the bait. Ah! there was no need or time for more. Snap it went, and caught her whole hand. It hurt her so badly that she could not cry out for some time, and when she did she was too far from the house to be heard; so there she lay while Guy read a long story. Then he went out to look at his trap, and there he found poor Grace. She had such a sore hand! But it was her cure. The lesson was sharp and severe, but effectual. She did not say those wrong words, but would mind at once.

—E. G. Hard.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THERE was once a little coloured nurse girl left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She sung to it, and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm was coming up, and the wind began to blow very hard. Hepty closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire. Hepty looked around but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery and found the room in flames. The wind had blown

a bump over, and caused the fire. Her first thought was for the baby.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried. Wrapping a blanket around the baby, she groped her way to the door, almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The fire was soon put out, the baby was unharmed, but poor Hepty was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad!" Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allows his children to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are his. He will comfort and help us; and if we are faithful to the end, he will give us a crown in heaven.

TWO WAYS.

THERE are two ways of coming down from the top of a church-steeple; one is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps—but both will lead to the bottom. So, also, there are two ways of going to hell. One is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that; the other is to go down by the steps of little sins—and that way is very common. Put up with a few little sins and you will soon want a few more. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man: "First it startles him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed; then the man is impenitent, then obstinate, then resolves never to repent, and then he is damned."—*Methodist Recorder.*

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

THERE are more than 300,000,000 children in heathen lands who have no Bible and no knowledge of Christ.

Are you too young to help them?

Remember:

That Jesus was but twelve years old when he expressed a desire to be about his "Father's business."

That Samuel was a mere "child" when he "ministered unto the Lord before Eli."

That Queen Esther was but a girl "in her teens" when she staked her life on an effort to save her people.

That Josiah was but eight years old when he became king, and that at seventeen "he began to seek after the God of David, his father."

"I CAN'T" AND "I'LL TRY."

"I CAN'T" is a coward with a very long face,

And with limbs that are shaky and weak;

Whatever the time, or whatever the place,
You will know if you once hear him speak;

There's a drawl in his voice and a whine in his tone

That stamp him a coward abroad or at home.

"I'll try" is a brave one—so stalwart and strong,

With a bright, cheery manner and word,
Who feels he must conquer before very long.

And who thinks giving up most absurd.
So when anything difficult causes a sigh,
Just take my advice, and call in "I'll try."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

A.D. 30.] LESSON III. [Oct. 17.

JESUS DELIVERED TO BE CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 1-16.

Commit to memory vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. John 19. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. The Kingly Man, v. 1-7.
2. The Cowardly Governor, v. 8-12.
3. The Murderous Crowd, v. 13-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Pilate do with Jesus? He scourged him.

What did he allow the soldiers to do? To crown him with a crown of thorns, and dress him in a purple robe.

How did they mock and insult him? They made believe to honour him as a king, and struck him with their hands.

Who brought him out before the people in the robe and crown? Pilate.

What did Pilate tell them? "I find no fault in him."

What was the reply of the chief priests and officers? "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Why were they determined to kill him? Because they hated him.

Why did they hate him? Because he called himself the Son of God.

Why did Pilate ask Jesus where he came from? He began to feel that Jesus was not from God.

What did Pilate try to do? To set him free.

What was the cry of the Jews? "Away with him, crucify him."

Where was Jesus taken? Before the judgment-seat of Pilate.

What did Pilate ask the Jews? "Shall I crucify your King?"

What did they declare? "We have no king but Caesar."

What did Pilate do? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

Why did Pilate do this? To please the people.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Do you think Pilate wanted Jesus to be crucified? If you can find what he said to the Jews three times, it will help you to answer the question.

After you have decided what you think, read Luke 23. 22; Matt. 27. 24; and verse 11 of your lesson.

DON'T FORGET.

"Jesus was wounded for my sins, beaten sore,

That I might sin no more."

"He was crowned with thorns, that I might wear

A crown of glory fair."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The wages of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is your duty to man? My duty to man is to honour and obey my parents, to show respect to those above me, to speak the truth always, and to be just and loving to all.

How can you do this? I can do my duty to God and man only by the grace of God.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 24.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

John 19. 17-30.

Commit to memory verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is finished. John 19. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cross, v. 17-22.
2. The Soldiers, v. 23, 24.
3. The Friends, v. 25-27.
4. The End, v. 28-30.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Where was Jesus crucified? At Golgotha, or place of a skull.

Who were crucified with him? Two thieves, one on either side.

What was written over his cross? "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

Were these words true? Yes, but the Jews refused to believe them.

Why did they ask Pilate to change them? For fear some of the people might think he was really their king.

What did Pilate refuse to do? To change what he had written.

Who divided the garments of Jesus among themselves? The soldiers.

What did they do with the coat? They drew lots for it.

What friends of Jesus were with him? His mother and John, his mother's sister and Mary Magdalene.

What did Jesus remember as he hung upon the cross? To tell John to care for his mother.

Whom does Jesus never forget? His friends.

How long did Jesus hang upon the cross? Six hours.

Why did he suffer on the cross? To save us from our sins.

What were his last words? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

What was finished? The work his Father had given him to do for the salvation of the world.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"I'll just take God at his word and deed,
Jesus died to save me, this I read;

And in my heart I find a need

Of him to be my Saviour.

And had there been in all this wide,
Sad world no other soul beside,

But only mine, yet he had died

That he might be my Saviour."

PRAYER.

Precious Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure, and wholly thine;

Thou hast bled and died for me,

I will henceforth live for thee.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The way of salvation.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is this grace? The grace of God is the power of the Holy Ghost, felt in our hearts, enabling us to do what otherwise we could not do.

How are we to seek the grace of God? We must seek the grace of God by earnest prayer in private and in the house of God.

LOVE OF MOTHER.

ONCE a lady who had three sons was going on a long journey. Before starting she asked that each one would bring her something to show his love for her. One brought a beautiful marble tablet bearing her name. Another a garland of the sweetest flowers. But the third came, saying, "Mother, I have nothing to bring but my heart, which is full of love for you, and which will follow you wherever you go." You may be sure that nothing could have pleased the mother so much; and, dear child, you can give your mother nothing so precious as your true love.