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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

[No. 3.]

FOND OF SUGAR.

OUR pony Charlie was very fond of sugar. He would follow his master all around to see if he had not some in his pockets, and he generally got some. He would poke his head into the kitchen window to beg for sugar, and once he broke a cup in doing so. It is much better to coax either horses or boys by sugar and kindness, than to drive them with sticks and unkindness.

RUBY'S COBWEBS.

"Look up! Ruby, look up!" said Aunt Katie gently, as Ruby plied the broom in her cozy little sitting-room. "I like to see you digging out the corners and sweeping so nicely along the edges, but don't be like the man with the muck-rake, always turning your eyes downward. Look up and you'll see some hideous cobwebs festooning the otherwise clean, pleasant room."

Ruby's eyes went up to the ceiling at Aunt Katie's words, while her broom quickly followed.

"I never thought much about cobwebs, auntie," she said, as she ran her broom around the room, taking down the ugly festooning. "I don't call them hideous, though."

"I do," said auntie, "for I am always certain, when I see cobwebs in a house, that somebody in that house is not neat; and of course it must be either the mistress or the maiden who sweeps."

Ruby blushed a little at auntie's plain words, but she was her truest, best-loved friend since her mamma went to the

home above; so she only laughed and said,

"Well, auntie, as I am both mistress and maid, I shall certainly have to plead guilty this time, but we'll see if I do it again."

Auntie smiled as she continued,

dark places of our hearts, where we don't mind them, but where they make our whole lives unclean and unlovely. If we would but look up more, more toward the light that cometh down from above, we should see these cobwebs of our pride and selfishness, and, by God's grace, work away at them, till they should no more make our lives unclean and hateful"

"Thank you, auntie," said Ruby; "it is a very good text and a good little sermon, and I'll try and remember."
—*Child's Paper.*



FOND OF SUGAR.

"There is another thing. Cobwebs make me think of some of our sins, besetting sins they are, too, sometimes, like pride and selfishness. They don't come to the front and get right before us all the time, like our naughty tempers, and so get swept out of the way. They hang up in the corners and

pleasure, and that he does not know that the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Many a young girl carries a ladder in the shape of a love for dress and finery; she only sees the gratification of a foolish pride at the forward end of that ladder, while the end that she does not see is crushing modesty and friendship

EVERY LADDER HAS TWO ENDS.

WHEN a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of my ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember, that is, *every ladder has two ends.*" I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do not we carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointed toward

as she goes along thoughtlessly among the crowd. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and it is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—*Selected.*

LITTLE GOLDEN-HAIR.

Oh my little Golden Hair:
Brow without a wrinkle,
Cheeks as sweet as roses fair,
Merry eyes that twinkle.

Colour, blue as azure sky;
Hair of rainbow splendour;
Fairest flowers of summer vie,
All their charms to lend her.

But there's something dearer far
Than these golden tresses—
Than bright eyes and dimples are
Which my love possesses.

'Tis the loving heart within,
Tender and confiding;
Saviour, keep her free from sin,
In thy love abiding!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

"GOD BE WITH THEE."

It is related by travellers as an instance of how little the customs of eastern nations have changed during many hundreds of years, that in the fields of Palestine the very same words may be heard now as in the days of Boaz and Ruth. When the master enters the harvest-field he salutes his reapers, just as Boaz did, "The Lord be with you;" and the peasants respond always in the words, "God bless thee." It is a happy custom that may well see no change. We should all do well to use from the heart this ancient salutation, "The Lord be with thee."

"THAT'S ME!"

A POOR Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good man who had family prayers every day. One day he read, "Two men went up into the temple to pray."

The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader and whispered, "Now I'll learn how to pray."

The man read on, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

"No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the man read, "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."

"I don't do that; I don't pray in that way. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not so much as lift his eyes unto heaven."

"That's me!" cried his hearer.

"Stood afar off," read the other.

"That's where I am!" said the Hottentot.

"But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That's me! that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature; and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

FANNIE'S LETTER.

I WAS looking over some old letters the other day, and I found one written by a very dear scholar of mine, Fannie Reed, a great many years ago. Perhaps it will please and help some of you, so I will copy a part of it.

"MY DEAR AUNTIE: I feel so happy today, that I must write and tell you about it. I think I have given my heart to Jesus. Oh, you don't know how happy I am. I can seem to see Jesus so plainly. I thought yesterday he stood right by my side, asking me to be his child.

"Yesterday morning in Sunday-school, our teacher was hearing our lesson, and we came to the verse, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Miss Burke said that Jesus stood waiting to receive sinners, and he had called each one of us many times to come to him. Then she asked those of us who had not given ourselves to Christ, if we would do it now. I wanted to say 'Yes,' but thought I must not say I would love him until I knew that I did. I had been trying all the week to find the Saviour, but could not. Miss Burke asked me the second time, and then I spoke right up and said I would. And as

I said so I felt love and trust in my heart. O auntie, I do think that was the moment when I gave my heart to him; don't you?

"Annie Howe, Hattie James, and Mary Sackett, have since promised to be the Lord's and we are all so happy. Now there is only one out of our class of eight, who does not love Jesus. We are praying for her that she too may find him.

"But I have just begun this new life, and I know this naughty temper of mine will try me. Dear auntie, do pray for me that I may have strength to resist temptation, and may go on to love and please the dear Saviour.

"Your own loving
FANNIE."

MAMMA'S RETURN.

THREE little waiting children,
Eagerly watching the door;
Bessie and Charlie and baby,
Hazel eyes two, blue eyes four.

Three little noisy children,
Roguish, and full of play;
At every sound—"Hush! listen!
Isn't somebody coming this way?"

"I do believe that is mamma!
No, it's only the umbrella man!
I don't believe she's ever coming!
She'll stay just as long as she can!"

A sound of steps on the path-way;
And eagerly rush all three
"It's mamma! It's mamma! Come Charlie,
Come baby, come Bessie, let's see!"

"Oh, mamma, we're glad to see you!
We're tired as tired can be!
We love you a thousand millions!
Anything in that bundle for me?"

THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.

"WELL, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbour's son. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see, I've got a safe compass to steer by." "Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."



TIRED, BUT THINKING.

TIRED, BUT THINKING.

ALICIA'S work is all done, and now she is resting. She is thinking too. She came from a sunny land, far over the sea. She has learned to love Jesus, and she is thinking of friends there who do not. She often prays for them, and she is thinking to-day of how she will give some of the money she earns to send Bibles to them.

CHIMES OF THE CLOCK.

WHAT says the clock when it strikes one?
Watch, says the clock, oh, watch, little one.

What says the clock when it strikes two?
Love God, little one, for God loves you.

Tell me so'tly what it whispers at three.
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Then come, little lambs, and wander no more;
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And, oh! let your young hearts with gladness revive,
When it echoes sweetly, "God bless you!" at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that fadeth away.

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?
Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?
Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate.

And louder, still louder it calls you at nine—
My son, give me that heart of thine.

And such be your voices, responsive at ten,
Hosanna in the highest! hosanna! Amen!

And loud let the chorus ring out at eleven,
Of such is the kingdom—the kingdom of heaven.

When the deep strokes at midnight the watch-word shall ring,
"Lo! these are my jewels—these, these," saith the King.

—Nail Heads.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"WHAT is a missionary, Aunt?" asked little Emma. "I will tell you, said Aunt Jane. "A missionary is one who goes to far-away places to tell the people about Jesus. But we have some missionaries right at home. There is little Jimmie Patton, one of the boys of my Sunday-school class. He often tells the boys on the street about the Sunday-school, and persuades them to come to the school. I think there are at least five boys in the school that he has brought in. I call him a little missionary."

THE STORY OF A QUARREL.

"I SHAN'T!" shrieked Lou.

"I shall!" shrieked Jule.

"Then I won't play," said Lou, with an angry pout, "and you're the meanest girl that ever lived; so there!"

A window slid softly up somewhere behind the honeysuckles.

"Children," called grandmamma, "come here a moment."

They obeyed shamefaced enough. Grandmamma, dear, gentle grandmamma, had only since Uncle Charlie's death come to live at the farm, and the girls, though they had learned to love her very dearly, stood a little in awe of her.

But they went straight in, and stepped one to either side of her high-backed chair.

"Well," said grandmamma, kindly.

"I wanted to play keep store," volunteered Jule.

"And I wanted to play house," said Lou.

Grandmamma smiled and closed a wrinkled hand over the small brown one on each chair-arm.

"And so you quarrelled," she said. "Would you like a little story?"

"O, yes'm!" cried Lou and Jule exactly together; and then they hooked their little fingers above grandmamma's head and wished. What make girls always do that, I wonder? Boys never do.

"A long time ago," began grandmamma, "there lived in far-away England two maiden sisters. They were all alone in the world, and very wealthy, and as time went on, and they grew gray and wrinkled with years, they began to think of death, and of what they would do with their money.

"At length they decided to build a church of solid stone, which might endure for centuries and tell the name and fame of the Orme sisters to future generations. The stone was quarried and the builders came. Then whether tower or spire should adorn their church, the sisters could not agree.

"They wrangled and argued for days and months—neither would yield; and in the end each had her way. The tower and spire were erected side by side."

"There they stand through storm and shine as they have stood for ages: the square, strong tower and the slender, tapering spire—a quarrel fixed in stone. And the story of those two stubborn sisters is told to strangers who visit the place over and over again."

Grandmamma paused. Lou and Jule looked across into each other's eyes and laughed.

"Weren't they funny?" said Lou.

"We'll play store if you'd rather, Jule."

"And then we'll play house," said Jule.

So then the sun shone again. But they lost the wish; for, you know, if one speaks before one is asked a question, the charm is broken.—*Youth's Companion*.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

Two little brothers were left at home on rainy Sunday. Johnnie said: "Let us play church. You be the minister and I'll be the congregation." So Sammy took down the big Bible and looked over it a little while, and then said: "Now, Johnnie, here's a nice little text with only four words in it; and as you are a little boy four years old, there'll be a word for each year of your life. This is the text, 'I am the door.' You see the first word is 'I.' It has only one letter in it. The 'I' means the Lord Jesus, the good Saviour who loves little children. The second word is 'am.' This has two letters in it. When Jesus says, 'I am the door,' of course he doesn't mean that he really is a door like that through which we come into this room, but only that he is like a door. The third word is 'the.' Jesus says, 'I am the door,' because he is the only door by which we can enter into heaven. The fourth word is 'door.' This has four letters in it. A door lets us into the house. If there was no door we could not get in at all. A door keeps out the rain, and the dogs, and the thieves; so Jesus keeps away all dangerous and hurtful things out of his beautiful heaven. If we want to get into his house we must go straight to the door; and if we want to get to heaven we must go to Jesus and ask him to let us in.—*Selected*."

LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

ONE Sabbath a little boy of ten years of age came into a Sunday-school class. He led a very uncomfortable life as a chimney sweep in the service of a hard master. The teacher was talking about prayer, and turning to this little fellow, asked him:

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?" "Oh, yes, sir." "And when do you do it?" "You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house.

"I think about God, but cannot say that I pray then." "When then?" "You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quick, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray." "And what do you say?" "Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat a short verse." "What is that?" "God be merciful to me a sinner."