

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES--VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

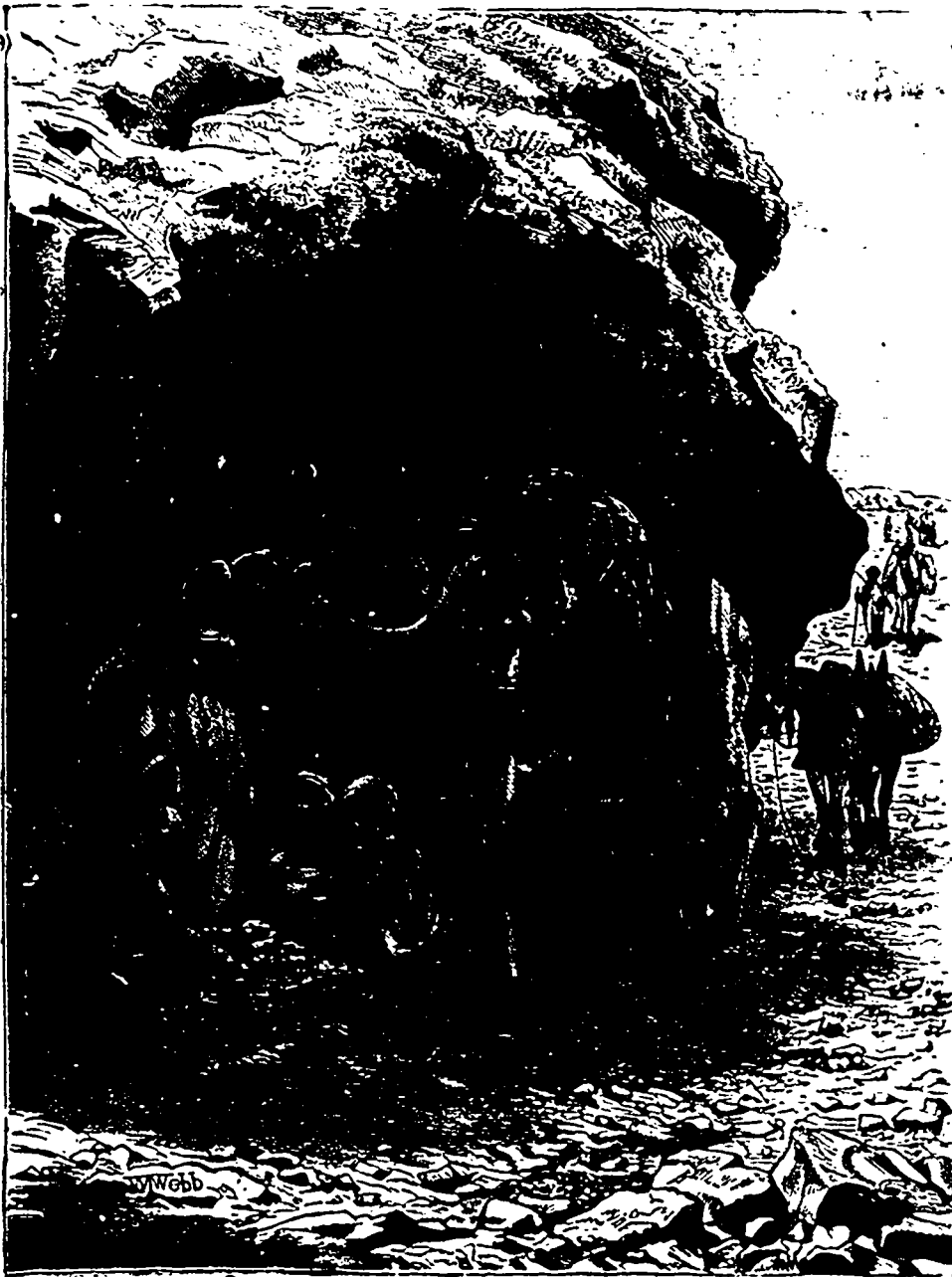
[No. 15

HALT IN THE DESERT.

IN crossing the desert the shadow of a rock or of a few trees is hailed gladly as a resting-place and shelter from the hot beating sun. We see in our picture a caravan halting in such a place. The tired animals as well as the men find the shade pleasant and hasten to it. In our Christian pilgrimage a talk with Jesus and the grace which comes in consequence is like one of these cool spots in the desert; it is where the soul gets rest and refreshment. To one who goes to Jesus for help in daily life, he is indeed like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

SUGAR-CANE.

SUGAR-CANE! almost everyone likes sugar in one shape or another; to children, especially, the sweet product of the juice of this tall and graceful plant is always welcome. We are told that the people of the United States consume more sugar than any other of the principal countries in the world, and that it is used here at the rate of forty pounds to each individual every year, which appears to be a very liberal allowance of sweets.



HALT IN THE DESERT.

The sugar-cane is a native of the East Indies, and was first brought into the southern countries of Europe by the Crusaders; but it has never been much

cultivated there, except in Spain, and on the Island of Sicily. It is extensively grown in China, in India, and in the West India Islands.

The thick, jointed stems of the sugar cane reach a height of from eight to twelve feet; the leaves are ribbon-shaped, and from four to five feet long, in some varieties covering the stem almost entirely. The stalks are filled for about two-thirds of their length with a soft, sweet, juicy pulp, from which, when pressed in the sugar-mill, a clear, transparent liquid flows, from which, by boiling, filtering, crystallizing, and other processes, the sugar with which we are all familiar is made.

The sugar-cane is usually grown from cuttings, for which the upper joint of the stalks are used. The plants grow rapidly in a rich, moist soil, and are ready for cutting in about ten months from the time of planting. When fully ripe, they are cut a little above the ground, and tied in bundles to be conveyed to the sugar-mill. Fresh stems

spring from the root, so that the plantation does not require to be re-planted for several years; but the first crop of cane is always the best.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

LITTLE children, love each other—
'Tis the blessed Saviour's rule—
If a sister or a brother,
If at home, or if at school.

We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above.
Shall we quarrel? No, much rather
Would we dwell, like him, in love.

He has placed us here together
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

All we have to share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words;
Thus we live as sisters, brothers,
Seeking still to be the Lord's.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 01
Methodist Magazine, 16 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen; 2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 60

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
75 & 83 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COLTAS, S. F. HESTER,
3 Henry Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifax, N. S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

INDIANS.

MANY of our readers have, no doubt, seen Indians. Some live where they can see Indians walking the streets; and others live a little nearer some of the tribes of wild Indians than they find agreeable at all times. Yet there are many others who never saw an Indian.

Some of the Indian tribes that have been civilized are fast learning the white man's ways. More would have done this had the white man always treated them fairly. But there are men of our own race, we are sorry to say, who have cheated the Indians in various ways, and thus have made them imagine that all white men are knaves. More than once has a cruel Indian war arisen because of the unjust treatment of the savages, who have sought vengeance in bloodshed.

Indians are as courageous as the wild

beasts, and sometimes as cruel, especially when they can drink the white man's "fire-water," as they call whiskey. That is enough to make any man, white or red, feel and act like a savage. Let us hope that the present benign policy of our Government toward the Indians will be continued until all of these "children of the forest" shall be civilized and Christianized.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—
1 THESS. v. 9, 10.

DIED for us? Who else ever did as much for you? who else ever loved you as much? Only think, now, what it really means, because it is really true; and surely it is most horribly ungrateful when one for whom such a great thing has been done does not even think about it.

You would think it hard to be punished for some one else's fault; but this is exactly what your dear Saviour did—let himself be punished for your fault instead of you.

Suppose some cruel man were going to cut off your leg, what would you think if your brother came and said, "No; chop mine off instead?" But that would not be dying for you. And "our Lord Jesus Christ died" for you.

It was the very most he could do to show his exceeding great love to you. He was not obliged to go through with it; he might have come down from the cross at any moment. The nails could not have kept him there an instant longer than he chose; his love and pity were the real nails that nailed him fast to the cross till the very end, till he could say, "It is finished," till he "died" for us.

It was not only because he loved his Father that he did it, but because he loved us; for the text goes on: "Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him." So he loved us so much that he wanted us to live together with him; and as no sin can enter his holy and beautiful home, he knew our sins must be taken away before we could go there. And only blood could take away sin, only death could atone for it; and so he bled that we might be washed in his most precious blood; he died, "that whether we wake or sleep, we might live together with him."

"There is a word I fain would speak,

Jesus died!

O eyes that weep and hearts that break,

Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string

Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring;

Oh, may I always love to sing,

'Jesus died! Jesus died!'"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

DOING IT FOR JESUS.

LITTLE Nellie came to make a call in grandma's room; she loves to make calls on grandma and aunties. Quite often we hear her mamma calling, "Have I got a little girl in there?" or, "Come, Nellie, I want you."

On this particular afternoon Nellie came only for a very short call. Her auntie greeted her with,

"Little hands may work for Jesus;
Every deed of kindness done
For his sake—"

A bright, happy look came into the little one's face and she exclaimed, "I have been helping mamma!"

"Have you?" What have you been doing?"

"Mamma wanted me to teach Susie to spell some words that she didn't know."

"Well, Nellie, did you do it?"

"Yes'm."

"And was that working for Jesus? You did it because mamma wanted you to."

"Yes'm."

"That was right. Did you think of pleasing Jesus when you did it?"

"Yes'm, I did!" answered Nellie very earnestly.

"Well, that was doing it for Jesus, certainly."

How happy it makes the little ones to do little helpful things with the thought of pleasing Jesus as well as helping their loving mammas.

WATERING THE FLOWERS.

"WHY is it that flowers always grow so nicely for Mary? I often plant seeds; but nothing comes from them. They won't grow for me. But blossoms seem to spring right up wherever she goes. They must have a particular liking for her."

That's what Master Tom said, as he saw Mary watering the flowers.

Well, it is no wonder, Tom, if flowers do have a liking for such a lovable little girl. There's nothing so very strange about that. How could they help liking her?

But, after all, perhaps the secret of the matter is that Mary loves the flowers, and never forgets to take care of them. She looks after them every day, and not by fits and starts, as some people do.

So Mary has good luck with her flowers, and is always able to make up a nice bouquet. And she not only enjoys the flowers herself, but, what is better still, she takes delight in having others enjoy them with her.

PR
THE S
To
Go
You
She
Bu
An
She
My
Re
Th
And
'Tis
To
Sh
You
D
you
is
the
hous
in
the
H
a
cri
brin
littl
he
bow
If
own
mot
A
the
was
"M
pra
"I
just
you
to
cert
war
to

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

THE spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down-dropped and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress
That make the saint or sinner;
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

ALICE CARY.

THE LAND OF HATS.

Do ANY of you study geography? If you do, get your map and find Corea. That is the land of hats. If your father lived there he would have a hat to wear in the house, another out of doors, another to wear in the rain, another when he marches with the soldiers, besides several dress-up hats.

His every-day, out-of-door hat would have a crown shaped something like a top, and the brim would be as broad as the seat of your little chair. If your father had lost a friend he would put on a hat shaped like a wash-bowl, and it would cover his face all over. If you had three brothers, and they each owned so many hats, where would your mother keep them?—*The Little Pilgrim.*

JESUS KNOWS.

A LITTLE boy was once sent very fast for the doctor for his little baby-brother, who was very sick. When he got back he said, "Mamma, I runn'd all the way, and I prayed too." "What did you say to Jesus?" "I couldn't think of anything else, so I just prayed, 'Now I lay me.' But don't you think Jesus knew that I wanted him to make Harry well?" "Yes, little boy, he certainly did. He knows just what we want, even if we cannot think of the words to tell him with."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A.D. 28] LESSON X. [Sept. 4.

TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Matt. 6. 24-34. Commit to mem. vs. 31-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you. 1 Pet. 5. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Cares.
2. His Care.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Jesus say was impossible for us to do? Serve two masters.

Whom should we choose to serve? The Lord of heaven and earth.

What do many choose? The god of the world, riches.

What do some try to do? Serve both.

What are their lives? Miserable and unhappy.

What does Jesus tell us? Not to be anxious about things to eat or drink or wear.

What will he supply? All our real wants.

Whom does he care for and feed? The birds of the air.

What does he clothe in a lovely dress? The lilies of the field.

What does he want us to do? To trust him to feed and clothe us. (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT)

What is his command? Seek first the kingdom of God.

What is the kingdom of God? The kingdom of spiritual things, love, faith, patience, unselfishness.

What does he want us to be anxious for? A pure heart and life.

What will he give if we seek these? All other things.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God will give you the riches of heaven, inexhaustible, everlasting.

Mammon will give you the riches of earth, perishable, unsatisfying.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is it to believe in Jesus Christ? To believe in Jesus Christ is to receive his words, and to trust in him alone for salvation.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 11.

GOLDEN PRECEPTS.

Matt. 7. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 7-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Matt. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Brother.
2. Our Father.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What are we forbidden to do? To judge others hastily or unjustly.

Who only can judge fairly? Christ, the divine judge.

How will Christ judge us? As we have judged others.

How must we think of others? In a kind and forgiving spirit.

What must we remember? Our own sins and faults.

What do children expect when they ask their parents for things? To be heard and answered.

What does Jesus tell us to believe when we pray to our heavenly father? That he hears and answers us.

Why? Because he has promised to hear and answer.

What will he give us? Better things than our earthly parents.

What must we believe if he does not give us what we ask? That we have not asked for the best things.

Why must we trust him to give us what is best? Because he is all-wise, and all-loving, and all-powerful.

What Golden Rule has God given us to live by? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

How can we keep it? With Jesus's help.

Is it right to forget it or break it, when Jesus tells us to keep it?

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Questions for me—

Do I judge others as I would have them judge me?

Do I keep the Golden Rule—at home, in school?

Do I truly believe that God hears and answers my prayers?

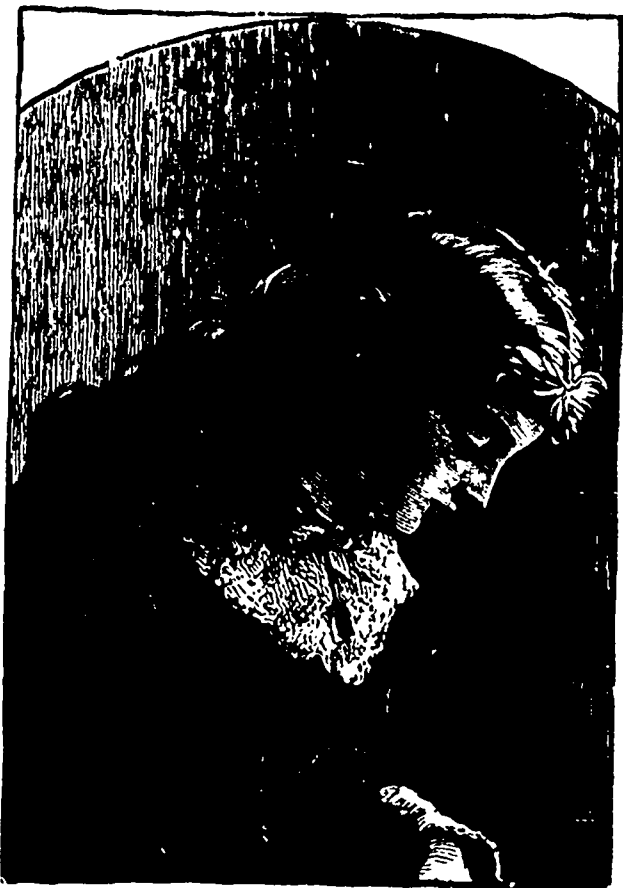
Do I trust him when he does not give me what I want?

"For we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian living.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Can you do all this of yourself? I cannot repent and believe of myself; but God will help me by his Holy Spirit, if I ask it of him.



STUDYING THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

WHO IS THE TRULY BRAVE?

Who is the truly brave?
The boy with self-control,
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And, though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who can forgive,
And look as though he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word;
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy whose daily walk
Is always honest, pure, and bright,
Who cannot lie, who will not fight,
But stands up boldly for the right,
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who fears to sin;
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heeds his comrade's taunt or jeer,
If he hath peace within.

Who is the truly brave?
The boy who dares to pray,
And humbly kneeling, seeks the face
Of God, and asks supplies of grace
To help him run the Christian race,
And walk in wisdom's way.

"E INSTEAD OF I."

A LARGE class of scholars in a country school were standing up to spell. A hard word was missed by the scholar at the head of the class, and passed to the next, and so through the class, until the last scholar—a little fellow—spelled the word, and went "up to the head," passing above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. The teacher then turned around and wrote the word on the blackboard, so they could all see it. No sooner had she written the word out than the little boy at the head exclaimed, "O! I didn't say so, Miss W.; I said *e* instead of *i*." And he walked to the foot again quicker than he went to the head.

That boy was an honest boy who would not take credit that did not belong to him. How much more honourable he was, and how much happier he felt at the foot of the class than at the head when he knew

he did not belong there. An *e* instead of an *i* does not seem to be much, but honesty instead of trickery, and honesty instead of falsehood, is a great deal in a boy or in a man.

A HUBBUB IN FACE-TOWN.

THE first to notice anything wrong was neighbour Nose, who, living just across the street, and on a hill, couldn't help seeing that there was something awful going on over the way.

So he called to Mr. Chin, who lives on the edge of the town, just back, to look and see; and Chin declares that he could scarcely see the smooth top of neighbour Nose's head for the frightful actions of the Lips, just between them.

Then the Mistresses Cheek heard the commotion, and, it is said, grew pale with alarm at what they saw, and ran back to the Ears to tell them, causing them to stand on tiptoe to see the dreadful sight.

On the other side of the street Nose blew his trumpet to sound the alarm; Masters Eye were awakened out of a sound sleep by it, and, looking down that way, were horrified to see two strange red objects, just around the corner from Nose, which they had never seen before.

They called to Eyebrows, and they arched themselves to get a better view of the startling sight, while Forehead wrink

led himself until he almost went into fits over it; and it is said that a number of Hairs wanted to stand straight up, so that they could look over at the frightful doings in Face-town, which no one could explain or understand, until the Tongue came out of his door, through two rows of little white, scared Teeth, and told them not to be alarmed, it was only their little mistress *pouting*—*Our Morning Guide*.

THE HUMBLE TEACHER.

A LITTLE violet grew down in a deep dell, beautiful for its fragrance, beautiful for its trust. It was shut in by high banks so that it saw naught of what was passing in the great world around it. It could only look up to the blue sky so far above its head, which the tall banks on each side seemed almost to touch, and trust.

"I am only a little thing," it would say, "but I do what I can." And it sent its fragrance far and near, so that passers-by easily found it, though it was small. They loved it for its beauty and sought it for its fragrance. Day after day it used its one little talent till it seemed multiplied tenfold. All the summer it grew and blossomed, and when it died people said, "We miss the fragrant life of the little violet and the lesson of trust it taught us."

A PLEA FOR FUN.

A LITTLE simple fun, if it has no sharp stings of discomfort about it, makes home delightful to the small people, and although older ones are not so willing to show their enjoyment of it, there is good evidence that it does them good. Living is serious business; death, with all its solemnity, is at our neighbour's door, and, perhaps, at ours, and there is no time for unseemly trifling; but because every power of our nature, every energy of body, and mind, and spirit, are demanded for the task given us, we are bound to take all the helps which are mercifully provided to enable us to make the best use of our powers and our energies. To cut off humour from our lives is to cripple us in the race; to allow us no "fun" is to deprive us of a needed food.

THE BABY BIRDS.

LUCY, a mite of a girl, roaming around the orchard with her brother Tom one day in June, found a nest with some very young birds in it. "O mamma!" she exclaimed, running in, "there's a nest out there in the apple tree, and it's got a whole lot of baby birds in it, and the birds haven't any leaves on 'em."