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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1888

[No. 1

ME AND MY DOG.

This little lad wishes to make our young folks' acquaintance, and is also anxious that his very dear friend and playmate should not stand in the background, but should have a large share in their notice. Doggie seems likely to come in for this, sure enough, for he is so well placed that he really makes the most conspicuous figure in the picture. Animals are good play-fellows, and faithful friends in their way, if used kindly; but if maltreated they know, too, how to make due response. Kindness to inferiors, whether of the higher or lower creation, is an amiable characteristic, and one which should be carefully cultivated. It is the close ally of superior qualities, and wherever present indicates a really good heart.

FEARLESS

THINK for a moment why it was that our Lord Jesus was so fearless in the storm.

(Mark iv. 35-41.) I do not know whether any of you were ever at sea in a storm, but you can easily understand that it is one of those times when the courage of most people



ME AND MY DOG.

turns into terror. The boatmen who were with Jesus, and who were much more accustomed to the water than he, were afraid and stricken with terror. Yet Jesus

So he began to plunge and kick, and soon the boys were flying up in the air. But they soon came down again. I think they will not tease the calf again.

was perfectly fearless. If we are about our duty, we may be quite sure that God will protect us until our work is done, just as much as if we were in the boat with Jesus. All Christians are in the hands of God, and under the protection of God as these men were in the boat. The fact that Jesus is not with us in body makes no difference. He is with us still, and he protects us still. Only it is for God's glory if we are to die or suffer, and when that time comes, we shall not fear to die if we trust God. We shall not be afraid to meet the storm, even though the storm should wreck our body. We are in God's arms.

THE WRONG PONY.

JAMES and Harry thought they were going to have some nice sport. They took John's saddle and put it on a large calf. Then they both got on its back at once. The calf did not like to be used for a horse.

CHASING THE BROOK

' Stop, stop, pretty water !'

Said *Mary* one day,

To a frolicsome brook

That was running away.

' You run on so fast'

I wish you would stay;

My boat and my flowers

You will carry away.

" But I will run after;

Mother says that I may;

For I would know where

You are running away."

So *Mary* ran on;

But I have heard say

That she never could find

Where the brook ran away.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

"I'VE TRIED NOT TO GET ANGRY."

THESE six words, dropped from tender lips long years ago, have been to me a daily sermon. At the close of the lesson one Sabbath morning I said to the members of my class: "Let us each try this week and see if we can do any good or get any good." The following Sabbath morning, at the hour for Sunday-school, we were in our places. The lesson was read and discussed, when, recalling the parting words of the previous week, I asked the question: "Have we?" And a sweet child-voice from the corner answered: "I think I have."

"What have you done, Lottia?"

Lifting her tender blue eyes to mine, she answered in a timid, gentle voice: "I've tried not to get angry."

Dear little motherless one, struggling with the daily temptations and besetments, recognizing possibly her hastiness as one of

her sins, she had been striving to overcome and learn the true meaning of the Christ spirit. Little did she dream that her teacher was gaining a lesson that would never be forgotten.

Ah! impatient ones, ye who indulge in unkind words, in harsh rebukes, in hot tempers and unruly passions, take the six words into your soul; as a warning-bell let them chime day by day: "I've tried not to get angry."

JESUS KNOWS.

A LITTLE boy was sent very quickly for the doctor for his little baby brother, who was very sick. After 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.

THE NAME OF THE WOLF.

ROSALIE and Ben had never been to the country in their lives before last summer.

And how glad papa was to be able to send mamma and them and Baby Bess away from the glaring, dusty days, and the baking, smothering nights, out to the shady woods and the wide grass-fields!

The woods east of the farm-house were as safe as could be, but still mamma, with her city ideas, was timid about their venturing too far in.

"Don't cross the brook, chickies," she said to them every morning, when they left the farm-house door.

"Oh, mother, we could cross it just as easy," said Ben, in a coaxing tone.

"But you must not," said the mother, positively.

"Not for anything?"

"Not for anything;" and that was the end of the matter.

Not quite the end, either. That brook was a great temptation, and Ben several times suggested happenings that might make it right for them to cross it.

One day a rain-storm came up suddenly before the little folks under the trees had noticed the cloud. "Now, Rosalie," said Ben, "we must run across the brook and get inside the shed, or we'll get wet."

They started on a run, but neither little conscience felt easy, for they knew they were disobeying mamma. Just as they got to the edge of the water a very fierce flash

came, followed by a roll of thunder. Rosalie stopped short: "Oh, Ben," she said, "that sounds like God was telling us not to do it."

So they did not cross. Ben tucked his sister's red shawl up over her head, and they stood close together under a large tree. In a few minutes Farmer Brown's coloured man found them, and with umbrella and wraps hurried them home.

"My dear little Red Ridinghood," said mamma, taking off the wet shawl while Rosalie told about their not crossing the brook, "you met your wolf in the woods after all, and I am so glad you refused to follow him!"

"What wolf, mamma?"

"His name was Disobedience," said mamma, smiling.

NOT AFRAID.

MAMMA is reading to her little ones from the Bible. The story is about a man named Jacob, who once saw a ladder that reached up to heaven. He saw God above the ladder, and angels going up and down on it. "My! That was a tall ladder!" said Gertie. "Guess it was. I'd be afraid to go up so tall a ladder—wouldn't you?" asked Renie. Gertie thought a minute, and then she said: "No, I don't think I would have been afraid—at any rate, not if God held the top."

Dear little Gertie! She knew that if God held the ladder, it would be safe and strong. We can go anywhere that God leads us. If he holds our hands, we shall always be led in the right way.

We should all of us trust God, just as little Gertie did. Our life is like a ladder. Each day is a round. Be sure that God holds the top.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl, whose papa is a minister, liked very much to play at the water-pail, which stood upon a low bench where she could reach it. It was thought best not to remove it, but to teach her not to touch it there. More than once her chubby fingers had been "snapped" because of their naughty trick. At two years old she went with grandma to church. She listened very quietly. On returning, some one said, "Well, so you have been to church?" "Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?" "Yes." "And what did he say?" "O—he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—not play in 'e water-pail!" Dear baby! she had heard to better purpose than many an older listener.

MORNING SONG FOR BABY.

While darkness and dangers
Around you were spread,
The holy white angels
Watched over your bed.

No sickness has touched you,
No pain marred your sleep;
No trouble, no terror,
Has caused you to weep.

In mother-arms folded
Sleep stole you away;
By mother-smile greeted
Comes in the new day.

O dear little baby,
We pray God to keep
Your life from all harm
When you wake, when you sleep—

These soft hands from evil,
These pink feet from slips,
Ears dull to vile stories,
And clean these sweet lips.

And when in the last sleep
Your life slips away,
May God's smile upon you
Bring in the new day.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON IV.** [Oct. 28
THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Josh. 6. 1-16. *Commit to memory vs. 15, 16.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down,
after they were compassed about seven days.
Heb. 11. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Besieged City.
1. The Lord's Host.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What city was near the camp of the Israelites? Jericho.
What had the people of Jericho done? Shut up their city.
Why did they do this? To keep the Israelites out.
What did the Lord tell Joshua? That he had given him the city.
What did the Lord give Joshua? Directions how to take the city.
What did Joshua then tell the people to do? To surround the city.
Who were the first in the procession? The soldiers.
Who followed? Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets.

What followed them? The ark of the Lord.

How many times did they march around the city? Once a day during six days.

How many times on the seventh day? Seven times.

What did the priests do the seventh time? They blew the trumpets.

What did Joshua then tell the people to do? To shout.

What followed? The wall fell down flat.

Who caused the wall to fall down? The Lord.

What part had the Israelites to do? Their part was to obey the Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

What is the name of your walled city?
Pride? Self-will?
Ill-temper? Selfishness?
God can make the wall fall down. Ask him how to "take the city," and do just as he bids you.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Triumphs of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego? Three young Israelites who, because they would not worship an image, were cast into a fiery furnace, but yet were not burned.

Who was the Virgin Mary? The mother of Jesus.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON V.** [Nov. 4

DEFEAT AT AI.

Josh. 7. 1-12. *Commit to mem. vs 1-12.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies,
and not to covetousness. Psa. 119. 36.

OUTLINE.

1. The Defeated Army.
2. The Despairing Cry.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What warning was given to the Israelites when they took Jericho? Not to take the silver and gold for themselves.
Did all obey? One man disobeyed.
What was his name? Achan.
Did Joshua know Achan's sin? Not at first.
What small city was near Jericho? Ai.
What did the Israelites think? That they could easily take it.
How many men went to take it? Three thousand.
What happened? They were defeated.
Why did this trouble Joshua? He knew that God must be angry with them.
What did the Lord show Joshua? That there was sin in the camp.

What had this caused? Lack of faith and fear.

When do our enemies always defeat us? When God is not on our side.

What did the Lord tell Joshua to do? To search out the sin and destroy it.

What is the penalty of sin? Death.

What is the gift of God? Eternal life.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Answer to yourself—

Is it true that sin is the accursed thing? Do I love it?

Am I in danger of being destroyed?

Do I really believe God's word about this? "The soul that sinneth it shall die."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The consequences of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who were the Jews? The children of Israel, whom God chose for his own people.

Who were the Gentiles? All nations besides the Jews.

ACQUAINTED.

It is a very simple process for children to become acquainted with each other, if they are left to their own devices. This is the way it comes to pass:

"Why, I did not know that you and that little girl had got acquainted yet," said a Roxbury father to his six-year-old son, who came in from a walk on the adjoining lawn with the tiny daughter of the next door neighbour.

"Yes, Clara and I have been 'quainted lots of days," said the very small boy.

"What did you say to her first?" asked the father.

"O! Clara spoke to me first. She came down by the chicken-house, and asked me how many prayers I say nights, and I told her; and then I asked her how many prayers she says, and she told me; and then we were 'quainted.'

SETTLING A DISPUTE.

Two kittens had a dispute over two pieces of money. One piece was yellow and the other was white. The money was a prize for catching a large rat. "I want the white piece," said one. "I am going to have it," said the other. Soon they grew angry, and called each other hard names, and slapped each other's faces. Then the third kitten said, "I will take the pieces in my closed hands. Then I will shut my eyes, and hand one piece to one, and the other piece to the other." To this they agreed. So the money was divided, the dispute settled, and the kittens were friends again.



A RUSSIAN HOUSE

A RUSSIAN HOUSE

RUSSIA is a far-away country. The people dress strangely, and have odd-looking buildings. A great many of our furs come from Russia, as there are many animals there which have thick, fine fur on them. For part of the country is very cold, and God has given them these for covering to keep them warm and comfortable. How good God is to all of his creatures! We cannot be too thankful to one who is so kind.

BROWN BEARS.

THE brown bear is not at all a bad-tempered animal by nature, and seldom attacks people unless driven by hunger. It will then even face the fires which are burned around camps to keep off wild beasts. In the olden times bears were led about the country, dancing and performing tricks of various kinds, but when it was discovered that the dancing was the result of the bears being placed on a hot floor, the performance was forbidden. A bear was found one Sunday at Potter's Bar, near London, by a policeman. He promptly took Bruin in charge, and learned on inquiry that the poor creature had been led from place to place by some men who gained their living by his dancing. One bright morning he made his escape, and is now happily housed in the Zoological Gardens. Numbers of tales have been told of bears, most of them going to prove that they are not so bad if kindly used, though very few people would care to be hugged by one.

CUSTER'S MISTAKE.

THERE was quite a party of young folks at Seaside Home last summer, and among them a little boy named Custer who was slightly lame. He did not use crutches, but, as one leg was a trifle shorter than the other, he walked with a hobble.

This made him very shy and sensitive: he thought that everybody who looked at him was taking notice of his awkwardness and perhaps laughing at him. One day he saw some of the other children whispering together and looking toward him, and it made him very angry and miserable. He caught up his bucket and spade and went off to a lonely part of the beach, and could not be persuaded to join the company of little well-diggers again that day.

"They were laughing at me, I know they were, they are unkind. I will not go near them again," said Custer, hot tears dropping from his eyes.

But the next morning the whole merry crowd came round him after breakfast. "A happy birthday to you, and many happy returns!" they cried.

"Why, how did you know it was my birthday?" he said in surprise.

"Oh, a little bird told us, and we have planned a birthday sail and picnic for you," laughed the merry children; "so come along."

And that was what they were whispering about! This happy day made Custer determine that he would try in future to have in his heart sweet charity which "thinketh no evil."

GOOD-NIGHT.

"NIGHT is not good, mamma!
I love the shining light,
The merry, singing birds,
And our red roses bright:
Why do you say good night?"

Red roses droop, my child,
Beneath the shining sun;
Bright birds that sing at morn
Swiftly, when the day is done,
Seek their still nests, each one.

Night brings the cooling dew
To grass and flower and tree—
Brings rest to beast and bird,
Sweet sleep to you and me,
And all on land or sea.

And so, to all that live,
We love to say, "Good-night."
O may it bring to you
Sweet dreams of all things bright.
Good night, my child, good night!

ROB AND HIS ORANGE.

WHEN I saw Rob peeling his orange, I thought to myself, "I wonder what he will do with it?" For I knew that he did not often have oranges, and that his little sister did not have one now. What do you think he did? When it was all nicely peeled he broke it: exactly in half, and gave his sister one piece. He might have eaten it all, because his sister did not even know that he had it until he called her to give her part; but he was too generous a boy for that. I think he will grow up to be a kind and generous man, and one whom God will love and man will honour.

GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

HONOUR thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee; that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee." (Deut. v. 16.)

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck." (Prov. i. 8. 9.)

"A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." (Prov. x. 1.)

"For God commanded, saying, Honour thy father and mother; and, he that curseth father or mother, let him die the death." (Matt. xv. 4.)

"Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." (Col. iii. 20.)

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." (Eph. vi. 1.)