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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1889.

[No. 17.]

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.

"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 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 or straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out



TWO FRIENDS.

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

heard of a cure from smoking?" continued the old lady, when she had regained consciousness.

"Oh, yes; I did," persisted the boy, as he

little heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.

CURING HIM- SELF.

"You'll be a man before your mother," used to be said to boys who were a trifle too smart. The stripling who paraded himself in the scene below was rather worsted by somebody else's mother.

"Don't you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?" said an elderly-looking lady, in a railway waiting-room, to Young America, who persisted in puffing a cheap cigarette, much to the old lady's discomfort.

"Oh, I smoke for my health," answered the boy, emitting a volume of smoke from his mouth which almost strangled the old lady.

"But you never

formed his mouth into a yowl, Vesuvius working on full time: "that's the way they cure plgs."

"Smoke on, then," quickly replied the old lady; "There's some hope for you yet!"

WEEDS.

"LIGHTS and slights of weeds are growing;
All the garden, 'most, needs hoeing;
In the corn the grass is thick,
And the burdocks grow so quick.
First, you know, they're big and tall,
If you let them start at all.

That's the way, my little man,
Dig the weeds up while you can;
After them with hoe and rake,
So good plants their place may take.
Surly thoughts are weeds, you know;
Kill them quick, so love can grow.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1889.

WHAT WE MUST THANK GOD FOR.

I AM sure, my dear little people, that you and I have more that we ought to thank God for than we can possibly think about. I will tell you a true story that, may-be, will help us to remember some of the things.

Once a number of ministers were to meet at a certain place in the country. To get there, they rode on horseback over a very rough road among the mountains; and sometimes by deep and dangerous cliffs, when they came together, one man said: "I have a great deal to bless the Lord for. My horse stumbled and we came very near falling down the mountain side. But the Lord kept us, so that we were not hurt. I thank and bless the Lord for it."

Then another man said: "I have more to thank the Lord for than that." So they all thought to hear of a still more narrow escape; and they asked him what it was. He said: "The Lord did not let my horse even stumble."

I am afraid, dear children, we sometimes don't think about it when the Lord keeps us from accidents, or harm of any kind. Let us remember this man, and what he had to be thankful for.

The Apostle Paul tells us that we ought "in everything to give thanks."

BERRY AND THE ECHO.

BY ALICE W.

BERRY was a very sweet little boy, who lived with his parents in one of the beautiful wooded valleys of Tennessee. He had no little brother or sister, and there were no other children living near him, so he had to play by himself when mamma was busy.

One day Berry was in the woods playing he was "Jack the Giant-killer," and as he grasped his imaginary golden hen he gave a merry, ringing laugh. He had hardly finished his laugh when he heard it repeated, as he thought, by some one close to him. He looked all round, but could see no one.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" came the answer.

"Who are you?" called Berry.

Berry was getting angry now, for he thought some one was making fun of him, and you know little boys never like to be made fun of.

"I hate you!" he said vehemently.

"I hate you!" came the answer just as vehemently.

Berry clinched his little hands and stamped his foot as he cried, "I'll whip you!"

"I'll whip you!" said the other voice, with exactly the same expression as his own.

Of course Berry could not whip a person whom he could not see, so he ran into the house to tell mamma that there was a naughty little boy in the woods who said he hated him and would whip him. Mamma at once saw the secret.

"Now, darling," she said, as she kissed the flushed, angry face of her little boy, "go back again into the woods, and call out to the little boy that you love him."

So Berry ran back, and stood in the very same place where he had been standing before, and called out very loud, but with the angry ring all gone out of his voice, "I love you!"

Immediately came the reply, "I love you!"

Now, I suppose most of my little readers have already discovered the secret that so puzzled Berry. But have you also discovered another secret, which I want you to draw from this incident? Don't you see how nicely this story of the Echo illustrates that beautiful verse which Jesus has given you as a guide through life?—"As ye sow ye shall reap." Don't you know that when Berry gave forth words of hate and anger he received the same again, increased a hundred-fold in strength and volume, as it came back to him from its contact with the surrounding hills and trees? But when his words and tones were those of love, then love was returned to him again, increased a hundred-fold.

Let all the little boys and girls who read this remember that as Berry's voice and tones influenced the echo which was returned to him, so to a greater or less extent will your acts, your words, your walk in life influence the bearing of the world toward yourself. You are just starting in life, and you know not whether the sowing-time will be long or short. Then, let each little boy and each little girl kneel down every morning and ask God to make that day's sowing one of love; for "as ye sow ye shall reap."

BOY LOST!

OH WHAT a sad cry! Every mother-heart trembled as it rung out upon the still air.

It was the boy's body that we feared was lost. Thoughts of the river, of the railroad crossing, of the prowling gypsies in the neighborhood, all rushed into our minds.

And when, after a day of heavy gloom, the news spread through the town that the boy was safe, what joy there was!

Then we thought of the boys that are getting lost all the time, and no one seems to mind! The crowd that you see at the street corners; the boys who saunter along puffing cigarettes; the little fellows who are learning to swear and to fight, and to speak vile words; the boys who think it is manly to treat mother with disrespect—O what an army of such boys is coming on!

Boy lost! Yes, the world is losing boys who ought to be growing into good men. God is losing the strong, true boy-hearts that he values so much.

And the boys are losing—everything!

But there is another army—the fearless, truthful, obedient band, who mean to do right, come what may.

Stick to this army, boys!

THE SPARROWS.

THOU smallest bird that wings the air,
The Master cares for thee;
And, if he cares for one so small,
Will he not care for me?
His eye looks on thee from above,
He notices thy fall;
And, if he cares for such as thee,
Does he not care for all?

He feeds thee in the sweet spring-time,
When skies are bright and blue;
He feeds thee in the autumn-time,
And in the winter too;
He leads thee through the pathless air,
He guides thee in thy flight;
He sees thee in the brightest day,
And in the darkest night.

Oh! if his loving care attends
A bird so mean and small,
Will he not listen to my voice
When unto him I call?
Will he not guide me with his eye,
And lead me by his hand,
And bring me, in his own good time,
Into the heavenly land?

Oh! he who feeds the little birds,
And guides them in their flight,
Will watch above a little child,
And guide her feet aright;
He'll take my feeble hand in his,
And lead me to the skies,
And feed me with the pleasant fruits
That grow in paradise.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1063] LESSON X. [Sept. 1

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 32-51. Commit to mem. vs. 46, 46.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. 8. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul and David, v. 32-39.
2. David and Goliath, v. 40-51.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came again to fight the Israelites? The Philistines.

What great giant was among them? Goliath.

What did he call the Israelites to do? Choose a man to fight with him.

Why were the Israelites frightened? Because they had no one strong enough to fight Goliath.

Who offered to fight the giant? David.
What did Saul say? That David was too young.

What did David tell Saul? That God would give him strength.

What did Saul put upon David? His own armour.

What did David prefer to this? A sling and five small stones.

In whose name did David meet Goliath? In the name of the Lord.

What did he say the Lord would do? Deliver the giant into his hands.

How was Goliath armed? With a sword, and spear, and shield.

What did David throw with his sling? A little stone.

What did the stone do? Smote the giant in the forehead.

Who then took his sword and slew him? David.

What did the Philistines do? They fled.
In whose strength did Goliath trust? In his own.

What does God give to his children who trust him? His own strength.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Questions to Answer to Yourself.

Have you ever met Giant Self-will?
Do you know that he wants to slay you?
Have you used the sling of God's truth?
Do you believe that a little word of God, thrown in faith, will kill him.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23 *May we all hope for this grace?*
Yes, through the Saviour who was promised when our first parents fell into sin.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust in God.

B.C. 1062] LESSON X. [Sept. 8

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. David's Danger, v. 1-3.
2. David's Device, v. 4-8.
3. Jonathan's Oath, v. 9-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was David's true friend? Jonathan, the son of Saul.

Who was David's enemy? King Saul.
Why did Saul hate David? He was jealous of him.

What did David have to do? Flee from Saul.

What did Saul command? That David should be killed.

To whom did David complain? To Jonathan.

What did Jonathan say? That his father would not kill him.

Of what did David convince Jonathan? Of Saul's hatred toward him.

What did Jonathan offer to do for David? Whatever David asked him.

What did David ask him? That he might hide in the field.

What did he want Jonathan to do? To find out whether the king was very angry.

When did Saul expect to see David? The next day at the feast.

What did Jonathan promise to do? To let David know how his father felt.

Why was Jonathan willing to help David? Because he loved him.

What strong, true friend have we? Jesus.
What does Jesus want to do? To save us from our enemy.

Who is the enemy that wants to slay us? Satan.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Jonathan was a True Friend.

Willing to help, self-forgetful, patient, and loving.

Jesus is a Better Friend.

"One there is above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!"

CATECHISM QUESTION.

24 *How may we be saved from sin?*
Only through Jesus Christ; the eternal Son of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Covenant-keeping.

A TRUE CAT STORY.

ONE day a cat who wanted to have a little rest lay down on the sitting-room floor and went to sleep. But something went wrong with a little girl who was in the room, and she began to cry loudly. Kitty stood it a little while, but at last, losing all patience, she walked up to the little girl and gave her a lick on the ear with her paw. The child cried still louder, and pretty soon the impatient cat gave her another blow which nearly knocked her off the little stool upon which she sat. Then the little miss was angry, and catching kitty by the tail she dragged her all around the room! But, had not the cat as good a right to be angry and impatient as the little girl? I hope none of the girls who read this will ever act as cruel as this little girl did.



CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.
(Read JOHN 3. 1-21.)

"NO."

BY ELIZA COOK,

Would ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?
Would ye seek to emulate
All ye see in story,
Of the noble, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?
Would ye lose much bitter care
In the world below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "No!"

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Clothed with sceptic grace;
Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out;
Though a thousand dulcet lies,
Keep hovering about,
For be sure our lives would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No!"

ABOUT CRADLES.

BABY ROSE'S WINTER NAP.

LAST fall when the cold frosts came one brave little bud that was trying to be a rose grew quite black and fell off the stem. Very soon the leaves fell too, and the children all said, "This frost has killed the rosebush." They did not know that there were baby-roses snugly sleeping on the old rosebush.

If they had looked closely they would have found tiny little brown cradles, quite different from the one in which Baby Crocus took her winter nap. They were very little and brown, and were made of a good many layers of something like a very thin, tough brown paper. The whole was made snug by these layers being stuck tightly together.

When the weather grew very, very cold the gardener covered Mother Rosebush, Baby Rose, cradle and all with a warm coat of straw.

When the spring sun grew quite warm and Baby Crocus was quite wide awake, the straw was taken off. Then a tiny little green hand was thrust out of each little cradle. Old Mother Rose was kept busy feeding each waking

baby with a kind of juice which she brought up from the ground in some wonderful way. Then the babies grew stronger, and stretched a great many green hands out to the sun and air.

At last, one June morning, a sweet little pink face, all washed in dew, was lifted up, and the children said, "Why, the rosebush is not dead! Here is the sweetest rose that ever was seen."

THE GOLD DISH AND THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS O. A. LACROIX.

AFTER a gentle and refreshing shower had passed over, little Lina went to the window of the sitting-room, and looked with delight at the beautiful colours of the rainbow. "Dear mamma," cried she, suddenly, "is it really true that every time there is a rainbow a golden dish falls from it to the earth, and that only some child that was born on Sunday can find it? Are there, indeed, such playthings as that in the sky; and for what children are they placed there?"

Her mother replied to her thus: "There is no doubt, my child, but that there is a heavenly jewel of so much value that all the wealth of earth may not be compared with it. The children who are to share this jewel, however, have no need specially to be born on Sunday. The only essential condition is, that every day, and at all times, and in all places, they should be as comely, modest, and good in their behaviour as they are in church on the Sabbath. If you seek to be a child of this

character you will soon find this precious jewel."

Lina applied herself diligently to become gentle in heart and pure and good in her conduct, and then every time there was a rainbow she hastened to hunt over the field, under the rainbow, for the gold dish. All the little folks that read this story know as well as I that Lina never found the dish, but in becoming every day more gentle and more virtuous she formed a character ever more and more amiable and lovable to everybody. When she became several years older, and her mind was quite matured, her mother said to her pleasantly one day when there was a rainbow, "Lina, why do you not run to find the gold jewel that has fallen from the bow?"

"Dear mother," said Lina, "when I did that I was a little child, which believed everything without thinking, but now I understand what your words meant. You wished to make me mindful of a treasure more noble and more precious than gold, and which is really the gift of heaven."

"Yes, Lina," replied her mother, "this gift of which I spoke, and which surpasses all the riches of earth, makes man's true happiness. We seek it entirely in vain in the world which is all around us; it is within us, in a pure and good heart, that we must hope to find it."

LEANING ON JESUS.

A LITTLE girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied, quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death.