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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1892.

No. 16.



THE BABY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SAY, CAN YOU COUNT?

SAY, can you count the clouds that fly  
So swift across the dark blue sky?  
Or tell how many a glittering star  
There shines above our heads afar?  
No, none but God can. He doth know  
All things he made, above, below.

Say, can you count up every bird  
Whose merry chirp in spring is heard?  
Or fishes, as they swim, leap, play  
Within the deep seas far away?  
No; God can. He by name doth know  
All things that breathe, above, below.

Say, can you count up every child  
Who, watched by tender mother mild,  
Lays down at night its little head,  
To sleep within its soft, warm bed,  
When said have been its simple prayers?  
God can. He numbers all our hairs.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1892.

TRUE COURAGE.

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is a story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades:

A poor boy was sitting in school one day with a large patch on the knee of one of his trousers. One of his school-mates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggle, if we hope to come out right.

THE BABY.

THE poet Tupper has said, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of delight" Truer words were never uttered; there is something that appeals to all that is best in our natures in the guilelessness, and innocence, and winning ways of childhood. Small wonder that the loving Saviour took them in his arms and blessed them. He must have a cold, hard heart, who does not love the little children. There, angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven.

Our cut is a very clever example of engraving. See how plainly the baby's face and the nurse's fingers show through the veil, and how delicately the embroidery is shown.

"OFFERED IN THE BUD."

A GROUP of happy children had been gathering flowers when one suddenly exclaimed: "Here comes teacher! I'll take her my nose-gay."

Away ran the merry party, and surrounded a lady, who accepted the gifts with a pleasant smile and many words of thanks.

"How rich I am!" she said; "but, my dears, you are all poorer. I have all, you have none."

There was a shy silence amongst the little ones, until one stammered out:

"But we have your smiles!"

Dear child! she understood the pleasure of giving!

"I have only got this," said a tiny little fellow holding out one little bud of a briar rose, "but it is very sweet."

"Bless me, Charlie! would you like me to have it?"

Yes! Charlie would like it, so the lady took it.

"Now," she said, "I am going to sit down and give a very little pleasant talk about flowers, especially about buds."

So the lady took her seat on the mossy bank, and the children threw themselves in various attitudes around her. All eyes were fixed on the smiling countenance of "teacher." Charlie's bud was brought prominently forward, and the lady said:

"Sometime ago a gentleman was addressing a Sunday-school, and he said to the children: 'Most of you have gardens; if walking round them with a

friend you dearly loved, you came to a rose-tree on which were many roses—some full-bloom and ready to drop to pieces, and others beautiful little buds—would you offer your friend the falling blossom or the pretty, fragrant bud? Of course they all said, 'The bud! we would give the bud.' Then the gentleman told them of that dear, good, kind Friend who had loved them so well and so much as to give his life for them; and now he wanted their young lives, their hearts' affections, 'in the bud,' my dear children. And there was some to whom this incident was told who decided to give to Jesus their youngest days. And now, my dear children," continued the lady, "tell me why buds are more acceptable than full-blown flowers?" There were sundry shy looks amongst the little ones, but at length came the answers:

"They last longer," said one.

"You can watch them open," said a second.

"They may fade," said a thoughtful boy "but they never fall if they are gathered in the bud."

Then the lady let them learn to sing the following lines:

"When we devote our youth to God.

'Tis pleasing in his eyes;

A flower when offered in the bud

Is no vain sacrifice"

All now rose from the grass, and in a few words, simple and child-like, the lady asked the dear Jesus to take all the "Buds" and give in return his smile. She went away caressing the bud of Charlie's briar rose.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boy. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have close attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "There is J. Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him and if I see him look off his book I'll tell it was not long before I saw Joe look at his book, and immediately I informed the master."

"Indeed," said he, "How did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again.

A HAPPY TRIO.

I go to school and try to read,  
 And some day or other I shall succeed.  
 But now I can only spell "a-t, at."  
 And (if there's a picture) "c-a-t, cat!"  
 But Sissie can read, and she reads to me  
 And Dolly, it's all in the picture, you see!  
 That picture was drawn on the very day  
 When Cousin Dolly came here to stay.  
 That was the day when we had the feast,  
 And Sissie read "Beauty and the Beast,"  
 And we played at hide-and-seek in the  
 wood,  
 And even the little ones all were good.  
 And we stayed up late, and had cake and  
 buns—  
 Yes, all of us, even the little ones;  
 And we went to bed quite happy and gay—  
 We didn't know what was coming next  
 day.  
 Next day we were all as cross as could  
 be—  
 We quarrelled and squabbled from break-  
 fast till tea;  
 And mother said, "It's perfectly plain  
 You mustn't sit up so late again!"  
 So now we're always in bed by eight,  
 And we never ask to sit up late;  
 And Sissie reads to us every night—  
 She'll read this rhyme if it's printed right.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A.D. 20.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 14.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA

Acts 5. 1-11 Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked;  
 for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall  
 he also reap"—Gal. 6. 7.

What did some of the disciples do with  
 their lands? They sold them, and gave  
 the money to the apostles.

To whom did the apostles give it? To  
 those who were sick or needy.

Did the disciples have to do this? No;  
 they wished to do it, because they loved  
 Jesus.

Does Jesus make us unselfish and  
 thoughtful for other people? Yes, if  
 we truly love him.

What names are given of two who sold  
 lands? Ananias and Sapphira.

What did they do with the money?  
 They brought part to Peter, and kept part  
 themselves.

Was this wrong? No, the money was  
 theirs to keep or give away.

What wicked thing did they do? They  
 pretended they had brought the whole.

What for? They wanted to appear very  
 good and generous.

When Ananias brought the money what  
 did Peter say to him? "Thou hast not  
 lied unto men but unto God."

What happened to him? He fell down  
 dead.

Who came in a little later? His wife,  
 Sapphira.

Did she tell a lie too? Yes, she said they  
 had brought all the price of the land.

Was she punished? Yes, she fell dead  
 as her husband had done.

Does God hate lying now just as much  
 as he did then?

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was St Paul? The apostle who  
 was first a persecutor but afterwards  
 the great preacher of the gospel to the  
 Gentiles.

Who was Dorcas? A good woman who  
 made clothes for the poor, and who was  
 raised from death.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VIII [Aug 21

THE APOSTLES PERSECUTED

Acts 5 25-41. Memory verses, 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"We ought to obey God rather than  
 men."—Acts 5. 29.

What did the apostles keep on doing?  
 Preaching about Jesus and doing won-  
 derful works.

Did many people become Jesus' dis-  
 ciples? Yes, every day more and more  
 people believed in Jesus.

What did the priests and rulers do?  
 They put the apostles in prison again.

When the officers went for the prison-  
 ers, what did they find? The doors locked,  
 the guard standing outside, and the prison  
 empty.

Who had opened the doors in the night?  
 The angel of the Lord.

Where were the apostles? In the tem-  
 ple preaching.

When they were brought before the  
 council what did the high priest ask? Why  
 they had not obeyed him.

What did they answer? [Repeat the  
 Golden Text]

What else did they say? That God  
 raised up Jesus, whom these very men had

crucified, and that they were his wit-  
 nesses.

What did the rulers want to do? To kill  
 the apostles.

What did Gamaliel advise them? To  
 let them alone, for perhaps God had really  
 sent them.

Did the rulers do as he said? Yes; they  
 beat the apostles and told them not to  
 speak about Jesus any more, and then they  
 let them go.

Did the apostles go away sad? No;  
 they went away rejoicing because God let  
 them suffer for Jesus' sake.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Cornelius? A devout Gentile  
 soldier, to whom St Peter was sent to  
 preach the gospel.

Who was Lydia? A devout woman  
 whose heart the Lord opened when St.  
 Paul preached.

POOR POLLY.

POOR POLLY! Unhappy dolly! Be-  
 tween Jack and Jerry it looks as if there  
 would soon be an end of her. Madge, her  
 little owner, had set her against the wall  
 while she went herself to get some bright  
 leaves. Then the dogs came along.

"Sniff, sniff," went Jack; "Bow-wow,"  
 said Jerry, and both jumped at Polly.

Jack caught her arm, Jerry the skirt of  
 her dress, and neither would let go.  
 Madge stood helpless, feeling that she  
 could not bear to look that way, and see  
 her dolly torn to pieces.

Just then a big boy came along. Madge  
 had seen him before, and had been afraid  
 of him, he seemed so rough. But now he  
 looked over the fence and saw her trouble.

"Hi there," he shouted to the dogs, in a  
 very loud voice; and with a stick he held  
 he struck at them till they dropped Polly  
 and ran off.

"Now take your baby-doll," he said  
 kindly, and Madge picked up Polly and  
 shyly said, "Thank you."

Polly was not hurt much. Jerry's  
 teeth had gone through her dress, though,  
 and Madge ran in to get sister Mary to  
 mend it, and then she told her the whole  
 story.

"I thought that boy was not nice," said  
 the little girl, "but he was good, wasn't  
 he? though he did wear ugly clothes."

"Yes, indeed," said the big sister; "you  
 can't tell how people will act from the  
 clothes they wear. Better wait, little  
 maid, and not make up your mind about  
 people till you see what they will do; it  
 does not matter much what they have on."



GUINEA-PIGS.

## GUINEA-PIGS.

THESE are cunning little animals. One might readily mistake them for young rabbits, from which they entirely differ. Their true name is the Cavy, or Common Cavy, though they are frequently known as the Restless Cavy. They have been known in Europe as the pet and plaything of children ever since the discovery of America. How they got the name of Guinea-pig is not known, as they are not natives of Guinea, neither are they nearly related to pigs.

## SEEKING THE LIGHT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

"O PAPA!" It was master Fred's voice. It was not a cry of alarm or distress, but one of intense surprise. Mr. Darroll descended the steps which led into the cellar, and saw his son staring at a long, frail, whitish-yellow vine that had clambered across the floor.

"What is it, papa?" asked Fred. "And where did it come from?"

"We'll soon see," replied the father.

He lit a match, and followed the vine to a dark corner; and Fred saw that it had grown out of a half-decayed potato.

"Why that's queer, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is not unusual," rejoined his father; "the vine simply obeyed a law of its nature. In what direction did it creep?"

"Toward the collar window," Fred said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Attracted by what?" asked the father. "To find what?"

"Sunshine, I guess," was Fred's answer.

"Yes, my son. And see with what persistency it sought the light! The fireplace was in its way, and it crept around it; the vinegar-barrel was an obstruction, and it crept over it. Now let us examine the end of the vine."

As he spoke, he led the way to the window.

"See," he said. "It has put out leaves at the point; and the ends of the leaves are tinged with a delicate green, a tint and vigour absorbed from the sunlight, which will grow greener and stronger every day. If you turned the vine away from the window, and came to look at it to-morrow, you would find that it had set out for the light again."

"Would it?" asked Fred, almost incredulously.

"Yes, my boy; I have tried the experiment. What does the plant seem to desire most?"

"Light," replied Fred.

"And what inference can be drawn from that?"

Fred debated a moment. "That light is essential to life," he said, "that we need sunshine as well as the plants."

"But there is a spiritual significance," his father gravely remarked.

A thoughtful look came into Fred's face, "I know what you mean, papa," he said: "our spiritual nature needs light."

"Or we will not grow," added his father.

## SUMMER'S SERMON.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

SING a song for summer time,  
Happy, merry days!  
When all nature seems to be  
Itunning o'er with praise  
To the Giver of all good,  
All things fair and light,  
All things beautiful, that make  
Living a delight.

Nothing in the meadow grows—  
Be it e'er so wide—  
Which cannot our every thought  
To the dear Lord guide.  
Nothing blossoms, nothing blooms,  
Be it large or small,  
Which does not the glory give  
To the Lord of all.

Every little running brook,  
Every lake and sea  
Sings and tells the love of God  
Given us so free.  
Sun and shadow in the sky,  
Come they as they may,  
Yet but teach the loving care  
Of our Lord each day.

Happy, merry summer time!  
How it loves to show  
All the dear Lord's gifts to man  
On this earth below!  
With the summer birds we sing  
Willing songs of praise.  
May our hearts for Jesus grow  
With the summer days.

## A WISE BIRD.

A CAPTAIN of a vessel had a canary which was much attached to him, and was so tame he would frequently come and perch on the captain's hand or head.

One day the captain had company at dinner; the cage door was open, and the bird, after flying around the room, came and perched on the head of the captain.

The party were drinking wine, and the captain held up his glass; when the bird hopped on the edge of it and drank some of the wine. The little creature soon felt the effects, and returned to his home completely intoxicated.

The sight of the little bird, fluttering and staggering about drunk, was such an amusing thing to them, that in a few days the captain tried to do the same thing again, but the bird, remembering what he had suffered before, would not taste, but flew back to his cage.

How much better it would be if men, who are wiser and ought to be better, would profit by the example of the canary.