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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

[No. 21.]

## "WHAT QUEER THING IS THIS?"

THERE were three little pups, Tip, Nip, and Grip. They had not seen much of the world, and so, one day when a tortoise came in sight, they did not know what to make of it.

Grip barked, and I think, if we could have understood dog-language, we should have heard him say, "Look here, boys, and tell me if you can, what queer thing this is."

Tip and Nip ran out of their kennel, and at first were dumb with wonder. What could it be? It had a head, and it could move along the ground; but where were its legs? and where was its tail? and what did it have on its back?

Tip put out his paw, as if to strike the queer thing, but Nip, who was a coward, kept in a safe place, behind Grip, and said by his faint little bark, "Oh, don't touch it! It may bite, you know." And Tip did not dare to touch it.

Grip looked very fiercely at the strange object, and showed all the teeth that he had; but the strange object did not seem to be a bit afraid. If he had only run away, all three of the pups would have run after it; but it came slowly on, and, as it drew nearer, Tip, Nip, and

Grip were all panic-stricken, and ran back into the kennel.

By-and-by they ventured out again, and Grip put out his paw to touch the head of the 'queer thing,' when, all of a sudden, the head was gone.

This was too much for Grip, Tip, and Nip. They all ran howling into the kennel, and did not come out again till no trace of the "queer thing" could be seen. And yet it was but a tortoise, and could not have hurt them, nor could they have hurt it.

—Uw's Charles.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A poor little news-boy, while attempting to jump from a car the other day, fell beneath it, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called for his mother, and a messenger was sent for her. "Mother," whispered the dying boy, when she came, "I sold four papers, and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of Death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten.



"WHAT QUEER LITTLE THING IS THIS?"

## QUEER DOLLIES.

BENEATH the shade  
An oak-tree made,  
Upon a summer-day,  
Three little girls  
Played party once—  
A merry three were they.

Sweet blue-eyed Sue,  
And brown-haired Prue,  
And pretty winsome Bess.  
But what they had  
For dolls, I'm sure  
You'd never guess.

Prue had a funny yellow squash,  
And Sue a two-legged beet,  
And Bess an ear of corn, my dear,  
Which like herself was sweet.

—Babyland.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

## TRUST.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!! never!!!

## THE ECHO-BOY.

A LITTLE boy went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho.' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head.' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you say to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

## "ROCK-A-BYE BABY ON THE TREE-TOP."

ONE day last Summer, down in Texas, there was a fearful storm. It was a wind-storm. The wind was so strong that it carried roofs of houses, and such things, a great way.

When it was over, some men set out to follow the track of the storm. One of them told this true story. They thought they might find things that the wind had dropped; and they might find some one hurt and in need of help.

It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listen. They heard the cry again; and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree.

"It is a panther!" said one. "Stand off! I will shoot!"

"No; stop!" said another; "it is not a panther. I will climb up and see what it is."

Up he went; and what do you think he found, lodged in the tree?

A cradle with a dear little baby in it. The fearful wind had blown down the baby's home. It had carried off baby, cradle, and

all. The cradle was caught by a branch of the high tree.

Then the wind blew against it so hard that the cradle was wedged in a crotch of the tree. It was so fast that the men had to saw away the boughs to get it down.

There was the dear baby, all safe and sound, in its cradle nest. No one knew where the baby's friends were, or where its home had been. The men carried it to the home, and a kind woman took care of it.

Are you not glad that the poor little baby was saved in the tree? If the cradle had fallen to the ground, you know, the little one might have been killed. Was it not a good thing that the men heard the baby cry?—*Our Little Ones.*

## A LITTLE BOY WANTS.

*First Year.*

He wants a merry rattle,  
He wants a rubber ring,  
He wants a dainty swing-crib,  
He wants mamma to sing.

*Second Year.*

He wants a baby dolly,  
He wants to dig for shells,  
He wants a penny trumpet,  
He wants a string of bells.

*Third Year.*

He wants some blocks for building.  
He wants a horse on wheels,  
He wants a little waggon,  
To fill with empty reels.

*Fourth Year.*

He wants a sword and pistol,  
He wants a fife and drum,  
He wants some books with pictures,  
Bo-peep and Brave Tom Thumb.

*Fifth Year.*

He wants a cap and muffler,  
He wants some mittens red.  
He wants to skate on rollers,  
He wants to own a sled.

*Sixth Year.*

He wants big boots like father's,  
He wants "v'lossipede,"  
He wants a slate and pencil,  
He wants to learn to read.

*Seventh Year.*

He wants a goat and carriage,  
And just a few things more—  
Wait, wait and see what Santa Claus  
Can spare from out his store.

HE lives long that lives well, and his mis-spent is not lived but lost.



"SAY, BROOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT BOY?"

JOHNNY was a country boy,—a bright, merry lad, with a round full face, and cheeks as rosy as health and plenty of sweet air could make them. But it happened that one sad day the little fellow and his mother were obliged to leave their country home, and come to the city to find work.

Johnny thought he could earn a good deal for his mother, and was much grieved as the days went by, and there seemed nothing for so small a boy to do. But at last he decided to try his luck as a crossing-sweeper. He thought it would be very nice to hold out his hand, and have cents dropped in it by kind people who were passing through the street.

So he got a broom,—it was ever so much too big for a boy of his size; but that didn't seem to disturb him,—and took his stand, one bright morning, at the muddiest crossing he could find near his home. He had never done that kind of work before: so, of course, it took him a long while to drag the heavy broom over the stones, and he made rather a poor job of it after all.

A few ladies smiled at him, and dropped cents into his hand, although the crossing was not much improved by his sweeping. But the boys made fun of him, and called out loudly, "Hi, broom! where are you going with that boy?" and made other jokes very annoying to poor little Johnny.

It was not long afterwards that I was passing, and, noticing the sad expression of his face, stopped to talk with him. Then he told me all I have written here, and con-

sented to have a picture made of him and his broom.

He tells me that he earns the most money on rainy days, and crossing-sweepers always rejoice after a heavy rain. He is learning the business quite nicely now.—*Mary D. Brine.*

#### "I WISH HE HAD LIVED."

A BURLY big driver of a coal cart, the other day, backed his vehicle up to the alley gate of an old house in Detroit, to dump out half a ton of coal, when some children came out of the side door, and the driver beckoned them near and said:

"Last time I was here, one of the wheels crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of you. I heard a great crying out, but I can't be stopping to look out for dogs on the street."

The children made no reply, but as they watched him unload the cart they wondered if he had little children of his own, and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He may have felt the burden of their thoughts, for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and being as I knew I was coming up, I brought along an orange to give to the child who owned the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy, in that house there," answered a girl. "It was all the dog he ever had, and when you killed it he cried himself almost to death. He didn't never have any plaything but that little dog."

"And will you take him this orange?"

"I can't, sir, 'cos he's dead, and they're coming to take him to the graveyard pretty soon."

The driver looked up and down, seemed to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to the other house. The little coffin and its burden was in the front room, and two or three old women were wiping away their tears and talking in low tones. The driver put his hand on the closed coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't know he was lame and sick. God forgive me if I made sorrow for him!"

The vehicle sent to convey the body to the cemetery, drove up at that moment, and the burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he could ask. I can do nothing now but carry him softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and his lips quivering, and when he had placed

it in the vehicle, he looked up at the driver in a beseeching way and whispered:

"Drive slow! drive slow! he was a poor little lame boy!"

The driver wondered, but he moved away slowly, and the coal cartman stood in the centre of the street, and anxiously watched till he was off the cobble-stones. Then as he turned to his own vehicle, he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wish he had lived to forgive me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### OUR BABY.

Two little shoes

Out at the toes,

Trotting about

Where'er mother goes;

Soiled gingham dress,

Put on just now—

They do get so dirty,

No one knows how;

Little black face,

Black each wee hand—

Been making mud pies,

And playing in the sand;

Dear precious head,

Tousled and rough;

Bright laughing eyes,

Can't see enough;

This is our baby

All day.

Two little feet,

Rosy and bare;

Two chubby hands,

Folded in prayer;

Tired little head,

Dark ringed with hair;

Soft baby face,

Dimpled and fair;

Starry bright eyes,

Heavy with sleep;

Silvery sweet voice,

Lisping, "Father us keep,"

That is our baby

At night.

AN Irish clergyman had, as a Scrip'ure lesson, narrated to a class of boys, at a "National" school in the West, the history of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Anxious to know whether or not the boys understood and could explain the narrative, he afterwards examined them, by inquiring of each, "What was left after the feeding of the multitude?" Not one of the lively youths could give a correct reply, until in desperation a small tatterdemalion of a boy answered with earnestness, "Please, sir, the bones and the crumbs."

## TICK-TOCK.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

TICK-TOCK, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick,  
 'Tis running night and day,  
 Never stopping once to rest,  
 Or eat, or sleep, or play.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick,  
 It has more eyes than we  
 Upon its pretty clean white face,  
 And still it cannot see.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick,  
 Is all that it can say,  
 And yet each second of its life  
 It tells the time of day.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick,  
 Its hands no jewels wear;  
 It is not vain, and still its heart  
 Is set with jewels rare.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick,  
 'Tis running strong and brave,  
 And still it never walked, but lies  
 In chains like any slave.

## THE INDIAN BABY.

I was waiting for the train to arrive one day, at a little Iowa village, when in came a tall Indian, a little Indian boy, and a squaw. The squaw had a large bundle wrapped up in a woollen blanket. She carried it on her back by means of a strap passed around her forehead.

She carried it so carefully, that I wondered what could be in it, and thought I would ask her. So I said, "Have you a pappoose there?"—"Yes, me pappoose," she replied. "Let me see it," said I,

She took off the blanket, and there, in a large basket such as we use to go to market with, was a fat little Indian baby, with reddish-brown skin and shiny black eyes. I patted his cheek, and he looked up and laughed.

His mother had tied five or six brass thimbles to the handle of the basket for him to play with. How happy and warm he looked in his basket-carriage! The mother smiled, and seemed much pleased that I had noticed her baby.

## LITTLE WHITE APRON.

LITTLE white apron, little red shoe,  
 What in the world has become of you?  
 Look for her, search for her, high and low!  
 Where in the world could the baby go?  
 Little white apron, little blue dress,  
 Oh, you have made a terrible mess;  
 Out in the dirt, up to your eyes,  
 With black-a-moor Tom making mud pies.

*Congregationalist.*

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1095.] LESSON V. [Nov. 4.

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

1 Sam. 12. 13-25. Commit to memory verses 23-25.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart: for consider how great things he hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12. 24.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Two Ways. v. 13-15.
2. The Token. v. 16-19.
3. The Teacher. v. 20-25.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For what purpose did Samuel lead the people to Gilgal? To give thanks unto the Lord.

What else did he wish to do? Talk to the people once more.

Of what did he remind them? Of God's mercy and goodness to them.

What did he tell them to do? To obey the voice of the Lord.

What promise did he give Saul and the people? The promise of God's help, if they would serve Him.

What would come upon them if they did not? God's anger.

Why was God displeased with Israel? Because they had asked for a king.

How did Samuel ask God to show His anger? By sending rain in harvest-time.

Why was this a wonderful thing? No rain ever fell during that season.

What did the people do when they saw the storm? They begged Samuel to pray for them.

What did they ask? Forgiveness for their sin.

What was their sin? Turning away from the Lord.

What did Samuel tell them to do? To serve the Lord with a true heart. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Why has God a right to our service? Because we belong to Him.

What has He always done for us? Great and good things.

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Why we should listen to God's voice—

He wants to teach us the right way.

He alone knows what is the right way.

If we obey His voice we shall be happy.

If we do not obey it we shall suffer

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's rule over nature.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What did our Lord Jesus Christ do to save us? He was made man, suffered death in our stead, rose again from the dead, and went up into heaven.

B.C. 1079.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 11.

1 Sam. 15. 18-26. Commit to memory verses 24-26.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice. 1 Sam. 15. 22.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Just Reproof. v. 12-19.
2. A Weak Excuse. v. 20, 21.
3. A Divine Rejection. v. 22, 23.
4. A Useless Regret. v. 24-26.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What did Saul soon begin to do? To disobey the Lord.

Why did he do this? He loved his own way.

Whom did the Lord command him to destroy? The Amalekites.

Why did God wish them to be destroyed? Because they were wicked and would not repent.

How did Saul disobey this command? He spared Agag, the king of the Amalekites.

What else did he do? He brought away many sheep and oxen.

Whom did the Lord send to Saul? Samuel.

How did Saul try to deceive Samuel? He told him he had obeyed the Lord.

How did Samuel know the truth? God had told him.

What question did Samuel ask Saul? "Why do you disobey God, who has done so much for you?"

What did Saul try to show? His innocence.

Whom did he say had taken the sheep and oxen? The people that they might offer sacrifices to God.

What is better than sacrifice in God's sight? Obedience.

What did Samuel say God would take from Saul? The kingdom of Israel.

What did Saul beg of Samuel? To ask God to forgive his sins.

Did Samuel think it right to do this? No; he left Saul, and never saw him again.

## WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

We may be like Saul in thinking—

That God does not notice all we do.

That we may obey or not as we please.

That our way is better than His.

That He will not punish sin.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The acceptable sacrifice.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

But will He save all mankind? We can be saved only by repenting and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.

What is it to repent? To repent is to be sorry for my sins, to confess and turn from them, and to seek forgiveness from God.