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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1897.

[No. 17.

NINA TREW.

No better girl than Nina Trew lived at Wenton. She was the comfort of her mother's life. People said they could not tell how Widow Trew would have got over the loss of her husband and kept the little business going, if it had not been for her only child, Nina. Joseph Trew had been a worthy, hard-working man, but death overtook him early; and he left his widow with a hard battle to fight and one child to provide for. She managed fairly well until Nina was about ten years old, when Mrs. Trew's health failed. But her little daughter was a good mother's help. She kept the house clean; served the customers in the village shop; went to the market town once a week, made her purchases, and was as staid as a woman, and a great deal wiser than some. Her journeys to the town were always made in their cart. They kept a donkey. He might have taken a prize for his good looks and good condition. He was a great favourite with Nina, and in a donkey's way he showed his friendship for her. All the neighbours had a good word for Nina; and some of the boys who liked the donkey immensely and Nina a little, were quite delighted because they were allowed to ride about with him and to groom him. Old Mr. Gladheart, when he saw Nina in the cart one day, said to his wife: "Depend upon it, my dear, we shall see that girl in heaven in fifty or sixty years from now; for so good a girl, so loving to her mother, attentive to duty, and kind to animals, must go there."

CRUELTY CONQUERED BY A SONG.

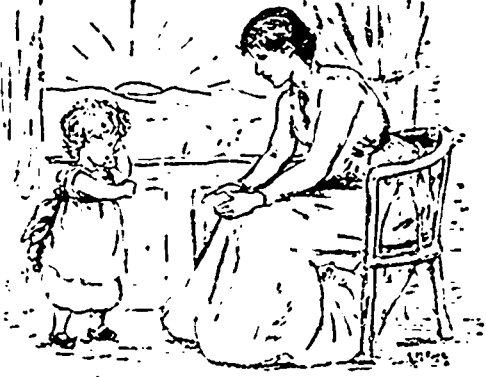
Leaning over a fence one day, a little fellow was seen amusing himself in the orchard. Pear trees, apple trees, and trees of other fruits were growing, and among the trees were birds of various kinds,

the birds, but he did not see me. At length a fine blackbird perched himself on a low bough of an apple tree, but whether he saw the boy or not I cannot tell. I fancy the bird did not see him. It was, however, very clear that the boy saw the bird, for he was only a few yards off, and he very quietly picked up a stone and prepared, with his best aim, to strike him off the bough and kill him on the spot. At the very moment the stone was about to leave the fingers that held it the bird's throat swelled, and one of the finest of nature's songs began that ever delighted the human ear. I stood perfectly still to see the effect, and was delighted to find the bird's song had conquered the boy's cruelty. The music caught the boy's ear, he stayed his hand, and by the time the song was over the boy's arm had dropped, and the stone had fallen to the ground. The bird had charmed his would-be murderer, saved his life by his song, and had now taken wing to give delight to other ears. The boy looked a little troubled, and I thought I would try and find out the cause of the young countenance, and asked, "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." He thought a moment, and with a look of mingled shame and sorrow, said: "I couldn't sir, because he sang so beautifully." *Melody thus awakened humanity, and humanity aroused mercy*

True modesty suppresses no virtue.

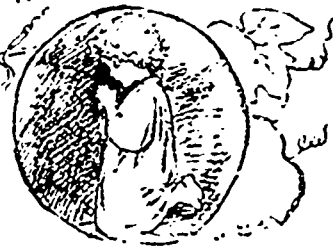
The Road to Slumberland.

What is the road to Slumberland,
And when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms,
When the sun is sinking low;
He goes through the daisy land of Nod,
To music of lullaby,
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold,
Under the evening sky.



A soft little night gown ever so white,
A face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out
From the sunny golden hair,
Two little tired tiny feet
From the shoe and the stocking free,
Two little palms together clasped
At the loving mother's knee.

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped,
In the tender Shepherd's ear,
And a kiss that only a mother can place
On the brow of her baby dear.



(Continued on last page.)

some full of frolic and some full of song. It was really delightful to hear and see all that was going on in the orchard, and to enjoy the delight of it a little more I went towards the trees to listen and to watch, and to mark down anything that might attract my attention, and now I give you what I noted down. The youth was amusing himself in the grass, watching

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY.

"I never can do it," the little kite said, As he looked at the others high over his head;

"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."

"Try," said the big kite; "only try!

Or I fear you never will learn at all."

But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-bye; I'm off," and he rose toward the tranquil sky.

Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,

And trembling he shook himself free for flight,

First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,

Up, up he rose through the air alone,

Till the big kite, looking down, could see

The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,

As he sailed with the big kite, side by side!

While far below he could see the ground,

And the boys, like small spots, moving round.

They rested high in the quiet air,

And only the birds and clouds were there.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;

"And all because I was brave, and tried."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1897.

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and, when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says; for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Not long ago a singular incident occurred at the brickyard at Seabrook, illustrating a faculty in animals which closely approximates reason.

There are in the yard a horse and mule, which are much attached to each other, the mule especially showing attachment to the horse.

After work hours they are turned loose on the high ground formed by the canal bank through the marsh, flanked on one side by marsh land, which is not firm enough for them to walk over, and on the other by a deep canal with steep banks.

The other evening they were turned loose as usual. Not long afterwards the hand, who lodged in a little house by the brick kiln, heard a most unearthly bray. At first he paid but little attention to it, recognizing that it was the mule's unmusical voice. Soon it was repeated even more startlingly than before. Leaving his supper, the coloured man went to the door, and, looking up the bank, saw the mule standing on the verge of the canal with every indication of intense alarm. He repeated the bray, and the man ran toward him. When he came near, the animal made a sound expressive of delight, but remained looking into the canal.

The cause was soon found. The horse, in grazing too near the canal, had slipped in, and, with only his head out of water, was vainly struggling to climb the steep bank. With difficulty he was finally brought to a place at the bridge where he could be helped out, the mule accompanying the process with every mark of delight.

Without the mule's intelligent call for help, the horse, a valuable one, would have been lost. We have often heard of horse sense, but in this case the mule certainly exhibited a high degree of it.

ONE LITTLE WORD.

The little word "again" has apparently nothing humorous about it, but it once threw an assembly into fits of laughter.

It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise.

When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "Mr. R. will again take the floor."

Clapping, stamping, and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.

HOW THE MOUSE GOT THE COOKY.

Ponto, the spotted dog, came trotting into the field behind the barn. He held in his mouth a fine bit of cooky which the baby gave him.

As he ran, he growled to himself, "I do wish babies ate bones instead of cake. I am tired of cookies. I will hide this till to-morrow."

The wise old mouse was in the field just then, seeing the grass grow. He heard the dog, and he thought the cooky would be nice. So he squeaked, "Do you want a bone, Ponto?"

"Yes; have you got one?" barked he.

"I think the dog fairy has one for you."

This pleased Ponto. He had never heard of the dog fairy. He thought a fairy bone must be very sweet indeed. So he said he should be thankful for one.

The mouse squeaked to him to run around three times in a circle; then he was to lie down in the grass, and shut his eyes for three minutes; when he could open them, and look for the bone.

Ponto at once dropped the cooky. He ran around and around after his tail ever so many times. Then he lay down and shut his eyes. After awhile he jumped up again. But there was no bone. And the cooky was gone! The wise old mouse had carried it off to his children. Ponto was puzzled. "I must have turned around too many times," he snarled.

Ever since then some dogs have a habit of walking about in a circle before they lie down in the grass. Perhaps they are thinking of the fairy bone.

Whenever an educated mouse sees a dog going about in this way he laughs in his sleeve.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

"I'd like to know where heaven is," said Alice, looking up into the blue sky.

"I know, and mamma knows," said Harry, the little brother, looking up from his book. "Heaven is where God is."

Harry was right; and since that is true, then heaven must be a lovely place. Where God is there can be nothing bad, but everything is goodness and love. "God is love," and if we keep our hearts warm with love for him and for every thing he has made, we shall be glad when the hour comes for us to go and live with him.

A MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

"I feel very happy to-day," said a mother, "because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned around a moment after, of his own accord, and said that he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe that I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

TWO PENNIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two beautiful shining pennies,
Bright and yellow and new!
Don't tell me about the heathen;
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,
A sword, and a gun that shoots;
A candy cane and a trumpet,
A knife, and a pair of boots.

But then, what if I were a heathen,
With no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,
Who loved little children so well!

For Jesus, you know, may be asking
This question of you and of me:
"Did you carry my love to your brothers
And sisters 'way over the sea?"

I guess you may send my pennies;
Perhaps in some way they will grow;
For little brooks grow to be rivers,
And pennies make dollars, you know.

I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,
I think, must be certainly true:
If little boys ought to give pennies,
Big men should give dollars, don't you?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VIII. [Aug. 22.]

THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 Cor. 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
these three; but the greatest of these is
charity.—1 Cor. 13. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

When was Paul's heart full of hatred?
Why did he persecute believers?
What did he want to do for believers
now?
What made the difference?
Where is the lesson found to-day?
What is it about?
What does the word "charity" mean
here? "Love."
What is more than all wisdom and
faith?
What are some of the good things about
real love?
Why does it never fail?
What are the three graces that will
abide?
Which is the greatest of these?
Who will give us love for the asking?

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

It is God's love that never fails.
My love is worth very little.
God's love may be had for the asking.

LESSON IX. [Aug. 29.]

PAUL OPPOSED AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 21-34. Memory verses, 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness.
—Luke 12. 15.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where was Paul now?
Which one of Paul's missionary journeys
was this? The third.
For what was Ephesus noted?
How did the wizards do their strange
deeds?
What idol was worshipped in Ephesus?
What did many people buy who wor-
shipped Diana?
What silversmith became angry at Paul?
Why?
What did he do?
What excited the people?
What great cry did they raise?
Who were seized and dragged to the
theatre?
What was the theatre? A place for
public games?
Who wanted to go and speak to the
people? Paul.
Why did not his friends let him? He
might have been killed.
Who brought Paul's helpers safely out?
The Lord.

GOD'S WORDS.

"Love of money is the root of all evil."
"Let your conversation be without
covetousness."
"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

EXAMPLES—WHAT ARE THEY?

"Do tell me, grandmother," said little
Davie Johns, "What is an example?"
Grandmother took off her spectacles and
laid them down on the table beside her.
"I don't mean," said Davie, "the rith-
metic ones, I mean the Sunday-school and
Bible kind."
"Well," said grandmother slowly, not
quite sure how to explain to the little boy,
"there are good examples and bad ex-
amples."
"I know that," said Davie. "Miss
Katie said about that. But I want to
know what they are, any way."
"Let me see. Suppose I tell you two
little stories, and then perhaps you will
understand for yourself. Once there was
a boy named Peter, and he had a little
sister named Prue. They were having a
beautiful time one Saturday morning,
playing menagerie, when nurse came in
and told them to get ready for a walk.
Prue stopped being a panther right away,
and jumped up to get ready, but Peter's

face grew as black and frowning as a
thunder-cloud. He began to whine and
fret, and then to shout and stamp his feet,
and say he wouldn't go. And all the time
Prue was watching him. Pretty soon her
face puckered up too, and she cried and
made almost as much fuss as Peter did.
So that poor nurse had a great deal of
trouble with them both. She would not
have had any trouble with Prue if it had
not been for Peter's example. That is one
kind, you see."

Grandmother stopped, but Davie was
looking out of the window and had noth-
ing to say.

So she went on:

"Then, on another Saturday morning,
this same Peter and Prue were talking
about a long walk they were going to
take.

"Let's start now," said Prue as soon as
breakfast was over. 'It's Saturday,' said
Peter, 'I guess we ought to learn our
Golden Text and study over our lesson
again first.' 'O, no,' said Prue, 'let's not.
We can do that afterwards.' 'But we
might forget,' Peter said, 'or something
else might happen. I'm going to learn
mine now.' And by the time he had found
his lesson paper, Prue had decided to get
hers, too. And that is the other kind of
example, Davie, dear. Do you think that
you know any better now what the word
means?"

"Yes," said Davie, soberly. "I think I
do."

That night, when he kneeled down to
say his prayers, the very first thing Davie
said was this:

"O Lord, I'd rather be a good example
than a bad one."

GROWING A NAME.

Little Charlie Hays came home from
school one day very proud of the fact that
he could write his name. He brought his
slate to show to his mother what round,
clear letters he could make.

"Would you like to make your name
grow, Charlie?" asked his mother.

"I don't know how it could," said
Charlie, "I never saw a name grow."

Then his mother took him out in the
garden, where a new fresh bed of black,
rich earth had been made. She gave him
a stick with a sharp point, and told him to
write his name in large letters in the mid-
dle of the bed.

Charlie did so, and then his mother
sowed mignonette seed all along the letters.

"Now," she said, "in a few weeks you
will see your name growing tall and
sweet."

Charlie went away the next day to
visit his grandmother, and when he came
home again, three weeks later, he ran at
once to the garden to see if his name had
grown. And there it was, 'Charlie Hays,'
in pretty green letters, just as he had
written it.

Charlie was so pleased with it that after
that he sowed his name every spring in a
different seed.

THE LIGHT.

Who sends the light,
The beautiful light,
Now every day,
To gladden our sight?
God sends the light
From his heaven bright.

Into the heart
Of peace and love
Comes the sweet light
From worlds above;
Dear child, look and see,
The light shines for thee.

A NOBLE BOY.

It is delightful to turn from the too frequently sad example of dime novel-bitten, runaway boys, bringing themselves and their parents to grief, to a pure picture of filial love and duty. Says a letter written from a western city:

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there, a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and presented a certificate for forty acres of land.

I was struck with the countenance and the general appearance of the boy, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land.

"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he got the money. He answered: "I earned it."

Feeling then an increased desire for knowing something more about the boy, I asked him about himself and his parents. He took a seat and gave the following narrative:

"I am the eldest of five children. Father is a drinking man, and often would return home drunk. Finding that father would not abstain from liquor, I resolved to make an effort in some way to help mother, brothers and sisters. I got an axe and went into a new part of the country to work, clearing land, and I have saved money enough to buy forty acres of land there."

"Well, my good boy, what are you going to do with the land?"

"I will work on it, build a log house, and, when all is ready, will bring father, mother, brothers and sisters to live with me. The land I want for my mother; it will secure her from want in her old age."

"And what will you do with your father if he continues to drink?"

"O sir, when we get him on the farm he will feel at home and be happy, and, I hope, become a sober man."

"Young man, may God's blessing attend your efforts to help and honour your father and mother."

By this time the receiver handed him his receipt for forty acres of land. As he was leaving the office he said:

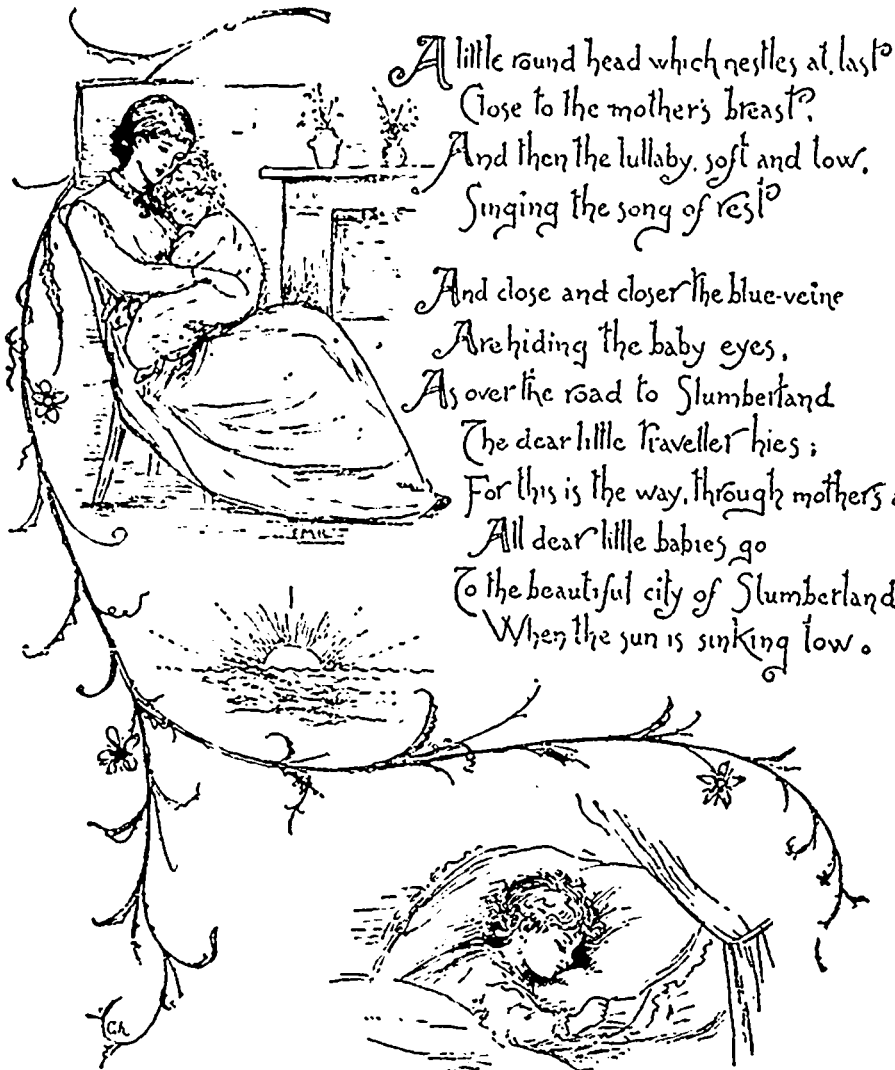
"At last I have a home for my mother."

What Christ procured at the expense of his labours, sufferings, and death, we are invited to come and receive, "without money, and without price."

ored under the window daily and seemed to express their sorrow in mournful tones.

This reminds us of the pigeons that are daily fed in the square of St. Mark in Venice. A great many years ago a fair was held in the square, consisting of movable shops, each of which was sheltered by a large umbrella. The Government granted a certain man money to feed the pigeons that came around these booths at two o'clock every day.

The pigeons came every afternoon and the numbers increased. It was a pretty sight. But after a while there was a change in the Government, and there was no one to feed the pigeons. Then a noble woman named Signora Polcastro, who resided in a house near by, began to feed them from her window at her own expense; and when she died she left a large sum of money to be devoted to that purpose and no other. So the pigeons are still fed in the square of St. Mark at two o'clock every afternoon, and crowds of people, especially strangers in the city, go to see them eat their dinner. They are so tame they do not seem to mind the many people about, and no one molests them. I don't know what would become of the boy or girl that should attempt to disturb them or frighten them away.



A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast?
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest!

And close and closer the blue-veins
Are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies;
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it! When I draw it through the board it's 'most hot enough to set fire to it!'"

"That is the friction," said Frank.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction;

but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No! what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on: "There is an old-proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

We heard lately of the death of a woman in Connecticut who had fed the wild birds under the window of her house every day for thirty years. There were hundreds of the little feathered alms-takers, and their noisy chirping could be heard a great distance. After gathering the shower of crumbs tossed to them, they perched on the window-sills of the house and on the fences near by and had a regular thanksgiving of song.

After their good friend died there was no one to feed them, but they still gath-