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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

No. 16.

ABOUT SEEDS.

How wonderful seeds are! A bean, a chestnut, a grain of corn or rice or wheat, the tiny flower seed—each one planted will send up a plant that will bear its own kind. Each plant has a seed vessel which is a true treasure box, because it has in it the promise of the plant to come.

God, who made the world, has made everything in it beautiful and wonderful. And even in the tiniest of the little seeds we shall find how he has fitted it for exactly the place it has to fill—just as he has a place and a work for the smallest boy or girl who reads this.

Grass seed is very light and small; the wind can shake it from its case and blow it along. The seed of the maple tree has a pair of wide wings, so that it will float far before it drops to the earth to plant a new tree. The poppy has a seed pod like a beautiful little box with a fluted lid. The seeds of all berries are in a nice pulp, so that birds will pick them and carry the seed far off to grow in a new place. The chestnut has a prickly burr with four brown nuts or seeds in it. The rose seeds are in a bright red berry, which attracts birds. Cherries, plums, pears, apples, have their seeds inside a rich pulp. Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but from vanity or ambition to please.



IN THE FIELDS.

Do you know that a watermelon is really only a great, handsome seed box? The pumpkin and squash are seed boxes too. So are bean and pea pods. The lady-slipper has a queer pointed seed box, and when it is ripe it snaps open and flings out the seeds a yard or so off. Thistles and dandelions have sails of down on the seed, so that they can be carried about by the wind. Some seeds, as nuts, beans and peas and grains, are good for food. Pomegranate seeds are of this kind. In a big, round seed box, about the size and shape of an orange, are a great number of seeds, each enclosed in a pulp, and the whole making a refreshing food. See how many seeds you can find, and you will wonder at the variety of their colour and their strange and pretty shapes, from the big coconut down to the little portulaca like a bit of steel filing.

Some children can be very nice and polite when aunts or cousins are visiting at the house, but as soon as they are gone their good manners are gone. Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but from vanity or ambition to please.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Blessed Spirit, be thou near
When temptations rise,
Keep thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home,
Safe to heaven's shore.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 12, 1899.

THE LORD'S TENTH

There was, many years ago, a lad of sixteen, who left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along, he met an old neighbour, the captain of a canal boat; and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

William then told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the canal boat walked). The old man prayed earnestly for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soapmaker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you

earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into the Bible, and found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, "If the Lord will take that, I will give that," and so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years, both partners died, and William came to be the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prospered. His business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever. Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of Mr. Colgate, who has given millions to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

Are there not boys and girls who will now begin to give to the Lord one-tenth of all the money they receive, and continue to do so through life.

A UNIQUE POSTMAN.

Dorsey is a dog, and has the distinction of being the only one in the world regularly employed as a letter-carrier. Dorsey has for several years carried the mail between Calico, San Bernardino County, and Bismarck, a mining camp between three and four miles away, over almost impassable mountains. Calico is a stage station, and has a post-office. Without the aid of the dog, many a miner would have a hard time getting his mail, as the country is very rough and steep in places, and most of the the weather is very warm.

Dorsey belongs to the postmaster at Calico, and in his youth was not regarded as anything more than a common puppy. The way the dog became a mail-carrier was as follows: One day the postmaster wanted to send word to his brother at Bismarck, but he did not want to make the trip. It occurred to him to try the dog. He wrote a letter and tied it round the dog's neck, pointing the dog's head toward Bismarck, and then told him to go. He trotted off a short distance, and then turned about to see what else was wanted. Some of the small boys showered stones at him and he ran on to Bismarck. Next day he

returned with an answer tied to his neck, and showed that he had been well treated. The experiment was repeated, each time with success and additional dignity on the part of the dog.

As soon as it became known that Dorsey could be depended upon, requests were constantly made by the miners to send their mail by him. The loads soon increased, and it became evident that they could not tie on all the letters. The miners then ordered a handsome mail-bag, and fitted it to the dog's shoulders. It is fastened round his chest by one strap, and round his body, back of his fore legs, by another. He has never missed a trip for about three years, nor lost a letter. Now when the stage comes in he gets up, stretches himself, walks to the post-office, waits to have the mail strapped on him, and starts off as soon as he is told all is ready. He will go a long way round to avoid meeting a stranger, seeming to realize the importance of his mission.

THE CRADLE SHIP.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

When baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!

The fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep.

While all a-ro-a ten toes below are passengers asleep;

And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she!

When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;

The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast!

So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,

So hard a-port! we're not the sort to see a dolly drown;

And then you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea

When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,

When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—

Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,

Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!

For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep

Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

A ROYAL RULE.

A distinguished author says, "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Over the hills and far away
A little boy steals from his morning play,
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and he dreams of the things to be:
Of battles fought and victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds
done—
Of the valour that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away,
It's oh, for the toil the livelong day!
But it mattereth not to the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and
fame!
On, O man, while the sun is high—
On to the certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day;
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away
An old man lingers at close of day!
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won—
The old-time honesty and truth,
The trustfulness and the friends of youth,
Home, and mother, where are they?
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII. [Aug. 20.]

THE RIVER OF SALVATION.

Ezek. 47. 1-12. Memory verse, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of
life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

DO YOU KNOW?

How long before the coming of Christ
did Ezekiel live? About five hundred
years. What did God show him in this
lesson? The vision of the holy waters.
Where did these waters come from? From
under the holy house. How deep were
they at first? Only to the ankles. What
did Ezekiel then see? That they grew
deeper all the time. Of what is this a
picture? Of the growth of Christ's king-
dom. What did the waters become. A
river. Through what did they flow out to
the sea? Through a desert. What did
they do for the desert and the sea? They
made everything live. What does the
Gospel do for sinful souls? Makes them
alive to God.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses each day
of the week. Ezek. 47. 1-12.

Tues. Read about a stone that grew
Dan 2. 34, 35.
Wed. Learn what water does. Ezek. 36
25.
Thurs. Learn who is the Living Water
John 4. 10, 14.
Fri. Read about water and the Spirit
Isa. 44. 3-6.
Sat. Learn a promise to us. Golden
Text.
Sun. Read something to make you very
happy. Rev. 22. 1-5.

LESSON IX. [Aug. 27]

RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Ezra 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath done great things for us,
whereof we are glad.—Psalm 126. 3.

DO YOU KNOW.

How long had the Jews been slaves in
Babylon? Who promised them deliver-
ance? The Lord. By whom did he send
the promise? By Jeremiah. Who was
Jeremiah? A prophet. Who was now
the king of Persia? What did the Lord
tell him to do? What did he send through-
out his kingdom? What had the Lord
told the king to build? Were many of
the Jews ready to go and help build it?
Yes, about fifty thousand. What did they
take with them? Gold and silver and
precious gifts. What else did they take?
The vessels of the house of the Lord
Who had brought these vessels away?
Nebuchadnezzar. Do you think the Jews
were glad to go home? How do we know
they were homesick? See Wednesday's
Help.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Find a promise which was made
the Jewish captives in Babylon.
Jer. 29. 1, 10-14.
Tues. Read the lesson verses carefully.
Ezra 1. 1-11.
Wed. Learn how homesick the captives
were. Psalm 137.
Thurs. Find what the heathen king did
with the holy vessels. Dan. 1. 1, 2.
Fri. Learn what the Lord wanted the
Jews to do now. Jer. 30. 9.
Sat. Find what kind of a house we may
build for the Lord. 1 Cor. 3. 16.
Sun. Read more about the vessels which
were carried to Babylon. 2
Kings 25. 13-17.

A WONDERFUL DOLLHOUSE.

The most wonderful dollhouse that I
have ever seen, writes a traveller, is in the
museum of Utrecht, Holland. Great artists
were paid to paint the tiny pictures on
the walls and to decorate the ceilings of
the "best" rooms, and the chief uphol-
sterers were employed to make the
furniture.

The house is two-storied and contains
nine rooms and a hall. The kitchen is
completely furnished in every respect, and

is presided over by a jolly-looking cook.
In the comfortable and homely dining-
room some gentlemen are sitting, and
telling funny stories, if we may judge
from their smiling faces. Two wicker
globes stand in one corner of the room.
There are two gentlemen and three ladies
in the drawing-room, which is most
elegantly furnished. The ladies wear
lovely dresses, and each holds a fan.
One of the gentlemen seems about to
entertain the company, for he sits
close to a violoncello.

Upstairs in the nursery two children
are in bed, while nurses are waiting on
other children, and two ladies, perhaps
governesses, are taking tea at a table.
In a beautiful bedroom a lady, dressed
for dinner, stands in front of a looking-
glass, the toilet table being furnished
with silver jars and bottles and china
vases. There is a small study or busi-
ness room in which a gentleman sits
writing, with bills and papers scattered
about him. In the laundry the maids
are busy washing, wringing and
ironing clothes.

GOD'S EYES.

It was very late for Crissy and Etta
to be out swinging, so late that it was
quite dark under the apple tree, where
the swing hung, and when they pushed
out and looked up in the sky, bushels
of stars were peeping down at them.

"What are stars made of, Etta?"
asked Crissy, throwing back her little
head until she almost pushed Etta off
the back of the swing.

"Look out!" cried baby Etta, "I's
most fallin'."

"But what are stars made of?"
persisted the other.

"Oh, I spect dey is des God's eyes,"
answered Etta; more intent upon
swinging than upon astronomy.

"But God hasn't got fifty-three
eyes," objected the little questioner,
making a daring guess at the number
of shining things above her.

"Oh, yes, but God is so big,"
suggested Etta, "it must take a lot
of eyes for him to see well." The
little philosopher was silenced.

"I fink supper's awfully late,"
suggested Etta, "let's peep in at
the window."

With considerable difficulty and
some danger the short, fat legs
climbed down out of the swing, and
toddled off, to climb up on the porch
settee and look into the tea-room.
The pretty table was set with china
and glass and silver, the bowl being
freshly filled and piled with tempt-
ing square lumps of sugar.

"I'm so hungry," said Etta; "let's
slip in and get a lump."

"Charles don't 'low us," said
Crissy, hesitating.

"Charles won't see us."

But Crissy turned suddenly and
looked out through the trees. "There's
lots of God's eyes can see us through
the window," she said in a startled
tone, and you may be sure nobody
troubled the sugar-bowl after that.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born,
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand,
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done,
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry,
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY W. P. MELTON.

The *Philadelphia Press* tells that in one of their city hospitals there is a blind, crippled five year-old boy, who is the light and joy of the institution and who has been the direct cause of a grown man's conversion. This curly-haired, pink cheeked child is called by the patients "Little Sunshine." Every morning he gets one of the nurses to lead him to all the wards and and private rooms, so that he can hear the patients pet him and feel their kisses.

"Little Sunshine's" purity and innocence appealed to one man who had been a great sinner. He looked upon the unfortunate but happy child and recalled the dear, gone days when at his mother's knee he learned to lisp his little prayer. He asked to see a preacher, and the pastor of one of the Methodist churches came and told him of the sweet story of the Saviour's love. In the twilight the man found peace. He sent for "Little Sunshine" and took the baby's hand, the one that is not crippled, into his own, and said, "Dear God, 'Little Sunshine' did it; he did it. The preacher said, 'A little child could lead a man, and 'Little Sunshine,' did it."

The child withdrew his hand and whispered to the nurse: "Tan he seo Dod? Wiss I could!"

This pathetic story should make ashamed



CHURNING.

some boys and girls who do not try to be good and then attempt to excuse themselves by such sayings as: "I don't see what good I can do." "What I do don't hurt anybody."

A blind man can see his way across the street with your eyes if you will let him. A lame boy can run up town and get him a book to read if you will loan him your feet. That sick girl with crippled hands wants some flowers, but she has none, if she had a garden full, she could not pluck them. You have flowers and hands. What are you going to do about it?

CHURNING.

We have heard this remark from people who wished to express their dislike of



HUNTING BUFFALO.

Fifty years ago buffalo on the great western plains were very common. From them the Indian obtained much of his food as well as his clothing. The skin, when dressed, made him a nice robe. In the cut you see their mode of catching these animals. In those days they were very numerous, but to-day the Indians have dwindled down in numbers, and the buffalo have become a great curiosity. The rifle of the white man has played havoc with them.

some duty required of them: "I would rather churn before breakfast." Only those who have tried it know what a task that is. And young people who have gone through this ordeal by candle-light with sleepy heads and sharp appetites know best of all how disagreeable it is. But what it would be with such a churn as that woman in the picture is using we can faintly imagine. "Churn?" some of you are ready to exclaim, "Why I don't see any churn!" Well, really, some explanation seems to be necessary. Instead of vessels like those with which we are familiar, these strange folks use a goat-skin, or leather "bottle," as it is called in Scripture. When the cream is poured in, the skin is hung up and vigorously shaken from side to side until the butter comes. If, as some wise men insist, slow churning—occupying from forty to sixty minutes—makes the best butter, a goat-skin churn with a lazy boy for a dasher would beat all the patent machines in the market. It is not likely, however, that there will be any immediate demand for butter produced in this way, so our young friends in the country may rest easy. If this sketch shall lead any to consider the great advantages of living in a gospel land its purpose will be accomplished. A residence of a few months in those countries where Christianity is not known would be an effectual remedy for those who are disposed to complain of the obligations which Christianity imposes. There is a blessing connected with everything Jesus requires of us. Obedience will save us from a multitude of unknown evils.

A GRIEVOUS FAULT.

Often we sin by speaking, and do incalculable harm with our words; but there are times when it is a sin not to speak, when to be silent is to fail in duty. We are not

to speak out the wrong thoughts that may be in our heart, but the good thoughts and feelings which burn within us it is usually our duty to utter. We should never hesitate to speak out boldly in confession of Christ when his honour is assailed by enemies. To walk with an impenitent friend day after day and never speak to him about his spiritual life, is to commit a grievous sin against him. We need to beware lest we fail to speak the words we should speak. Especially should we beware of silence about spiritual and eternal things. God gives to each of us a message, a message of life to others. We dare not fail to deliver it.