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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

25.

THE JOURNEY.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"O, brother! I am so afraid,
I know I'm sure to fall!"
"O, nonsense, little sister:
You'll not be hurt at all!"

See! I will sit behindst
you

And keep you safe
and fast,
And then, if anybody
falls,

Why, you will be
the last.

There! now we're on
our journey,
First up! then down!
and then,

We lightly spring up—
on our toes.

And we are up
again!"

A GOOD LESSON.

Frances's small mouth
puckered, as if to say,
"I know I'm a good
child."

Her teachers de-
clared it a pleasure to
have her in the class,
she listened and
worked so well. In
outward things Fran-
ces was a model girl,
and indeed it was be-
cause she learned
readily that I can tell
this story.

Margaret and Myra,
Frances's older sister
and her chum, did not
like Frances's good-
ness. They saw that
it was largely selfish-
ness, because she put
school and herself be-
fore home loving and
helping.

"Let's give Frances a lesson," said Mar-
garet. "She mustn't become a selfish
little prig."

They put their heads together, and this
is what happened: One afternoon when
Frances was in the summer-house, study-
ing, two old ladies came slowly down the
walk.

Frances jumped up, as one said, "Stay,
child! Your mother said we would not
disturb you by resting here a moment."

"I'd better go," said Frances.

"If you insist we must go ourselves,"
said the other old lady, "we'd like to rest."

Frances sat down uncomfortably, trying

Frances's cheeks burned, for the words
were a mirror for herself. After the ladies'
farewell, she burst into tears.

At supper Margaret, who had traces of
powder in her brown hair, said: "Mother,
who were those quaint ladies here to-day?"

"Two dear friends," said mamma. "They
are troubled about a
child who is selfish and
unloving."

Frances said noth-
ing, but she deter-
mined not to trouble
her friends so.

Long after, when
Frances's heart was
warm and helpful,
Margaret confessed
that she and Myra
were the old ladies.

Frances's eyes filled
at Margaret's "But we
wouldn't need to do it
to-day."



AN ACORN FOR A TEXT.

"Here is my text,"
said the speaker, and he
held up an acorn with
its carved cup and
smooth ball.

"Listen!" said he,
putting the acorn to
his ear. "It tells me,"
he whispered, "that
by-and-bye, when I'm
a tree, birds will come
and nest in me; I will
furnish shade for cat-
tle; I will make a
pleasant fire for the
home; I will be a roof
and shelter from the
storm."

"Now, children,"
taking the acorn away
from his ear, "I look
into your faces, and
what do I hear? 'By-

to read. Snatches of the old ladies' talk
would force themselves in:

"A good girl outwardly"—"but most
selfish"—"refuses to help her brother"
—"pains us by unthankfulness"—"yet
imagines she is good"—"does not know
that love is goodness"—"twill save pain
if she learns it soon."

and-bye I will be a blessing to many; I
will speak the words of Christ's salvation
to the lost; I will shine in beauty among
Christ's redeemed ones."

"Do your little lives whisper that prom-
ise? Yes; if you let Christ work in and
by you, as God works in and through the
willing little acorn."

CRUMBS FOR ROBIN.

"Let us pull the curtain,"
Said little Nell to Doll;
"And in the warm we'll watch the storm,
And see the snow-flakes fall.

"Then when the storm is over,
And winds have ceased to blow,
We'll put some bread for robin red,
Upon the frozen snow.

"You see he must be hungry,
There's nought for him to eat;
He often comes for bits of crumbs;
I trace his little feet

"Right close up to the window,
Three marks as plain as plain;
I'm sure he'd be most glad to see
Some crumbs of bread again."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 4, 1897.

POWER OF LOVE.

Two girls were going to a neighbouring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell.

One of them was murmuring and fretting all the way, and complaining of the weight of her basket.

The other went along smiling and singing, and seemed to be happy all the way.

At last the first got out of patience with her companion, and said: "How can you be so merry and joyful? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and I know that you are not a bit stronger than I am. I don't understand it."

"O," said the other, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant which I put on top of my load, and it makes it so light that I can hardly feel it."

"Indeed! That must be a very precious little plant. I wish I could lighten my

load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root; and there's no telling the relief it gives. Its name is 'love'—the love of Jesus. Jesus loved me so much that he died to save my soul. This makes me love him. Whatever I do, whether it be carrying this basket or anything else, I think to myself, 'I am doing this for Jesus, to show that I love him;' and this makes everything easy and pleasant."

FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time, in a farmer's garden, there lived five little peas in a tiny house that people called a pod. The little peas were green, the little pod was green, and the vine that held the pod was green. "All the world is green," thought the little peas.

The warm sun shone upon the vine, and the raindrops fell, oh, so softly, and gave them all nice cool drinks. The vine grew, and the pod grew, and the little peas grew very fast, so fast that they were crowded in their tiny house and wanted to get out. "I'm tired of staying here," said one little pea.

"I don't want to be cooped up forever in this dark place," said a second little pea. "I want to see the world," said a third little pea.

"I'm afraid we shall grow hard," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea cried, he wanted to get out so badly.

The days grew warmer and warmer, and the vine turned yellow, and the pod turned yellow, and the little peas turned yellow.

"All the world is yellow," thought the little peas.

One day a very strange thing happened to the little peas; their little house burst right open, and the five little peas fell on the ground. A little boy saw them, and ran just as fast as he could, and picked them up.

"What fine peas for my pea-shooter," said the little boy, as he picked out the largest pea and threw it just as far as he could.

"I shall never come back," said the next little pea, when he felt himself going higher and higher.

"I am going to the sun," said the third little pea, as he flew upward through the air.

"Good-bye," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea was left all alone. The boy put him in his shooter, and the little baby pea flew right into an open window and fell on the floor near a little sick girl's bed. Her mamma picked him up and planted the little pea in a flower pot where the little girl could see it.

"O mamma," said the little sick girl, "I think I shall get better now."

"I hope you will, darling," said her mother, and sure enough, when the little

plant awoke and grew higher and higher, the little girl could come and look at the green leaves, and give the little pea-vine nice cool drinks.

MRS. GRAY'S SCHOOL.

BY MARY LOMBARD BRODHEAD.

This school was very select, as it had only three scholars.

There were many things about it that seem a little odd. There were no multiplication tables, no slates and pencils, not even pen and ink.

They had language lessons, but no spelling books or first readers. They were taught to tell time in a fashion—but everything was done so quickly that they had no use for hours, minutes or even seconds. They were trained to act by winks, flashes, and such tiny bits of time.

Indeed, forty winks was counted quite a recess by these lively scholars.

Mrs. Gray was very strict in all this, and they had many pretty exercises with strings, flying leaves and even with their own little coat-tails to teach them that "now" does not mean "pretty soon."

Tidiness was another lesson in which Mrs. Gray drilled her little people. As often as they got hot and untidy, they were made to sit down quietly and make themselves neat. Each scholar had a little pink brush that she was taught to use so well that when dressing-time was over they all looked as neat as a new pin. It is greatly to the credit of the school that no one ever cried or pouted over the tidiness lesson, and soon all the scholars learned to polish their neat little nails without any special orders.

Natural history lessons were given out of doors and everybody enjoyed them. Mrs. Gray would take them out under the trees where they could watch the habits of birds, and then to the fields where they were shown the nests of the field-mice and the grassy little cribs of the baby rabbits.

On rainy days Mrs. Gray often took the school to the barn and gave them a lecture on rats and mice.

Although the school had no gymnasium, nor dumb-bells, nor Indian clubs, there were plenty of lessons in athletics. That means learning how to grow active and strong. They ran and leaped, and jumped and climbed, trying to do just what Mrs. Gray did. As their teacher had always worn loose, comfortable clothes she was able to lead them in all these things.

Perhaps you are thinking that there was more fun and frolic than study in this odd school. So one might say about kindergarten if he did not know better. But if you will think a minute you will see that these little scholars learned promptness, tidiness, cleanliness, patience, observation and obedience.

Long names for little learners, aren't they? But they are good lessons even for little people, and Mrs. Gray's scholars were only little kittens and Mrs. Gray was the old mother-cat.

BLANKET STREET.

Come with me, baby, to Blanket Street,
 'tis a famous place, dear, for tired feet;
 Up Stairway Hill, across Landing Ridge,
 Past Banister Lane, and then Kissing
 Bridge,
 Where somebody always you're sure to
 meet.

Over the bridges and at last we are there,
 Right in the middle of Little Crib Square;
 The street is as white as the driven snow,
 But warm like the blossom-tide snow, you
 know—
 Warm to toes that are soft and pink and
 bare.

And speaking of toes, 'tis in Blanket Street
 That the five little pigs so often meet,
 And the littlest always goes squeak,
 squeak, squeak,
 Though the weather is never cold and
 bleak—
 For 'tis always summer in Blanket Street.

And the yellow bird talks as well as sings,
 And the bumblebee hums but never stings,
 And the love-lamps burn like stars all
 night;
 O come, and be sure to listen right,
 For the Blanket Street birds say wonder-
 ful things.

A CHUM LOST.

A pathetic incident is given in the
Detroit Free Press. Would that more of
 us were as good "chums" as Dick!

A newsboy sat on the curbstone crying,
 when a pedestrian halted and laid his
 hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny—lost something?"

"Naw, I ain't. O, O, me chum's dead!"

"O, that's too bad. How did he die?"

"Runned over."

"So! Was there an inquest?"

"Inques' nothin'. He just hollered
 once't, and rolled over dead; and I wish't
 I was dead too along of him."

"Cheer up; you can find another chum."

"Yer wouldn't talk that way if you'd
 knowed Dick. He was the best friend I
 ever had. There warn't nothin' Dick
 wouldn't 'a' done for me, and now he's
 d-d-dead and buried. I'm a-wishin' I was
 too."

"Look here," said the man; "go and sell
 your papers, and take some poor little
 ragged boy, and be a chum to him. It'll
 help you, and do him good."

"Pshaw, mister, where's there a boy
 wot'd go around nights with me, and be
 cold and hungry an' outen dcors and sleep
 on the groun' like Dick? An' he wouldn't
 tech a bite till I'd had enough. He were
 a Christian, Dick were."

"Then you can feel that he's all right if
 he was such a faithful friend and a good
 boy."

"Boy? Dick a boy? Dick warn't
 only a ragged, good-for-nothing human
 boy, mister; Dick were a dog."

THE BEST WAY.

BY C. N. CINNETT.

"Mamma, I do think that you ought to
 have come home sooner. I got vory tired
 watching for you."

"The train was a few minutes late, my
 dear," said mamma, "and then I met old
 Mr. Trask on my way up from the station
 and I tried to answer his questions in as
 cheery a way as I could. I had been to
 see some old friends of his. He seemed to
 feel quite happy to know they were get-
 ting on so well. And those deaf and
 dumb people I called upon were so glad to
 hear from him."

"O, mamma!" said Sarah, "did you
 really see folks that couldn't hear or
 speak?"

"Yes, indeed, I did. Come and sit here
 beside me and I will tell you about them.
 When Mr. Trask asked me to call on these
 friends of his I thought it would be very
 hard work. When I came near the house
 I wondered how I would be heard when I
 rang the doorbell. But just as soon as I
 pulled the knob a little boy came running
 to the door."

"Could he hear and talk, mamma?"

"Yes, and so can all his brothers and
 sisters. He asked me if I were Mrs.
 Albert, and then told me his papa and
 mamma were at home and would be glad
 to see me. We had a pleasant chat
 writing on a slate."

"Oh! they just have to scratch, scratch,
 with a slate pencil. Did the woman write,
 'I do wish that I could speak'?"

"No, my dear, the lady wrote how glad
 she was that her children could hear and
 talk like others and were learning fast at
 school. The man wrote, 'I feel thankful
 that I cannot any more hear men and
 boys speak wicked, unkind words. They
 used to hurt me so before I lost my hear-
 ing and speech.' Then he wished to know
 if I hadn't a little girl at home who could
 come down with me sometimes."

"Would he teach me to talk with my
 fingers, mamma?"

"He would be very glad to do that.
 And the children would like to play with
 you."

"Tell me more, mamma, please."

A great many interesting things were
 told about the deaf and dumb family.
 Then little Sarah looked soberly into her
 mamma's face and said:

"I guess that deaf and dumb man knows
 when folks don't speak nice, if there can't
 a single word creep into his ears."

"How is that, my dear?"

"Why, all such words leave a mark on
 the face worse than a pencil scratch on a
 slate. Anyway, that's how my face
 looked when I asked you so crossly to-day
 why you hadn't come home sooner. I saw
 it in the looking-glass, and I guess it hurt
 you; so I'm going to get over all such
 naughty, scratchy thoughts before I go
 down to see the deaf people."

Never let a day pass without doing
 something for Jesus.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 12,

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

2 Tim 4. 1-8, 16-18. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have fought a good fight, I have
 finished my course, I have kept the faith
 —2 Tim. 4. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To whom did Paul write two letters?
 Where was this one written?
 What did Paul think when he wrote it?
 What probably happened not long after?
 To what does Paul urge Timothy in this
 letter?
 What was Timothy's work?
 What should we all be? Earnest in
 good work.
 What did Paul say of himself?
 Why did he not fear to die?
 What made Paul sad? Verse 16.
 Who did stand by him?
 What good hope did Paul have? Verse
 18.

COMFORT FOR YOU.

God will stand by a child as well as by
 an apostle.
 God loves to deliver from evil.
 God loves to preserve to his heavenly
 kingdom.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 19,

JOHN'S MESSAGE ABOUT SIN AND
SALVATION.

1 John 1. 5. to 2. 6. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and
 just to forgive us our sins.—1 John 1. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What is John's letter to the churches
 called?
 Who was John?
 What is he sometimes called?
 What do we find in this letter of John's?
 To whom was this message sent?
 What is the message?
 How may we keep out of darkness?
 What is the cure for sin?
 Whom did Jesus Christ come to save?
 What is our part in the salvation?
 Who is our friend when we fall into
 sin?
 How may we know that we know
 Jesus?
 How must a Christian walk?
 Who is our perfect example?

LITTLE CHRISTIANS—

May walk in the heavenly light.
 May have their sins washed away.
 May obey Jesus as he obeyed his Father.

NO LEGS.

When little Rob went out of kilts,
So proud was he, he walkod on stilts,
For several afternoons,
To show his pantaloons.

Most grandly stalked he up and down,
Till nut-brown Meg in Green'way gown,
(His little sweetheart true)
Wished she might walk on them too.

At last, "I give 'ou half my bun
If 'ou will let me join 'ou fun."
Said Rob, "But 'ittle Meg,
'Ou hasn't any legs."

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

Little Annie is the daughter of a missionary who lives in the Northwest, far away from any white people. She is eleven years old and has never seen a white child excepting her little baby brother. Sometimes she gets lonesome for some little white girl companion.

Nevertheless, she is contented to live where she does, because she knows her papa is doing a great deal of good there. She sees how miserable and ignorant the poor Indians are, and she declares she will never go away from them until they are all Christians. Often she goes with her father to meetings and helps in the singing, and sometimes her sweet voice sings a song alone. The Indians are very fond of Annie's singing, for they love her very much and call her "the little white angel."

Not only does she help her papa in the services, but she also goes with him on his visits to the Indians' homes. Most of them live in tents made of heavy skins. Some have bark huts and a few have made for themselves little log cabins.

In the picture we see her talking with two old squaws. They have been recently converted, and Annie is telling them about Jesus: how good he is, and how he came to die for them. Even though this little girl is only eleven years old she has been the means of bringing many of these poor heathen to know and love God.

FOR HER COLOUR.

It was a great event for Daisy when her little sister was born. Her delight was unbounded. At the same time she felt a great increase of age and dignity, and announced to her mamma that she no longer

wished to be called Daisy, but by her own name—Isabel.

"We called you Daisy when you were the baby," said mamma, "because you were so fair and sweet that you reminded us of a daisy. Can you not think of some pretty flower that your little sister resembles?"

Daisy meditated for some time, and then gravely replied:

"I think we might call her Currant."

LITTLE MOTHER MARTHA.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It isn't much fun to be a little mother if you can't doctor your own children. But suppose the grown-up mother of the little mother has positively forbidden her touching the medicine bottles?

These were pretty nearly the thoughts in one small maiden's mind; thoughts



THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

shooting back and forth like a pair of shuttle-cocks.

The maiden's name was Martha. Like Martha of old she was a care-taker.

"Here is my poor darling Angelina with the toothache, her face all swolled, and the big tears streaming down her pretty red cheeks."

(That was a fiction, because Angelina wore the fixed smile which always greeted her little mother.)

"I can't see her suffer," and Martha stamped her foot for emphasis.

"My mamma gives me par'goric for toothache, and it stops quicker'n anything. She said 'twouldn't hurt a baby. I've a good mind to climb on a chair an' get it. My baby needs it. I will—so there!"

Oh! little mother, take care.

When the medicine was measured in the spoon, "dess ten drops," though it poured instead of dropping, Miss Angelina proved obstinate, like some other children. No persuasion would make her open her mouth.

"I 'spect it's so swolled, she can't," said

the little mother; like many a grown-up mother, willing to make excuse. "I'll have to 'pend on the poultice."

But there was Kaiser quite longing for a taste.

"Well, he shall have it, then 'twon't be wasted," said this careful Martha.

Kaiser took it, though he sputtered and spit. Still a good part went down.

And then? Well, then the grown-up mother appeared, and snatched the bottle in a hurry.

"It's the ipecac," she exclaimed, with relief. "Kaiser'll have a time of nausea, that'll be all. But, Mattie, what shall mamma do to make you remember you must never, never touch the medicine bottles?"

"I did 'member, mamma; but I wanted to," confessed truthful Martha.

"Mamma is so very sorry. You might have poisoned Kaiser and yourself, too. Now I shall take the handkerchief from Angelina's face, and then I shall lend her for a whole week to the little girl over the way."

Now could any punishment be worse for a little mother than to lend her baby to a stranger?

LOVING THE SICK BEST.

Anabel Jones was a patient, kind little mother with seven dolly children. The two eldest, Dolly and Sally, were perfect beauties: "with golden hair and openin' an' shuttin' eyes." Sally could sit in her red chair alone, like a "weal-ly lady." Dolly could sit alone on the rug, "stwait as a soldier." Then Tiny and Silverhair and Susi were "beautiful," with caps and sashes and silk stockings. Jap Tommy used to be a smart, spry young boy; so did Nicodemus (called Nick for short); but somehow their legs and arms cracked, and turned round, till at last they all fell off. Anabel cried so that mamma took Nick to the doll hospital, but he came home worse than ever. The man broke his neck trying to fasten on some new legs.

So what do you think little mother Anabel Jones did? I will tell you. She put the "wellest" children in chairs, and let Silverhair play on the floor, while she held Nick (what was left of him) all the bright sunny day in her arms. She wrapped him in a flannel cloth to keep his bruised body warm, and tied her pretty hair ribbon around the bundle where his feet ought to be. She sang and told him stories tenderly and patiently.

Violet Grey came to play dollies one day; but when she saw Anabel holding Nick, she made a face, tossed her head, and said spitefully: "What old thing is that? I'd burn it up. It's an old mummy!"

Anabel got very red in the face, and replied: "Violet, you can jes' go home! I loves Nick the very best of all. So does all good mammas. So does Jesus love little crip'ly, and 'ficted and broken-up people. Mamma says so."