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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

No. 22.

HALLOWEEN.

HALLOW EVE, or, as it is called in Scotland, Halloween, is the the Vigil of All Hallows or All Saints' Day, October 31st. It has for many, many centuries been the occasion of certain popular usages in Christian countries, such as the performance of spells by young people, roasting and eating nuts, ducking for apples, and the like. Halloween was supposed to be a night when witches, evil spirits, and other mischief-makers were abroad on their evil errands. Fairies, too, were said on that night to hold grand festivals. These old-world superstitions have had their influence in Canada, and Hallow Eve is observed in our own country, though the mischief-makers are no longer wicked spirits but mischief-loving boys who keep the evening by removing gates, carrying away signs, and making themselves quite as much of a nuisance generally as the evil spirits were once supposed to do. But the Halloween pranks of the boys are becoming less and less frequent, and by-and-by they will be as unheard of on that night as on any other night of the year. The boys in the picture before us have a better way of enjoying the evening.



HALLOWEEN.

They are roasting chestnuts by the open fire. The flames of the fire-light make the shadows play about the room, and they are eating the sweet, roast chestnuts.

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.

AN old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket. The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For" said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco." "Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast, "and the good man say, 'It is not mine, give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no, you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and bad men keep talking all night, and trouble me, and now I bring the money back I feel I have done right."

Like the old Indian we have all a good and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we

do every day. Who wins? Stand up for duty, down with sin. Wrestle with Temptation manfully. Never, never give up the war till you win.

NOISELESS SPINNING-WHEEL.

"TELL me, mamma, what is this
Like web of finest lace?
It swings across the window,
Just here beside my face.

"You say a spider spun it;
Where did she get the floss?
How many others helped her
To carry it across?"

"It wasn't here when I got up—
It hardly can be real;
She must have spun for hours,
And I never heard her wheel."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

GOD SEES.

DURING the berry season every morning there comes to my door a Hollander so small of stature, poor and ignorant that I could not blame you for saying I surely could learn nothing from him. But wait. After I had well tested his honesty, one morning I said to him, as I took some luscious-looking fruit from him: "I like to buy berries of you. They are just as big in the bottom of the box as on the top. 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

His honest eyes opened wide as he innocently said: "What you mean, mum? I no understand." Then I tried to make plain the meaning of our familiar adage by saying: "Why, I mean it pays to be honest. I buy all my berries of you because you don't do like some do, put the nice ones all on the top," etc.

When my meaning dawned upon him the tables were turned, though in his simplicity he never dreamed of turning teacher. I wish I could describe to you the look of reverence that stole into that honest face as he said: "Oh, mum, I never tinks of you when I picks mine berries. I tinks of just him [pointing up]. God can see in the bottom of mine box just the same as on the top of it."

Truly, in that poor, ignorant Hollander I had found a child of the King so true and loyal that I stood rebuked. Is he not worthy to be your teacher and mine, boys?

MOTHER'S PRACTISING.

"AREN'T you glad you have quit being a little girl, mother?" asked Daisy, turning round on the piano stool, yawning and stretching.

"Well, I don't know," said mother, who was busy dusting with a soft cloth; "do you think I have a better time than my two little girls?"

"Why, of course, mother; you can do what you please, and go where you like, and get what you want, and then you don't have any lessons, nor any practising to do."

"You have made five mistakes, my dear," answered mother. "In the first place, I have so much to do that I can't even stop to think whether it pleases me or not; as for going where I like, you know I can't often get away to go anywhere, and I can only get what I am able to pay for; not much, you see, for these are hard times. My lessons are much harder than yours, and I am more severely punished when I do not learn them."

Daisy's eyes were stretched so wide that mother stopped and laughed at her. "And for my practising," she continued, "I have five musical instruments on which I practise every day."

"What do you mean, mother? Where are your musical instruments, and why do I never hear you play on them?"

"They have different names, but they are all *humancellos*. They are very hard to keep in tune, and sometimes make anything but sweet music. I will show them to you after tea."

"Mother is going to give us a concert, and play on five things at once," announced Daisy at the tea-table that evening.

There was a great outcry from the others, "What sort of things?" and "You needn't think we're so green as all that, Dais'."

"I didn't say I would play on them all at once," said mother; "I only said I would show them to you."

"Did you ever see them, father?" asked Anna, but the father laughed and looked very wise. "I have heard them, I am sure," he said.

Great excitement in the library; much impatience for mother to get done ordering breakfast; here she comes at last. "Hush, Frank; don't whis'z, Mac." "Now, mother, where are your *humancellos*?"

Without a word, but with a very "smilin' sace," as Anna used to say, mother stood all the children in a row. Big, Latin school-boy Mac first, then Daisy, then Frank, and Eben, and at the end of the row baby Anna. "Behold my *humancellos*," she cried, waving her hand down the row; "they are the most wonderful instruments ever known. No man could make them, no money could buy them, and though they may get awfully out of tune

and stay so forever, yet no man can finally destroy them.

"God has given them to me to keep and to put in tune for his praise, and it will take me years to do it. I think of this practising of mine when I wake up in the morning, and when I lie down at night, and when I make a mistake and strike a false note it hurts me all through."

The five little *humancellos* had given a loud yell of pretended wrath when they first found mother out, but they were quiet enough before she got through explaining what she meant.

Indeed, this little parable or panorama of mother's gave Daisy so many grave thoughts that she forgot to ask about the other four mistakes, and I am not sure that she knows to this day what was meant by mother's being punished if she did not learn her hard lessons.

CAPTAIN JACK.

THERE was great news in the little village of Westover. Jack Edmonds had spent the whole summer at Fortress Monroe with his uncle, Captain Tracy, and now that he was at home, it was rumoured that he was going to form a military company, and drill the boys, just as his uncle drilled the soldiers at Fortress Monroe.

Isn't it queer how soon every boy in a whole village will hear such news? Jack hadn't been at home two days before every boy in all Westover paid him a visit.

"I say, Jack, is it true?"

"Is what true?" Jack asked, though he knew well enough.

"Is it true that you are to have a military company, and drill us fellows?"

"That depends. If you boys think I know enough, and will mind orders, and won't get huffy if I tell you when you don't do right, then I'll think about it."

"Hurrah for Captain Jack!" shouted a boy, and then such a cheer went up, that Jack's mother rushed to the window to see what was the matter.

Now Jack had a very clever dog, and he determined to drill Jip too. He spent many hours each day teaching him; and his little brother helped him most faithfully. It was quite wonderful how well the dog learned to do what he was taught and to obey orders.

The winter passed away, and Jack's company had worked hard under their young captain. It was a bright day in April when Captain Jack called his soldiers together, and told them that Captain Tracy had arrived the night before, and would review them that afternoon.

What a review that was! The dog stood up beside little Joe and behaved so well that even Jack was proud of him. And as for the boys—why no boys ever obeyed orders more exactly or showed better training.

"Well done, Captain Jack, and well done, comrades. You are splendid young soldiers, dog and all," said Captain Tracy.

How proud and delighted all the boys were! Captain Tracy was their greatest hero and Captain Jack was the next.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something
sweet,—
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,—
And patter away went two little feet
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,
Made by mamma that day.

The mouth grew round and the eyes
grew big
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig;
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,
Into the cake that day.

And when mamma kissed a curly head,
Cuddling it closely up in bed,
"I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh mamma, yes!" and a laugh of glee
Like fairy bells rang merrily—
"But the little bit of a mouse was me,
Out on the shelf to-day!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON V. [Nov. 4.

JESUS LORD OF THE SABBATH.

Mark 2. 23-28; 3. 1-5. Memory verses, 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.—Mark 2. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. The Withered Heart, v. 23-28.
2. The Withered Hand, v. 1-5.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses very carefully. Mark 2. 23-28; 3. 1-5.

Tues. Learn how fault-finding the Jews were. Mark 2. 6, 7, 16, 24.

Wed. Learn why the Sabbath day is holy. Gen. 2. 3.

Thur. Learn the fourth commandment.

Fri. Learn who is Lord of the Sabbath. Golden Text.

Sat. Find what Jesus said to the Pharisees. Matt. 12. 6-8.

Sun. Learn God's Word about the Sabbath. Isa. 58. 13, 14.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus walk one Sabbath day? Who were with him? What did the disciples do as they walked? Was this right? Yes, it was according to Jewish law. Who saw this? What did they say?

What did the Pharisees think themselves to be? Very good.

What did Jesus tell them? What had he come to show men? The right way to keep God's day.

Where did Jesus go another Sabbath? Who was there? Why did the Pharisees watch Jesus? Did Jesus know what they thought? What did Jesus ask them? What did he do? What is the true law of the Sabbath?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus made God's day holy by doing good.

That Jesus is my great Example.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What sort of a place is heaven? Heaven is a place of light and glory.

How will good men live there? Good men will live in heaven in perfect joy forever.

A.D. 27.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 11.

THE TWELVE CHOSEN.

Mark 3. 6-19. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit.—John 15. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Christ's Enemies, v. 6.
2. Christ's Friends, v. 7-12.
3. Christ's Messengers, v. 13-19.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Mark 3. 6-19.

Tues. Learn the Golden Text.

Wed. Learn the names of the apostles.

Thur. Find what their work was to be. Verses 14, 15.

Fri. Learn why God sent his Son to us. John 3. 16.

Sat. Find who sends us out to help. John 17. 18.

Sun. Learn who calls us to work for him. John 15. 16.

DO YOU KNOW—

What evil plan did the Pharisees make? Who hated Jesus? Why? What did the Pharisees pretend? Could they hide their sin from Jesus?

Where did Jesus go? Who went with him? Who came to hear him preach? What did Jesus do for sick souls and bodies? Can he do the same kind of work now?

Where did he go after this? (Verse 13.) Who came to him? How many did he choose to be with him? What did he send them to do? What are they called? What does "apostle" mean? Messenger, or, Sent out. Has Jesus messengers now?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus calls me. Verse 13.

That if I am a disciple I may be "with him." Verse 14.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why will their joy be perfect? Because they will be always with the Lord.

Will they suffer anything there? Good men will suffer nothing in heaven they will have no want nor pain nor sin.

AN ANT HILL.

Whether you live in the city or the country, you can surely find an ant hill. How the little ants hurry about! Let us watch them. In each tiny ant hill there is one mother with many, many baby ants. Each baby ant has a nurse. Every day each nurse-ant takes her baby, or *pupa*, as such a baby is called, up out of the ant hill and leaves it in the sun for an airing. When it begins to rain or any danger comes near, how fast the little nurses scamper to pick up their babies and hurry them down into the house! The mother is called the queen ant. She never goes out into the sun, but always stays down in the ant-hill home. She does no work, and all the little nurses scamper about and wait upon her; but she lays the tiny eggs from which all *pupae*, or baby ants, are hatched.

Some children destroy every ant-hill they find; but I think it is much pleasanter to sit down by these dear little homes and watch the busy little workers and learn all about them; don't you?

THE SUN'S TINY LOVERS.

Did you ever notice how birds love the sunshine? How gleefully they sing in the early morning when the first rays of the king of day shine forth upon the earth! The students of nature who watch the feathered tribes closely have found that they are sad and mournful when the bright sun says "good-night."

The birds that stay with us in the North through the winter's cold are apt to be found at sunset on the banks facing the west, or on the tops of trees where the wind is not blowing.

Those who live near the mountains have noticed that all the birds betake themselves in the morning to the eastern slopes and banks, where they can see the first gleams of sunlight. As eventide approaches, they fly to the slopes that face westward, as if they were devoted subjects, happy only in the presence of their sovereign.

In the winter every bird and animal keeps in the sunshine if possible. It takes intense fright to drive them into the shade for fancied safety.

It is said of the golden plovers that in the evening they ascend from slope to slope of the hills, to keep the sun in sight as long as it is above the horizon. On the topmost height they gather in solemn assembly as it sinks from view, reminding one of ancient fire-worshippers, who made the sun their chief god. After the golden globe can no longer be seen, they remember their hunger and hasten to their feeding-places. Is not this proof that birds manifest wonderful intelligence?



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.—Luke 6. 20-31.

BY THE SEA

ON the sands we run and play,
And pick up roses all the day—
Not the rose whose leaves are green,
But roses in your face, I mean.

We build sandhouses, and we try
To make a sand and sea-weed pie,
With stones and shells put in for meat—
It's very, very good to eat.

Then in the sea one swims and floats,
And on the sand one rides on goats,
You've no idea how hungry we
Get, long before it's time for tea.
When we are playing by the sea.

SUSIE.

"I DON'T want to go to the picnic, Aunt Mary."

"Why not, Susie?"

"Because I never have a good time at any such place. You know I'm not like the other girls."

Susie was very shy and self-conscious, but she wasn't a bit selfish. She lacked "cheek" of which so many girls have an abundant supply.

"If you'll go with me," said Aunt Mary, "I promise you shall enjoy it."

So Susie put on her simple white dress, with a blue sash and her shade hat, and went with Aunt Mary. It was very warm on the cars and a lady near them seemed suffering from the heat. Aunt Mary took her drinking cup from her basket, and giving it to Susie, said, "Go and fill that at the ice cooler, and offer it to the lady, and then bring me some and have some yourself."

A grateful "thank you" from the lady made Susie very happy.

When they reached the grove, the other girls grouped themselves variously, but Susie stayed by Aunt Mary. The latter spied a little girl by herself, and said to Susie, "Go and ask that little girl if she

wouldn't like to swing, and give her a chance to enjoy herself."

Susie went obediently, and soon was talking with the strange girl, who turned out to be the daughter of the owner of the grove in which the picnic was held. This little girl, grateful for Susie's attention, offered to take her to some pretty nooks near by, not accessible to the other children; and the two girls had a fine time rambling together till lunch was ready, and then everybody was called by a bell to

the tables. After lunch, Aunt Mary said: "One of the little girls was made sick by riding on the cars, and she lies yonder under that maple tree. Take your friend and go and see if you can't do something for her; she's too sick to play."

So the two went and cheered the patient, carrying lemonade and talking pleasantly to her, till she really began to forget her sickness and take an interest in things about her.

When Susie got home from the picnic, she told her mother she never enjoyed herself so much in her life. Aunt Mary, hearing this, said, as they were talking matters over confidentially: "Now, whenever you feel shy, and begin to think about yourself and how awkward and solitary you feel, go right about making somebody else happy, and you'll forget all about your bashfulness, and be surprised to find how you'll begin to really enjoy yourself and be genuinely happy."

GO FOR IT, TOWSER.

HAROLD went down to the pond to sail the little boat he had just made, and old Towser followed him. By-and-bye Harold was tired of sailing his boat, and looked around for some new amusement. There was old Towser, he would make him go into the water for sticks. So he called the dog, made him smell the stick, and then threw it into the water.

"Go for it, Towser. Go, sir!" he shouted. But Towser was old and lazy, and he did not want to go, so he put his tail between his legs, and ran home.

This made Harold very angry, and he threw his stick after him, calling out, "You bad dog, if I catch you I'll give you a good beating."

Mother had seen the whole thing. "Harold, if poor old Towser deserves a beating, what does the boy deserve who ran down here and pretended not to hear when asked to go to the store?"

"I'll go this minute," answered Harold.



THE SONG OF BIRDS.

THE rustle of the leaves, the murmur of the waving grain, the music of the rain's drip, drip, from the trees above their nests and the laughing gurgling of the brook is voiced in the beautiful song of birds. They tell us in sweetest music of nature's perfect harmony and the glory of the daybreak. The inspiration of resting on sunny clouds with their little bodies filled with purest, most intoxicating air is expressed in their wonderful trill. What happiness and trustfulness and peace seem to belong to the bird:

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs:
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

THE DOGGIES' TEA PARTY.

THE children had been playing have tea out in the orchard. They had set two dolls' tables with the little dishes, and Ella had brought out tiny sandwiches and cookies and milk, and Janie had gathered some wild strawberries, and they had been as happy as could be, when Towser and Dash, the two dogs, had come rushing out to find them, and almost upset the tables in their eagerness to get to the children, for these dogs were very fond of them.

"Bad dogs! Go home!" said Janie, stamping her foot. But instead of obeying, Dash, who smelled the meat in the sandwiches, stood on his hind legs right beside the smaller table, and begged as prettily as he was able.

The children burst out laughing.

"Let's give doggies a party," said Ella.

"Yes, do. We can give them the rest of the sandwiches and the milk," said Fred. Dash swallowed the bits of sandwiches so fast that Janie declared he could not taste them at all. But he evidently knew they were good. Little Towser had all the milk and Dash all the sandwiches, and they seemed to enjoy them heartily, in dog fashion, though I fear they did not say "thank you" very clearly.

The four children liked their own tea party all the more for sharing it with their dog friends. Children do not know how much they can make helpless animals suffer by cruel conduct, or how happy they can make them by kind treatment.