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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVII.]

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1897.

No. 16.

IN THE ORCHARD.

Why are these three children looking up into that tree. What do you suppose they see there? It is a lovely harvest apple tree, and amid its spreading branches, hidden behind the leaves, the luscious golden fruit is hanging.

These children all live in the city, but they have come to spend the day in the country, and the kind old farmer, at whose house they are visiting, has told them that in the fine big orchard across the road, they will find all the apples they can eat, and as many as they wish to take home with them too.

So all four run off gleefully, and are soon gathered beneath a fine old tree with splendid big apples on it. Quite a few have fallen to the ground, but there are some specially tempting ones on the tree. So it was decided that one of the boys should climb up and shake the branches.

Here we see Harry trying it. He is a wee bit nervous, for he never climbed a tree before, but though he has not got very far, if he is persevering and cautious and holds

tightly to the limbs he will be able to get up to the higher limbs and shake the fruit down.

MARY AND HER DOG.

Such a pretty story I read the other day about a little girl named Mary, who lived in Pennsylvania. In some way she



IN THE ORCHARD.

fell and broke her arm, and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond. There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob. He seemed to feel very sorry for his little mistress, and he noticed how happy the flowers

Kittie liked it so well, that soon she climbed up and put her nose in the bowl to help herself.

At first it was funny to watch her, but when Bessie saw that most of her breakfast was gone, she lifted her spoon and struck Puss very hard Pussy "me-ou'd" so loud that mamma looked out "No no," she said, seeing the lifted spoon

always made her. So he thought he would give her a bouquet too. Away he went into the yard, and plucked a mouthful of plantain leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his fore-paws on her bed, dropped the leaves and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, "Don't you think my flowers are pretty too?"

BESSIE AND PUSS.

Bessie slept so late one morning that breakfast was over when she got up, so mamma put her bowl of bread and milk on a chair out-doors where it was cool.

"Sank 'oo," said Bessie politely. She put Johnny's hat on the back of her head, for she liked it better than her own broad-brimmed one, and went out. How good the bread and milk tasted. But in a minute Puss came too, and put her paws on the chair and said, "mew, mew." Bessie knew she meant "please give me some."

"It's my bekfuss, kittie, and I must eat it," said the little girl. But Puss mewed louder than ever, and Bessie gave her a big spoonful.

'She eated my bekfuss,' said Bess.

"She didn't know any better," said mamma, coning out. She took Bess's hand and looked at it. "This little hand was not made to hurt anything that God made," she said.

Then she washed the bowl and filled it again, and shut the kittie up. So Bess ate her bread and milk by herself. But all that day, whenever she looked at her hand, she remembered how mamma said it was not made to hurt things.

Let us hope she will always remember.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 31, 1897.

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa, but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked. "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa, but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and

broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

KITTY'S PARTY.

Gladys and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kitty, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten; but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat, but they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other somewhat anxiously a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kitty had run away, and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina; "it wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, their papa and mamma looked very mysterious, and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other; but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast their papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once, and their mamma followed them; and what do you suppose? There in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens. "You see Trot has sent out her own invitation," said their papa. And then such squeals of delight as there were from the girls. They fairly hopped from one foot to the other in their excitement.

And so Trot's birthday party was furnished with guests, and Trot was treated to the daintiest supper that two happy little girls could devise.

A FAMILY PARTY.

There was a family gathering
Of insects, small and great,
And some were sure to be on time,
Though some were always late.

The great old lazy bumblebee
Came bumping up the way;
Said he: "I've on my Sunday coat,
And I have come to stay."

A little cricket dressed in black,
Skipped blithely by his side;
A katydid in fair green gown,
With gauzy wings spread wide;

A daddy-long-legs, clad in brown,
(He scared the children so,)
A wasp in gaudy yellow dress,
And buzzing sweet and low;

A dragon-fly, in brilliant hue,
Emerging from the hay;
And by-and-bye a ladybug,—
These all walked up the way.

Just then a house-fly, old and gray,
Hummed as he came along;
A dandy young mosquito-bug
Completes the happy throng.

The ball-room was a grapevine leaf,
The feast, 'twas fresh and new,
With honey from the clover white,
And early morning dew.

They sang and danced as best they could
From early morning light
Until the sunset's fiery glow
Had melted into night.

Then homeward all they wend their way
To get a wink of sleep,
But leave that young mosquito-bug,
His tireless watch to keep.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

One winter a little boy six or eight years of age begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" asked the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him, and who then does the best he can?" Oh, for a childlike faith!

In the infant class a week or two ago the minister was questioning on the lesson about the "spies," when he asked, "Now, what would you do if you had such a large bunch of grapes that you could not carry it?" One little nipper replied, "I would sit down and eat half of them."

LEFT OR RIGHT.

"Which do you choose,
Left or right?"
Asked Willie Wilkins
Of Susie White.

Susie smiled, then
Dropped her head.
"I choose the best one,"
She wisely said.

"Which shall we choose,
Wrong or right?"
Will, grown older,
Asked Susie White.

Susie grown wiser,
Lifted her head.
"Let's choose the best way,"
Sweet Susie said.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VI. [Aug. 8.

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.

1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14. 3.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What good news did Silas and Timothy bring to Paul?

Why did they stay in Macedonia?
To whom did Paul write a letter one evening?

How were letters written in those days?
How were they carried?

What is this letter called in the Bible?
Where was Paul when he wrote it?

What did he urge the Thessalonians to do?

To whom did he speak words of comfort?
Why should not Christians mourn for the dead like others?

Why do we believe in the resurrection?
Can we know when Jesus will come again?

What is our part to do?

LESSONS FOR ME.

To grow in the grace of loving.
To be faithful and diligent.
To work for Jesus and wait for him?

LESSON VII. [Aug. 15.

ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

1 Cor. 8. 1-13. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For none of us liveth to himself.—Rom. 14. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What was the result of Paul's work in Corinth?

What happened after he went away?
How did Paul try to help them?

By whom did he send the letter?
Did it do the Corinthians good?

What had many of these Christians been?

What was a common custom in Corinth?
To have feasts in idol temples.

What did some of these Corinthians do?
Go to these feasts.

What did Paul urge them to do?
To deny themselves.

Why should Christians now refuse to drink wine?

Why should we deny ourselves for the sake of others?

How can we often help another?
By our good example.

MY PLEDGE.

"For Jesus' sake"—

I will try to do right myself.

I will try to help others to do right.

I will remember that "I am not my own."

ANNIE OR LUCY?

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Annie went to church every Sunday morning, and to Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. Lucy never went to church or Sunday-school, for Lucy was pale and weak, and lay in bed all day long; but Annie was round and rosy and healthy. Annie's mother taught her the Golden Text and told her the lesson story every week before Sunday came. Lucy had no lesson paper to tell her what the Golden Text was, or the story. But every Sunday morning, when her mother had made her comfortable and kissed her good-bye, and she heard the many footsteps passing along the street outside her window, she put her little thin hand over her eyes, and asked God to bless the prayers and the hymns and the sermon and all the people. And when her mother came back they talked it over together. When Annie was in church, she spent the time looking at the bonnets and the dresses, and thinking of school and recess and the other girls. And when she woke up on Monday morning, she did not take the Golden Text and the Bible thoughts about with her, to make her obedient and faithful and sweet. Some of her playmates thought she was "proud," and her mother was afraid that she was selfish. But all through the week Lucy tried to be patient and good, and every day her mother thanked God for her little daughter. And the neighbours' children who came in to see her, when they went away again, felt somehow that it was a mean thing to do wrong, and a lovely thing to do right.

Which of these two little girls, Annie, or Lucy, did more for God's church in our big world—the one who always went to church and Sunday-school, and always knew her lesson, or the one who never went and never knew her lesson? What do you children think is the best way to help the church?

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

There is a legend of a man wrecked at sea and borne by the waves to an unknown shore. At once he was conducted by the inhabitants to a palace and saluted with reverence.

Asking an explanation, he was told that "once a year the people took some one who reached their shores in this way and made him king. They obeyed all his commands, and he reigned in majesty and splendour for the period of a year."

"But what will become of me at the expiration of the year?"

"You will be placed in an open boat and conveyed to an island beyond the horizon, uninhabited and desolate."

"What will be my fate then?"

"It is to be expected that you will there starve."

Like his predecessors, the new king at first gave himself up to feasting and drinking. But toward the close of the year he called his chief adviser to him and said:

"Am I still king?"

"You are."

"And will the people obey all my commands?"

"Everyone, until the last moment."

"Then," said he, "I will devote the rest of the year to sending forward provisions and all necessaries for my comfort on that island beyond the horizon."

There was One who said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Dear Father, whom I cannot see,
Smile down from heaven on little me.
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings about my bed.
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb.
Dear God our Father, watch and keep
Father and mother while they sleep.

A bright little fellow of four summers awoke one morning, and, turning to his grandmother, said: "Grandma, I dreamed that I had a carriage last night." "Did you?" said she. "Well, what did you do with it?" "O," said he, in his thoughtful manner, "I left it in the dreamhouse."

RECEIPT FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dash of cold water,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold,
Dissolved in morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then, as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.
Flavour it all with essence of love
And a little dash of play;
Let a nice old book and a glance above
Complete the well spent day.

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

Most girls with any time to spare do not trouble their heads very much about mending their own clothes, much less any one else's; and any little girl who begins by being well occupied in her free time when she is young will grow up and become a really active and useful woman. Look at these busy fingers in our picture working away so hard, and knitting a nice pair of warm stockings for her little brother. How he will treasure them when the cold weather comes on, and how glad he must be to have so kind and thoughtful a sister.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums, when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing. But Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and, believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman, and had to provide for several other little Tubbses beside John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your breakfast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satis-

faction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the boys did



THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate, that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise: and when he was done speaking, the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders,

and carried him in triumph around the play-ground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind, you'll throw a fellow down."

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

I'm only a little child,
But mamma said, one day,
The weakest hands may do some work,
And the youngest heart can pray.

And O, I am so glad
To know that this is true,
That God hath in his harvest-fields
Something that I can do.

Some little corner where
My youthful hands would glean,
So I may bring my golden sheaf
When the grain is gathered in.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me.
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of thee.

A BIBLE IN A LOG CABIN.

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture. In the corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl—

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' And when I think of that I am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, 'Suffer that little child to come up to me, and forbid her not.' I am soon going to be with him for ever."

Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you.'