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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1899.

No 15.

WHAT SISTERS ARE FOR.

"Who are those children, Malcolm?" asked Mrs. McDonald. "The boy looked at you so strangely."

"Weil he may look at me strangely," answered Malcolm, contemptuously; "he stole my knife."

"Dear me, what a pity!" Evidently Mrs. McDonald was not thinking of the knife, for she turned and looked after the boy regretfully.

"He has a good face," she said.

"He's a rogue," exclaimed Malcolm, spitefully, "and he lied like anything about it!"

Mrs. McDonald and Malcolm were going up the steps of a fine hotel, which was full of summer boarders, while Gil Philips and his two little sisters seemed to be going nowhere in particular, and looked a good deal like people who had nowhere to go. They also were talking on the same subject as the mother and son.

"Was that the fellar?" asked Bet, a little fiercely.

"That's him," answered Gil; "an' ef his mother hadn't a-bin along, I'd er struck—"

"Hush, Gil!" said 'Liza; "'tain't right to talk so."

"No more 'tain't right for him to say I stole his ole knife."

"How cum you had any knife o' his'n?" asked Bet.

"I borrowed hit," sighed Gil, "and put hit in my pockit, and 'tain't nary hole in my pockit, but 'tain't no knife thar now."

"Gil," said 'Eliza, suddenly, "ef I find



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

the knife, will you take it back and make up with that boy?"

"How you goin' to find it? I done looked for it everywhere."

But everybody knows that a boy's looking is one thing, and a girl's looking is quite another; and 'Liza had a notion in her little head. Gil flouted her notion, and Bet said she was crazy, but all the same they hung over the rocks with her, watching the tide go out.

There isn't much tide at Craney, it is so

far up the bay; but the water swells gently up the beach twice a day, and twice a day lapses gently back, and that day, when the rocks, where Malcolm and Gil had been playing were uncovered, there, under a low-lying ledge, 'Liza found the knife, as she hoped, and also, half-buried in the sand, a round, wet, silver dollar.

"'Course" exclaimed the little bare-footed finder, triumphant "I jes thought how you an' him jerked off your coats, an' I made sure yer pockits turned upside down, but I warn't sure 'bout the tide leavin' 'em here so snug."

"How cum you ter think of such a thing?" cried Gil, in admiration of Liza's genius.

"O, that's what girls are for, I guess," answered the little woman, pleased with her own helpfulness.

But when Gil found himself obliged to keep his promise of 'making up,' and forgiving his slanderer, instead of fighting him, which I am sorry to say was

a plan he had been cherishing, he had a dim notion of another truth, though not a word of it could he have uttered—that God put sisters in a fellow's home to help him in the hard climb up the hill of Right.

One day Jessie was sitting in her grandpa's lap, and while sitting there, noticed that his head was bald on top. She said, "O, 'Ranpa, your head is pecking froo!"

SOME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

When mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has bought her,
She says with saucy emphasis,
'I'm papa's little daughter.'

When papa chides or frowns at her
For naughty ways we have not taught
her,
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
'I'm mamma's little daughter.'

When papa and when mamma, too,
Must scold for wrong in which they've
caught her,
She sobs in broken-heartedness,
'I ain't—nobody's—daughter.'

But when she's sweet and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought
her,
She says, with loving promptitude,
'I'm bofe you's little daughter.'

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TORONTO JULY 29, 1899.

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he, and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly—a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I'm worth something, and I can do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. "What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it," and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape. The fly flew across the room and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy stoutly.

"Indeed I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air, and if we had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and baby and mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not," cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well you are a bad boy anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies, and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy soberly. "I'll never catch flies again; and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

TOMMY'S JACK-O'-LANTERN.

"Elegant! Just look at his eyes!"

"See his teeth!"

"Doesn't the candle flare out splendidly?"

And Tommy Bangs, Billy Ball, Max Morton, and the rest, hopped about jubilantly, after the manner of small boys who have just successfully completed an unusually hideous specimen of a jack-o'-lantern.

"Now let us think of somebody that we can scare," said Billy.

"There's Miss Snip, the dressmaker," suggested Tommy. "She's awfully nervous. She's been sewing at my mother's sometimes, and if anybody bangs the door even, she'll hop up and holler: 'Ouch!'"

"She took laughing gas or something once to have her teeth taken out, and it injured her nerves," remarked Max Morton, who was the doctor's son.

"Miss Snip'd have a cotton-flannel fit if she'd open the door some evening and see this awful 'jack' glaring and grinning at her," said Tommy.

"Say," said Billy Ball, suddenly, "I know of a better way. It isn't much fun

to scare a—sick person, and Miss Snip is kind of sick, isn't she, Max? But we might give her a wee bit of a scare—a nice kind, you know. S'pose we take a pumpkin, a whole one, and set it on her doorstep this evening, then knock and run. I'll furnish the pumpkin; I know my father will let me have one. I think Miss Snip would like one, anyhow, for I heard her say that she hadn't much of a garden this year, because the neighbours' hens got in and scratched up things."

This was certainly a novel plan. The boys viewed it with approval. Of course, Miss Snip might be a little bit scared at hearing a sudden knock and seeing a big pumpkin; but as Tommy Bangs remarked: "It wouldn't be enough to hurt her teeth any more!"

Two days after this the boys were going down the road, Miss Snip opened the door of her little brown cottage and waved her apron at them.

"Come here!" she called out, shrilly. The boys obeyed, looking a little sheepish. Was she going to scold them for leaving that pumpkin? Not a bit of it.

Miss Snip led them into her tiny dining-room, and there, upon the table, were two big pumpkin pies. And such pies! All golden brown and shining, with custardy flakes in them; pies that were odorous with toothsome delights and fragrant spices.

"There!" said Miss Snip smiling. "Take those pies, and some knives and help yourselves. Go and sit on the steps, though, so as not to mess in here—I just swept up. Cut big pieces, boys. Don't be afraid. I've got three more pies in the pantry. Somebody"—here Miss Snip's eyes twinkled—"somebody left a real nice pumpkin on my front steps night before last. None o' you know who it was, do ye?"

The boys did not answer. How could they, with their mouths so full of those delicious golden-brown wedges?

OBEDIENCE.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend. "He always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of all we have?

Truthful and honest children make truthful and honest men and women. Character is shown in little things. Clean face and hands, neat dress, and pleasant manners go a great way. As the character of the tree can be told by the nature of the seed, each producing after its kind, so we can tell what the man or woman will be from the character of the boy and girl. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

AN OLD TABLE.

"I have a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old,
And though it has stood
So long, 'tis as good
As the finest of gold!"

"Oh, Arthur, your table,
I fear, is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found?
Now tell—honour bright!"

"'Twas found, they say, Mabel
In the great tower of Babel;
And learned folks say
That wise old Hindus
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,
"Do show us this table
That's older than Egypt—
As old as creation!"

"My table is square,
Not round—to be fair.
But why should I show
What all the girls know—
This very old table,
Called Multiplication?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI. [Aug. 6.]

A NEW HEART.

Ezek. 36. 25-36. Memory verses, 25-27

GOLDEN TEXT.

A new heart also will I give you.—Ezek. 36. 26.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Ezekiel? Where was he when the Lord called him to be a prophet? In what way did he call him? To whom did the Lord tell Ezekiel to go? To the people of Israel. What had many of the Israelites done? Gone away from God. How do people go away from God? By disobeying him. What did God send Ezekiel to do? Call them back to him. What did he promise to do? Give them new hearts. What does the old heart of sin love to do? Have its own way. What good promise does the Golden Text bring to each one of us? What will make it possible for us to keep God's law? To have his Spirit in our hearts. For whose sake does God do all these things for us? For Jesus' sake.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ezek. 36. 25-36.

Tues. Find out who Ezekiel was. Ezek. 1. 3.

Wed. Learn who gave Ezekiel the right to prophesy. Ezek. 2. 1-8

Thur. Learn how Ezekiel learned to speak right words. Ezek. 3. 1-4.

Fri. Find what Jesus said about the need of a new heart. John 3. 1-8.

Sat. Learn a promise of help for every day. Verse 27.

Sun. Learn a word of comfort to those who love Christ's kingdom. Luke 12. 32.

LESSON VII. [Aug. 13.]

EZEKIEL'S GREAT VISION.

Ezek. 37. 1-14. Memory verses, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will put my Spirit within you.—Ezek. 36. 27.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Ezekiel? The Lord's prophet. When did he live? A long time before Christ came. How did the Lord sometimes speak to him? By visions. What is a vision like? Why does the Lord not need to use visions now? We have Jesus to teach us who God is and what he is like. What was the vision told in this lesson? A vision of dry bones. Who were like these dry bones? The people of Israel. How had they lost the life of the Spirit? By disobeying God. What did God say he could do? Make these dry bones live. What did Ezekiel see in the vision? The dry bones becoming living persons. What is sin? Death. Who can change it to life? God.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ezek. 37. 1-14.

Tues. Learn how disobedient Israel had been. Ezek. 20. 18-21.

Wed. Find how God and the angels feel about sinners. Luke 15. 4-7.

Thur. Find the promises of Christ's kingdom. Ezek. 37. 21-27.

Fri. Learn a promise for you. Golden Text.

Sat. Find how necessary a new heart is. John 3. 3-8.

Sun. Read Psalm 67.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

A lady friend is intimately acquainted in a family in which there is a sweet, bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there has sprung up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him: "Willie, do you love me?" "Yes, indeed," he replied with a kiss. "How much?" "Why, I love you—I love you up to the sky." Just then his eye fell upon his mother. Flinging his arms about her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed: "But, mamma, I love you 'way up to God!"

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

A little gipsy girl in England, attracted by the singing in a Sunday-school as she passed, pushed slowly open the door, and looked wonderingly inside. She was persuaded to enter, and was put into a class with girls about her own size. There she heard the Gospel for the first time in her life, and she believed as she heard. "Is it really true," she said, "that Jesus died on the cross to save me and everybody from our sins? Then I must go and tell my father and mother. they don't know."

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE SHANNON.

I saw a wonderful voyage last night—
(A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down;)

The ship was o' gold and glittered bright,
And a-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town.

"Hollo!" cried old Wind
To the fairy boat,
"It is I who will show you
How to float!"

And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast
That the foamy billows rose far and fast.

"Tu-whit, tu-whee" screamed an owl
From a tree,

(A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark;)
"I am glad I am not afloat," quoth he,

"Afloat to-night in yon fragile bark!"
Quoth he, "This oak is old and bare,
But I'd ten times sooner be here than there!"

And he huddled close to keep safe and warm
And shelter himself from the coming storm.

But the gay little boat sailed merry and brave—

Now leaving behind it a track of light,
And now sinking deep in the trough of the wave,

Till, a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight,

And I thought as I saw it
fall

and

fall,

Now, surely this is the end of all—
That little gold boat can never again
Rise to the top of the tempest-tossed main!

When lo! up, up, would she lightly float,
(A-ring, a-ding, on the waves' high crest;)

Now, give me a name for this little boat
As she ploughs her way from the east
to the west?

"A name? It is given, O soon, so soon—
For the little gold boat

Is the crescent moon,
The stormy sea is the wintry sky,
And the clouds are the billows mountains
high!"



THE ESCAPED BALLOON.

“WE ARE SEVEN.”

This poem by Wm. Wordsworth used to be in the school reading books. I do not know that it is now. Our young people should all know it.

I met a little cottage girl—

She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,

How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they, I pray you tell?”

She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this can be.”

Then did the little maid reply:
“Seven boys and girls are we,

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be
seen,”

The little maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

“And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porridge;
And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played
My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
“If those two are in heaven?”
The little maiden did reply,
“O master, we are seven.”

“But they are dead—those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven.”
‘Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “Nay, we are seven.”

DOLEFUL DOTTY.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALER.

“How do you do, Dotty Dumps?” cried father, coming into the dusk of the sitting-room, and finding a forlorn little figure on a chair. “Do you know where my little girl is, the one who runs to meet me?”

The cross Dotty scorned to answer. He called, “Dotty, Dotty, dear! where are you hiding?”

He opened closets and looked behind curtains and then sat down and pretended to cry. “My dear, lost Dotty! What shall I do without your bright face?”

Dotty laughed in spite of herself. “Silly father!” she said.

“Why, there you are!” cried father, rushing to catch her in his arms before the laugh faded. “I thought this was some strange little crosspatch!”

“I am cross” said Dotty.

“Pray, why?” asked father, surprised.

“Boy Blue broke my doll.”

“That’s too bad,” said father, “but not worth being miserable about. Did baby mean to do it?”

“No,” admitted Dotty. “He wanted to hold Blanche, and I let him, and he dropped her.”

“What did you do?”

“I scolded.”

“And poor baby was frightened and cried, and mother ran to take him from his cross sister, and she sat here and pouted.”

“How did you know?” wondered Dotty.

“I know,” said father.

“I didn’t want my doll broken,” said Dotty.

“Suppose it was Boy Blue, or mother, or father?”

“You couldn’t be broken,” laughed Dotty.

“We might be sick or hurt. Haven’t you much to be glad about?”

Dotty suddenly felt ashamed. “I’ll run kiss baby. I’m glad it isn’t Boy Blue!”

A little girl was once punished for doing wrong, when she said, “O, those commandments do break awfully easy!” And it is true that it is very easy to sin. This is the reason we should ask Jesus every morning to keep us from sinning through the day.