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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

[No. 24.]

A STRANGE PLANT.

Did ever you see such a strange plant as this growing in a flower-pot? I wonder what name I should be giving it? It is not a morning-glory, but a mother's glory. Perhaps you think that a very queer name, but as it is a strange little plant, no wonder it has such an odd name. This little girl was christened Glory when she was a tiny baby, because she was such a bright little thing, with sparkling blue eyes and light, shining hair.

One day Glory got into a big flower-pot and looked like some strange plant growing there.

AN ARMY KITTEN.

One evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, the cry of "Halt! Who goes there?" from a sentry, started every lounge to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter.



A STRANGE PLANT.

She lived near by, with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and, when the Union soldiers came, she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

A little girl quickly responded. "It is done right away."

Reader, when you repeat that prayer, think of the child's answer. Certainly loving obedience will be prompt. Do you desire God's will done on earth? Then be willing to do his will yourself. This is a prayer which you can help to answer.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but continued to be the property and the special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victor after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunderclouds of human passion and strife.

RIGHT AWAY.

A teacher asked her class what was meant by the expression in the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples: "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

After several answers the teacher asked: "How do you think our Father's will is done in heaven?"

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own,
But the greatest of all her treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is Mother's Comfort,
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

THE STORY OF BANBEE.

Banbee was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful-looking thing, with a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But, notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it, and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse she laid it on the stiff, wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and little Banbee cried, but still she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the

idol, but the great dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee!"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed so very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children; how he came to earth to save just such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend (the kind missionary), creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and said she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Jesus.

A QUEER CROW'S NEST.

A firm of opticians in Bombay have rooms where pebbles and spectacle-frames are manufactured. Quite recently an assistant discovered that a large number of gold, silver and steel spectacle-frames had mysteriously disappeared. The men employed were suspected, and orders were given that no one should have access to the room but the manager. Still the thefts continued, and the manager could not discover the thief. One day however, he was startled by hearing the flapping of a bird's wings at the window, and saw a large crow, which, when it had picked up a frame in its beak, flew away to the roof of a neighbouring building. A search was made on this roof, when it was found that the thieving bird had constructed thereon for itself a cosy nest composed of the missing frames. The design of this gold and silver structure was so ingenious, and presented such a beautiful appearance, being so deftly and carefully woven together,

that it was decided to keep it intact for a time, and before the materials were unwoven and separated a photograph of the nest was taken. It was not only a queer crow's nest, it was also a dear one, consisting of eighty-four frames, of the value of about £50.

A LITTLE BLACK BOY AND A BIG CHIEF.

In Uganda, in Africa, every Christian is expected to do something for the Master, and teach others of Jesus. They are sent from village to village to carry the good tidings. A little boy once went to the chief's house, but he refused to let him come inside of the fence; so the boy stood outside and called through the fence that he was like one who had good medicine for the sick, but the sick would not take it.

The chief called out, "I am not sick; I am quite well."

"That is just what I thought about myself once," said the boy, "but I was not only sick, but dead, and worse than dead; for I was so bad I was spoiling all around me."

The chief became interested in the determined little fellow who would not go away, and invited him to come in and eat with him, and ended by buying a book and promising to learn to read.

And the last we heard of that old chief he was getting ready to be baptized. How glad that boy will be when he sees him join the army of the Lord.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright:
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum
Entice your feet to stray.
Someone is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Someone is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels, pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one—
And let your mark be high!—
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon this round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE A PROCTOR

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

Little Helen, whom I shall call this girl
—for I do not like to tell her real name—
did not want to pray before she retired to rest.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?"
asked her mother.

"No," said Helen; "you and papa give
me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked
her mother.

"It's my papa's house; he lets me live
in it."

"Where did the wood come from to
build it?" asked her mother.

"From trees," Helen answered; "and
they grow in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who
gave the rain to water them? Who gave
the sun to warm them? Who did not
allow the winter to kill them? Who kept
them growing from little trees till they
were big enough to build houses with?
Not papa; not man. It was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and
then said: "Papa bought nails to make it
with."

"What are nails made of?" asked
mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen; "and men dig
iron out of the ground."

"Who put the iron in the ground, and
kept it there safe till the men wanted it?"
asked the mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from the carpet-
men," said Helen, drawing her small foot
across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the
wool to make it from?" asked the mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said
the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses
good enough for us? For your dress, I
see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool.
The best thing we can get is their cast-off
dresses. Where did the lambs get such
good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said
the little girl. "It is you that gives me
bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But," said her mother, "the flour we
got from the shop-keeper, and he bought
it from the miller, and the miller took the
wheat from the farmer; and the farmer
had it from the ground. Did the ground
grow it all of itself?"

"No," cried Helen suddenly, "God grew
it. The sun and the rain, the wind and
the air, are his, and he sent them to the
cornfield. The earth is his, too. And so
God is at the bottom of everything; isn't
he, mother?"

"Yes," said her mother, "God is the
origin of every good and perfect gift we
enjoy."

The little girl looked serious; she looked
thinking. "Then, mother," she said at
last, "I can't make a prayer long enough
to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his for-
giveness for?" asked the little girl's
mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not
feeling grateful and trying to put him out
of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

THE DOLL'S DRESS.

Ella was dressing her doll. She turned
over her box of choice scraps. There were
bits of scarlet merino, some bright buttons,
gay feathers, dainty silks, and a large roll
of green satin that would make basque and
overskirt. She smoothed the soft, shiny,
fabric in her fingers and then took it to
sister Martha, who would cut it out for her.

"How strange," said Martha, while she
busied herself with the scissors, "that any
thing so smooth as this could be made from
the mulberry leaf!"

"The rough, coarse mulberry?" asked
Ella.

"The very same; the silk-worm feeds
on the coarse, rough leaf, growing larger
and larger as each leaf is eaten up. By-
and-bye, from the nourishment which the
mulberry leaf has supplied, he spins the
silk that men at last weave into satin.
Time and patience; Ella, never forget that
with time and patience the mulberry leaf
becomes satin."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 25.]

SALUTARY WARNINGS.

1 Peter 4. 1-8. Memory verses, 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto
prayer. — 1 Peter 4. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What apostle besides Paul wrote letters
to Christians?

How many of his letters are in the
Bible?

To whom was this one written?

Who were these "strangers"?

Where were they? 1 Peter 1. 1.

What had Peter probably taught them?

Why did they still need to be taught?

Were they in greater danger than we
are?

Who suffered temptations for our sakes?

What do we need to resist temptations?
The mind of Christ.

What will this mind lead us to do?

Why should we be sober and watchful?

What covers many sins?

Where may we get love?

I MAY HAVE—

The mind of Christ,
The sober, watching spirit,
The mantle of love,
If I want them.

LESSON X. [Dec. 5.]

CHRIST'S HUMILITY AND EXALTATION.

Phil. 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let this mind be in you, which was also
in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 2. 5.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How was Paul called to preach at
Philippi?

What did the Church become there?

What is the law of Christ's kingdom?

If we have received comfort from love,
what should we do?

What does love cause us to be?

What kind of a mind had Jesus?

How did he show his lowly mind?

How did he show his loving mind?

How did he show his peaceable mind?

How has he been exalted?

What does true lowliness do? Lifts up,
or exalts.

What shall every tongue yet confess?

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER TO YOURSELF.

Jesus had a lowly mind. Have I?

Jesus had a loving mind. Have I?

Jesus was a peacemaker. Am I?



THE CHAMELEON.

THE CHAMELEON.

Wouldn't you think yours was a long tongue if it were as long as your whole body? Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow, who lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. He is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, only that he can dart out his tongue as quick as a flash, and as long as his body. The end of this droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches. The little animal that I speak of is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like big beads on the side of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other back, and thus see everywhere.

DO YOUR BEST.

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock, and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead; but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom; and if you begin working overtime that way, you'll have to keep it up;" and the speaker, a young lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the workbench for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself then; for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying, he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now. The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life.

The other boy lost nothing by his willingness, and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition, and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employers' business?

It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business; while

the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder.

ROSAMOND, THE IDLE.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

Miss Rosamond May was so idle, they say,
That her wise fairy godmother took her
away
To regions of fairyland, cloudy and gray;
And there she must stay for a year and a
day,
Or still longer, I fear,
Till she does all the things that she didn't
do here.

All the stints and the chores that she
thought were such bores,
The running of errands to markets and
stores,
The making of beds and the sweeping of
floors,
The tending of doors and the lessons in
scores:
Ah, the poor little Miss,
How long it will take her to finish all
this!

HE GOT CAUGHT.

A boy went home from college, and his mother had two ducks for dinner. His father asked him how much he had learned at college, and he offered to prove that there were three ducks instead of two.

"There is duck number one, and there is duck number two."

"Yes," said his father.

"And one and two make three," said the son.

"Very good, my son," said the father. "Now I will take duck number one for my dinner, and your mother will take duck number two for her dinner, and you may have duck number three for yours."



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.—Luke x. 38-42.