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SUNBEAM



ENLARGED SKIRTS—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

No. 21.



JESUS HEALING THE SICK.—Mark 1, 21-34.

SLUMBER-TOWN.

MAMMA'S closed the windows,
Pulled the shades 'way down
So the light won't bother,
For I'm in Slumber-town
Rocking back and forward,
In a white night-gown—
That's the way to travel
Into Slumber-town.

Mamma's face grows fainter,
Eyes so sweet and brown,
Folks get tired travelling
Into Slumber-town.
Mamma ceases rocking,
Puts the baby down;
For she's reached the station—
She's in Slumber-town!
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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

A GOOD MAN'S BOYHOOD.

ASA GRAY, the famous botanist, was beloved throughout his life for the sweetness of his Christian character. Many anecdotes are told of his boyhood. At one time he had a teacher by the name of Sally Stickney.

She ruled by gentleness. For the class she had an old-fashioned two-shilling piece, with a hole through to insert a yard of blue ribbon. She put this over the head of the one who stood first in the class. So it travelled home every night with some one of the scholars until the ribbon was worn and faded. But, more than that, the one who stood at the head on the last day of school was to be the owner of that two-shilling piece which the scholars had watched with jealous eyes so many weeks and studied Webster's spelling-book so hard in the hope of getting it.

One of Asa Gray's friends, now eighty years old, relates this part of the interesting story of the two-shilling piece: "Well, with hearts beating fast and eyes on the coveted prize, we were called on the last day of school to spell. I was at the head,

Asa next. I missed, and he went above me; my all was gone, but I braved it without a tear; a few more words would end the strife. It came around to Asa, and he missed; how quick I went above him! But in an instant he dropped his head on the desk before him and cried as though his heart would break. School was dismissed, scholars were leaving; still he did not move until teacher came to him, whispered to him, soothed and petted him; then he jumped up and ran. I felt sorry for him and would have been willing to divide with him if he had not crowed over me so. I ran nearly all the way home—a good mile—with my treasure. My mother told me to go another three-quarters of a mile to Stephen Savage's store, and spend it for calico and piece it up, to keep forever. I could only get one yard for my two-shilling piece. I pieced the quilt. Now my grandchildren are studying Asa Gray's Botany. He called here two years ago and said in a smiling way: 'I have got all over feeling badly about that;' and I answered: 'And well you may, when you have received so many honours since then.'"

HURTING OUR FRIENDS.

A WRITER in the *Congregationalist* says that much happiness is lost by the rough ways people have of treating their friends. Such persons probably never read what Cowper wrote on this subject:

"The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend that one must need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it."

An illustration may make the meaning plainer: Mr. A is some distance in the rear of Mr. B. A quickens his steps and overtakes B, remarking as he reaches his side, "I thought you would like good company whether I had any or not." Both laugh pleasantly and they move on together. No particular harm is done, perhaps, but is there not a more excellent way? Suppose A had said, "I like good company, so I thought I would overtake you."

This same writer says: "I stood before the door of an old friend, whom I had not seen for months, waiting for an answer to the bell that I had just rung. The door opened. My friend stood before me. Her countenance lighted up with a happy smile as she raised her hands and exclaimed, 'I have heard that when you are thinking of angels, if you listen, you may hear the rustle of their wings.' Can anyone doubt that this beautiful allusion made me very happy? Reader, say pretty things. A complimentary remark to a bystander, a word of gratitude for a favour, a word of praise or a pleasing comparison or allusion may open a fountain of joy, perhaps in a sad heart, that will flow in a sweet, pleasing stream through that heart ever afterward. Say pretty things.

HE WAS PLUCKY.

WE all like to hear stories of personal bravery, especially when shown by those whose profession is one of peace.

John Wesley, when he began to preach in Yorkshire, was startled by the wildness and rudeness of the common people. They were so rough, uncouth, headstrong, and independent that he, though brave and resolute, was dismayed. But he had not preached many sermons to them before he discovered that below this rugged surface glowed warm hearts and generous feelings, and that nowhere would a heartier response be made to his appeals.

Years after Wesley had won them to the reception of his religious views, Dean Hook, the vicar of Leeds and a typical high churchman, encountered these excitable Yorkshiremen at a great vestry meeting and by his shrewdness, good humour, and Christian feeling won their sympathy.

Immediately after his settlement over the parish church at Leeds, there was a vestry meeting at the church, in which a number of persons, to show their contempt of sacred things, piled their hats and coats upon the Communion table, and some even sat upon it.

The new vicar, a bold, energetic man, of stern resolution, instantly cleared the table and told the crowd that he should take the keys of the church, and that no meeting would be held there in future.

"Eh!" shouted a workman. "But how will you prevent it? We shall get in it we like."

"You will pass over my dead body, then," answered the vicar. The crowd growled out their admiration of the vicar's pluck.

Subsequently, at a meeting of three thousand in the Old Cloth Hall Yard, the vicar, while in the chair, listened to a furious harangue against himself as a high churchman and against church rates. When the speaker, a dissenting clergyman named Giles, had finished his philippic, the vicar got up and said that into the question of church rates he would not enter.

"Eh! Why won't 'ee?" shouted a thousand sturdy voices.

"Because, my friends, you wouldn't listen to me if I did." And the crowd laughed heartily.

"With regard to that part of my friend's speech," he continued, "which consisted of personal abuse, I would remind you that the most brilliant eloquence without charity may be as sounding brass. I am glad to have this early opportunity of acting publicly upon a church principle—a high church principle—a very high church principle indeed." And Dr. Hook paused until the throng was expectant and breathlessly silent. Then he added in a tone heard all over the yard: "I forgive him."

So saying, he stepped up to the astonished Giles and shook him heartily by the hand amidst roars of laughter.

The day was gained. The hostile meeting passed the church rates and with loud acclamations voted their thanks to the "high church" chairman.

HOW THINGS GET MIXED

BY BETTA A. PETIT.

It seems very strange
To a boy like me:
How things gets so mixed
I in sure I can't see.

How potatoes have eyes,
And a hill has a foot,
A clock has a face,
And a tooth has a root.

A stove has four legs,
But it can't walk around;
And corn has long ears,
But it hears not a sound.

A jug has a mouth,
But was ne'er known to eat;
A stand has four legs,
But not any feet.

A bed has four legs,
A foot, head and side;
A tree has a trunk,
The ocean a tide.

A waggon a tongue,
And still doesn't talk;
A yard has three feet,
And it never can walk.

And a minute is short
Or a minute is long,
While the tea-kettle sings
A right merry song.

And then it seems strange
How people will say
To boys and to girls
Who romp and play,

Come, birdie, my brownie,
My duckie, my dear,
My lambie, my robin,
My darling, now here.

But one thing I'll tell you,—
Be sure not forget,—
I'm a boy, not a birdie,
A lamb nor a pet.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON III. [Oct. 21.

A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

Mark. 1. 21-34. Memory verses, 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He taught them as one that had authority,
and not as the scribes.—Mark 1. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. In the Synagogue, v. 21-28.
2. In the Home, v. 29-31.
3. In the city, v. 32-34.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses from your Bible. Mark 1. 21-34.

Tues. Read part of this story in Matthew. Matt 8. 14-16.

Wed. Learn what Jesus bore for us. Matt. 8. 17.

Thur. Learn what astonished the people. Golden Text.

Fri. Find who has power over evil. Verses 25, 26.

Sat. Find what comes from Jesus' presence. Verse 31.

Sun. Learn why Jesus loves to help. Verse 41.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where was Jesus now? From what city had he been driven? What was called "his own city?" Where did Jesus teach on the Sabbath? Who was in the synagogue? What did he cry out? Of what is sin afraid? What did Jesus command? Was he obeyed? What did the people think? Where did Jesus go after preaching? Who were there? Who was ill? What did Jesus do? How do we know she was really cured? Who came to Jesus at evening? What did he do for them? Who can bring blessing to a house?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus loves to enter a home. Rev. 3. 20.

That I may open the door of my heart to him.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What will become of the wicked after the day of judgment? They shall go away into everlasting punishment.

Where will the wicked be punished? In hell.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 28.

A PARALYTIC HEALED.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Mark 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. An Act of Faith, v. 1-4.
2. An Act of Mercy, v. 5-9.
3. An Act of Power, v. 10-12.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read from your Bible lesson verses. Mark 2. 1-12.

Tues. Read the same story by Luke. Luke 5. 17-25.

Wed. Read Matthew's story. Matt. 9. 1-8.

Thur. Learn what Jesus knew the man most needed. Verse 5.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn something to make you glad. Heb. 13. 8.

Sun. Find that Jesus knows our secret thoughts. Verse 8.

DO YOU KNOW—

Where did Jesus go from Capernaum? When he came back what did he do? Who

came to hear him? Who was brought to Jesus? Why could they not come near him? Where did they carry the sick man? What kind of roofs did many Jewish houses have? How could these men uncover the roof? How did they get their friend into the presence of Jesus? What did this show? Great faith and earnestness. What did Jesus say to the sick man? Who found fault with this? What did Jesus tell them? What did he show them? What can Jesus do to-day? Cure sick souls and bodies.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That sin is the worst sickness. Verse 5, 11.

That Jesus loves to forgive sin. John 8. 11.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What will become of the righteous after death? The righteous shall go into everlasting life.

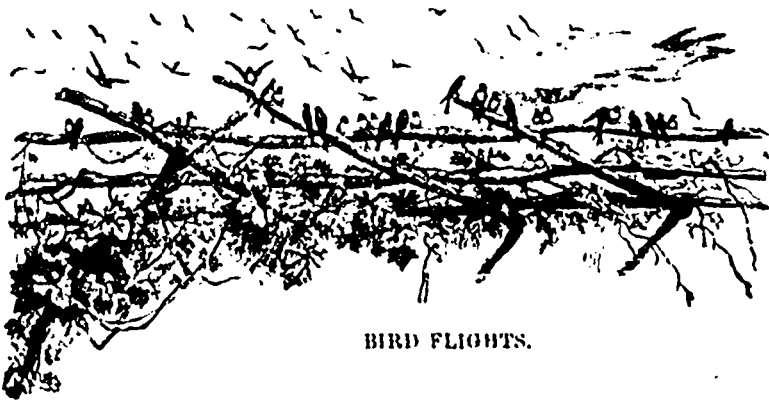
Where will the righteous enjoy this life? In heaven.

THE CAMEL.

HE is a queer-looking animal, not particularly handsome, but very useful and valuable, notwithstanding, to the people who live in desert countries. His feet have pads or cushions which buoy him up, and so keep him from sinking in the soft sand. When a sand storm sweeps over the desert, the camel can shut up his nostrils and thus keep out the sand. The Arabs eat his flesh, and make clothing and tents out of his hair. In the early summer the long, woolly hair is easily pulled away from the skin, and this is the time of the year the Arab pulls it out and weaves it into cloth. The hair is also brought to this country and made into various things. When you learn to draw you will use a camel's-hair pencil.

Young camels are funny, helpless little objects, and at first have to be watched like a human baby. A little camel does not play and gambol like other young creatures, but is just as grave and quiet as the grown-up ones, and looks as sad and melancholy as though it could see all the loads it would have to carry during its life.

There is a story told of a camel once who was badly beaten by his driver. One night the man retired into his tent, leaving his striped cloak outside spread over the camel's saddle. During the night the man heard the camel approach the object. Knowing by the smell that it was his master's cloak, and thinking the man was asleep under it, Mr. Camel lay down on it and rolled backward and forward over the cloak, much pleased with the crushing of the saddle, evidently thinking his master's bones were broken in pieces. After a time he arose and walked away. The next morning, when the man came from the tent, the disappointed camel was so enraged at seeing his master safe and sound, that—so the story goes—his heart broke and he died on the spot.



BIRD FLIGHTS.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

When the flowers die, the song-birds fly
To the groves of the South, where the
summers stay;
When the warm winds blow, and new
blossoms show,
The birds fly back again tuneful and
gay.

SLOW POISON.

"I DON'T believe smoking hurts anyone,"
said Chauncey "look at Uncle Frank, he
has smoked for thirty-five years."

"Yes, but you must acknowledge that
he is not so strong as he used to be."

"Of course not, he is old enough to be-
gin to show his age."

"Not seriously" Some men are still in
their prime at his age. He is only fifty. Of
course he cannot live forever, but he ought
to be able to do good work still. His physi-
cian has told him repeatedly that the heart
trouble to which he is subject is caused
entirely by smoking. Have you never
noticed how his hand trembles when he
holds a cup of coffee? He acknowledges
himself that his nervousness is due to the
use of tobacco."

The men supposed to know best about
such things are our doctors, and one of our
best physicians says, after years of obser-
vation, "I am convinced that, other things
being equal, a man addicted to the use of
tobacco is as old at fifty as he would other-
wise be at sixty."

Has a man a right to shorten or impair
his life any more than he has to commit
suicide? One is a longer process than the
other, but both are contrary to God's
commands.

ROGER'S PET.

ROGER was a queer little boy, so other
children said. He was afraid of children.
Boys were so rough and rude, and girls so
teased and laughed at him that he was not
happy with them.

The trouble was this. Roger had been
very ill from the time that he was a tiny
baby until he was six years old, and he had
never seen anyone but his mother and father
and nurse, except when he was wheeled out
in his chair to take the air. So when at
last he got well, he was afraid of the great,
rough boys, who ran and jumped and
shouted, and made so much noise, who

knocked each
other down and
beat each other in
fun. It seemed
very dreadful to
him. Then a
naughty, mis-
chievous girlous-
in came to stay
with him for a
week, and he
thought that week
would never end.

One day, a gray
dorking hen crept

under the pales in the fence into his yard,
and ran up to him for the crumbs of bread
that were falling from a piece he was eating.
Roger put out his hand and stroked the
hen. She did not seem to mind, and soon
settled down on the soft mat close to him.

Roger almost held his breath, for fear
the hen would be frightened and go away.

Suddenly, a little girl called to him
across the fence:

"Boy, what are you doing with my hen?
Are you the little boy who has been sick
all your life? Do you like the hen? Then
you may have it. I raised it from a chicken,
that's why it's so tame."

Roger had not answered, but the little
girl did not wait for answers. And now
she ran back into the house where she lived.

So Roger had a pet; and soon he learned
that all girls are not teases and disagree-
ble creatures, and as he grew stronger he
lost his fear of both boys and girls, and is
now no longer called queer.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

"NANNIE dear, I want you to hem those
napkins this afternoon, without fail. Can
I trust you to do it? I must go out for the
whole afternoon and cannot remind you of
them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.

"Yes, mother dear, I will. You can trust
me," answered Nannie.

Now Nannie did not like to hem napkins
any better than you do, but she went at
once to her work-basket, took out her
needle and thread and thimble, and went
to work.

Pretty soon she heard the sound of
music. It came nearer and nearer, and at
last it sounded in front of the house.

She dropped her sewing to run to the
window, and then she stopped. "No, I
promised mother, and she trusted me," she
said to herself. And she sat down again
and went to sewing.

Soon the door burst open, and in rushed
several little girls. "Nannie, Nannie,
where are you? There's a monkey out
here, and a trained dog, and they're play-
ing lovely tricks. Come on!"

"I can't. I promised mother, and she
trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no
purpose. So they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her
mother came in.

"My little heroine! I know all," she
said, as she kissed Nannie

"Why, mother! I didn't save anybody's
life, nor do anything brave; I only kept
my promise," answered Nannie, wonder-
ingly.

"It is sometimes harder to keep a
promise and do one's duty than to save a
life. You did a brave, noble thing, and I
thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs.
Burton.

FOR THE BOYS.

THE great men came out of cabins, as a
rule. Columbus was a weaver, Haley was
a soapmaker, Homer was a beggar, and
Franklin, whose name will live while
lightning blazes on a cloud, came from the
printer's desk.

A few years ago I rode on horseback
through Hardin and La Rue counties,
Kentucky. We call that the land of ticks
and lizards. The soil is very poor, so poor
that it will not raise black-eye peas, unless
you take them without the eyes. Riding
along that day, I came upon a spot of
rank weeds where the soil had been made
rich by the decay of an old cabin that once
stood there.

Out of that cabin years ago came a lean,
lank, white-headed boy. If ever a boy
came from abject poverty, that one did.
When only seven years of age he would
walk to Hodgenville with a basket of eggs
to sell. The boys laughed at him. They
said his clothes were like Joseph's, because
of so many colours. But he was indus-
trious, honest, and sober.

After a while he was old enough to leave
home, so he went down the Ohio and
Mississippi rivers on a flatboat. Then he
returned, and, crossing over into Indiana,
he there split rails a while; then on to
Illinois, where he practised law; then on
to the presidential chair; and in his death
he bore the shackles of four million slaves
and linked his name with that of liberty.
I thank God that we live in a land where
a boy can go from a towpath, a tanyard,
or a rail-cut to the presidency of a
Republic.

PLAY.

PLAY is a good thing in its place. We
love to see children play and enjoy them-
selves—and grown-up people, too—by way
of change and recreation from more serious
duties.

The way people play also shows char-
acter. If anyone is fair, truthful, honest,
and good-tempered in play, he is likely to
be the same in other things, and so the
reverse.

Good, earnest play has its temptations
and dangers, as well as other things, and
our young friends have need to be cau-
tioned against yielding to them. To be
cheating, mean, and full of ill-temper when
beaten, or ugly when things do not go as
desired, is very improper. Disputes and
quarrels may easily arise, and of these
everyone should beware. Play, but
always play fair; keep in good temper,
avoid wrangling and disputes, and play
will be a good and healthful thing.