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# SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

No. 22.

## GRETCHEN AND HER FRIENDS.

Gretchen has as pretty a playhouse as any little girl could wish to have. She lives away out in the country, far from any other little boys and girls, and has no brothers or sisters. "How very lonely she must be," you say? No indeed; she does not know what it is to want company. Look at her now, seated amongst her friends, having a merry time. She has picked a number of carrots from the garden, and the geese are enjoying the fresh green tops. The goslings, seated in the round dish, are getting their share too, while one bold little gosling is drinking out of the spout. If he were not a very tough baby goose it looks as if he would be drowned under the heavy stream of water.

Gretchen has other friends as well. See the pretty white pigeons! They love the little girl and will come up to her and eat out of her hand and let her stroke their soft feathers. And Gretchen and her playmates have never had a quarrel. Perhaps you think they could not very well quarrel. Well, the pigeons are not quarrelsome, but the geese soon show when they are angry. They will stretch out their long necks and hiss. But our little girl has never been unkind to them, so they would not hiss at her. In the hottest days this little party are comfortable as they can be, under the shade of the great tree, and beside the cool, running water. Do you not agree with me in thinking it an ideal playhouse?



GRETCHEN AND HER FRIENDS.

### THE GIRL WHO IS EVER WELCOME.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way by being down down half an hour before her hostess appears.

The welcome guest is the girl who, if

there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting, and if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them by putting away her own belongings, and in this way not necessitating extra work.

The welcome guest is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when special family affairs are under discussion.

The welcome guest is the one who does not find children disagreeable, nor the various pets of the household things to be dreaded.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter.

The welcome guest is the one who, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying, that she may entertain them.

The welcome guest is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friends, has set upon her lips a seal of silence,

so that when she goes from house to house she repeats nothing but the agreeable things that she has seen.

This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say, 'good-bye' with regret, and to whom we call out welcome with the lips and from the heart.—*Love's Home Journal*.

## JESUS LOVES YOU,

Little children Jesus loves you—  
Loves you more than tongue can tell;  
Came to earth to seek and save you,  
So that you with him might dwell.  
Yes, he laid aside his glory,  
Left his Father's throne above,  
That we all might share his glory  
In that world of light and love.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 4, 1899

## HOW GADABOUT CHANGES HIS COLOUR.

BY SARAH E. UFFORD.

Gadabout is a little lizard not quite six inches long, his tail making half of this length. At first he was disposed to be timid. Gradually he became tamer, until he would lie quietly on my finger while I watched his scalelike coat fade to the palest gray; for, as nearly as possible, Gadabout takes the colour of whatever he rests upon.

It is this habit that makes the little creature so interesting. When asleep upon his nasturtium-leaf bed, he is of an exquisite green tint; when he lies on my brown gown, he quickly changes to a brown hue; when he lies on the carpet, his armoured coat is as spotted and velvet-like as a leopard's.

If in his native woods Gadabout should crawl out—or, rather, dart out (for these little lizards are like a flash of light in their movements)—upon the brown limb of a tree or upon the sandy ground, he would be very conspicuous object, as he is naturally of a beautiful light-green hue. He would be quickly noticed by the first bird or other lizard-eating enemy that came along; but Mother Nature enables him to take the colour of his surroundings, and thus find protection by not being easily seen.

The magic change in Gadabout is caused by the effect which the colour he lies upon has on his colour cells. In an inner layer of the skin of Gadabout there are little bags or cells, filled with colouring matter—some with red, some with brown, some with black, some with green and so on. These cells, though very small indeed, have the power of expanding and contracting; and a coloured light carried to them through Gadabout's eyes causes that same colour to appear on Gadabout's skin.

## HOW MAY REMEMBERED.

May Mathews was a dear little girl, but she very often forgot to say "Thank you," or "Please," and many other things.

One day mother said, "How can you make yourself stop doing these naughty things, and learn to do right and polite things?"

"I know," said May. "I'll name each one of my fingers and thumbs; then I'll be sure to remember."

So she named one "Thank you," and one "If-you-please," and one "Put-away-your-playthings," and one "Be-kind-to-baby," and one "Don't-make-a-noise." Then, every time she looked at her dear little hands, she thought of the things she must do, and the things she must not do, until she became a very thoughtful child. What do you think of her plan?

## TAKE OFF YOUR HAT.

Good manners should be cultivated at all times, until they become a second nature, and do not require a thought. We presume the gentleman mentioned below, in an item from the Philadelphia Press, knew better than he did; but if he had been accustomed to taking off his hat on entering a dwelling or a private office, he would have been spared the mortification of a rebuke.

A young lawyer with his first case went into Judge Hager's court the other day to present a petition. He was so embarrassed that he forgot to remove his hat, and stood before the judge with a petition in his hand, a big umbrella under his arm, and a new silk hat upon his head. In a trembling voice he began, "Your petitioner respectfully represents," when Judge Hager stopped him.

"Wait a moment. Hadn't you better raise your umbrella, too?" said the judge.

The young man caught his hat off in a twinkling, but he was so put out that he could not read his petition.

## WALTER'S TEMPTATION.

Some pears were hanging close together, looking yellow, mellow, and delicious to eat.

"They do look nice, and I think they're ripe enough to eat this very minute. Wonder if grandpapa would care. He's gone away, so I can't ask him, but I'm almost sure he'd say yes. I don't know, but I'm quite sure I think I might as well have 'em."

These were Walter's thoughts. The next instant his hand went up and the twin pears were broken off. They were not as ripe as Walter supposed, and did not separate easily, but broke off a bit of the branch with them. Walter tried one and then the other. They were hard, hard as a rock, and he was now very sorry he had not tried them first.

Grandpa came home through the orchard that night. "I'm so sorry," he said, as he sat down to the table. "My new pear tree had two pears on it, and somebody has broken them off. I wanted to see what they are like."

Walter's face grew red as a very red rose, but in a minute he was man enough to own to grandpa what he had done, and ask his pardon, which was readily granted.

## HERO JACK.

Bedford school bore a bad name. A new teacher of the real kind came, and the tone of the school improved. Jack Peterson had just come from Excelsior school, where the code of honour was high. The bully of Bedford was Joe Bandy, who nagged every new boy into a fight, if possible.

Jack was a puzzle to the Bedford boys. He was different some way, perfect in lessons, walked with head up in manly fashion, honourable and faithful. Yet he was best in baseball, and a capital fellow on the playground. Joe tried to pick a quarrel in vain; Jack paid no attention, until one day Joe struck him across the face, saying: "Now, take that! fight it out, or be a coward!"

Jack's face flushed; then, with folded arms, and head erect, he walked away without a word.

"Coward! coward!" shouted Joe, and the boys echoed "Coward!"

"We'll show him," said the leader, "that no boy that bears that name can play on our ground."

One day a terrible thing happened. A mad dog dashed into the playground, and was almost upon Joe Bandy before the boy saw him. Quick as a flash Jack snatched up a baseball bat, and springing in front of the raging beast, with its open jaws and frothing mouth, dealt it a stunning blow, giving a policeman in hot pursuit a chance to shoot.

"I declare, boy, that was a plucky thing to do!" said the officer.

"With a shout, 'Three cheers for Hero Jack'" the boys lifted him to their shoulders and bore him around the playground in triumph.

But, little readers, when did he most truly earn the name of "Hero Jack"?

One Monday morning Dorothy volunteered to superintend the family washing. When Nora put the clothes on to boil, the little overseer gave one astonished look, then ran to mamma, exclaiming in great excitement. "Oh, mamma! mamma! Nora's cooking the clothes."

AT SCHOOL.

We are all at school in this world of ours,  
And our lessons lie plain before us;  
But we will not learn, and the flying hours  
And the days and the years pass o'er us.

And then we grumble and mourn, and say  
That our school is so tiresome and weary,  
And we ask for a long bright holiday  
That will banish our lessons dreary.

But what is it God is trying to teach?  
Is it patience, or faith, or kindness?  
Is the lesson really beyond our reach,  
Or made hard through our wilful blindness.

If we were in earnest, and tried to learn,  
If our listless study we mended,  
Who knows but our holiday we would earn,  
And our schooldays be gladly ended?

Who knows but we make our lessons long,  
And hinder their meaning from reaching  
The hearts that would be full of joyous song  
If we knew what our God was teaching?

Then let us study his will while we may,  
There's a warning for us in the rule,  
That the scholar who will not learn all day  
Is the one that is kept after school.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 12.]

REBUILDING THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.  
Neh. 4. 7-18. Memory verses, 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch and pray.—Matt. 26. 41.

DO YOU KNOW?

What did king Artaxerxes allow Nehemiah to do? To go back to Jerusalem. How long a journey was it? What did the people do when he came to Jerusalem? Heard what he said. What were they ready to do right away? To build the walls. Who tried to hinder and oppose them. Their enemies. What did their enemies do at first? Laughed at them. What made them angry after awhile? To see that the work was going on. What did they do then? They came to fight the builders. What did Nehemiah do when he heard this? He first prayed to God. What did he do next? He set a watch. How did the men work? With sword in hand. What are we told to do? "Watch, and fight, and pray."

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Neh. 4. 7-18.
- Tues. Find what Nehemiah did one night. Neh. 2. 11-16
- Wed. Read about enemies to Nehemiah. Neh. 2. 19-20
- Thur. Learn how God cares for his people. Psalm 33. 10-12.
- Fri. Read about the wise and the foolish builders. Matt. 7. 24-29.
- Sat. Learn how God can protect his people. Zech. 2. 5.
- Sun. Learn how to stand in time of danger. Eph. 6. 13, 18.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 19.]

PUBLIC READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Neh. 8. 1-12. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The ears of the people were attentive unto the book of the law.—Neh. 8. 3.

DO YOU KNOW?

How long did it take to build the walls of Jerusalem? Fifty-two days. What did the people want to do then? Have a kind of thanksgiving feast. Where was the meeting held? What was Ezra asked to bring? Who came to hear him read? How long did he read? What did Ezra do besides reading the law? He explained it. Where did Ezra stand? Why did some of the people weep as the law was read? Perhaps they thought how they had broken it, and were sorry. Who helped Ezra to explain the laws? The Levites. What did the Levites tell the people to do? To be glad, and not sorry. What did Nehemiah say was their strength? "The joy of the Lord."

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Neh. 8. 1-12.
- Tues. Read the law that was first given. Exod. 20. 1-17.
- Wed. Find what Jesus said about the law. Matt. 5. 17-20.
- Thur. Learn how the people obeyed the word of God. Neh. 8. 13-18.
- Fri. Learn a prayer, and offer it. Psalm 119. 13.
- Sat. See if you can trulysay this text. Psalm 119. 113.
- Sun. Find out how good the law of God is. Psalm. 19. 7-14.

DON'T TOUCH IT.

"What's that?" asked Johnny pointing to a queer-looking thing that he had never seen before.  
"That's a rat trap," said his mother.  
"Don't touch it."  
"What's it for?" inquired Johnny.  
"To catch rats," replied his mother.  
"How?" asked Johnny.  
"I put this cheese in for bait, and when Mr. Rat comes prying about in the cellar.

he smells it, and says to himself 'Well, what's all this somebody has been getting ready for me? Very kind of somebody. So he puts his nose in this little hole, and says 'Ah' that smells good.' He puts his nose in a little farther, and takes a good nibble; but just as poor Mr. Rat is making up his mind that it tastes as good as it looks and smells, pop goes the spring."

"And then what?" asked Johnny.

"Then he never finds his way into the collar again to gnaw bread and pies."

His mother carried the trap into the cellar, and set it down, saying again: "Don't touch it."

Johnny stood and watched it for a little while, hoping that Mr. Rat would come and try the cheese, so that he could see the trap pop; but as Mr. Rat seemed in no hurry, Johnny began to wonder what made it pop. He put his small finger a little way in the hole. Yes, there was the cheese, all ready for Mr. Rat. How tiresome of him not to come! Johnny wondered more and more where the pop was. Perhaps he could feel it. A little farther in his finger went. Snap went the trap.

"O! och! let go!" went Johnny. He had found the pop.

If rat traps had any sense, that trap would have known that it was a soft little finger, and not a rat, that it had hold of, but we all know that traps have no sense, and so that one held Johnny's finger with a cruel grip of its sharp teeth.

"O! O mamma!" screamed Johnny.

If he had kept still, he would not have been badly hurt, but he tried to drag his finger out, and it was sadly cut and scratched before his mother ran and let the poor little rat out.

"I don't like rat traps," said Johnny, with sobs and whimpers, as mamma carefully bound up the poor finger.

"Rat traps never hurt little boys," said mamma.

"That one hurt me," said Johnny.

"Not until you turned it into a little boy trap," said mamma.

"FOLLOW ME."

I was but a little lamb,  
From the Shepherd straying,  
When I heard within my heart  
Some one softly saying:  
"Follow me, follow me;  
I will safely guide thee  
Through the stormy ways of life,  
Walking close beside thee."

Early to his loving care  
Shall my heart be given,  
For each step I take with him  
Bring me nearer heaven,  
"Follow me, follow me,"  
Is the saviour saying  
Unto every little lamb  
Who from him is straying.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.



JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

## JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort.

## NED'S PEACH-STONE.

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned, "just as sweet and juicy." I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will.

"Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first, in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (this time in great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, think how long 'tis since last Thanksgiving, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to, come on."

He waited impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach-stone.

"See me shy this at Rover."

Rover gave a little yelp as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Later in the day Ned spied it, and picked it up. He carried it to where he had planted the other; then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what "papa says."

"I don't believe there will be quite room enough there when it's a tree. Those apple-trees'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over in that corner."

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will.

"My peach-tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year, and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?"

"Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

## CURED OF BALKING.

Once I knew a little boy;

Was it you? Oh, my dear, no;

If this child were told to come,

He would almost always go.

They bought a donkey for him,

That was just as bad as he;

If you told that donkey "Haw!"

He would always straightway "Gee!"

When they went to ride together,

"Get up! get up!" John said.

Of course the donkey stopped quite

short,

And John went o'er his head.

"I'm so thankful," said his mother;

"For I've talked and talked and

talked,

But we never would have cured him

If his donkey hadn't balked.

"For Johnnie saw that balking

Was not best in boy or beast,

And from that day his ugly way

Has about entirely ceased."

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away.

There was no time to be lost, and the superintendent said: "Come, John, come; what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir, I'm cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress and it is all that I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

We know that many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind: that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.

Christ has come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to fling off the oppression in the strength of faith in him.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of the heart come all the issues of life.