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SUNBAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1889.

No. 21.

TRUSTING HARRY.

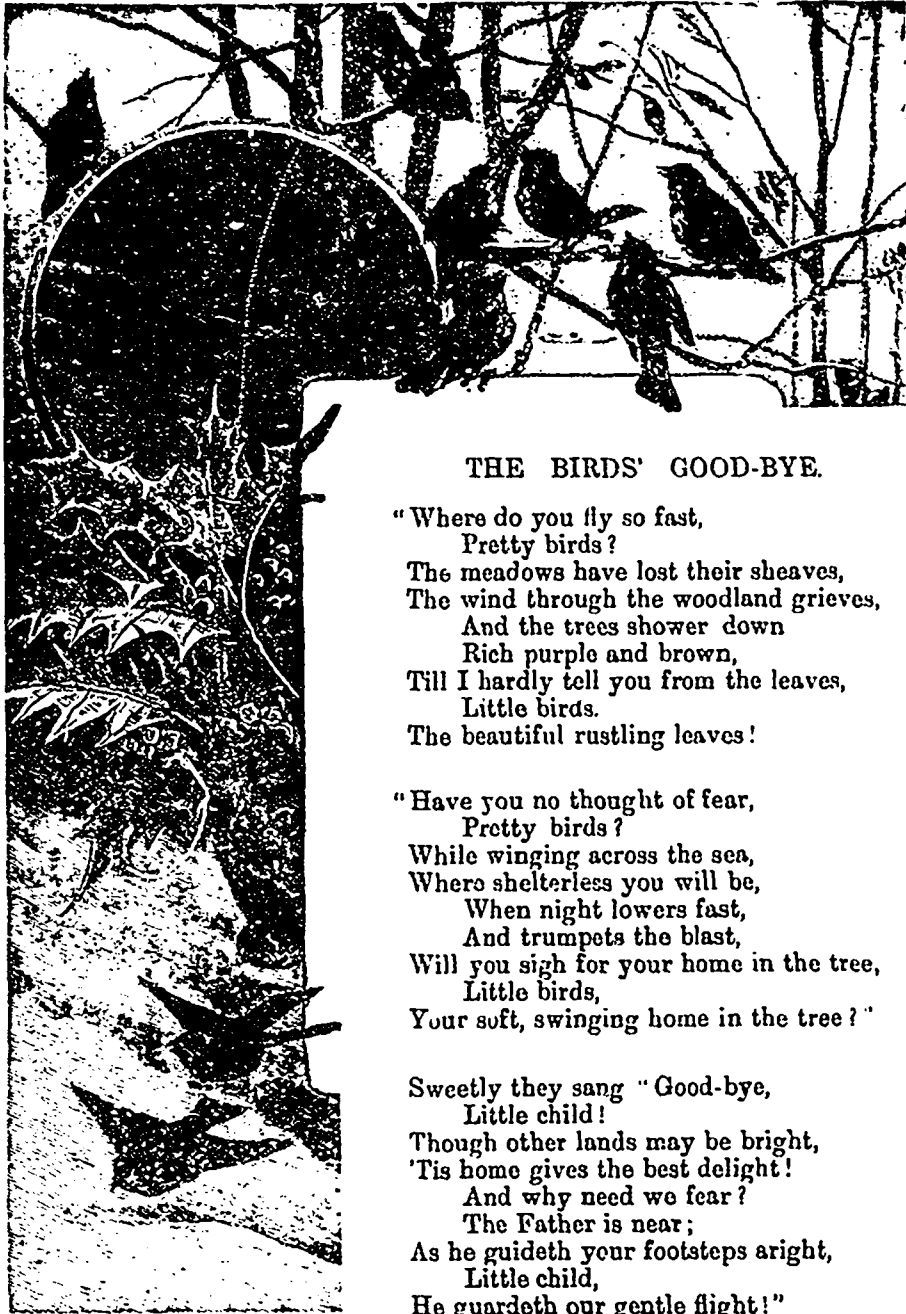
Harry was a poor little boy who worked in a machine shop. When he was fourteen years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he left his trade, and began to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak; but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him, and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farmhouse and wanted to sell a man a Bible. The man refused to buy; and then Harry asked to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house. If you leave one at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Harry off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Harry, cheerily, thankful to be allowed to leave it within the reach of the household; for in some places they refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Saviour once lay in a manger, and that will be a good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read,

went on his way. The farmer, impressed by Harry's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion, and his conversion led his family to seek and find Jesus. Was



Harry wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No. it is Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

"Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee,

THE BIRDS' GOOD-BYE.

"Where do you fly so fast,
Pretty birds?
The meadows have lost their sheaves,
The wind through the woodland grieves,
And the trees shower down
Rich purple and brown,
Till I hardly tell you from the leaves,
Little birds.
The beautiful rustling leaves!

"Have you no thought of fear,
Pretty birds?
While winging across the sea,
Where shelterless you will be,
When night lowers fast,
And trumpets the blast,
Will you sigh for your home in the tree,
Little birds,
Your soft, swinging home in the tree?"

Sweetly they sang "Good-bye,
Little child!
Though other lands may be bright,
'Tis home gives the best delight!
And why need we fear?
The Father is near;
As he guideth your footsteps aright,
Little child,
He guardeth our gentle flight!"

Little hands may
learn thy ways,
Little hands and feet
may serve thee,
Little voices sing thy
praise,
Growing wiser, strong-
er, happier,
Loving Jesus all
their days.

o

CHARLIE AND THE LION

BY HILDA GOHEEN.

Charlie is four years old and strong and sturdy. His home is in the country, but he has been visiting his grandfather in Philadelphia, and the day after he arrived his grandfather took him to see the animals in the Zoological Gardens.

Charlie had often seen pictures of lions and he wanted to go to the lion-house first. They walked past tigers and leopards and wildcats, until at last Charlie ran on ahead and stopped before a cage where a fierce-looking lion, with a great bushy mane, lay asleep.

Charlie walked up close to the cage and called out:

"Halloo, old lion; who's afraid of you?"
Whether the lion understood or not, I cannot say, but he opened his eyes, bristled his mane, got up and lashed his tail and then

gave a roar so loud and long that the whole building seemed shake.

Everybody laughed as the little boy, screaming and pale with fright, ran as fast as his fat legs would carry him to his grandfather, and begged to be taken home.

SEVEN JOHN-JUMP-UPS.

BY ELIZA E. HEWITT.

Seven Johnny jump-ups
Merrily at play,
In a country garden,
On a summer day.

One was dressed in yellow,
One in glossy brown,
One in royal purple,
With a golden crown

Every little fellow
Did his very best;
No one sulked or pouted,
Jealous of the rest.

To the winds they courtesied,
To the sunbeams smiled;
Each one good and happy,
Like a loving child.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

"MY WAGGON."

Robbie had a cart given him on his birthday. Though Robbie was only a little boy, not seven years old, the cart was big enough to be of real use. Dick, who was nearly three years younger than Robbie, could sit in it, and then his two brothers could give him such a nice ride. But the best thing was to fill the big cart with the fallen leaves and take them off to the stable-yard.

"We'll play the leaves are hay and I'm the farmer," said Will.

"No, I'm the farmer, for it's my waggon," said Rob; and then, I am sorry to say, the two boys began to quarrel.

"Robbie," called mamma, "when Aunt Mary wanted to give you a waggon, I said I was afraid you and Will would quarrel over it. You might as well take papa's axe and chop up your waggon at once"

"Chop up my beautiful waggon? Why, mamma?"

"Yes, for you are spoiling it quite as badly as if you cut it up. If you get along pleasantly with it and take turns in being the farmer, you will enjoy yourself, but just as soon as you are cross and selfish you won't have any fun at all."

Robbie stood sticking the toe of his shoe in the loose dirt. "It's my waggon," he wa, thinking, but then something whispered, "but you might play it was Will's half the time; mamma knows." "I'll tell you, mamma, Will can be Mr. Post and 'borry' my waggon!" And the little boy ran off, quite ready to be unselfish.

Mrs. Drake laughed, for Mr. Post was a neighbour who was all the time trying to borrow everything possible. He even tried to borrow a horseshoe.

So Will was Mr. Post, and he and Rob and Dick raked and swept the leaves again and again till every dead leaf was gathered up and put in the stable-yard. Then "Mr. Post" very gravely returned the waggon, and, strange to say, it was not hurt at all!

"We've had such fun," said the boys as they ate their basins of bread and milk.

"It is really more fun to be kind and pleasant, isn't it?" said mamma.

"Yes, it is," said Will, while Rob asked, "Why don't we think of pleasant plays always, mamma?"

"You must learn, little by little, to be pleasant and kind, just as Carrie learns to knit. If Robbie will only try to make Will and Dick happy and not think about Robbie, and if Will only tries to make Robbie and Dick happy, you will soon have to think of pleasant plays."

"Dick love everybody," said the little boy, jumping down to give each one a "big hug."

"Come, let's give Dick a ride in our waggon," said Rob; and no one heard any more about "my waggon."

LUCY'S DISCOVERY.

BY H. T. WILDER.

"Here, mamma," cried Lucy, running in from the garden on a warm September day, and carrying something in her hand; I didn't know lilies of the valley did this."

"Did what?" said mamma, in a big easy chair, as she turned from her book to her daughter.

"Did that," said Lucy, holding up a lily of the valley stem, on which, instead of pretty, white, fragrant blossoms, were round, bright red berries, as large as a pea.

"Isn't it funny, mamma?" she went on. "It isn't a lily of the valley at all, only I found it out in the flower-bed where the lilies grow, and this queer thing grew right up from the leaves just the way the flowers did when we picked so many for Aunt Edith's wedding."

"Yes, it is curious," said mamma, taking the stem with the red berries on it and examining it. "I think there are many people, big and little, who do not know

where lilies of the valley keep their seeds. One reason is, that the flowers themselves are so beautiful that they usually are all picked, and very few are left to go to seed. Then, again, lilies are not planted from the seed, so there is no care in saving them. You know we plant the root, or the bulb, as it is called, in the ground when we want more to grow, and do not save the seeds as we do of the pansies and sweet-peas, and then it is such a modest, shy flower, you know, that it hides itself away under the leaves, whether it is in its white or red dress."

"Why, yes, mamma," said Lucy, who had listened attentively, feeling very carefully of the red berries, fearful that they might drop off; "I think that is what made it red. It is so modest that it has blushed at being found. I am going to ask Lou Swift if she has ever found a blushing lily of the valley in her flower-bed. She knows so many things more than I do. I want to s'prise her," and, giving mamma a kiss, away she ran with her treasure.

DOGS IN CHURCH.

In Scotland the shepherds are frequently accompanied by their faithful dogs to church. An amusing story is told of the Queen's first visit to Crathie church, near Balmoral. A fine dog belonging to the clergyman followed him up the pulpit steps, and lay down against the door during the sermon as "still as a stone."

The next day Sir George Gray, who was then in attendance on Her Majesty, met the clergyman, and remonstrated with him for allowing his dog to be on the pulpit steps, feeling assured that it would annoy the Queen. The clergyman at once politely promised that his pet should be kept "out of church" next Sabbath.

During the following week the clergyman was honoured with an invitation to dinner with the royal family. After dinner, in conversation, the Queen inquired why the dog was not on the pulpit steps as before. "Please your Majesty, I kept my dog at home, as Sir George thought he would annoy your Majesty," was the reply.

"Oh no!" replied the Queen; "let him come as usual. I wish that everybody behaved at church as well as your noble dog."

FALSE BEAUTY.

Hearing a young lady praised for her beauty, Gotthold asked: "What kind of beauty do you mean—merely that of the body or that also of the mind? I see well that you have been looking no farther than the sign which nature displays outside the house, but have never asked for the host that dwells within." Many a pretty girl is like the flower called the imperial crown, which is admired, no doubt, for its showy appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odour. The pride and selfishness dwelling within more than counterbalance all the beauty of form and face.

JUST OBEY.

Do as you are told to do
By those wiser far than you;
Do not say,
"What the use of this may be
I am sure I cannot see"—
Just obey'

Do not sulk and do not sigh,
Though it seem in vain to try;
Work away!
All the ends you cannot see;
Do your duty faithfully—
Just obey!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V. [Oct. 29.]

PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE.

Psalms 85 and 126. Memory verses, Psalm 126.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
—Psalm 126. 5.

DO YOU KNOW?

What is a psalm? A sacred song or hymn. Who wrote many of the psalms? King David. Where had the Jews been in captivity for a long time? In Babylon. Who had brought them back to their own land? The Lord. Why had they been punished? For their disobedience. What does the Lord want to give to all his children? Peace. Who only can forgive sin? God. How did the people feel when they came back to their own land? Full of joy. What did they say the Lord had done for them? "Great things." What is the great thing God has done for us? He has given us Jesus. Who shall have joy and happiness? Those who work for him.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Read the first part of the lesson. Psalm 85. 1-13.
- Tues.* Read more of the lesson verses. Psalm 126. 1-6.
- Wed.* Find how we may have our sins forgiven. Matt. 1. 21.
- Thur.* Learn who is the Maker and Giver of peace. John 14. 27.
- Fri.* Find the great thing God has done for us. Acts. 13. 23, 38.
- Sat.* Learn a beautiful verse about joy. Psalm 30. 5.
- Sun.* Read something to make you glad. Psalm 46. 1-5.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 5.]

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.—Neh. 1. 11.

DO YOU KNOW?

Did all the captive Jews go back to Jerusalem? No, some stayed in Persia. Who was one of these? Nehemiah. Why did he live in the king's palace? He waited on the king. Who was the king at this time? Artaxerxes. Why did Nehemiah love to hear from his old home? It was dear to him. Who brought him news one day? Hanani. What did he say was broken down? The wall of the city. Why was this a sad thing? It left the city open to its enemies. What did Nehemiah want to do? Why was he willing to do it? What did he fear might hinder his going? The will of the king. To whom did he go first? To God, the great King. What did he ask? That God would lead the king to let him go.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon.* Read Nehemiah's prayer. Neh. 1. 1-11.
- Tues.* Read the answer to his prayer. Neh. 2. 1-8.
- Wed.* Find how Nehemiah was received. Neh. 2. 18.
- Thur.* Find how Jerusalem had been destroyed. 2 Kings 25. 8-10.
- Fri.* Learn why such trouble had come upon Jerusalem. Dan. 9. 11.
- Sat.* Learn that God always keeps his promises. Deut. 7. 6-11.
- Sun.* Find why we should love the Lord's house. Psalm 100.

LUCY'S BROKEN DOLLY.

"Oh! Bessie, my doll is broken! She fell off the table and broke her head. Oh, dear!" And Lucy began to cry and wail bitterly.

Poor Dinah certainly was a wreck. Her face was broken right in two. One of her bright blue eyes had been knocked out by the fall, and only her wig of blonde hair kept Dinah's head from falling apart.

Sister Bessie tried to comfort her playmate.

"Never mind, Lucy, let's go tell mother, and maybe she can mend it." Lucy picked up poor Dinah and hurried off to mother.

You know what mothers do at such times. Mrs. Lee gathered Lucy up in her arms and kissed her and comforted her and promised to make Dinah well again before long.

And sure enough, two days later, when Lucy came down to breakfast, there was Dinah beside her plate, as well and as beautiful as ever. Perhaps she had a new head—Lucy was never quite sure of that—but certainly she looked just like her old self.

Lucy ran to give her mother a big hug and kiss. "Mothers can do just everything, can't they?" she said.

"No, dearie, there are many things they can't do. But God can do all things for us, and he loves to have us run to him every time anything goes wrong with us."

A FAVOURITE WITH THE SAILORS.

So many gulls now being seen in London during the winter, it is interesting to hear how the birds will return to the same spot for many years running. One gull has made his winter quarters on the American light-ship off Brenton reef on the Atlantic coast for the last twenty-four years, staying from October to the beginning of April. "Dick" is a great favourite with the sailors, and never misses meal times. He is growing old and feeble now, and the lightship men fear the bird will not survive the winter.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door. "All who have no money, and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by, and said, "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said, "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then, if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money." So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said, "Oh that I might go in there and eat! But, alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit, he would turn me out."

So she passed by, and so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by, and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. "Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me, too. I'll go in!" And in he went, and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed, and given a beautiful home, in which he should be forever happy.

QUARRELLING.

One day a little terrier, going into the lovely grounds which surrounded his home, saw a monkey, belonging to an organ-grinder, seated upon a bank. With a fierce bark he made a dash toward him. The monkey, dressed in a fancy jacket and hat, waited so quietly that the dog halted just in front of him to think what to do. Both animals stood looking for a moment at each other. The dog, recovering from his surprise, was about to spring upon the intruder, when the monkey, lifting his paw, gracefully saluted him by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but strange guest had departed. The little monkey teaches a good lesson. Courtesy will disarm wrath.

"Two it takes to make a quarrel.
One can always end it."



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS

Travellers frequently visit the celebrated mountains in South America, and go up to their tops after the manner shown in the picture. These mountains are so high that they are always covered with snow, and they are so steep and rugged that horses and waggons cannot climb them. The ignorant and poor people who live there fasten a kind of chair on their backs by means of stout straps. A traveller takes a seat in the chair, and the poor native lugs him up the mountain, over rocks, across ugly streams and gulches on logs, and through almost every kind of danger. It is a tiresome climb for the poor fellow who carries the load, but I have long thought I would as soon take his place as to risk my chances on his back in the chair. If his foot should slip as he crosses a gulch on a log, it would be good-bye Mr. Traveller. But I suppose a man would feel as safe riding in a chair on another man's back, after he gets used to it, as in a saddle on a horse's back. To those who were never on horseback it does not look at all safe to see a man go prancing over the country on a rollicking steed. But those who are accustomed to it never think of there being any danger in it.

HE GUESSED RIGHT.

"Well, I didn't mean to do it, cry-baby. You make as much fuss as if it was a live baby."

"Oh, my poor dolly!" wailed Nannie, the big tear-drops running down.

Lee really was very sorry. He had caught the doll by her arms, and was dancing her on the table, when the rubber that holds a "jointed doll's" arms together snapped, and they fell apart, and poor Nannie burst into tears.

Lee was sorry, but he was a little mad

mend this doll?' in such a way that I couldn't refuse you, and while I am doing it you can bring an armful of wood for the fire; and—"

"Stop, mother," cried Lee, laughing; "don't you think that enough?"

"There was one more thing," said mamma, "but maybe you'll find it out yourself."

And sure enough, while mamma mended the doll, and while the mended fire roared up the chimney, Lee went over to Nan's table, and drove away her sad looks by playing castle-building with her. "That's it," said mamma, smiling; "you have guessed right, being nice to the little sister was the other thing."

NOT AN UP-TO-DATE SERPENT.

BY MISS O. V. WILLIAMS.

You have heard, dear children, of "the wisdom of serpents," but I am going to tell you a little story of a chicken snake that casts some discredit on the family. Down on the South Carolina coast is a long, narrow island known as North Island, to distinguish it from South Island, which lies in sight right across the bay. On North Island is a tall, white lighthouse, built in 1811, kept at present by Mr. R—, a Dane. One of the married daughters sent Mrs. R— six china nest eggs. Well, in June a year ago, a couple of chicken snakes glided out of the woods behind the sand dunes and visited the hen-house. In the mornin' four of the eggs were missing. The summer passed away and the fall and nearly the whole of the winter. One day in February Mrs. R— went to visit her chickens, surprising a snake. She picked up a hoe and struck it on the head. She noticed three curious lumps in its body, and, her husband being up in the tower, called to a coloured woman in the government house near by to come

too mad at dolly, for being so easy to break, mad at Nannie, for being so easy to make cry, and a little mad at himself, so he called the little sister a cry baby, and that neither mended dolly's arms nor Nannie's hurt feelings.

"Didn't mean to 'is poor payment," said mother, coming in.

Lee was ashamed now, besides being sorry and mad. "I don't see what I can do about it," he said gloomily.

"Several things," answered mother.

"First, you can kiss Nan and tell her you are sorry, then you can come and smile at me, and say, 'Mother, won't you please

and help her dissect it. They found three of the missing eggs, but the fourth was never recovered. The supposition is that the other snake made a meal of that. It must have been the wiser of the two. There is an old saying that "Once a fool is no fool, but twice a fool—" And what about a serpent being three times fooled?"

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat? I'm so hungry," whined Willie Cooper as he came in from school.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone;" and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials, but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices and clear and distinct enunciation of what they said, for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives; so their vocal organs had no opportunity to form wrong habits or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk incorrectly to clip their words, to indulge in slang, or to whine; and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until its vocal organs are so set that it cannot speak without whining, or it may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until it loses command of the lower register and can use only a high key. It may be taught to speak with distinct articulation, with natural, resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

FRANK'S CHANCE.

Sunday morning when Frank went to church he found the building crowded with people. In the pulpit there was a missionary who had come all the way from India. He talked about the people in that country who had worshipped idols and did not know about Jesus.

The missionary said that fourteen cents would buy a New Testament to send to these poor people. Surely any boy could make fourteen cents. Frank tried to think how he could earn that much.

The next day Mr. Long, who lived next door to Frank, said, "I wish I could find some one to cut the grass in my front yard."

"There's a chance," thought Frank, and he asked Mr. Long to let him do the work.

He worked all day and earned enough to buy three New Testaments.