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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

No. 23.

## MY DOLLIES.

This is my oldest dolly, you know,  
That grandma gave me a long time ago,  
When I was only a very small girl,—  
She was the grandma that named me Pearl.

I had the one in the sweet blue suit  
Because I was good not to cry for fruit  
Once, when I was sick; and I  
had the next  
Because I was good to remember  
the text.

The one with the parasol, over  
there,  
Uncle John bought at the last  
Ladies' Fair;  
And here are my twins, and  
both of these  
Santa Claus hung on the Christ-  
mas trees.

And this is my beauty—she  
came from France;  
She has springs in her feet, and  
knows how to dance,  
And some in her head, so she  
laughs and cries,  
And shuts up and opens her  
pretty black eyes.

But I don't love her any more  
than the rest,—  
I believe I love my old dolly the  
best;  
We've been together so long, you  
see,  
I know all about her; she knows  
all about me.

## THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE

Beatrice is a little English girl who lives in a dear old-fashioned manor-house in one of the quaint old towns of England. The house was built by her great-great-grandfather nearly two hundred years ago. It is, therefore, ancient looking and in places is falling into decay. But as it is built so firmly of rough grey granite it is likely to withstand the ravages of time for a great while yet.

It is surrounded by a magnificent park in which are many grand old oaks and stately poplars. From the old library window with its quaint diamond-shaped panes, one obtains a very fine view of a

bit of rural England. The window faces the west, and in the distance are the beautiful Berkshire hills. Often little Beatrice comes with her doll and enjoys the lovely sunsets. Not far off is the parish church and we see through one window part of the church-yard, "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound."



THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

## THE BOY THAT GRABBED.

I heard Robert McIntyre tell an incident as follows:

"While travelling in the Orient in company with several others we drove up to a beautiful spring on the roadside. Three or four boys were standing there with gourds in hand, and they immediately began to pass water to our company; and

when we all had had water, I pitched a quarter out on the ground, and the four boys began to scramble. One of the boys, smaller than the other, was struggling with all his might to get hold of the silver, and the scramble was prolonged and fierce. Finally the small boy got hold of the quarter, and, as his companions tried to wrench it from him, I watched his face, and I called the attention of my companions to it. There was written upon it such a demon of avarice and greed as I never saw before. I said: 'Can it be that one so young is so completely possessed of the devil of greed?' But the little fellow held on to the money.

"We drove on up into the town near by, and the face of the boy haunted me. We were sitting in front of the hotel, and I saw the same boy pass by. He had a paper sack in his hand. I said to myself: 'I will watch him, I must see more of that boy.' I saw him go into a cottage near by. I went immediately over to the cottage, and in answer to my knock some one said: 'Come in!' I pushed open the door, and the little fellow was standing by the bed of his sick mother, and he was taking oranges from the sack, and saying: 'Mamma, I heard you say this morning that you wanted some oranges so bad, and I went to the spring and waited there for some persons to stop and ask for water; and when we gave water to a company of gentleman, one of them pitched a quarter on the ground. The other boys were larger than I was, but I struggled, and I got the money to buy my sick mother the oranges.' As he looked at his sick mother and ministered to her wants he had the face of an angel." It is not always best to judge from appearances.

A little girl was once punished for doing wrong, when she said, "O, those commandments do break awfu'y 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.

## ON CHILDREN'S DAY.

Dear little daisies out in the meadows,  
Nodding gay in the glad sunlight,  
Tell me, you cheery, white-frilled darlings,  
Why do you look so trim and bright?  
Buttercups, in your robes of yellow,  
Kissed by the golden sunbeams, say,  
What is the tale the breezes carry?  
The wild flowers whispered "Children's  
Day."

Oh! human buds from heaven's gardens,  
Sent to gladden this world of ours,  
Give of your beauty and your sweetness,  
Day by day, like the fragrant flowers!  
Looking up to the dear all-Father,  
Whose love enfolds our lives, I pray,  
"Oh! keep these earth-blooms, pure and  
stainless,  
On this and ev'ry Children's Day!"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1897.

## SAYING GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

Tea was over at the Telfords, and the pretty, red-shaded lamp was lighted in the parlour. Papa had kissed the children good-night and gone off to his study, with a bundle of business papers.

"Now, mamma," said Ernest, "you'll read us a nice story, won't you?"

"First we must practice our hymns for the Children's Day service," said mamma.

"Oh! bother," cried Ernest, puckering his forehead up into wrinkles; "what's the use of our learning the hymns, anyhow? Miss Carter will play on the big organ, and lots of people will sing, and nobody will know, mamma, whether we are singing or not."

"Will nobody know, in heaven above or

earth beneath?" asked his mother, looking very grave.

Ernest looked down, and shuffled his toes on the carpet; he knew what his mother meant, but he did not want to say so.

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Telford, (and three children pressed up close to her; she was going to tell them a story, after all;) "a father was walking down the road, and he met all his children; he had a large family of boys and girls, some big and some little. The father smiled upon them, and said, 'Bless you, my children;' and what do you think the children said, Ernest?"

But Ernest thought his mother was laying a trap for him, and he wouldn't say anything. "I s'ink they said good-mornin', farver," spoke up little blue-eyed Betty.

"Some of them did, Betsey, and some of them smiled back at him; but there were three little folks (a boy and two small girls) who did not look at him; did not smile at him, and did not open their lips. Do you think that good father would be pleased with them, Betty?"

"No," said little Betty, shaking her short brown locks, "he would be sorwy."

"Now then, children," said mamma, "these hymns are one way that we say good-morning to God, our heavenly Father, when we go to worship him in church and Sunday-school. When the Bible is read, that is God speaking to us; and when we pray, we are asking help and favours from him; but when we sing hymns we are just praising and greeting him; just saying 'Good-morning, dear God.' And if an earthly father would notice, and be sorry, if three of his children, even little ones, did not say good-morning to him, will not your heavenly Father be grieved, too, if even my little tots of children do not say good-morning to him?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ernest; he was ready to learn his hymns now, and as the little sisters were always ready to do what he did, they stood about her knee, and learned the words, and hummed over the tune with her, as long as she chose to keep them.

But in one of the baby hearts there was a question that needed an answer. "Mamma," said little Betty, with her round cheek against the chair-arm, while her eyes tried to peer through the darkened window pane, "we are so awful little, and the sky is so high up, I s'pect God couldn't see us."

"He says he can see things a great deal smaller than you, Betsey; what is it about the sparrows?"

"I know!" cried Ernest, "let me say it; 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

"How much bigger are you than a sparrow, Betsey?"

"Oh! so much," said the little girl, laughing and stretching her short arms out wide.

"Then you may be sure your heavenly Father sees you, too, and listens for your 'good-morning' voice."

## HOW LADY JANE WENT TO DAKOTA.

Mr. Dawson was a home missionary. His little daughter said, "We live, like Minnehaha, in the land of the Dakotas."

The Dawsons lived in a sod house, just like the rest of the people. The year before there came a Thanksgiving box from some good people in the East; this year Janet said she guessed they forgot them, adding, "Any way, God knows where we live, and he never forgets. Maybe he means we shall have a Christmas box."

Mr. Dawson wrote what Janet said to the Secretary of the Board, and, sure enough, some one planned a nice box to send them.

At the women's meeting, when the letter was read, there was a little girl just Janet's age. Her name was Mabel Jackson, and she could not go to sleep that night for thinking how much she wanted to send something to the little Dakota girl.

Now Mabel was not a rich little girl herself. She did not need to count up the money in her purse. She could see in the dark the shining ten-cent piece, the one nickel and six pennies, and she had planned just how she would spend them for Christmas.

"It would not be right," thought Mabel, "to send what I have as good as given away, but if I had something really my own!"

With a sudden thought she sprang up in bed.

"There is my Lady Jane! but I couldn't give her up. To be sure I have Dorothy Ann, but she has but one arm, and both legs are gone, and she always sleeps with me." She caught the crippled doll up in her arms and hugged her. "No one else would love her—but any one could not help loving Lady Jane, she is so beautiful. But what would Aunt Mary say if I gave away her present? I'll ask mamma, and I hope she'll say no."

But the next morning when Mabel asked, mamma didn't say no, but, "Do just as you think best, dear;" and Aunt Mary said, "Lady Jane is yours to do with her as you please."

So Mabel did please to send her to Janet Dawson in the Christmas box, and the first thing Janet saw when she opened her eyes Christmas morning, was Lady Jane holding out her beautiful arms to be taken from mamma's stocking, which was the only one large enough to hold her.

If only Mabel could have seen Janet when she clasped her hands together and heard her say, "Some one did 'member; I guess God 'nuded' them, to make them 'member."

I wonder if it is too late to send a doll to some other missionary? What say little girls who read this story? Dolls come good 'most any time.

"It's awful hot out, mamma!" he said, as he sat on the back steps fanning himself with his big straw hat. "My neck is all presbyterianism! See how wet it is!"

ROY'S WISH.

BY A. GIDDINGS PARK.

"I wish I was a little dog,"  
Roy, pouting, said one day  
To mamma, who'd refused him leave  
Out in the rain to play,  
"Cause little dogs don't have to ask  
Their mamma if they may,  
But go just where they want to go,  
And always have their way!"  
And then he pouted all the more,  
Stamped loud, and kicked against the door

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply  
Her naughty boy she made;  
But when 'twas supper-time Roy's plate  
At table was not laid;  
Yet on the hearth he saw it placed,  
With scraps of meat and bread,  
His pretty silver cup, with milk  
Close by, where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms  
Round mamma's neck were pressed,  
A little boy with golden hair  
Was sobbing on her breast.  
"I—don't—don't—want—to—be—to—  
be—  
A—dog—gie—any—more!"  
Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart  
Were smitten to the core.  
Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find  
My little boy has changed his mind!"  
And gently kissed the tears away,  
While Roy was soon absorbed in play.

THE SWISS BOY'S FAITH.

A man and his son were following a  
perilous path among the Alps. In passing  
along they gathered many beautiful  
flowers, which grew abundantly in that  
region. The father had for this purpose  
supplied himself with a long staff, on one  
end of which was fastened an iron hook.  
With this he pulled to him those flowers  
which he could not reach with his hands.  
He had told his son to keep close to him,  
and not to go too near the deep and dan-  
gerous gulfs around them; but ere long the  
boy saw at a distance some flowers waving  
in beautiful colours. Wishing to obtain  
them, and hurrying thoughtlessly along  
toward the object, he fell on the slippery  
grass, and began to roll down the steep  
until he was stopped by some tall bushes.

With all his strength the boy seized  
hold of the shrubbery, while, greatly ter-  
rified, he called to his father for help.  
The brush grew on the very brink of the  
yawning abyss, in whose fearful depths  
the poor boy, had he passed over the  
precipice, would have been crushed to  
atoms.

It was impossible for the father to reach  
the son with his hands, yet he soon  
adopted a plan. The boy had around him  
a leathern belt, which the father knew to  
be strong. Reaching down the staff, he  
fastened his iron hook in the girdle.

The lad, however, could not be drawn  
up without releasing his hold on the  
bushes. He could not see his father; nor

did he, in his fright, even feel that his  
father held him up. He only heard his  
father's voice calling him: "Let go of the  
bushes, my son, and I will save you."

To the boy it seemed as if he would  
thus hurry himself to destruction. At  
last, relying on his father's words, he for-  
sook his hold, and was drawn out of the  
danger to his father's arms.

This boy was saved through faith. His  
firm belief in his father's words saved his  
life. Had he doubted or hesitated, had he  
waited to find out how his father helped  
him up, he would have plunged, together  
with the slender bushes to which he clung,  
into the abyss beneath him.

For such faith as this in the Lord Jesus  
Christ we must constantly pray. He is  
always near to us; so that if any boy or  
girl is in trouble of any sort, the Lord will  
reward their faith if they earnestly ask  
him for help.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

A Japanese missionary writes: "I want  
to tell you about one of our little Japanese  
girls. Her youngest sister is very pretty  
—therefore, as the family was poor, she  
was sold to be a public dancing girl. The  
older one, not being so pretty, was sent to  
us as day scholar to learn knitting, sewing,  
etc., until she could go out to service. She  
became a Christian, and began to feel badly  
about her sister; but what could she do?  
Her father had great sympathy with her  
and was anxious to get the child back, but  
he is sick and cannot work, the mother did  
not care, the older brother had gone to the  
war, the two younger could not help much.

"But our little girl was very brave. She  
went to the master of the house where her  
sister was and tried to get her free. She  
was only laughed at, and told that her sis-  
ter had learned to dance very well; to let  
her alone and in a little while she would  
be earning a great deal of money and could  
help them all—could give her new dresses  
and pay for her food at the school. She  
told them she would never eat the rice that  
her sister's money paid for, nor wear the  
clothes. They said the child could not go  
unless she paid forty dollars.

Our little girl's ideas of forty dollars  
were very vague, but she was not daunted.  
She got her younger brothers to save all  
they could. Then her sister's master threat-  
ened to give the girl away if the money  
was not paid at once. This was heart-  
breaking to our little girl, who had been  
able to save but ten dollars, and added to  
this are the tears and entreaties of the  
little sister, who begs to be saved from the  
life which she has now learned is bad.

"All this I hear from our young Japa-  
nese teacher, who has learned it, little by  
little, from the sad-hearted girl, who found  
it impossible to give her usual good atten-  
tion in class. I am glad to tell you that all  
the money has been furnished by kind  
friends, and the child will soon be placed in  
a respectable home. If you could only see  
the change in our little girl! The look of  
care gone—joy and glad tears in its place."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 14.]

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN ROME.

Acts 28, 17-31. [Memory verses, 30, 31.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of  
Christ: for it is the power of God unto  
salvation to every one that believeth.—  
Rom. 1. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How did Paul live in Rome? In his  
own hired house.  
Whom did he ask to visit him there?  
What did he think?  
What did he tell the Jews who visited  
him?  
What did they want to hear?  
How did Paul prove what he said?  
What was the result?  
Will all who hear the Gospel accept it?  
Why not?  
How long did Paul stay in Rome?  
What did he continue to do?  
What else did he do? He wrote letters  
to the churches.  
How did Paul finally die?

LEARN FROM PAUL—

To be "not slothful in business;  
Fervent in spirit;  
Serving the Lord,"  
At all times and in all places.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 21.]

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

Eph. 6. 10-20. Memory verses, 13 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power  
of his might.—Eph. 6. 10.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To whom was this letter written?  
By whom?  
Why did Paul write it?  
Who is our great enemy?  
Who is our great Captain?  
Why are Christians like soldiers?  
Why do we need an armour?  
Who has provided an armour for us?  
What are the pieces of armour which  
Paul names?  
What does the girdle stand for?  
What is the breastplate?  
How must the Christian soldier be shod?  
What is the shield he carries?  
What kind of a helmet does he wear?  
What is his sword?  
What have we to do with this armour?  
Put it on and wear it.

WHAT A LITTLE SOLDIER CAN DO.

Fight for King Jesus.  
Carry the banner of a good life.  
Show his colours every where.



TRUE FRIENDS.