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# SUNBEAM

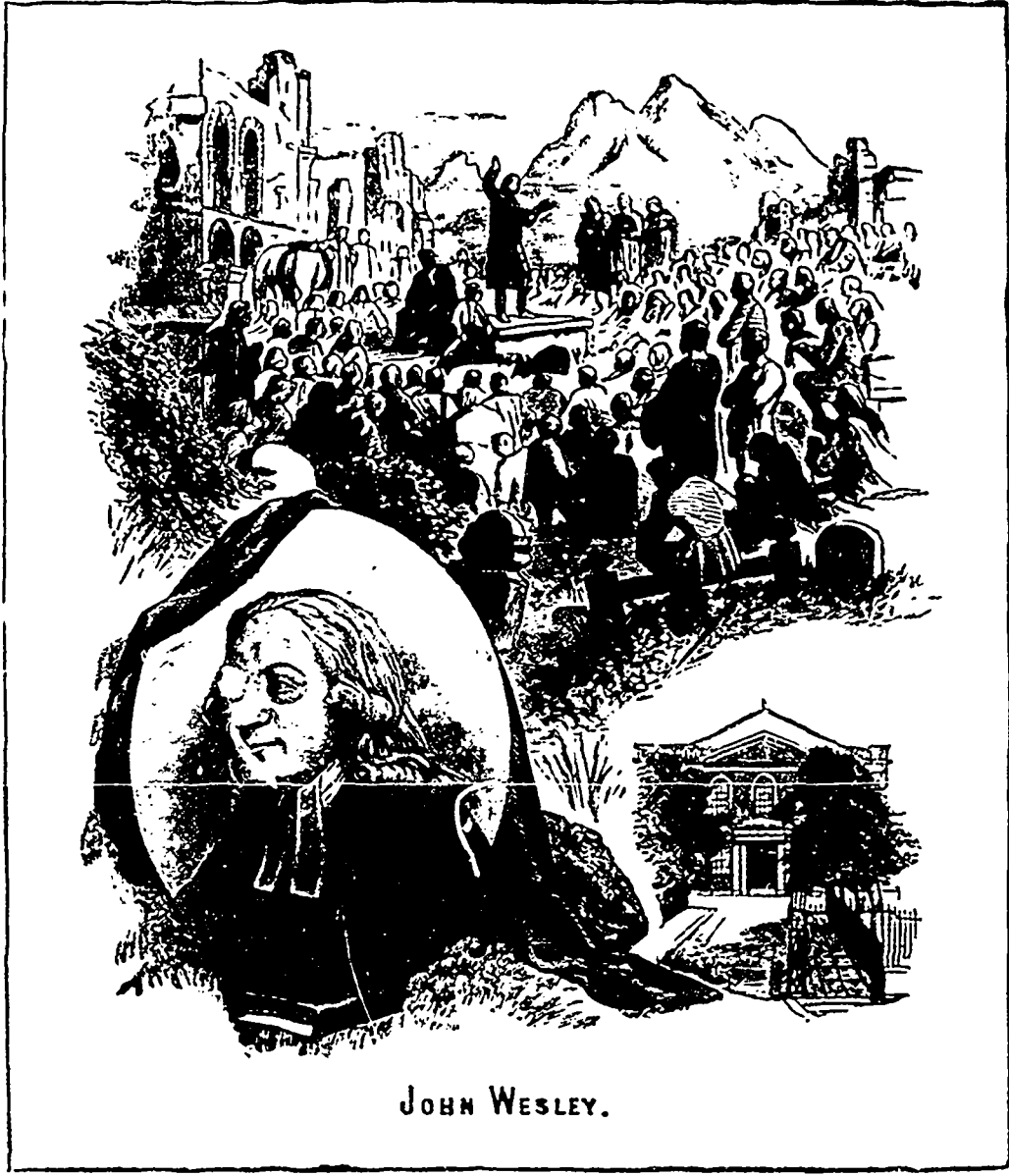
ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

[No. 21.]

## JOHN WESLEY.

A great deal has been said about John Wesley, who died over a hundred years ago. He was one of the greatest men of the last century, and one of the greatest preachers the world ever knew. The Methodists throughout the world have been keeping the anniversary of his death with devout thankfulness to God for the labours of his life. In our picture here his mild and beautiful face is shown, also Old City Road Chapel, London, next door to which he died, and, in the upper part, Wesley preaching on a tombstone in an ancient graveyard. When he was driven from the church of his fathers he preached on his father's tombstone just beside the church, and afterwards in the open fields throughout the kingdom, sometimes to as many as 20,000 persons.



JOHN WESLEY.

The story of his holy life, useful labours, and happy death has been told you all. His best monument is the Methodist Church throughout the world, which numbers now nearly thirty millions of people.

### HIT THE EYE, BOYS.

One day there was a great thumping in my cellar, and if you had gone down there you would have seen that one of the windows had been opened, and that sticks of wood, some square, some round, some

three-cornered, big and little, knotty and clear, all sawn the right length for the stove, were pouring in through that window, and every stick as it came down seemed to say, "Stand clear or you'll get hurt." So I stood clear, and let the workers have it all their own way.

I suppose the one who sent it thought that splitting it would be good exercise for the minister, and he thought so too. So I went at it. But pretty soon a big stick turned up, full of hard knots on every side. I fancied that one of these

knots looked like an eye, and that it kept watching me as I picked up one stick after another and left it untouched. In fact, it almost seemed to say, "Split little sticks, if you have a mind, but I dare you to touch me."

It was a great annoyance to see it there every day; but the question was how to get rid of it. It was too good to be thrown away, and it was too big to go into the stove. My only course was to try to split it. So one day, when I felt strong in my bones, I laid it on the block with the eye up. Then putting all my strength into my arms, I sent my axe fair across the eye, and through it went.

To my surprise, the old stick split more easily than many others before it. And then I could not help thinking how true this is all through life. How often

do men and boys fancy that some duty is very hard, and work all around it, and fear to touch it, hanging back until they can do so no longer, and then make a good effort, and find that it is real easy and that they have had all their troublesome fears for nothing.

Boys, remember that knotty stick. When you have any work to do don't stop to think how hard it is, but take hold at once bravely, hit it fair in the eye, and, ten to one, you will be through before you know it.

## PERSEVERANCE

The boy who does a stroke, and stops,  
Will no'er a great man be;  
'Tis the aggregation of single drops  
That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams  
Its gold above the gray,  
It takes a thousand little beams  
To make the day the day.

The farmer needs must sow and till,  
And wait the wheaten head,  
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,  
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,  
But, spite of all the din,  
It is the patient holding out  
That makes the winner win.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 9, 1897.

## LITTLE THREADS.

Do you remember the story of Gulliver? He lay down to sleep among the pigmies. These were very little people. They began to bind little threads around his fingers. He said: "I can break these at any moment." The little folks tied another finger; he laughed. By-and-bye they tied another and another, until both hands were tied and fastened to the ground. Then they bound some threads around his waist, and others around his body, and so, little by little, they climbed over his knees, his breast, and his face, and then upon his nose. After awhile they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but could not. He didn't laugh any more. The pigmies laughed then. Now, it is not one drink or two drinks that will kill a man. Each one of these is like a little thread, and the man as he drinks them, laughs to himself, and says: "I can

break off at any time, I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by-and-bye, when he tries to stop drinking, he finds it impossible. He is the slave of the dreadful habit. God only can set him free then. O beware of the little threads—the first drinks, the first little sins. Will you not make up your minds never to take even a drop of strong drink?

## CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

You go along the busy, crowded streets of the large cities of Japan, and you see numberless children, of all sizes and ages, playing out in the middle of the streets. Sometimes they get run over by a jinrikisha, but their mothers seem never to be uneasy about them.

Those who are too young to walk are tied on the backs of their little sisters, who jump and play as if it were a rag doll instead of a live baby. After a while the little baby gets sleepy, and then it falls to one side or backward, with its face turned right up to the burning sun. This is why so many Japanese have weak or sore eyes. Such an exposure to the sun would kill an American baby in two days.

All the little girls go bareheaded, but all have umbrellas. The large girls do up their hair in a little knot on the back of their heads, with a net over it. They also have bangs, combed straight down over their foreheads.

## TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

## I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Pekin, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart; but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so, because it was dying, she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, looking at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window, and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air.

The mother shrieked: "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it, the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in line, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flowers will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails: "My baby is lost! I can never find him again!"

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen

## II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty little crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission: "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother; and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He will keep her safe," said the father reverently, as he put his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some people began to sing softly:

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and, with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed away.

"Let us pray," said a low voice; and as we knelt together heaven came so near that we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of joy.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Pekin, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes, and laid her lovingly in her last resting-place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery. With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the spot where we laid her in the cemetery, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" says the baby's father; while the mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.

Sometimes the things which seem easiest are really the hardest to learn. Waiting looks like a very simple thing, but to wait patiently is sometimes a difficult thing to do. When we do not get the thing we want just at the right time, when we have to put up with something unpleasant till a change comes, we need to know how to wait patiently.

The man who walks with God must do so with clean feet.

## A SONG.

Now's the time to make your mark,  
Study, work away!  
Bee, and bird, and flower, all  
Nature's voice obey.

Now's the time to grow and learn,  
Now to sow the seed,  
And to watch its springing up  
Into word and deed.

If you treasure well the hours,  
In each heart and face  
Shall the cheering impress dwell,  
Childhood's happy grace.

While the days grow into years,  
Study, work away!  
Bee, and bird, the hours improve,  
So the children may.

## BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said a father, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently their father called from a window: "You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said the father, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, the father found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys. "That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm."

"No," said his papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."

## THE EMPEROR AT THE FORGE.

Boys often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think beneath them, especially if it is a task which properly belongs to some one else. But every one should cultivate an obliging dis-

position, and be able to help in any emergency to the extent of his ability.

Emperor Joseph set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith; "but this being a holiday, all my men are away at church; even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows instead of calling an attendant to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages. The work was finished, and, instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing emperor, as he entered his carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

I have known some shop-boys who would have waited long, and sent far for help, before they would have "come down" to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity. A readiness to oblige, and to take hold of unaccustomed work when necessary, has often been excellent business capital for a young man; while the opposite spirit never wins friends. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

## THERE IS OUR FATHER.

Two children were at the sea-shore on the outlook for their father's return from fishing. There had been no storm, so they were not afraid, but their father had been away two days and two nights, and the little folks wanted to see him back. They had watched for him hour after hour. Other fishing boats had passed, but his was not in sight, but at last the elder girl saw far off the well-known sail, and the boat she loved to see. Pointing it out to her little sister she said, "There is father!" But the little dot said, "I don't see father!" "No, nor do I," answered the elder, "but he is there; that is his boat, he is master of it, he will soon be here!" Both children were joyous. Though they could not see their father, they knew he was there, and that every moment brought the time nearer when they would see him, and talk to him.

There is another Father of all little children whom we cannot see yet, but we know he is near, and before very long we shall be at home with him, and see him, if we are good and have faith in him. Wherever we are, in sunshine or in gloom, we may always say, "There is our Father."

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

## LESSON III. [Oct. 17.]

## PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.

Acts 24. 10-25. Memory verses, 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What was the Jewish council before which Paul appeared. The Sanhedrin.

What did the judges do after Paul spoke?

Where did the captain take Paul?

Who lived at Cæsarea?

What right had Paul as a Roman citizen? To be tried before a Roman judge.

Where was Paul's trial held?

Why did the Jews want Paul sent back to Jerusalem? So as to kill him.

Where was he kept?

Who trembled at his words?

What mistake did Felix make?

## AM I LIKE PAUL.—

Always ready to hear God speak?

Always ready to acknowledge a fault?

Always ready to speak the word of God?

## LESSON IV. [Oct. 24.]

## PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 19-32. Memory verses, 22, 23.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10. 32.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How long did Paul stay in Cæsarea?

Who came then to be governor?

What did the Jews hope now?

Why did they try again to have Paul brought to Jerusalem? So as to waylay and kill him.

What did Festus say?

Where did Paul say he would be judged?

Why could he have his choice? It was his right as a Roman citizen.

For what did he wait in Cæsarea?

Who came there while he was waiting?

Who was Agrippa? A grandson of Herod the Great.

Who spoke before him?

To what was Agrippa "almost persuaded"?

What did Festus and Agrippa think?

## MY LESSON.

When God shall speak  
Unto my heart,  
To hear and do,  
This be my part.



EASTERN SHEPHERD.

## EASTERN SHEPHERD.

The shepherd in the East is much more tender and loving to his sheep than in Western countries. He knows his flock by name. He goes before them, and they know his voice and follow him. He carries the lambs in his bosom, and will risk his life to save his flock from the lion or the bear. All this is used in the Bible as a type of our Lord. "He shall lead his flock like a shepherd." He is described as the Good Shepherd who lays down his life for the sheep. Let us remember that in the words of the Psalm, "We are his people and the sheep of his pasture." And little children are the lambs of his fold whom he especially cares for and loves.

A little boy was asked, "Who made you?" "God made me," he said. "Why do you think God made you?" was asked. "Because," he said, "he wanted a little boy to love him."

## THE BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A missionary one day observed a little black boy engaged in prayer, and heard him say, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending a big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here, that I might hear about thee, and love thee. And now, Lord Jesus, I have one favour to ask thee: please to send wicked men with another big ship, and let them catch my father and my mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee."

The missionary in a few days after saw the same child standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently as the ships came in. "What are you looking for, Tom?" he asked.

"I am looking to see if Jesus Christ answers prayer," the child replied.

For two years that boy was to be seen day after day watching the arrival of every ship.

One day, as the missionary was viewing

him, he observed him capering about, an exhibiting the liveliest joy. Then he said, "Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ answers prayer—father and mother come in that ship, which was actually the case."

## KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Keep to the right, as the law directs,  
For such is the rule of the road;  
Keep to the right, whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his truth,  
Nor wander, though folly allure;  
Keep to the right, from the day of thy  
youth,  
Nor turn from what's faithful and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,  
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;  
Keep to the right, and you need have no  
doubt  
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, in whatever you do,  
Nor claim but your own on the way;  
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true  
From the morn to the close of life's day.

## JOHNNY'S OWN WAY.

Johnny wanted very much to "help" his mother bake pies one morning; so she gave him a piece of dough, the cover of a starch box for a pastry-board, and a clothes-pin for a rolling-pin. When he had rolled so hard that his face was very red, he put his little pie on the stove hearth to bake; and then he saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle.

His mother saw him, and cried: "O Johnny! take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear."

"Steam can't burn," cried wise Johnny; only fire burns."

"You must not try it. Believe me, it will burn you. Do stop, Johnny!"

"O dear!" cried Johnny; "why can't I have my own way sometimes? I do like my own way! When I'm a big man, I mean to thand and poke my finger in the tea-kettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and—"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man to do this. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The dear little white fingers were sadly burned, and for hours Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him on her lap.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma! I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live. When I'm a great man, I'll never put my fingers in the tea-kettle. O dear, dear, dear, dear!"

Take care, little folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam. Your parents are wiser than you, and they love you too well to deny you any harmless pleasure.