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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

No. 19.

RACHEL AT THE WELL.

IN our lesson for September 16 we read about Jesus at Jacob's well. In our picture we see the well long centuries before the time of Jesus. We can see the heavy stones of which the well is built, the camels not far away, the group of young women bringing their pitchers to the well and the pretty young woman, Rachel, who is there already. She finds a weary stranger at the well. He has come on a long journey and is hot and tired. Rachel lets down her pitcher and draws up the water for him to drink. For this kind act she was repaid, for the man was Jacob, who afterwards became her husband. But how much happier must that Samaritan woman have been, who so many years after, drew water from the well and gave a drink to the tired Stranger, who was Jesus Christ her Saviour.



RACHEL AT THE WELL.

GET ME AN UMBRELLA.

ROSIE loved dearly to water her flowers. Every evening just after tea she went out with her little watering-pot and sprinkled her pansies, and primroses, and candytuft, and all the other beauties in her flower bed.

A few evenings after her bed had been planted, she started out as usual with her watering-pot,—although the sky was very dark, and the thunder rolled in the distance, and the rain was fast coming. Sure enough, she had hardly reached the flower

bed quiet of the season. Farewell to the daisy fall roses, and goldenrod! Old winter is near, we hope again to meet in the merry spring time after a long day's rest underneath the autumn leaves which are now preparing our winter bed.

garden before the great drops began to fall.

Rosie lifted her head and called "Mamma mamma!"

Her mother was closing the second story windows, and she answered, "What is it, Rosie? Hurry in, or you will get wet."

"Get me an umbrella, please," called Rosie, without stirring.

"What for? Run in quickly," answered mamma, "and you will not need it."

"But I want to water my flowers, and I will get all wet," answered Rosie.

"Oh, you funny child!" said mamma, laughing. "Don't you see the rain is watering them? Come in, quickly, you are soaking wet already!"

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

ALL summer Bertha found delight in gathering bouquets of wild flowers of every hue and colour. Before winter will entirely close up the bright faces which smile in the woodland, she once more comes home laden with the last bouquet of the season.

Farewell to the daisy fall roses, and goldenrod! Old winter is near, we hope again to meet in the merry spring time after a long day's rest underneath the autumn leaves which are now preparing our winter bed.

THAT'S THE WAY

Just a little every day.

That's the way

Seeds in darkness sweet and grow,

Fine blades push through the snow.

Never any flower of May

Leaps to blossom in a burst;

Slowly - slowly - at the first.

That's the way!

Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,

That's the way!

Children learn to read and write,

But by bit, and mite by mite.

Never anyone, I say,

Leaps to knowledge and its power.

Slowly - slowly - hour by hour.

That's the way!

Just a little every day.

—St. Nicholas.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Do not imagine because I call her a missionary that pretty Ellen Somers was a grave, solemn-faced, dignified person.

No indeed.

With her laughing blue eyes, golden curls, and the dimples always playing hide-and-go-seek about her rosy cheeks, she was a veritable bit of sunshine. It did one good just to look at her. Do you wish to know the secret of her charms—why when she was present all the world looked brighter?

It was love.

Down in her happy young heart was a fountain of love.

Every living thing stirred it, and it overflowed at the cry of want and sorrow.

Among the mountains of Switzerland, where she and her mother were spending the summer, she found the same enemy which caused so much trouble in her native land. It was the "invisible spirit of

wine." Ellen thought. "If the dear people only knew what an enemy it is—how it destroys all that is noble and good! Oh, if somebody would tell them!"

She loved to talk with the humble mountaineers. Their simple, reverent piety charmed her, and for their faults she grieved.

The pretty, kind-hearted demoiselle was a great favourite among the people, and they loved to hear her talk. She told them of the great temperance reform in America—that the children were taught how the wonderful temple—the body which each one possesses—was harmed by alcohol.

This evil spirit was lurking everywhere to destroy the bodies and souls of men. Then she read to them in the Bible, which they all revered:

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Why!" exclaimed old Pierre, who stood before her leaning against a rock, "we all drink wine."

"I do not," said Ellen, with a sweet smile.

"And we may not even look upon it?" said Pierre's eldest son, who had been peeping over her shoulder.

"It says so in the Book."

"Then I will not," said little Fritz stoutly, looking up into his father's face.

"The Book says 'when it is red,'" said Ellen. "That means when the 'invisible spirit' gets into it and spoils it. The only safe way is to let it alone, and I mean to try and get as many others as I can to do so too."

"That is right," said old Pierre. "And we three are with you, ma'm'selle."

When Ellen told the story to mamma she kissed her and said, "I am glad I have a little missionary."

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A POOR, under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new

shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—Arkansas Methodist.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done," asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue, must be made of good stuff."

PAULINE AND THE TOAD.

ONE lovely morning last summer little Pauline went out for a walk with her nurse.

They went gaily along, picking the wild flowers and pretty grasses that grew beside the road.

Presently the little girl's merry prattle frightened a poor old toad sunning himself near by.

In his efforts to get away as quickly as possible he leaped right in front of Pauline.

The sight of his ugly body and chubby legs to terrified this little city girl that she held up both hands and cried out, "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

The toad hopped quickly away, no doubt thinking (if toads can think) that this little girl must sometimes be naughty, as she was so ready to promise to be good.

BARGAINS FOR SCHOLARS.

A queer little man kept an alphabet shop,
 And out from his counter, hippity hop,
 He danced until he was ready to drop,
 Singing and shouting with never a stop.
 "Come in, little scholars,
 With bright silver dollars;
 Or if you've not any,
 Come in with a penny.
 I have bumble Bs
 And marrowfat Ps.
 Some Chinese Qs,
 And Japanese Ts,
 A flock of Js
 And lots of Es,
 And perfectly beautiful dark blue Cs.
 This is the place to buy your knowledge,
 At cheaper rates than are given at
 college!"
 Then he'd draw a long breath and spin like
 a top.
 This queer little man in an alphabet shop.
 —St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 606.] LESSON XIII. [Sept. 23.

DANIEL'S ABSTINENCE.

Dan. 1. 8-20. Memory verses, 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. True to God, v. 8-16.
2. Honoured of Man, v. 17-20.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the young princes. Dan. 1. 1-7.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 1. 20.
Wed. Find what Daniel would not do. Ezek. 4. 13.
Thurs. Learn how we may make friends. Prov. 16. 7.
Fri. Find what Daniel became. Dan. 5. 11, 12.
Sat. Learn why we should be temperate. Prov. 20. 1.
Sun. Find a reason why we should take the pledge. 1 Cor. 8. 13.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who was Daniel? Where was he taken to live? What was Nebuchadnezzar? A heathen king. What did he want the Jewish boys to learn? What was his plan for them? Who taught them? What was given them to eat? What were the Chaldeans? To what were meat and wine first offered? What did Daniel think? What did he ask? Why could not the officer grant his request? (Verse 10.) Into whose care was Daniel given? What did Daniel ask the steward? How were

the young men at the end of ten days? Is wine good for the body and mind? Is it wise to eat rich food? See how Daniel and his friends prospered.

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I must stand by my principles.
 That if I do God will stand by me.
 Verse 17.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Can you do all this of yourself? I cannot repent and believe of myself; but God will help me by his Holy Spirit, if I ask it of him.

What is the state of those who do not forsake their sins and believe in Jesus Christ? The wrath of God abideth on them.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.—Mark 1. 15.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY.

TO TEACHERS.—Draw a hanging book-case with two shelves. Draw a row of six books on one and seven on the other. Number them from one to thirteen, and then cover until ready for use.

By a little questioning bring out the titles of the lessons from the children, which place upon the back of the books, as "The B. of J." for No. 1, etc. Call upon two or three different children to tell the story. One will recall but little, another more, but the timid and forgetful ones should be encouraged. Place two or three words of the Golden Text upon the back of the book, and drill a little on this. Go through the Little Library in this way, pausing to sing a hymn appropriate to a special lesson, as "Clap Your Hands," No. 6, *Melodies for Little People*, "Yield Not to Temptation," No. 7, etc.

TO CHILDREN—Will you not try hard to make this the very best Review you have had this year? You can help a great deal if you will use your helper—this little book—even five minutes each day of the week. Do try, and don't forget to ask Jesus to help you.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

NINA had a present of a little turkey. Grandma gave it to her, and Nina took it home and loved and petted it.

It does not take a turkey long to grow up. Pretty soon there was a big, handsome turkey, who would follow Nina all over the house, and who liked nothing better than to be invited to one of Nina's doll parties.

One day Mrs. Dale came to visit Nina's mamma. The two ladies were talking about Thanksgiving dinners, and Nina in the next room heard Mrs. Dale say: "You will need a big turkey for all that company;

but then you have one right in the family. to be sure."

Such a surprised little girl as Nina was! She did not wait to hear what mamma said, but ran as fast as she could to see if Turk was safe.

Then Nina's days of watching began. She knew that the danger time would be the two or three days just before Thanksgiving, and she would not go out of the house to play if it took her where she could not see Turk.

Everybody was very busy the day before Thanksgiving, but at last mamma missed Nina. "Where can the child be?" she said. "I've hardly seen her to-day." She found her in her own room, with Turk on the table before her. "What are you doing, Nina?" said mamma.

"Oh, mamma, you won't kill Turk for dinner, will you?" cried Nina.

"Why, no, you foolish child; of course not," said mamma.

A STRANGE GUEST.

It is Arthur's birthday, and he and his two brothers, Alfred and James, and their little sister Di, have come out this fine afternoon into the green meadow to have a picnic.

Little Di was eating a piece of plum-cake, and she stopped to say, "I wish we had a birthday every day, then we should come out here in the sun and eat cake and have strawberries and cream."

"Well," said James, "then you ought to say your piece of poetry to us,

'Thank you, pretty cow that made
 Pleas-ant milk to soak my bread;'

for if there were no cows we should not have any milk or cream."

"Yes," said Di. And folding her hands she repeated the lines. When she came to the last verse they were all startled by a loud "Moo-o" that seemed close to them.

Arthur jumped up.

"Why, Mrs. Cow, have you come to our picnic!" said Alfred. "We must give you something to eat."

Alfred felt in the basket, and there he found some cabbage-leaves that had been put to keep the strawberries cool. And Mrs. Cow ate them with much content.

SAINT PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

THE foundation of Saint Peter's Church at Rome was laid on April 18, 1506, by Pope Julius II. A part of it was built under the superintendence of Michael Angelo, the great painter. It was three hundred years before it was completed in its present form, and it cost over fifty-eight millions of dollars. It is over six hundred feet in length and is the largest church in the world. Not far from the church lives the head of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope Leo XIII, who was born March 2, 1810, and crowned March 3, 1878.



NAZARETH.

ONE DROP.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

LONG, long ago, in the far East, a very great and wonderful man, named Mohammed, wished to make a new empire, and to set up a new religion. This man did and said and taught much that was wrong, but he was one of the wisest of men, and he knew how to make some laws that were wise and right. No man ever lived who was a stronger temperance man than this Mohammed. He knew that if his army and his followers were given to drink, they could not do the great work that he meant them to do in conquering the world. They did not conquer all the world, but there was a time when fully half of the world was in their power. I will tell you what Mohammed wrote about strong drink in his book of laws and teachings, called the Koran. He said none of his people must ever touch one drop of strong drink, but he went on also to say this:

"Suppose there was a well of water, and someone dropped into it one drop of wine. Then suppose because the drop of wine had spoiled the well, that it was all filled up with stones and earth, and grass grew over it. And suppose there came along a sheep, and ate the grass that grew on the filled-up well,—then suppose the sheep was killed by the butcher,—no good follower of mine could take one bite of that sheep, because the drop of wine would have poisoned it for them."

What do you think of that for a temperance law? I can make of that a new "House that Jack Built." Here is Mohammed's well: here is a drop of wine that went into Mohammed's well; here are earth and stones that filled up the hole, where the drop of wine spoiled Mohammed's well. Here is a sheep that ate the grass, that grew in the earth, that filled up the spoiled well—here is a butcher that killed the sheep, that ate the grass, that grew in the earth, that filled up the wine-spoiled well!

WHEN God is satisfied with us we shall be satisfied with God.

A DREAM.

BY SAM JONES.

I DON'T go much on dreams. I never did. But I heard a dream a young lady once had that impressed me wonderfully. She was a good girl and a member of the church. She dreamed that she died and went to heaven, and that she was carried beyond all the bounds of imagination, into the beauties and glories of the world up yonder. She dreamed that she was at home in the city of God, and that she was there to live evermore;

that she had passed to the judgment bar of God, and that she had become crystallized in holiness, to be forever a child of God, in the city of God, and she said: "O, what ecstasies swept over my soul as I dreamed of the bliss of heaven. All at once, as we were standing around God, the Father of us all, and they were singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessings.'" And she said, "Over the brilliant and blazing countenances as they shone forth I saw ten thousand diadems shining in the crowns of those around me, and I turned to a sister spirit and said, 'What do these diadems represent in these crowns?' 'O,' she said, 'these represent souls that we have been enabled to win to Christ.'" She said, "I pulled off my crown and looked at it, and it was as black as night, I began to be miserable in heaven, and in a few minutes I opened my eyes, and I said, 'Glory to God, if I have a few more years I will spend the residue of them doing service for Christ, and I will get my recognition in heaven in the sweet by-and-bye.'"

GIVING AND DOING.¹

BEING generous grows on one just as being mean does.

Not what we give, but what we retain, is the truest test of liberality.

Life is not pocket-money, to be spent as whim or taste directs, but capital intrusted to our care, that we may trade with it for God and ourselves in this mart of time.

Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, says, "If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should say, doing good to others."

Rev. Phillips Brooks says: "If I can only place one little brick in the pavement of the Lord's pathway I will place it there, that coming generations may walk thereon to the heavenly city."

Among the Jews one-tenth of the income was paid to the Lord to begin with, and out of the remaining nine-tenths all gifts and offerings and alms were afterward made on special days.

There are some people who are hungry and starving for the Word of God. There are others who are hungry to give the Word of God to the hungry and starving. What kind of hunger have you?

A convert from heathenism in India said to the missionaries, "If I should go to heaven, and had never been instrumental in bringing anyone else to Christ, I would go into a corner and not be able to look at Jesus Christ or any of you."

TOO BIG FOR HIS BREECHES.

LAY away the little shirt-waist
That our darling boy once wore;
In the ragbag gently shove it,
He won't need it any more.

With a pair of red suspenders
We must soon our boy endow,
For the fact is most apparent—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

Lay aside the knickerbockers
With the fringe around the knees;
Take the marbles from the pocket,
All the strings and nails and keys.

Buy him socks instead of stockings,
Or the boy will raise a row;
For our darling has been growing—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHRYSALIS.

FANNY was taking a walk one June day when suddenly she stopped before a bush exclaiming, "What a beautiful butterfly I am going to catch it." This was easier said than done, and here Fanny learned a lesson that it would be well for all our readers, young and old, to remember, never to be hasty in expressing an opinion, for she did not catch the butterfly, although she tried for a long time to do so. Just as she thought she had it, it would elude her grasp until finally it was lost to her sight altogether.

She saw hanging upon the branch whence the butterfly had first attracted her attention, two chrysalides. She did not know what they were, but she said to herself, "As I cannot have the butterfly I will carry these curious things home and ask mamma what they are."

Her mother explained to her what we all know, how the chrysalis if put in the sunshine would soon burst its prison and come forth a brilliant butterfly. The beautiful time of the resurrection, another lesson which Fanny never forgot.

If she had succeeded in catching the insect in the first place she would have lost the pleasure of watching her two butterflies come forth from their chrysalides, for the frail things would perhaps have been crushed in her hands and have yielded up their lives, but in her desire to know more of God's works in nature, she received double-fold in the chrysalis and the lesson it taught her.

By studying the natural works of God we may be drawn nearer to God himself if we will let them draw us to him.