

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Généralique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

SUNBEAM

VOL. XX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

No. 20.

HOW LONG IT TAKES.

"O, I'm so hungry!" cried little Joanny, running into the house from play. "Give me some bread and butter, quick!"

"The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was done.

"No," exclaimed the mother, "not yet."

"It seems a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny impatiently.

"Perhaps you don't know how long it does take," said his mother.

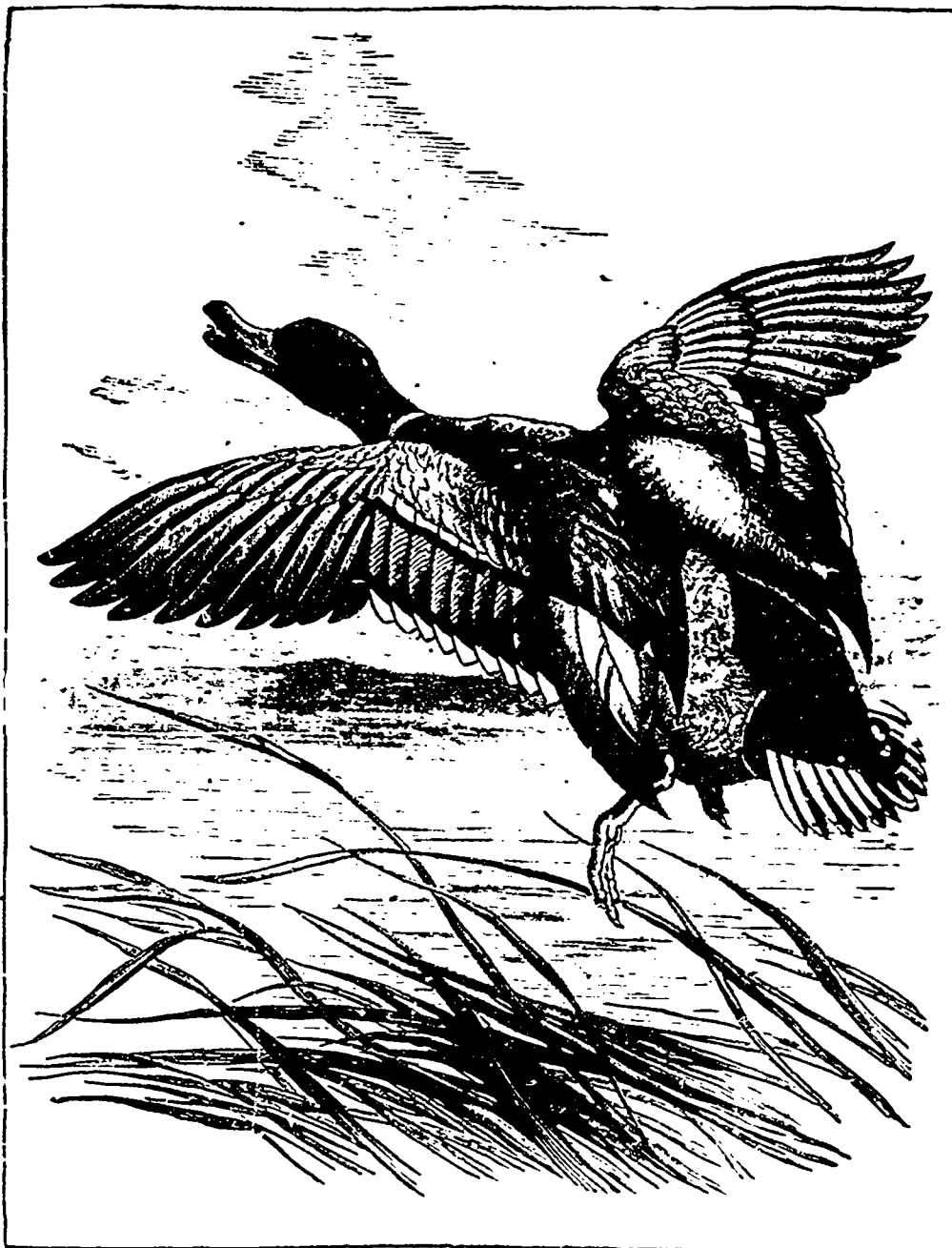
"How long does it take?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring; it was doing all summer; it could not be finished till the autumn."

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said mother. "The farmer dropped the seeds in the ground in April, but the farmer could not make them grow.

All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat; much less could all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed, you often see young ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."



A WATERFOWL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

nor the corn to grow; but he drops it into the ground and covers it up—that is his part—and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets Mother Earth nourishing it with warm juices. He sends the rain, he makes the sun shine, he makes it spring up—first the tender shoot, then the blades—and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw cut the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work, but he does all things well."

By this time Johnny had lost all his impatience; he was thinking: "Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now I thought it was you, mother, that gave us our daily bread; and now I see it was God. We should not have a slice if it were not for God, would

"Put them in the ground and see," said Johnny. "we, mother?"—*Child's Home*.

"That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and only God gives life. The farmer, then, makes neither the wheat

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.

PUSSY'S LESSON.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

I go to school, but pussy can't—
 Poor pussy! it's a shame!
 And so I try, with all my might,
 To teach her, just the same.

I take my book and spread it out
 And call her to my side.
 See always comes straight up to me
 And purrs aloud with pride.

I point each letter out to her
 But when I ask her how
 To tell round "O" from crooked "S"
 She always says "Me—ow!"

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub't
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., week y., under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Now Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter)	0 07
Home Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Home Leaf, monthly	0 03
Home Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Qua. Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen, \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,
 27 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
 Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUERTIS,
 2176 St. Catherine Street. Wesleyan Book Room,
 Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 7, 1893.

PERSIAN GIRLS.

A Persian girl does not begin to wear the chuddar, or veil, until she is nine years old. After that she must cover her face in the presence of any man, excepting the members of her own family. She is obliged to fast and pray, while her brother need not begin until he is sixteen. She helps her mother in the housework, brings the daily supply of water on her back in large earthen jars, and arranges in order the shoes which callers shuffle off at the door. She waits on her father and brothers, and when they have company, serves, but cannot eat nor sit down in their presence.

When she goes out to play she must take the baby, if there is one in the family. The baby is tied firmly on her back. Then she runs, plays jackstones or bounds ball, not minding the weight on her back any more than the baby minds the shaking up. Girls make their own dolls of sticks padded at one end, for which they delight to make clothes.

After a girl is nine, however, she must leave her dolls and begin to sew on her wedding outfit. Besides making her own wardrobe and household furnishings she must, at her marriage, give a sample of her needlework to every member of her husband's family, as well as to other friends. As a girl may be married at twelve, nine is none too soon to begin the wedding preparations.

Girls never go to school. Occasionally a tutor is employed to teach a favourite daughter to read, but it is against the law that a woman should learn to write. Among the rich the girls are not obliged to do housework, but are kept more strictly than their poorer sisters. They never leave the harem except when, closely veiled and attended by an escort, they visit the public bath or pay a call, or occasionally go for tea drink to some secluded garden. Those of the upper classes are often very fair and beautiful.—*The Gospel in All Lands.*

THE FRONT AND SIDE DOORS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked; some, bolted with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it.

ALLOWED TO ESCAPE.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

One of the funniest stories ever told of dogs is one told of a foxhound. It was in the days when fox hunting was a recognized sport in the State of Delaware. In one family there lived a foxhound that was a great pet with the children. So gentle was he that he would let them dress him up in their own clothes, as they delighted to do.

One day, when he was obediently lying on the grass, dressed in a sun-bonnet and waterproof cape, waiting patiently for his next orders, a sweet, familiar sound broke upon his ears. It was the baying of the hounds. He at once grew intent and excited. The children were dismayed and strove to keep him quiet by holding him forcibly by tail and ears. But as the baying again broke upon his ear, it was like martial music to an old war-horse, and breaking bounds, away he sped joyfully to the meet, waterproof, sun-bonnet and all. Up hill, down dale, tongue hanging, sun-

bonnet bobbing up and down, waterproof cape flying in the wind—away he sped.

At last he reached the haying pack and joyfully jumped in among them to participate in the sport. But they were all so startled at the appearance of this truly remarkable creature that they stopped stock-still to stare at him. Meanwhile the fox took his way gaily to cover unmolested.

The huntsmen, overcome with the ludicrous appearance of the visitor, burst into shouts of laughter, and poor doggie returned to his home, shamefaced and crestfallen, to think that, after all, the fox had been allowed to escape, little knowing that he himself had been the principal actor in the denouement. But clinging to his shoulders were still the sun-bonnet and cape with which he had so eagerly started out to the meet.

TO A WATERFOWL.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Whither, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last step
 of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou
 pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
 wrong,
 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink,
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless
 coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmos-
 phere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is here.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and
 rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
 bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my
 heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
 Guides through the boundless sky thy
 certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

HEROES.

"Mamma, tell me what's a hero,"
 Robbie said to me one day;
 "When I grow to be a man
 I will be one if I may."

"What's a hero? That's hard telling
 To a little boy like you.
 Let us fancy what might happen;
 You can think what you would do."

"Just suppose your little brother
 Spoiled your very nicest toys;
 Just suppose at school to-morrow
 You should find the other boys

"Planning to do something naughty
 To plague the teacher, 'just for fun.'
 Suppose your papa should say, 'Come
 Robbie,'
 When you wanted one more run."

"Patience under little trials,
 Courage to resist the wrong,
 Prompt obedience to duty.
 These are what make heroes strong."

Robbie stood a moment thinking.
 Then he said: "When I'm a man
 I should like to be a hero,
 Mamma dearest, if I can."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. [Oct. 15]

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE.

Esther 8. 3-8, 15-17. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm 37. 5.

DO YOU KNOW?

What sad fate overtook Haman! He was hanged. What had he planned to do? Hang Mordecai. What had Esther told the king? That Mordecai had brought her up. What did Esther ask more of her king? That he would save her people. What did holding out the golden sceptre mean? The favour of the king. What did she ask of him? Help and favour for others. Which of her words show that she had a tender heart? Verse 7. Whom did the king appoint to carry out his decree? How did Mordecai go out from the palace? Who rejoiced with him? What effect did all this have? Many believed in Esther's God. What does this teach? To trust God.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Find what Mordecai did to show his sorrow. Esth. 4. 1-9.
 Tues. Read about Esther's hard place. Esth. 4. 10-15.

Wed. Learn the plan that Esther made! Esth. 5. 1-8.
 Thur. Find how Haman was humbled. Esth. 6. 4-11.
 Fri. Read the story of Haman's downfall. Esth. 7. 1-10.
 Sat. Read the lesson verses carefully. Esth. 8. 3-8, 15-17.
 Sun. Read to what end pride comes. Prov. 16. 5, 19.

LESSON IV. [Oct. 22.]

EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Ezra 8. 21-32. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra 8. 22.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Ezra? A priest and teacher of the law of God. Why was he living in Persia? He was one of the Jews who remained after the captivity. Why did he want to go to Jerusalem? To teach the laws of God. How did the king help him? He told him to take all the Jews with him he wanted to, and he gave him gold and silver, and vessels for the temple. What did Ezra call the people to do? To hold a fast. For what did they pray? That God would take them safely to Jerusalem. Why did they need protection? They had to go through the enemy's country. Did they get through safely? Yes, no harm came to them. Through what do we pass in this life? An enemy's country. Who can take us safely through? The Lord.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Ezra 8. 21-32.
 Tues. Read the decree of the king. Ezra 7. 13-20.
 Wed. Learn how Ezra felt about the king's kindness. Ezra 7. 27, 28.
 Thur. Learn how God keeps his people. Psalm 33. 18, 19.
 Fri. Find how God heard and helped Ezra. Psalm 66. 19, 20.
 Sat. Learn an encouragement to pray. Psalm 34. 6.
 Sun. Read a psalm that ought to help us. Psalm 5.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

"Here, boy, let me have a Sun."
 "Can't, nohow, mister."
 "Why not? You've got them. I heard you a minute ago cry them loud enough to be heard to the City Hall."
 "Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."
 "What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me out a paper. I'm in a hurry."
 "Couldn't sell you no paper in this here block, mister, 'cause it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up to the furdur end now; you'll meet him."
 "And who is Limpy, pray? And why does he have this especial block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Yo see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be lit on and thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you nowaboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"
 "Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet."

"There comes Limpy now; he's a fortunate boy to have such kind friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in a clear field.

HOW THE WOOD WAS PAID FOR.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team, but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor replied, "I will pay you for it on condition that you read the first three verses of the Forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is the man that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterwards, the pastor met him again.

"How much do I owe you, Deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"O," said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible."

THE SLEEPLESS WATCHER.

The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window, and asked: "Is the moon God's light?"

"Yes, Ethel," the mother replied; "the moon and stars are all God's lights."

Then came the next question from the little girl: "Will God blow out his light and go to sleep too?"

"No, my child," replied the mother, "his lights are always burning."

Then the timid little girl gave utterance to a sentiment that thrilled the mother's heart and led her to more complete trust in her God: "Well, mamma, while God's awake, I'm not afraid."—*Union Gospel News.*



NUTTING TIME.

IN and out the trees, there,
Merry voices sound—
Where the bank is steepest,
Ripest nuts are found

Reach a hand and catch them,
Clusters small and great;
Take care little maiden,
Set your basket straight.

'Twould not be so pleasant,
Gathering them again,
If they once went spinning
Down the dusty lane.

THE JUDGE'S FENCE.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge M —, a well-known judge living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to.

He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and, coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once, just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered

with vines," he said, angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" said the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labour on that job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said afterward.

"I knew we should have only good,

genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."
—*The Living Age.*

THE INQUISITIVE MOUSE.

A little mouse, unused to the ways of the world, once left its quiet home, and set out upon a journey, and was greatly charmed with many of the strange things that it saw, among which was a dear little house, the door of which stood wide open. As there was no one about, it ventured to look in, and saw a bit of cheese suspended from the ceiling. "That cheese smells very good," thought the mouse, and forthwith walked in, and began to nibble away at the tempting morsel.

Suddenly there was a sharp noise, which greatly frightened the mouse, but when it tried to run home again it found the door shut!

I need not tell you what followed— suffice it to say that the mouse never saw its poor father and mother again!

There are traps for children, and very tempting are the baits hung up to attract them; but remember—the best side of these traps is the outside.

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Proverbs 16. 25.

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

"Just look at the baby," cried Elsie, "come look,
"He's perched on the top of that great open book."
Sure enough, there he was, with his dollie and ball,
Tossed from him and left where they happened to fall.

But what is the book that was left on the floor?

Mamma's album, indeed, never played with before;

And the baby has torn it, and scattered about

The beautiful pictures he somehow pulled out.

The mother looked grave, while the baby himself

But laughed all the louder, the mischievous elf.

"Shall you punish him, mamma? He ought to take care,"

Said Elsie who seemed to forget her own share.

"I'll not punish baby, for he does not know,

That books were not made to be treated just so;

But how came the book on the floor, in this way;

Who carelessly left it?" No word did she say;

But who do you think for the harm was to blame?

I leave you to answer, and tell me her name.