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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

No 20

AN AUTUMN FROLIC.

The glorious autumn days have lent the earth a new beauty, and looking on brilliantly tinted shrub and tree we are almost inclined to fancy the flower queen has assumed her reign again. How gracefully fair Nature grows old; her waning loveliness not less enchanting than her budding beauty. Can we not learn a lesson from her what our lives should be? Only the deformed, distorted character grows more repulsive with age. The true heart and well-trained mind grow yearly more pleasing. But it is not such serious thoughts as these our merry little ones in the picture suggest. They are having a fine frolic among the bright autumn leaves, as busy in their fun as the little squirrels and chipmunks storing the dropping nuts. Every season has its pleasures, and, if less numerous, there are none more enjoyable than those which this month affords.



AN AUTUMN FROLIC.

"I won't."—"I will not," said a little boy stoutly, as I passed along. His tone struck me. "What won't you do?" I stopped and asked. "That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't!" he said, in the same stout tone. The little boy is on the right road. This is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it. "Won't" is not a pretty word for children, but it is the right one when they are asked to deceive.

THE HEAVENLY LADDER.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

It is almost a needless question to ask of any intelligent boy or girl what a ladder is? The youngest child that reads this would be able to tell me that it is a number of steps with strong sides to keep them firm, and is used for climbing to any high place. Suppose your home should take fire some night, and the fierce flames

heavenly ladder. Once we start to climb, we must be careful not to go back, for it grieves the "Good Shepherd" to have his lambs giving way to anger or doing anything that will send them down instead of up this way that leads to himself.

An old woman who loved Jesus, and who had served him for many years, said it always helped her to do right when she thought of the text "Thou God see'st me." By steadfast climbing you may do much

had cut off your means of escape by door or staircase, how gladly you would make use of the ladder placed at your bedroom window. All readers of the Bible know about *Jacob's ladder*, which he saw in his dream, how it reached from earth to heaven, and he saw the angels ascending and descending it. Some of my readers may not know that this ladder is a type of Christ, who is the ladder to heaven. Only by Jesus can we hope to enter the bright mansions, where the white-robed angels dwell. It is of this heavenly ladder I wish to speak to you. Jesus only can place your feet upon the first step, and he can and will help you to climb to the very top, which reaches to the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem. The first step is to seek forgiveness for your sins, to become a little soldier of the cross.

When you conquer some evil habit such as falsehood, temper, selfishness, love of praise and the like, you have gone up a few steps of the

gool. Little feet led by your example may be induced to climb. You may help them to, by telling them what dangers to avoid, and how best to keep going steadily upward.

Dear children, can one who loves you, and wishes to meet you in heaven, persuade you to take the first step up this heavenly ladder? and there is One who loves you far more, even Jesus, who says with a heart full of love to you: "Little children, come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897.

ROB'S BATTLE."

"There isn't any use in my trying to do good, mother," said Rob Winter one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get mad so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way, Rob; remember how David went out to meet Goliath; who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts."

"Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you, but if, like David, you go in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Rob; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Rob, "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until afternoon recess. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Rob of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned towards the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Rob that night, "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

HE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.

"Hello, little stranger, what is the matter?"

The rough-looking waggoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for if his father was looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after awhile.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, and the way seems dark, and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you, too, and if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying, "Come unto Me."

HATS OFF!

The father of the present Lord T., who was remarkable for the stateliness of his manners, one day when riding through a village near Oxford, met a lad dragging a cow along the road, who, when his lordship came up to him, stopped and stared him full in the face.

His lordship asked the boy if he knew him.

He replied, "Yes."

"What is my name?"

"Why, Lord T.," answered the boy.

"Then why don't you take off your hat?"

"I—I will, sur," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the cow."

Think well of your home; in a few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

THE ALPHABET-TREE.

BY CLARA DOTY BATES.

To Jack all play was good,
All learning very bad,
Until one night, when tired out,
A charming dream he had:
In a wide garden space,
All shine and green, stood he,
Where, in the sunniest, fairest place,
Grew an alphabet-tree.

Fruits purple, gold, and red,
Bent every tiniest twig;
A's were apples, the bunches of B's
Bananas yellow and big;
He spied an orange—O;
A plum, and that was P;
O was a cherry, Q a quince,
And a great blue grape was G.

How full of juice they were!
How ripe the syllable-seed!
And when he had eaten from every bough,
Behold, Jack liked to read!
He ate from red-streaked A
Way down to X, Y, Z,
And cried, "There never was anything
So nice as this alphabet-tree!"

KITTIE'S NEW SONG.

Kittie had learned a new song to sing,
For her heart was full of joy and music.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,"

sang little Kittie again and again, down in the summer-house; and the silvery notes came through the open window into papa's study, and papa laid down his book to listen.

Soon the voice ceased, and the little pattering feet were heard on the stairs, and then a gentle knock.

"Come in, Kittie."

"Papa, isn't this a nice hymn? Please may I sing it to you?"

And so papa listened again to that soft voice, singing the same sweet hymn.

"I like the 'Happy day' part best, papa."

"The chorus, you mean, Kittie, but why?"

"Because, papa, I can't quite understand the rest, but I know that if Jesus had not washed my sins away, I could never go to live with him."

"Why not, Kittie?"

Kittie repeated slowly the verse she had learned that morning about the city of God. "'There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.' And papa, I used to make lies."

"And do you think Jesus has washed that sin away, Kittie?"

"Yes, papa, I asked him to; and if we ask we shall receive, you know. Don't you like those lines, too, papa?"

"Yes, Kittie, very much."

"Please sing it with me once."

And so papa and his little Kittie sang together of that happy day when Jesus washed their sins away.

"FRITZ."

BY REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.

Has anybody seen my "Fritz"?

You may not think him pretty,
But he's the dog that I love best
In country or in city.

His hair's a sort of grizzly gray,
And not so very curly;
But he can run like everything,
And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well;
And sometimes when I call,
He only sits and wags his tail
And does not stir at all.

But the reason why he acts that way
Is very plain to see;
Fritz doesn't know that he's my dog—
He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
'T would be just like him, now,
To think that I'm the one that's lost,
And with a great bow-wow
To go off hunting for his boy
Through alley, lane, and street,
While I am asking for my dog
Of every one I meet.

HOW LITTLE JAPS COUNT.

The little Jap was busily engaged in counting the knuckles of his left hand with the forefinger of the right.

He had gone over them several times when a companion asked him what he was doing.

"I am counting the days to Christmas," replied the little Jap, with a smile. "You know some of the months have more days than others, and I am counting the days and adding them together."

The Jap's companion seemed puzzled, and asked: "How do you do it in that way?"

"How do you do it?" asked the Jap, instead of answering the questioner.

"Why we," replied the little New Yorker, "have a rhyme—

"Thirty days have September,
April, June, and November."

Those are the short months, and the others are long."

The Jap had never heard of that, because he had not been away from Japan very long.

"We count on our knuckles," he said. "The knuckles are the long months, and the spaces between them the short ones. The first knuckle is January (long), and the space next to it is February (short); and so on to the knuckle of the little finger, which is July. Then you repeat on the knuckle of the little finger, which is also August, and go back and end on the knuckle of the second finger, which is December. See?" he asked, smiling up into the earnest face.

"I see," replied the little New Yorker; "but how many days is Christmas off,

anyhow?" his companion's meaning being not altogether plain.

"As this is the last week in July," replied the little Jap, running over his knuckles rapidly, "Christmas is—let me see—just one hundred and forty-seven days off."

MAMMA'S LETTER.

Mamma had been away two months, and home was forlorn to the children left behind. Aunt Emily took care of them, but though she tried hard, she couldn't take mamma's place.

Every two or three days little letters came, first for Herbert, then for Hilda. Herbert read his easily, and always offered to help Hilda. She said yes, to please him, but she spelt the letter out herself afterwards.

They were cheery letters, telling about the beauty mamma enjoyed. Perhaps, if she had told how hard it was to be sick, the children wouldn't have got strange notions.

How, no one knows, though every one knows how quickly bad feelings grow. Hilda and Herbert made up their minds that since mamma and papa were away, and they were lonely at home, they wouldn't try to be good. They would just live along till better times came.

They stayed home from school, they wouldn't study, they wouldn't keep their playthings in order. In short, they grew very idle and unhappy.

Poor Aunt Emily couldn't hide the trouble, and Herbert's letter told mamma, anyway.

"Hilda and me are waiting for you. We won't be good again till you come."

Then mamma wrote a long letter. She told how hard it was to be away, and what a comfort her children's love was. Love, she said, would make them do what she would like if she were home.

Herbert read the letter aloud. He read every word, though it made queer feelings in his heart.

"Why are you crying, Baby?" he asked, very loud, to keep from crying himself.

"I'm so sorry," sobbed Hilda.

"You'd better show it by being good, then; I shall!"

Aunt Emily's letters were so happy afterwards that mamma got well much faster.

That is how we can love Christ best; by doing his will while we wait.

"IS THAT YOURS, TOO?"

A Norwegian gentleman of rank was one day walking about his estate, when he met a stranger who asked him to whom the castle belonged.

"To me," said the rich owner, somewhat proudly.

"And these fields and woods, sir?"

"Yes; and the village in the distance, and the hills yonder—all are mine."

"The stranger lifted a hand, and pointing upward, said. "And heaven, sir—is that yours, too?"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON I. [Oct. 3.]

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.
Acts 21. 1-15. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.—Acts 21. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To what city did Paul come in his journey?

Whom did he find there?
What woman had probably preached the Gospel there?

How long did Paul and his friends stay?
Where did the ship stop at last?
How did Paul and his company travel then?

To what city did they come?
What good man lived there?
What do you know about Philip?
What did his four daughters do?
Who gave them power to prophesy, or teach? The Holy Spirit.

What prophet came there from Judea?
What did he tell Paul?
Why would Paul not turn back? How knew the Lord had called him.

MY LESSON.

To go straight on when God calls.
To trust him to take care of me.
To put his work above everything else.

LESSON II. [Oct. 10.]

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.
Acts 22. 17-30. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.—1 Peter 4. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

How was Paul received in Jerusalem?
Why was the joy soon turned to mourning?

What did the apostles advise Paul to do?
What excuse did the Jews make for seizing Paul? Acts 21. 28.

What unlawful deed did they do?
Who put a stop to it?
Where was Paul taken?

Who gave him permission to speak?
What story did Paul tell?
How did the Jews receive it?
What order did the captain give?
Why was it not carried out?

What right had a Roman citizen? Not to be punished before being tried and found guilty.

What did the captain call the next day?

IN TIME OF DANGER—

Stand firm, trusting in God.
Never be ashamed of the right.
Do not be afraid; God knows.

SNOWDROPS.

Only a bunch of snowdrops,
 But what do the snowdrops say?
 "Surely the spring is coming;
 Old Winter has had his day.
 Still he may howl and bluster
 With his storms of snow and rain,
 But soon he must surrender,
 For spring-time will come again.
 Spring with its glorious sunshine,
 Spring with its gracious showers,
 Will bring back smiles to the grim old
 earth
 And cover her face with flowers."

A MANLY BOY.

Boston boys had kept a good reputation for manliness that they earned a century ago when they went to General Gage and told him that he must keep his red-coats off their skating-pond and coasting ground in the Commons. A few days ago I heard of a Boston boy who was worthy to be the grandson of one of those "young rebels," as the British officer called them. This little fellow is only thirteen years old, and this is how he was a hero.

A few miles from the gilded dome there lives a nervous man who has a nervous wife. They were annoyed on Thanksgiving Day by a curious tapping on the window-pane. The noise was made by a "tick-tack" which some mischievous boys had pinned to the window sash. The man soon found out what made the trouble, and rushing out of the house discovered three boys, one of whom he captured.

"I could give you to the police, you little rascal," he cried, in a rage. "But I'll be easy with you this time and turn you over to your mother."

Accordingly, keeping a tight grip on the boy's collar, and refusing to listen to his entreaties and denials, the nervous man led Endicott Irwin to his mother's door, and handed him over to that lady for correction. Mrs. Irwin was astonished at Endicott's plight. He was in most of the mischief that was on foot in that suburb, but he was an obedient son for all that, and she had so often warned him against teasing the nervous family, that she could not believe that he was guilty, although the man said he had caught him in the act. She took the boy into her room, and asked him to tell her the truth. Endicott said, with a tear or two, that he had nothing to do with putting up that troublesome "tick-tack," but he knew who did it. He was no tell-tale, however, and wouldn't tell even his mother who was the guilty boy. But Mrs. Irwin had her suspicions, and as she was very sure her boy was all right, she put on her shawl and went over to the "tick-tack" house to say what she thought.

The man and his wife listened to her but were not convinced. They were sure that her son was the offender. Then the lady went to the house of Clarence Peck, the boy whom she suspected, but Clarence was out. So she came home, and whom should she find there but Clarence himself. He had put up the "tick-tack" for fun, not dreaming of the consequences. From his hiding-place he had seen the capture of Endicott Irwin. He himself was safe. The man with the nerves didn't suspect him, and a boy's sense of honour would keep Endicott from telling what he knew. In a day or two the whole matter would be forgotten. It would have been easy for a mean boy or a coward to say nothing, but Clarence Peck, though roguish, was no sneak. All alone he marched to Mrs. Irwin's, and confessed that he had done the mischief. Then he went bravely to the nervous man, and told him that he,



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

and not Endicott, had tapped on the window-glass. He got a pretty sharp scolding for it, but he went home happier than he had been for a long time. That is what we call manliness; but Christlikeness is a better name for it, and Boston or any other place may well be proud of Christian boys like Clarence Peck.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

A lot of little mice dwell happily in a hole in a barn. They frolic in and out of the hole all day long, and when they are hungry they eat the farmer's wheat. It is to be hoped pussy does not spy them or their happy days will soon be over.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

TRUE LOVE.

"How I love you, mother dear!"
 A little prattler said.
 "I love you in the morning bright,
 And when I go to bed."

"I love you when I'm near to you,
 And when I'm far away;
 I love you when I am at work,
 And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
 Her lovely eyes of blue,
 "I love you when you love me best,
 And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child
 And stooped a tear to hide;
 "My precious one, I love you most
 When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child
 In sin and folly go;
 And this is why I sometimes chide—
 Because I love you so."

"WHERE ARE YOUR SINS?"

A young girl came to her minister, being anxious about her soul. "Are you saved," he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully said.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"Oh, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct; for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments, and then said, "They must be in his grave."