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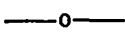
THE TWO HOUSES

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blow, and beat upon that house, and it fell: and great was the fall of it.



WHO THE DRUIDS WERE.

One who has ever travelled in Wales and Ireland must have seen the Druid relics there and wondered about the strange people, of whom hardly anything but their strength and reality is known to a certainty. They ruled the North at the beginning of the Christian era.

Julius Cæsar found them in Gaul, and has given one of the best accounts of them, but even he was able to learn very little. The priests were the rulers and possessors of all the secrets, history and knowledge of the nation, for nothing was ever committed to writing by them. Every new aspirant was obliged to learn the whole by heart, all the lore of the

people, the mysteries of the stars, the signs and wonders of nature, and the magic of their art. It required twenty years of hard study to be a priest.

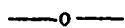
The grand old oak groves were where they usually met for their sacrifices and solemn services, and their temples and altars were always in circles. In



THE TWO HOUSES.

their ruins and whatever is known of their history, everything went by "threes." Whosoever the ruins of these circles exist there are always three of them, and the circles and triads were wrought into most of their mysteries.

The very little that is known of the Druids makes one long to know more, but they gradually disappeared before the Roman conquerors, and as they never allowed anything to be written of their religion or their law, only the ruins remain



BETTER THAN A PIANO.

There was once a dear little girl whose parents were very poor, but she was always happy. She was very fond of music.

One day she came home from a playmate's very much out of humour. That playmate had just received a piano as a birthday gift. Lillie felt very unhappy because she could not have one too.

"Why, Lillie dear, what's the matter?"

"O mother, it is so hard that we are so poor that we can't have a piano."

"Never mind," said her mother, "only be careful to love and serve Jesus, and then, you will have a harp in heaven."

Lillie is now an old woman, but she still remembers those words, and when she wants anything she can't get she says to herself, "Never mind! If I can't get this on earth, I shall have a harp in heaven."

IN SCHOOL.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"The word for you to-day is 'toward';
I write it here upon the board.
Now try if you can with it make
A sentence clear, without mistake."

Then Freddy's lips pressed tightly down,
His brow was tied up in a frown,
And thought spread over all his face
As dots and crosses found their place.

With capitals and all the rest
He strove to do his very best;
So slowly, carefully he wrote:
"Last night I toward my Sunday coat."

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

GOD'S ROBIN.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

"It's a nice day to play out of doors," said Mrs. Gould as she tied Tommy's hat-strings under his chin, "but you must be careful not to trouble things. Father doesn't care to have his flowers and vegetables meddled with; now have good time."

Tommy promised and went out into the sunshine, playing awhile about the lawn, and then going down to the garden, and to the little cluster of fruit-trees, and finally to the edge of the woods that crept up to the foot of their land.

At the end of an hour he came hurrying back to the house, one of his chubby hands grasping a piece of blue shell.

"Oh, mother," he called, "see what I found, all by myself."

"It's a piece of a robin's egg," said Mrs. Gould, as she came to the door; "did you break it, Tommy?"

"Yes'm," exultantly, "all by myself! And a great big robin flew round and hollered, 'Go way! go way! go way!' But she couldn't scare me"

"Oh, Tommy! And you broke her eggs?"

The exultant face grew sober instantly. That tone meant he had done something wrong.

"Only one, mother," he replied eagerly, "and it wasn't on father's land. I didn't meddle. It was down in the woods where things don't belong to anybody."

"Yes, they do, Tommy," said Mrs. Gould gently, "they belong to God. That robin was one of God's robins, and when she told you to 'go way,' she was anxious about her home, which you were destroying. Oh, Tommy!"

The little lips began to quiver. God's robin and he had been plaguing it!

"I'll 'pologize, mother," he said; "I'll do it now, right away!"

Hurrying back to the woods, he found the robin still scolding on a branch directly above her nest. He stopped several yards away, for her cries grew louder as he came near. It would not do to annoy her again. There was a flat stone near him, and he placed the piece of shell upon it. Then he walked a little distance away.

"Here it is, Mrs. Robin," he called persuasively; "will you please take it and put it round another egg? And say, Mrs. Robin," with a new thought, "you needn't hunt round so hard for things to eat any more. I'll bring you part of my breakfast every day as long as you have a house here."

And he did; so that Mrs. Robin grew very fond of Tommy after all, and made up her mind that he was a good little boy, even if he did break one of her eggs at first.

NED'S FRIENDS.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Ned has a number of pets and he is very fond of them all. They love him in return, for he gives them the best of care.

There is the mocking-bird, that begins to sing the minute Ned comes downstairs in the morning; there is the little canary, that Ned captured one day with his straw hat, as the little yellow thing, chilled and half starved, flew upon the veranda; and there are the two cats—one large and the other small, both too well-mannered ever to annoy the birds, and last, but not least, there is Charlie, a queer old pug-dog, aged twelve years—his birthday and Ned's came in the same month.

Charlie is a foe to all cats save those of his own household, but dear m.' not a single one is any more afraid of him than of the old broken post by the barn. Ned thinks Charlie the most knowing dog in the whole world.

One day the family were going to drive to grandfather's in the big carriage, and Charlie was to remain at home. This was all very well, but they should not have talked about the matter in Charlie's hearing. When the time for departure came, Charlie was nowhere to be found, and Ned was driven away without having said his good-byes to his pet. It was a long way to

grandfather's; the carriage did not arrive until noon. Ned was only too glad to alight and sprang out in glee. Suddenly there was a rattle beneath one of the seats and a round yellow head was thrust out, the eyes blinking in the sunshine. It was Charlie, of course. Ned was delighted at his prank and gave him an extra bone for dinner, which he gnawed with dignity as became such a knowing dog.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Three times a week, when she was at home and in good health and spirits, Betty gave a tea-party, regularly, and never once tired of entertaining, but one was to be the best of all, for two reasons. Cook had made for the feast some of her delicious sugar buns, which now occupied the place of honour upon the little table in the arbour, and then, besides, Betty's friend Mabel, who lived five miles down the road, had come to spend the day and was to take tea with Betty. So you see, this was a special party.

So beautiful were these sugar buns that Betty and Mabel could scarcely take their eyes from them, but the little girls had to run at last to the house to bring their dollies to the feast, and while they were away a dreadful thing happened. A small brown dog stole into the arbour, leaped upon the red chair at the head of the table—the head, mind you!—and ate up every single bun! Just as the last mouthful vanished, the girls and their dollies came upon the scene.

"Oh-h! A horrid dog!" cried Betty in dismay. "He's eaten up all the buns!" And she prepared to rout the intruder.

But, to her amazement, Mabel gave a joyful cry and caught the dog up in her arms, dropping the poor dollies right and left as she did so. For, you see, it was Fido, Mabel's pet dog, who had run away from home to follow his little mistress, and he had come five miles that morning. Do you wonder that he was hungry enough to eat all of the sweet buns? So, even though he was not invited, Fido came to tea and remained until Mabel went home.

A DUTIFUL SON.

General Grant, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, were "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Nearly fifty years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point: "Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work. Should I become a soldier for my country I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me." His written desire was realized in wonderful manner.

A MEMORY.

What was it came to a tempted boy,
In a city alone, among so-called
"friends,"

Urging sin with a gilded name,
Urging wrong in pretence of fame?
What was it saved him there alone?

Only a memory of mother dear,
In a far-away home, in a sunny land,
Singing at twilight, soft and low
Tender songs to a little band;

Only a memory of mother dear,
Telling at twilight pure, sweet tales,
That brought noble thoughts and deeds so
near
To the little lads and lassies there;

Only the prayer dear mother said,
That last sad day, with her hand on his
head,
That God would bless him and carry him
through
Temptations and sins that around boys
grew,
And keep her boy's heart and honour both
true.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [Oct. 1.]

JOY IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Psalm 122. Memory verses, 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psalm 122. 1.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was David? A great and good king of Israel. What was the city of the king? Jerusalem. What was in the city? The temple of God. What did the law of God command? That all the people should worship at the temple. How many great feasts were there? What were they? What did David say made him glad? Did David want others to be glad? Yes, and so he wrote this beautiful hymn. Why should we be glad to go to God's house? Because he tells us to go there. Whom may we always find there? The great God himself. What does the holy city mean to us? The Church of God. For what should we pray? The peace of Jerusalem. Who shall prosper? Those who love God and his house. What should we all try to seek? The good of the Church.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read about the three great feasts. Exod. 23. 14-16.

Tues. Read what Isaiah said about going to God's house. Isa. 2. 2, 3.

Wed. Read about how David felt in the lesson verses. Psalm 122. 1-9.

Thur. Read of a time that another prophet saw. Zech. 8. 20-22.

Fri. Learn a reason why we all need to pray to God. Psalm 124. 8.

Sat. Learn how we should seek God. Psalm 123. 2.

Sun. Find what the example of Jesus was about church-going. Luke 4. 16.

LESSON II. [Oct. 8.]

HAMAN'S PLOT AGAINST THE JEWS.

Esth. 3. 1-11. Memory verses, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8. 31.

DO YOU KNOW.

Who was the king of Persia at this time? Ahasuerus. What kind of a kingdom was Persia? Very rich and powerful. What did it lack? The knowledge of the true God. To whom did the king give great honour? What did this cause in Haman's heart? A great growth of pride. What Jew refused to bow down to Haman? How did Haman feel about this? What did he want to do? What did he tell the king? Who were "certain people" that he meant? The Jews. Why did he want to kill them all? Because he had a wicked heart. Did the king know that Queen Esther was a Jewess? No, he did not. What did he say that Haman might do? Destroy all the Jews. Who is strong to deliver his people? God.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Esth. 3. 1-11.

Tues. Find who Esther was? Esth. 2. 5-7.

Wed. Learn how the king loved Esther. Esth. 2. 17, 18.

Thur. Find what good Mordecai did for the king. Esth. 2. 21-23.

Fri. Learn what was true in Haman's case. Prov. 16. 18.

Sat. Read what God says about the proud man. Psalm 10. 2-11.

Sun. Learn how sweet is a peaceable spirit. Psalm 133.

POLLY AND THE MOUSE.

"There are mice in the shed," said mamma.

"Yes, I saw one this morning," said Jack.

"It must be caught," said mamma. "It nibbles the cakes and pies when they are set out to cool."

"Poor little mouse," said little Polly. "I think there's enough pies and cakes for it to have a little bit."

"I'll set my trap for it," said Johnny. He did so. The next morning he went early to the shed to look.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "I've caught him!" Polly and Jack went to look, too.

"Polly," said Johnny, "you go and get your cat."

Polly went, sorely against her will. "Now, Polly, you sit right there and hold kitty while I open the trap. The moment I say, 'Let go,' you let her go." "Let go!" screamed Johnny. Polly gave kitty one squeeze and then let go.

What a rush and a halloo was in that small shed! How the boys shrieked and tumbled over each other.

"There—it's got away! It's in that hole."

"Polly," said Johnny very gravely, "I'm afraid you didn't let go quite quickly enough."

"I'm afraid I didn't," said Polly, meekly.

But she smiled to herself as the boys went out. Then she went and gave kitty a big saucer of milk.

WHAT BABY LOST.

BY M. HENDERWICK BROWNE.

Baby's lost his pretty smile,
It's been missing for a while—
He has found a frown instead:
Well, I'll put him off to bed.

When he gets to Sleepytown
He may lose his naughty frown,
And may find his pretty smile,
That's been missing for awhile.

JACK'S DREAM.

One lovely summer day a little boy named Jack went up into a haystack to watch the men gather hay.

Jack watched the butterflies and bees as they played together, and they sang such sweet songs and the hay smelled so sweet that before little Jack knew it he was fast asleep.

He dreamed that away off, ever and ever so far, he saw a little black cloud, and it was dancing all about. He watched it because he had never seen such a funny cloud before, and as he watched the little cloud grew bigger and came nearer and nearer, and little Jack tried to crawl under the hay. But he still saw the cloud, and it was coming nearer and nearer, and he saw it had wings and was making a noise like a thunder cloud.

But just then the little black cloud with the wings flew right down on Jack with such a racket that he waked right up, and what do you think he found? Why, just a big, black fly buzzing on his nose.

In a certain regiment, an Irishman and a Scotchman being in company, their conversation turned to feats of strength. Says Scotty to Pat: "Scotland can boast of the strongest man in the world." "How's that?" said Pat. "Well," says Scotty, "we have a man in Scotland that can put his arms around the biggest tree and pull it up by the roots." "Pshaw!" said Pat, "that's nothing. In Old Ireland we have a man that can get into a boat and pull up the river." (Collapse of Scotty.)



THE ESCAPED BIRDIE.

Grace's thrush has flown away. She had opened the door, just a little, to put something in his cage, and, somehow or other, Pete had all that morning been thinking of his first home in the woods, and longing, oh, so intensely, for his freedom. So the minute Grace opened the door of his cage, the naughty bird saw his chance, and away he flew before his little mistress could move to prevent him. In the picture we see Gracie, with the open cage before her, beseeching the truant to return. He did not come that day nor the next, but the day after that, when they had almost given him up, what should they hear but a few sad little "cheeps," and, looking towards the cage, for the door had been left always open, there he was, very much the worse for his travels, and, like the prodigal, very, very glad to get back. And Gracie was just as glad as he.

JESSIE'S NEW FRIENDS.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Pretty little Jessie Hopkins lived in a big, crowded city. When the summer came she drooped like a flower without sunshine. Dr. Barr looked at her and said, "This little girlie ought to be in the country. She cannot stand the long, hot summer here."

Jessie's mother hardly knew what to do. She was not rich and she could think of no relative or friend to whom she could send her little girl. Then something happened. A letter came from Cousin Amy Blair, whom Mrs. Hopkins had not heard of for years. She wrote that she had heard that little Jessie was not well and

begged them both to visit her at her home in a little village near Lake Lemon.

Jessie had never been in the country, and she had three friends she didn't like to leave.

"Why, mother, Cousin Amy hasn't any little children; I'd be very lonesome," she said.

But she did not seem to feel the lack of playmates when she reached Cousin Amy's. Such a big, big yard near a meadow, with a little lake not far away, with flowers to find, fruit to eat, and so many new things to see every day!

One day she rushed into the house very much excited at one of these "new things."

"Come, quick," she cried, "there are lots of little ants out here building a house."

"Just think how many friends I have!" Jessie said one day. "There are the ants, the birds and the flowers, and the cunning little stones in the walks and a funny frog I call 'Grumpy,' and there are little wriggley worms and caterpillars—oh, they're the nicest friends. And there are

Cousin Amy and Cousin Artie and old Aunty Barnes.

When the beautiful summer came to an end, Jessie went back to her father, a bright, plump, healthy girl.

Next summer, Cousin Amy says, they must come again

RABBITS.

Our picture shows a grown-up rabbit and five little bunnies. How pretty their eyes are, and their long, sleek ears! They are very gentle, affectionate animals and make very nice pets. They are very fond of sweet, fresh clover, and it is a sight that boys and girls always seem to enjoy to watch the rabbits as they nibble with such evident pleasure the green clover and grass. Though rabbits always have long ears those of the rabbits in our picture are unusually so, for they belong to that species that some little boys call the "lop ears."

IF I WERE YOU.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

If I a little girl could be,
Well just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and hining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my girl, that's what I'd do
If were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy I know
I would be so.

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie wants the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, 'cause he was eatin' pie two years 'fore I was borned."



RABBITS