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THE SUNBEAM

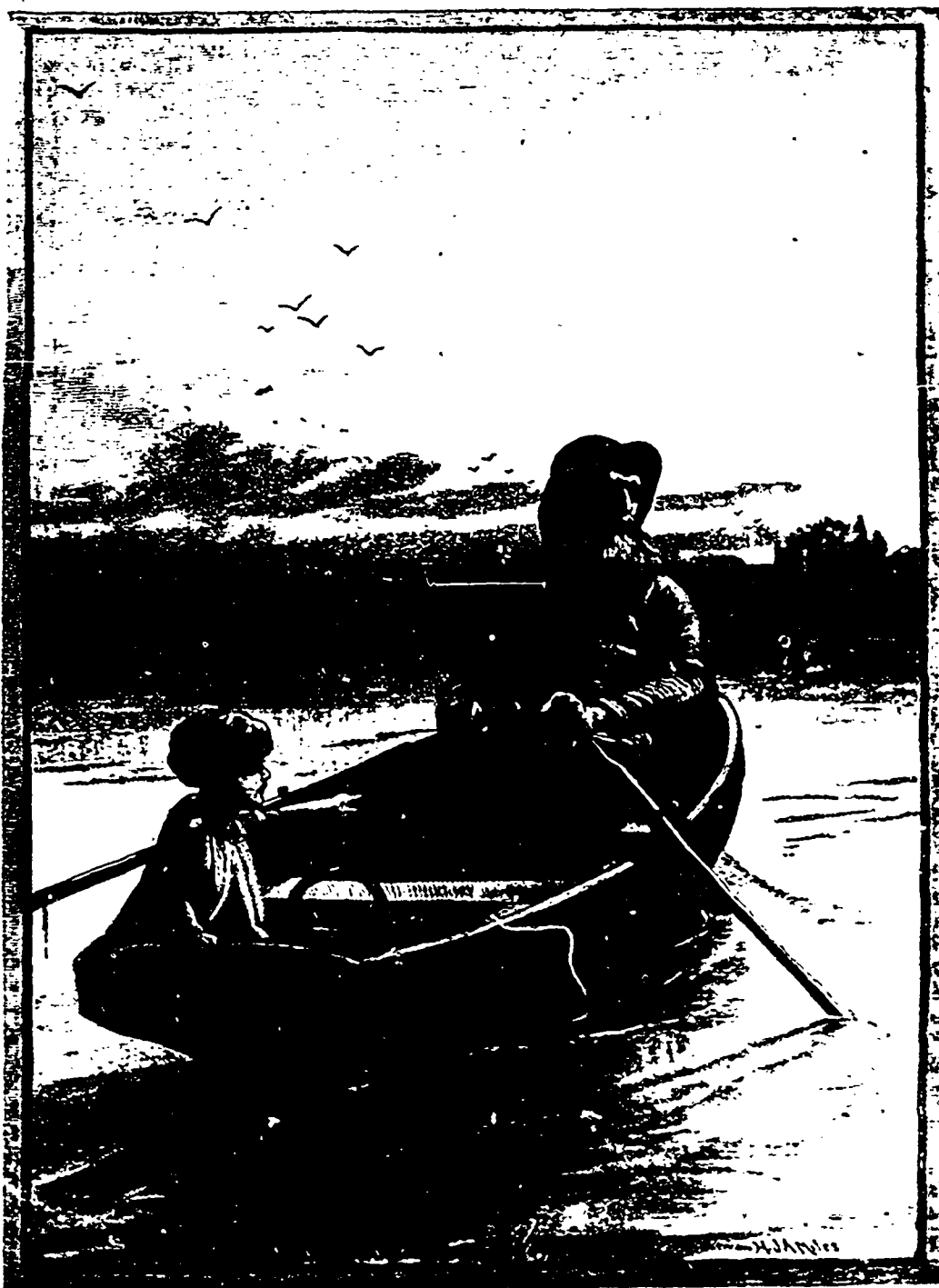
ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

No. 24

ROWING HOME.

NELLIE'S father is a lighthouse keeper. His lighthouse is built on a small rock, so that Nellie has no playground round her home. It is the dearest place to her in the whole world, all the same. She loves to watch the pretty waves come rolling in, dancing over the rocks, and to hear their ever-changing song. Nellie thinks the waves just as lovely as you think the butterflies and birds that flit among the flowers in your garden. One large empty room in the lighthouse was Nellie's play-room. Here, from the high window, she could look away over the water and watch the white ships sailing out to sea. At first, Nellie had to stand on her tip-toes on her high-chair to see out of this window, but very soon she could see quite well by using a common chair, and then her father and mother decided that she must be sent to school.



ROWING HOME.

Of course, that meant that her father must row her to the nearest town in the morning and leave her there all day till he could call for her in the evening. The thought of leaving her dear mother for such a long time every day made Nellie feel very lonely, but she knew it must be the best thing for her, or her kind mother would not wish her to do it.

One morning, very early, Nellie started off in the boat for the school-house. She had a nice lunch in a small basket by her side, and her mother had told her she might wear her very best dress for the first day.

So altogether Nellie felt the going to school was a pretty fine thing after all. But, my! how her heart did beat when she looked around for the first time at all the girls and boys! She felt like crying and running away after her father for she had had no boy or girl friends and was very shy, you see. However,

she was too brave a girl to give way to this impulse and before the day was over she began to feel more at home.

In the evening, when her father came for her in the boat, how she did jump into his arms, and cover his face with kisses, and how much she had to tell him! Nellie soon grew very fond of her school, and will not miss a day now if she can help it.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

"WHICH IS THE GOODEST?"

HENRY WALTON was a fine, bright boy of some nine summers, and, unlike many boys, whose chief enjoyment was found in boyish sports, Henry was never so happy as when reading some interesting book. He would have been glad to read at every meal-time if he might have been allowed; and oftentimes, if you had looked under his pillow after he had gone to bed, you would have found a book there. One boy's book in particular he was specially fond of, and became so well acquainted with the characters of the story, that he seemed to think that all around must know them too. Henry had a younger brother, Tom, only about four years old, and one day he mentioned the names of his boy-heroes to him, and asked him which he liked best. Tom knew nothing about their respective merits, and asked in reply: "Which is the goodest?"

I think I hear some clever reader say: "That's bad grammar." Well, never mind, if it was bad grammar it was a good question, and one that it will be well for all boys and girls to bear in mind.

If you have one book to buy out of many—if you have one companion to select out of several—if you have one path to choose out of all that lie before you—always ask "Which is the goodest?"

With bad books, bad companions, and wrong pathways have nothing to do.

Always look out for the best. A bad book or an evil companion may injure you for life, and a wrong road can never bring you to a right end.

THE THREE WISHES.

THREE children, aged respectively four, seven, and nine years, were asked what they would wish for, if they could have their wishes gratified. Bertie, the youngest, said he would wish for a box of sweets. Ethel, the seven-year-old, said she would wish for a beautiful doll, and Willie, the eldest, said he would wish that he might be rich, and all the other people in the world poor, and then he could give money to them, and make them happy.

Which of these wishes was the best? I think Willie's was, and I will tell you why. Bertie and Ethel thought only of themselves, and the sweets would soon be eaten, and the doll would soon lose its beauty.

Willie thought of other people besides himself, and wished to do them good. Still, Willie's wish was not the wisest that he might have wished, and if it could have been gratified, perhaps he would not have been so happy as he thought he would.

There are many ways in which we can do good to others, even if we are not rich, and if we cannot do all that we should like to do, let us always try to do what we can.

Sunny smiles and loving words cost nothing, but they are worth much. Kind actions are better still, and have a value that cannot be told.

TEASING TOMMY.

TOMMY was a great tease. It did not seem to him that he could live without teasing somebody or something. If he saw the cat, he must pull her tail. The dog could not go by him without getting a twitch by the ear, or being tripped up suddenly. His little sister began to scream the minute he entered the nursery, for she expected her doll to be snatched away and dangled by an arm or leg far above her head, or her new book put out of her reach, or something done to make her unhappy. Sister Louise used to try to protect her little sister, but it was of no use.

"It's such fun!" Tommy insisted. One day, a young uncle whom he had never seen came to visit at the house. Tommy thought him perfectly splendid at first, but he soon changed his mind. One day Tommy was flying a kite when Uncle Tom came along and cut the string. "What did you do that for?" he asked, indignantly. "Oh, for fun" was the cool answer.

A few minutes later he was running to meet a friend, when Uncle Tom stuck out his foot and tripped him up. Tommy rubbed his knees and elbows, and glared at his uncle.

The next day, Tommy was near the pond when his uncle came by, seized Tommy by

one leg, and swung him over the water. Somehow Tommy did not think it much fun, although Uncle Tom fairly shouted with laughter.

So it went on. Every day Uncle Tom did something to tease and worry Tommy. It was of no use to keep away from him, for Uncle Tom was sure to hunt him up. At last, Tommy burst out, "I just hate you, Uncle Tom. I never saw so mean a man. You won't let a fellow alone a minute, but you are doing something horrid."

"Why, Tommy! I'm only imitating you. Don't you think it's fun? You did when it was you who did the teasing, but now you don't see any more fun in my teasing you than little sister, and the cat and dog, and everybody and everything smaller and weaker than you, see fun in your teasing them."

"Oh, that is it, is it? You've been teaching me a lesson. Well, I've learned it. I'm cured. Don't give me another lesson, please; I've had enough."

So he had, and he soon found that Uncle Tom was, as he thought at first, a splendid uncle.

FALL GOSSIP.

SAID Mrs. Maple to her neighbour,
"Have you got your new fall gown?
Mr. Frost has lovely samples,
That he's brought from Wintertown.
I thought I'd get a yellow,
With a woodbine sash of red,
Something bright for chilly weather,
And that's stylish, Jack Frost said."

So when hick'rys, oaks, and maples,
Were in gold and crimson dressed,
Looked they into water mirrors,
Seeing which one looked the best.
Though the water laughed and dimpled
Over this reflection bright,
Mr. Frost was very angry,
When the sun withdrew its light.

For his brilliant autumn colours
Needed Indian summer light,
So he tore their pretty finery,
And locked up their mirrors tight.

THE KATYDID.

THE insect whose voice you hear in the trees of a summer evening, saying, "Katy did, she did, she didn't!" is really only a kind of grasshopper. It has a big, round head, and very large wing-covers, shaped a good deal like pea pods. The queer noise you hear is made as they rub the two frames in each wing-cover together, which are around a thin membrane there. The eggs of the katydid are shaped like very small clam shells. They are laid on the twigs of trees and fastened with gum by the careful mother. She has a piercer in her body which she uses to roughen or shave the bark before she lays these eggs.

OLD DAME CRICKET.

Old Dame Cricket,
Down in a thicket,
Brought up her children nine—
Queer little chaps,
In glossy black caps,
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,
"The birds are abed;
Go and make the dark earth glad.
Chirp while you can!"
And then she began,
Till oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight
They chirruped all night,
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"
Old Dame Cricket,
Down in the thicket,
Sat away till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,
"And very well bred;
My darlings have done their best.
Their naps they must take;
The birds are awake,
And they can sing all the rest."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2.

CHRIST'S TESTIMONY TO JOHN.

Luke 7. 24-35. Memory verses, 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I send my messenger before thy face.—Luke 7. 27.

OUTLINE.

1. The Prophet, v. 24-30.
2. The People, v. 31-35.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read John's anxious questions. Luke 7. 19.
Tues. Learn how Jesus answered. Luke 7, 21, 22.
Wed. Read the lesson very carefully. Luke 1. 24-35
Thur. Learn what the prophet said about John. Golden Text.
Fri. Find whose "way" John prepared. Mal. 3. 1.
Sat. Find who believe Jesus' words. Verse 29.
Sun. Learn the good of trusting Jesus. Verse 23.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who came before Jesus? What did he say of Jesus? Where had John been thrown? What did he send to ask Jesus? Why? What did John's friends see Jesus do? What did Jesus tell them? What did John know when he heard this? Who only can do mighty works? God.

Of whom did Jesus speak to the people? Was John a great prophet? Who is greater? To what age did John belong? What is the new and better age? Who would not believe Jesus? Whose ways and words are always right?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God cares for what I am.
That I may trust where I do not understand. Verse 23.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is religion? Religion is holiness in heart and life.

What is it to be holy in heart? To be holy in heart is to be changed by the Holy Spirit, so as to be saved from sin and to love God.

A.D. 28.] LESSON X. [Dec. 9.

CHRIST TEACHING BY PARABLES.

Luke 8. 4-15. Memory verses, 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Four Kinds of Soil, v. 4-8.
2. Four Kinds of Heart, v. 9-15.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the parable of the sower. Luke 8. 4-15.
Tues. Learn what the seed is. Golden Text.
Wed. Find out about "the fowls of the air." Verse 12.
Thur. Are you a rock hearer? Verse 13.
Fri. Learn what "thorns" are, and what they do. Verse 14.
Sat. Find where the "good heart" can be found. Jer. 32. 39.
Sun. Learn what good fruit is. Gal. 5. 22.

DO YOU KNOW—

Why did so many people follow Jesus? Did they care much for his teachings? What did they care more for? How had Jesus always taught the truth? How did he begin to teach it now? What is a parable? What did Jesus think the earnest people would do? Where was Jesus now? On the shore of Lake Galilee. Why did he sit in a boat to teach? What was the parable about? (Tell it in your own words.) Who asked the meaning of the parable? What is the seed? Who is like the birds of the air? What are the thorns like? What is the good ground?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That my heart is a place to sow seed.
That I may let God make it good ground.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is it to be holy in life? To be holy in life is to do my duty to God and man, according to God's holy word.

What is your duty to God? My duty to God is to worship him, to love him, and to keep his commandments.

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden spot;
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine and shadow, summer and spring,
O thou child with the tangled hair
And laughing eyes, we thee shall bring
Each an offering passing fair."
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gambolled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song
Then stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came bearing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming—and that was all,
Till once a sleeper would not awake.
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the words the third flower spake,
And we found betimes in a hallowed spot,
The solace and peace of Forget-me-not.

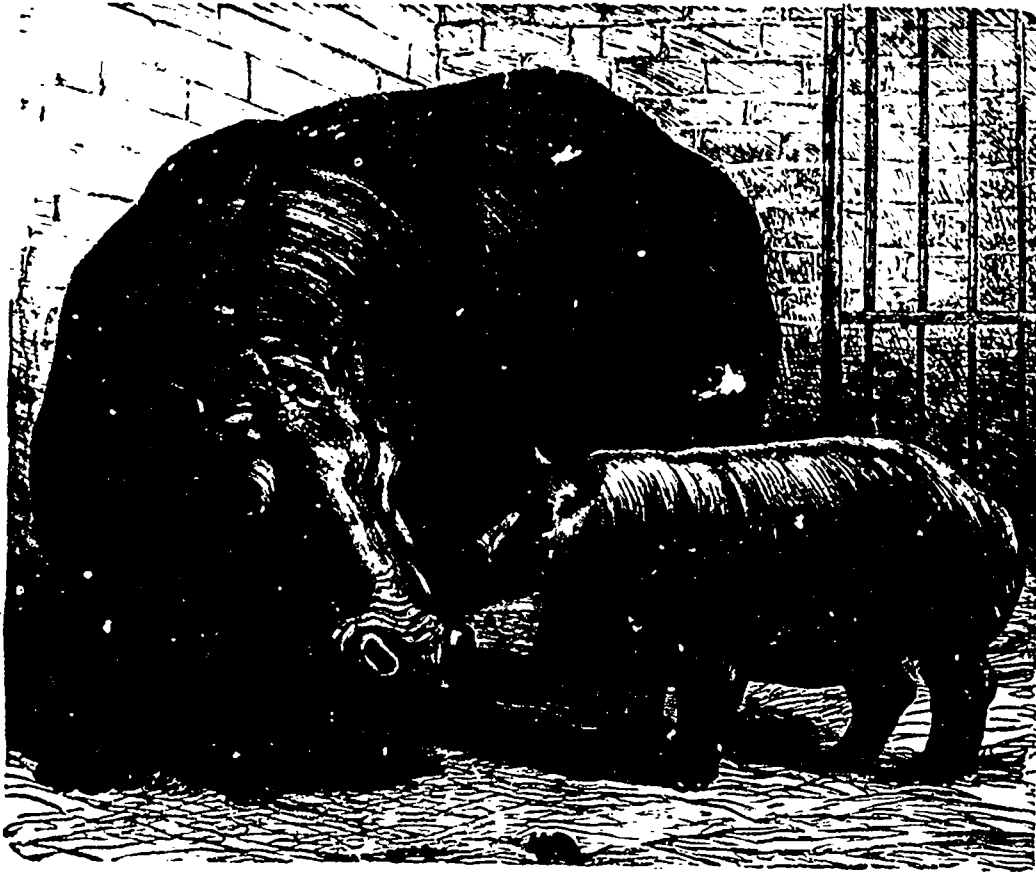
Buttercup shareth the joy of the day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play.
Bringeth the Poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would fold and the eyes would close.
And after all the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep,
A new flower bringeth God's peace again.
Each one serveth its tender lot—
Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not.

WHAT JOHNNIE SAID.

"I'll never taste wine, for people say there is an evil spirit in it, I'll never chew nor smoke tobacco. I'll not do anything that will make nice people dislike me. But I'll give the pennies and nickels that others spend for cigars and toddy to the poor and to my Sunday-school teacher." Let all the boys talk like that.

THE SINGING PRISONERS.

One evening, while Uncle Ben was paying a visit to Farmer Frankland he found it difficult to talk to him, owing to the loud and constant singing of a canary, whose cage hung against the wall. In vain did Mrs. Frankland tell the bird to be quiet, in vain did she shake her handkerchief before the cage to frighten the bird into silence; it would sing on, and, as Uncle Ben listened to its sweet voice, it seemed to say, "I have so much music in me, that I must let some of it out." Children! copy the example of the canary. Don't keep all the music inside, let others have the benefit of it. If bad thoughts or bad tempers come to you, try to sing them away. Singing is better than sighing, and if you wish to make earth a little more like heaven, remember that the shining ones that Saint John saw, sang as it were a new song before the throne.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

This strange animal is one of the largest of which we have any knowledge, being sometimes fifteen feet long. It swims and dives with ease. The legs of the hippopotamus are very short. It often walks upon the bottom of the rivers which it frequents, being thus entirely under water. It can stay under water fifteen minutes or more.

Although so large, the hippopotamus is lively and playful in its native waters. It may sometimes be seen swimming with its young upon its back. It avoids man, and when pursued conceals itself in the reeds along the river's brink. Its home is in the lakes and rivers of Central Africa.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC.

There was great excitement in School Number Nine. The head-master had announced that there would be a picnic on Saturday in the woods on Lake Mirror, and that the three other schools in the village would join them at the town hall, and all march in a grand procession together to the picnic grounds.

All recess there was nothing else talked about. There was time enough to arrange all the plans, for this was only Monday.

Little knots of boys and girls were seen talking eagerly together. But one little fellow stood away off by himself, with a very unhappy look upon his face.

"What's the matter with your brother, Mabel?" asked one of the girls.

"I don't know, I'm sure I'll go and see," answered Mabel.

"What is it, Robbie!" asked Mabel, kindly.

"Nothing," answered Robbie, looking down surlily.

"Yes, there is, dear. Tell sister all about it. Have any of the boys or girls been teasing you?"

"No, it's that picnic. I can't go."

"Why not, Robbie?" asked Mabel.

"'Cause everybody'll be dressed up, and you know my last new suit? Well, I fell into the ditch, and mamma said she couldn't buy me another till winter. I can't go with these patched things; and those are just a sight. So 'taint a bit of use. I can't go. I'll just have to stay home and miss all the fun."

"Perhaps something may happen," said Mabel slowly and vaguely.

The bell rang just then, and prevented further talk.

It was hard for all the scholars to fix their minds upon their lessons; they were too full of the picnic. But Mabel's mind was at home in her room, inside a little bank where a five-dollar gold piece was lying.

"Yes, it would just get him a pretty sailor suit," she said to herself. But five-dollar gold pieces were not common at Mabel's home, and this had been given her by her far-away auntie. She had not spent it yet because nothing was quite precious enough to make her willing to spend the shining gold piece to secure it.

All that day and all the next she thought

it over. At last she made up her mind, and took mamma into her confidence.

Saturday arrived bright and beautiful. The children met at the school-house for their banners before joining the others at the town hall.

"Oh, Mabel, how sweet your brother looks in that pretty sailor suit. It's so becoming," said her best friend, as she saw Mabel tying Robbie's ribbon.

"She gave it to me," said Robbie, with a beaming face. "I tell you what, I wish more girls were like our Mabel. She's just splendid."

HELPING.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you are big as I am, 'cause we are twins," said Nollie.

"I won't carry it," said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere; but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma, "and then they could fly away with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other. Then they all took hold of the basket and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all; but everyone can help."

THE DEAD DONKEY.

Did you ever see a dead donkey? I never did. But Mr. Wilson had a beautiful donkey for his children to ride, and it is about that poor animal's death that I wish to tell you.

One morning when Mr. Wilson went to saddle it for his children's use it was nowhere to be seen, but on going down to the field he found it lying dead, its mouth and nose being quite green. What had it been doing? The gate at the entrance to the field had been painted green the day before, and on examining it, Mr. Wilson found that the donkey had licked off nearly all the paint on the inside, and here was the fatal consequence. Children! always beware of poisons. Many a one has been poisoned by bad books, or by the evil example of bad companions. Remember that it is always better to eat green grass than green paint. The safest rule to observe towards every evil thing is—Touch not: taste not: handle not."