

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

# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

[No. 19]

## THE LITTLE SAILOR.

Jack is a bright little boy of seven who goes with his father and mother every summer to the Thousand Islands. His home is in Montreal and every year when he goes to the Islands he passes through the Lachine Canal, which was built to afford ships a way of return from the east to the west, as they cannot sail up the rapids.

When Jack and his parents return to their city home they go down the river and shoot the rapids. This Jack enjoys very much and he says that some day when the old Indian pilot who guides the ship between the rocks dies, he will be pilot.

Though he is just a little boy he knows a great deal about boats. He often goes skiff-sailing with his father and has learned to use the rudder very well. He has a toy sail-boat that skims away over the water quite quickly when there is a fair breeze.

### "CHARLIE'S LIFE."

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books."

"Does she?" said the mother. Then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back, her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing, but as he



THE LITTLE SAILOR.

wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do any harm.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black

marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough answered his mother, he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother, "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Charlie looked up, and saw two tear-drops fall on his mother's work; but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

## GOOSE-GIRLS.

I have read a story about a boy named Harry, whose father owned a flock of geese. One of these geese was given to Harry. He made her a nest of straw, lined with hay, and placed fifteen eggs under her, expecting to surely get from them a dozen goslings. These he intended to sell, when large enough, for half a dollar each. Then he would have six dollars to buy a new sled and a new pair of skates. Harry was delighted at the prospect. His father said to him:

"Do not disturb the goose while sitting. Let her remain on the nest thirty days, only leaving it a few moments at a time.

Twenty days passed. Then it occurred to Harry that it would be fine fun to take the goose to the pond to see her swim. So off they went together. They stayed away from the nest so long that when they returned to it the eggs were cold.

On the thirtieth day, Harry watched for the little goslings; also on the thirty-first and thirty-second days, but not one appeared. He was very sad. When the snow and ice came, he was without his six dollars, and had to make out another winter with an old sled and a pair of old skates.

As I think of Harry not obeying his father's instructions, and so losing the reward which would have been his, I am reminded of that hymn we so often sing:

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I must forever die.

Jesus says: "He that is faithful in that which is the least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Let us each try to be one of those faithful servants whom our Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching.

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."

### FINDING FAULT.

The winds refused to blow;  
"No use," said they, "to try,  
From north or south or east or west,  
These folks to satisfy.  
The north wind is 'too cold';  
The west wind, 'bold and rough';  
The east is 'chilly,' they complain;  
The south 'not cold enough.'"

And so the windmills stopped,  
And ships lay idly by;  
The sun beat down from morn till night  
Because no clouds could fly.  
The people sighed for wind.  
"Blow hot or cold," said they,  
"From north or south or east or west,  
'Twill be the wisest way."

### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

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, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, 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 16
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dow Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50c per 100.	

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

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

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

### A SUNDAY DOG.

It used to be a common thing to see dogs at church with their owners in the country parts of England and Scotland, and as they usually behaved well they were not molested. But very much later than that a handsome setter in one of the Middle States not only went to church faithfully, but took it upon himself to keep all the family up to their duty.

His name was Joe, and his face was full of kindness and intelligence. The cocking-up of his left ear and a general expression of being on the alert were peculiar to him on Sunday, and he seemed resolved that every man, woman, and child on the premises should honour the day as he did.

He never made a mistake in the day of days, which he began by leaving his kennel earlier than usual to set about getting those children off to Sunday-school. There was a long country walk before them, and he knew they'd be late unless he kept at them. So he barked and scolded, and

capered about them, saying as plainly as dog-language could, "Do hurry, you thoughtless creatures. Don't you hear the first bell ringing?"

When the laughing flock was ready to start, Joe marched off with them and kept severe discipline in the way of wanderings by the roadside. But one Sunday morning this faithful guardian nearly fell into disgrace himself. He had rushed from his kennel to give chase to a rabbit, apparently forgetting what day it was, when the sound of the first bell suddenly reminded him. The knowing cock of his ear had dropped as he wheeled about and went off at full speed to hurry up his careless charges.

Joe always marched into Sunday-school with them and paid strict attention to what was going on. He also went to church afterward and established himself in the family pew without ever making a mistake.

### THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

That is what we sometimes call our Rob, for he is a boy who thinks a good deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself, and he manages to solve some problems which would seem almost too difficult for such a little fellow.

Rob is the owner of a foot-rule and yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short and at other times very long. Presently, however, he discovered it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day (once in the morning and once in the afternoon) the shadow was exactly of the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near our house, which runs up tall and slim. Rob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was now longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Rob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the poplar. He was delighted with his discovery. He talked about it a great deal, and said some day he should try to measure the distance up to the moon!

## THE POPPYLAND LIMITED EXPRESS.

The first train leaves at six p. m.,  
For the land where the poppy blows;  
The mother dear is the engineer,  
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms,  
The whistle a low, sweet strain;  
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,  
And goes to sleep on the train.

At eight p. m., the next train starts  
For the Poppyland afar;  
The summons clear falls on the ear;  
"All aboard for the sleeping-car!"

But what is the fare to Poppyland?  
I hope it is not too dear.  
The fare is this; a hug and a kiss,  
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of him who children took  
On his knee in kindness great,  
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each  
day,  
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch of the passengers," thus I  
pray,  
"For to me they are very dear,  
And special ward, O gracious Lord,  
O'er the gentle engineer."

## THE DIAMONDS IN THE SKY.

BY KATHARINE E. MEGEE.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky."

One of the first rhymes your baby lips were taught to lisp was "Twinkle, twinkle, little star"; but, dear children, how many of you really do wonder anything about the glittering "diamonds" which stud the sky?

The stars have existed from the beginning, and he, who in the greatness of his power created all things, called them by name; and he has told us that man cannot number them. There are about five thousand stars which are visible to the naked eye, but this is only a fractional part of the number brought to view by means of a powerful telescope.

Many attempts have been made by men interested in this pleasant subject, to measure the distance of the stars from our planet earth, but, except in a very few cases, the result has been unsatisfactory. In ancient times it was believed that the stars were immovable—that is, that they always remained at a fixed point of the heavens, but this theory has been proven untrue.

Nor are the stars all of the same colour, as the careless beholder would suppose them to be. You can prove the truth of this assertion for yourselves. Go out doors any clear night when the heavens seem to be alive with these "star diamonds," and by a little observation you can readily see the difference in colour. Men, called astronomers, who devote their time to the

study of the heavenly bodies, tell us that about one-half the stars are white, one-third yellow, one-hundredth are red, while a few are of blue tint.

In remote ages, even before we have any reliable history, the stars were classed into groups, called constellations. In those days they did not have weather bureaus and almanacs, or barometers to tell them what kind of weather they might expect at certain times; but shepherds and seafaring men depended upon the risings and settings of the constellations for their knowledge of the changes of the seasons.

Not only are names given to these groups, but many of the more brilliant stars themselves are named; and from charts of heavens, made by the astronomers, you can, when you are older and begin to not only "wonder," but to study about the "little star," become as familiar with their name and their positions in the heavens as you now are with the map of your own country.

Often what appears to the naked eye as a single star, when examined through the telescope resolves itself into two, perhaps three or four stars. Stars thus formed are called double, triple, or quadruple, as they happen to be formed of one, two, three, or four stars. The reason they appear to be but one star is because they are so near to each other, and seen at so great a distance; just as two lights, swung very closely, one in front of the other, from a distance seem to be but one light.

It is a most interesting study! God himself honoured the stars by appointing one of them to act as guide to the shepherds and wise men, and led them to the feet of the blessed Saviour, the Star of this benighted world.

## FINEST TEAM IN SERVICE.

Two black horses, Harry and Babe, that drew a fire engine in Jersey City, are said to be the finest team in the service. Harry is the more intelligent, and a truly magnificent animal, and a fire is his delight. Both horses stand untied in their stalls, which have a door in front that opens automatically whenever an alarm is turned in. The sound of a gong drives Harry frantic, and almost as soon as the door of his stall flies open when the alarm is sounded he is under the swinging harness. The other morning it was found necessary to take Harry to the blacksmith shop. As he stood there having his shoes looked to, a trolley car passed, and the motorman clanged the gong. With a snort Harry bounded backward, and snapped the chain like a bit of string, and clattered from the shop, not stopping till he reached the engine house. The men saw him coming, and quickly swung down the chain that was across the door. The horse dashed in, turned around, and then backed himself under the swinging harness. As the men stared at him, he tossed his head and neighed impatiently, as much as to say, "Where is the fire, and why don't you hurry up?"

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

## LESSON XII. (Sept. 19.)

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

Acts 20. 22-35. Memory verses 22-24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Where was Paul going now?  
Who went with him?  
Who went with him besides those mentioned? Luke, who wrote the Acts.  
Where did Paul and his friends stop?  
What miracle did Paul do there?  
Where did the ship stop after this?  
What word did Paul send to Ephesus?  
Who came to see him?  
Why did they come?  
What did Paul say about going to Jerusalem?  
What was he willing to do?  
What did he warn against?  
Had Paul lived a selfish life among them?  
Whose words did he ask them to remember?  
May we, too, be givers?

## WHAT I MAY DO.

I may give God my voice, and speak for him.  
I may give him my hands, and work for him.  
I may give him my heart, and live for him.

## THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Sept. 26.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

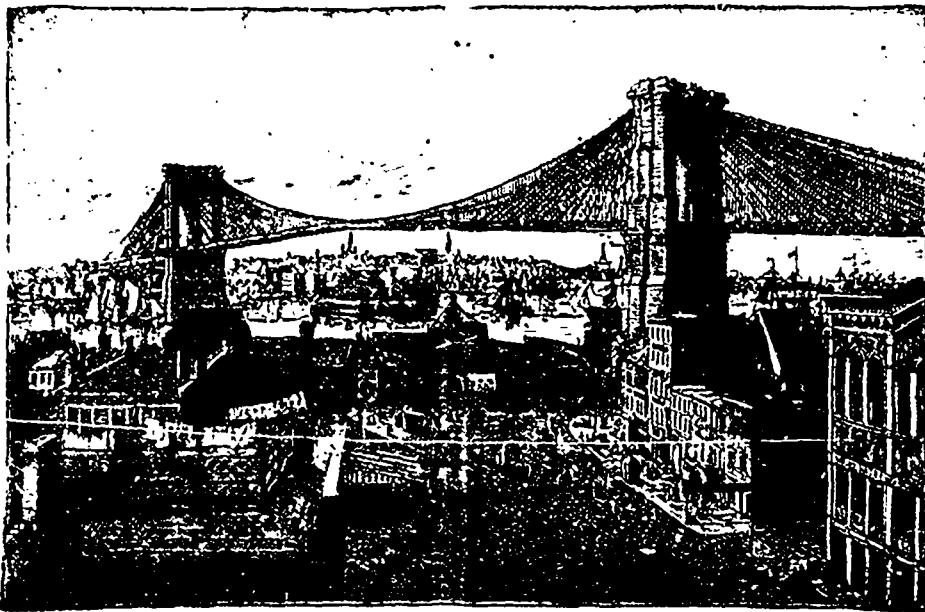
Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5. 16.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. F. C. in E. . . . The entrance of—
2. P. and the P. G. Believe on the—
3. P. at T. and B. They received the—
4. P. P. in A. . . . God is a Spirit—
5. P. M. in C. . . . Other foundation—
6. W. and W. for C. If I go and—
7. A. for S. of O. For none of us—
8. The E. of C. L. And now abideth
9. P. O. at E. . . . Take heed, and—
10. G. G. for J. C. Ye know the grace—
11. C. L. . . . Be not overcome of—
12. P. A. to the E. E. Remember the—

## A FAIRY'S GIFTS.

Last night, when I was snug in bed,  
A fairy came to me and said—  
"Dear child, three gifts to you I bring—  
A box, a mirror, and a ring  
Each morning use the mirror bright,  
To bring your little faults to light;  
When you have found them, every one,  
Open this box, as I have done,  
And pack them quickly out of sight.  
Remember, shut the lid down tight'  
We call these, best of gifts to youth,  
One, Self-control; the other Truth;  
This golden ring, Sincerity,  
Wins friends wherever you may be."  
I never spoke, I did not stir,  
I only lay and looked at her.  
And when she went I do not know,  
She melted like a flake of snow  
The door was barred, the window too,  
How do you think that she got through?  
I'm sure she came, so real it seemed;  
But mamma says I must have dreamed.



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE

THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN  
BRIDGE.

This is an excellent picture of the great suspension bridge which connects the two cities of New York and Brooklyn; a magnificent piece of workmanship, and the greatest engineering exploit of the century.

It took a long time to build, over thirteen years; was commenced June 3, 1870, and opened to the public May 24, 1883. Its cost was great, over \$14,000,000.

One of the first desires of strangers who visit the two cities is to see and cross over this great structure, the wonder of which grows upon them the more they look at it. One man who went across it for the first time exclaimed: "What is man compared to this great work?" To which another man replied: "Yes; but 'twas man who built it, whose mind conceived the plan and worked out the problem, calculating exactly the amount of weight which the wires would sustain."

Just think, that the cables which cross from one tower to another, which support all the work, are composed of small wires tightly twisted together, the entire length of the wires being 14,361 miles. Does not this show the power and strength of littles when unit'd? The total length is 5,959 feet, width 85 feet, height of centre of river span 135 feet, length from tower to tower 1,562 feet.

The workmen engaged on the bridge were obliged to climb to the very highest point, when their position was one of extreme danger, needing a cool head, a steady brain and hand. Would alcohol have given either, or could they as easily have performed their work if they had taken alcoholic drink before they climbed up? The bridge can now be crossed either by foot or by carriage, or by cars which are now successfully run by an endless rope, needing neither horse nor engine to draw them over.

## WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID.

"Mamma, did you know that flowers could talk? I never dreamed of such a thing; but to-day Hester Joliffe got a bunch of heliotrope from one of the college boys, and I heard the big girls laughing at her, and saying heliotrope meant 'I love you.' And when I asked what they meant, Hester called me a little goose, and asked me if I didn't know that every flower has a motto; she calls it the flower language, and she says, mamma, (here Sybil looked doubtfully at her mother) she says if I come to her house this afternoon, she will tell me what the motto is of all flowers."

Now Sybil's mother did not want her little girl to spend the afternoon listening to Hester Joliffe's gossip about college boys: she thought it quite as unwholesome for little Sybil as the French candy Hester kept herself supplied with, so while she listened to what Sybil was saying, she

was busy making up a quick little plan of her own.

"I can tell you all the flower mottoes, daughter, after tea; but I do not want you to spend this lovely afternoon indoors, I can tell you a much sweeter way to make flowers talk than by their mottoes."

But mother would not tell what she meant till Sybil had washed her face and hands and eaten her dinner. "Now daughter," she said, "if you take my shopping basket full of flowers to Miss Louisa Perry, away down in the village, and ask what the flowers say to her, you will find that they can talk like preachers."

The village was two miles away, and the spring sunshine was getting pretty hot, but under mother's Japanese parasol Sybil did not care for the sun, and Miss Louisa did seem glad to see her. The poor old woman had been paralyzed, and could not walk a step from the big cushioned chair, where she was placed every morning by loving hands.

"What do the flowers say to me, dearie?" she said, with a bright smile; "they say, 'Well, old lady, ain't you glad your heavenly Father made such pretty things for you to look at? And ain't you glad he made little hearts tender, and little hands kind, and little feet willing to bring them to you? And if he has made such sweet things for this earthly home, where you are only going to live a little while, what do you suppose he has in store for you in that blessed home which he has prepared for you above? Look up, then, and praise his holy name.'"

"Why, Miss Louisa," cried Sybil with dancing eyes, "that's just as good as poetry, that's the very sweetest flower talk I ever heard."

"IN HONOUR PREFERRING ONE  
ANOTHER."

A few weeks ago a gentleman was telling us of a little girl in his Sunday-school, who not only heard this sweet command, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, in honour preferring one another," but acted upon it. He had promised a prize to the child who should learn the greatest number of Bible verses, and as little Maggie had the best memory, he expected she would gain it. The appointed day came, and to his great astonishment Maggie only repeated nineteen verses, while her little sister Janet had learned twenty, and so gained the prize.

"Could you not have learned one text more, Maggie?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you not?"

Maggie hesitated, her colour rose; at last her answer came shyly:

"Because, sir, you taught us last Sunday that if we wanted to please Jesus we were to 'be kindly affectioned one to another, in honour preferring one another.'"

Boys and girls, is Maggie's Lord your Lord? Then will you not each try to gladden his loving heart by denying yourselves for his sake?