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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

No. 18.

GOD LOVES TO HEAR

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Little children, kneel in prayer
When the morning throbs with light,
Thanking God for kindest care
Through the watches
of the night.

Little children, live in
prayer
Through the changing
hours of day;
For God's presence every-
where
Stop and thank him
by the way

Little children, kneel in
prayer
When the sun sinks in
the west;
God has given bounteous
fare,
Now he gives you
peace and rest.

Little children, for your
prayer,
Welling from an honest
heart,
God will give a Father's
care,
And from you will
never part.

SAGACITY OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

BY MRS. C. R. JOSSELYN.

Bonaparte, or Bony, as usually called, was the name borne by our old friend, purchased on account of his immense size and build, for a watch-dog at the store.

But for all his ferocious appearance, his noble—and when off duty—gentle and domestic qualities soon caused him to become the pet of the household; and children on the street frolicked with him as one of their own playmates.

Bony was much attached to a little child, just old enough to sit alone upon the floor, who for some months was an

inmate of the family. He would lie down beside her, allow her to pass her tiny hands through his long hair, and use her fists as hammers upon his prostrate body, with apparent delight.

During a summer shower, he ran in

white frock, involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bony, your dirty paws!" The dog immediately raised each paw in succession; licked it clean carefully, and then stretched himself contentedly beside the child. The remark was made at the time, "If we had read this we would not have credited it."

Changes occurring in business, the store was closed, and Bony became the home dog. His favourite position on summer evenings, was at the open street door, in the front hall, his fore-paws hanging over the threshold. One evening it chanced his mistress was to be alone through the night. Heavy clouds were gathering, and a thunder-storm of considerable violence was imminent. A caller expressed regret, on going out the door, to have the lady stay alone, and remarked, I wish Patrick (a former servant in the family, then living some quarter of a mile below) could come and sleep in the house." The evening was sultry, and the lady afterward sat reading with open doors. By-and-bye the dog sprang to his feet, hunted a short distance down the road, rushed back to his mistress' side, repeating it several times, with apparent anxiety, so that at last the lady followed him to the door if possible to ascertain the cause. The night had become fearfully dark, footsteps were approaching. Bony left her side, and sprang joyously upon the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store.

Whether the dog intended it or not, he conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which, in spite of punishment, he was never broken. One was sucking hens' eggs on the sly



BONAPARTE.

through an open door to the room where the child sat upon the floor, at her mother's feet, busy with playthings scattered about. His feet being damp, left prints upon the white matting; and as he approached the babe his mistress, fearing for the clean

thus getting into disgrace with his neighbours sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

THE WEE SOLDIER.

BY HELENA H. THOMAS.

Harry's vacation, to use his own words, was "just no good at all, cause the very first week I was took down with the measles."

In justice to the little man, however—who, early in the summer, coaxed his mamma to buy him a uniform, and who ever since has "made believe soldier"—I must tell my little readers that he showed the spirit of a hero during the long days of the quarantine, for, according to his mother's statement, the dear boy never murmured, not even when denied the food he longed for. At such times he would bite his lips as if to keep back complaints, and then say: "I'm a truly soldier now, ain't I, mamma?"

"As soon as the horrid card was took down," Harry's uncle took him for a drive into the country, where, greatly to the boy's delight, at a farm house where they stopped for dinner he saw many things which to him were strangely new. Nothing so took his fancy, however, as the dear little chicks, which, as the farmer's children told him, were hatched late "cause Bidly stole her nest." Imagine, then, if you can, children, Harry's joy, when he had taken a seat in the carriage and was about to say good-bye, to have pressed into his hand a box by the country lad, who

had so admired the uniform, like a "truly soldier," and on opening it to find two little chicks. He screamed so with delight when told that they were his own to keep that the giver blushed with pleasure.

The thoughtfulness of one child, however, and the joy of the other placed the one who held the reins in an awkward dilemma; but at last he ventured: "You are very kind to give Harry some of your little pets, but I cannot consent to his taking them from you. They are so little that they would surely die without the old hen to scratch for them."

"But I can't part with them," said Harry ruefully, holding the box tightly. "Do let me keep 'em, uncle! I won't let 'em die. I can't give 'em up!"

"But, Harry, dear, how would you like it if I should give you away to some strange man at the roadside?"

At this query the boy's face grew very red, but he showed no signs of relenting, and so his uncle continued: "What would you have done when you had the measles if you had not had any mamma to care for you? If you leave the chicks with the mother hen, she will care for them and see that no harm comes to them; but if you insist on taking them away from her, they will die."

Harry is not only a brave boy but he has a tender heart as well, and in evidence of it I am glad to be able to state that he at once returned the chicks to the farmer boy. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "Please drive fast;" adding a little later, with an effort at self-control, "If I hadn't been a soldier, I should have been a cry-baby."

ABOUT SEEDS.

How wonderful seeds are! A bean, a chestnut, a grain of corn or rice or wheat, the tiny flower seed—each one planted will send up a plant that will bear its own kind. Each plant has a seed vessel which is a true treasure box, because it has in it the promise of the plant to come.

God, who made the world, has made everything in it beautiful and wonderful. And even in the tiniest of these little seeds we shall find how he has fitted it for exactly the place it has to fill—just as he has a place and a work for the smallest boy or girl who reads this.

Grass seed is very light and small. the wind can shake it from its case and blow it along. The seed of the maple-tree has a pair of wide wings, so that it will float far before it drops to the earth to plant a new tree. The poppy has a seed pod like a beautiful little box with a fluted lid. The seeds of all berries are in a nice pulp, so that birds will pick them and carry the seed far off to grow in a new place.

The chestnut has a prickly burr with four brown nuts or seeds in it. The rose seeds are in a bright red berry which attracts birds. Cherries, plums, pears, apples, have their seeds inside a rich pulp.

Do you know that a watermelon is

really only a great, handsome seed box? The pumpkin and squash are seed boxes too. So are bean and pea pods. The lady-slipper has a queer, pointed seed box, and when it is ripe it snaps open and flings out the seeds a yard or so off. Thistles and dandelions have sails of down on the seed, so that they can be carried about by the wind. Some seeds, as nuts, beans and peas and grains, are good for food. Pomegranate seeds are of this kind. In a big, round seed box, about the size and shape of an orange, are a great number of seeds, each enclosed in a pulp, and the whole making a refreshing food. See how many seeds you can find, and you will wonder at the variety of their colour and their strange and pretty shapes, from the big cocoon down to the little portulaca like a bit of steel filing.

THE BOY WITH TWO TEMPER.

BY F. R. BATCHELDER.

A little bad boy with a little cross face
Came slowly down-stairs in the morning;
Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace;
He fretted and cried without warning.
He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not go and play!
If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;
He teased his pet kitty; and all the long day
He really was "nobody's darling."

A little good boy with a little bright face
Came down in the morning time, singing,
And indoors and out, and all over the place,
His laughter and music went ringing.
He ran grandpa's errands; his orange he shared
With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;
To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,
And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys who are wholly unlike,
Though they live in one house are not brothers;
That good little lad and that bad little tyke
Have not two kind fathers and mothers.
But there are two tempers to only one boy,
And one is indeed such a sad one
That when with the good one he brings us all joy,
We ask: "Has he really a bad one?"

The leaves of the talipot palm of Ceylon do not seem wet even after the hardest rain, but are always light and dry. The natives use them to write upon instead of paper. They use a sharp knife instead of a pencil, and the lines thus traced on the leaf endure for years, because the water is shed from it.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

BY HARRIET PEARL SKINNER.

Behind two gates of flaming red,
And doors of gleaming white,
A little Busybody lives,
Who works with main and might.

He labours at his daily task
Of making words, my dears;
And holidays have been to him
Unknown for months and years.

From Busybody's little shop
Come words most excellent;
Too good and strong and sweet are they
To ever cause complaint.

But sometimes, in a naughty mood,
He'll make the words all wrong;
With edges sharp enough to cut,
And slivers rough and long.

Oh! is it not deplorable
That he should be unkind;
Allowing words to hurt his friends,
And seeming not to mind?

So watch him, that no one receives
A word that scorns, berates;
And when you see him angry grow,
Shut quickly doors and gates.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 17.]

POWER THROUGH THE SPIRIT.

Zech. 4. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4. 6.

DO YOU KNOW?

Why could not the Jews build the temple? They were so troubled and hindered by enemies. What prophet came to cheer Zerubbabel? Who brought the message to him? What did the angel show to Zechariah? Did the prophet know what the vision meant? Not at first. How did he learn? He asked the angel to tell him. What did the angel say? Golden Text. What is stronger than all human might and power? The Spirit of God. What was the "great mountain" which kept the Jews from building? The troublesome Samaritans. Who can remove mountains? Our God. What should we never despise? The day of small things.

DAILY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your own Bible. Zech. 4. 1-14.

Tues. Find what was in the way of the Jews Ezra 4. 1-6.

Wed. Learn a reason why the Jews wanted the temple built. Psalm 122. 1.

Thur. Learn a good reason for courage. Hag 2. 4.

Fri. Learn the strong and beautiful Golden Text.

Sat. Read about the anointing of the Spirit. Isa. 61. 1-6.

Sun. Find some things the Spirit did on a certain day. Acts 2. 1-11.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psalm 34. 7.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. G. I. - - - Come, and let us—
2. Dan. in B. - - Daniel purposed in—
3. The H. in the F.F. Our God whom—
4. The H. on the W. God is the—
5. D. in the D. of L. The Lord is—
6. The N. H. - - The new heart—
7. E's Great V. - - I will put my—
8. The R. of S. - - Whosoever will, let—
9. R. from C. - - The Lord hath done—
10. R. the T. - - The temple of God—
11. E. the B. - - Be strong, all ye—
12. P. through the S. Not by might nor—

UNDER THE HAYCOCK.

"Please, sister, give me your rake, it all slips through mine."

"No, no," said Mildred, shaking her big sunbonnet, "this is mine, father gave me this one; you mustn't take mine, that would not be fair," and the little haymaker bustled hither and yon, dragging a scattering trail of new-mown hay after her.

But Dora stood still and whimpered, she was the little sister, and she always thought Mildred's things were better than hers, she wanted to drink out of Mildred's cup, and eat from Mildred's plate, and wear her sunbonnet, and sleep on her pillow. But she loved the bigger sister with all her warm heart and thought her the greatest person in the world.

Mildred went on raking, but the distressed little face under the other sunbonnet spoiled all pleasure for her, and it was not long before the two rakes had changed hands and the little rakers were flying about the haycocks.

Now the sun was hot and the field was wide, and long before sunset the farmer found his two little workers, like Boy Blue, "under the haycock, fast asleep."

Mildred woke with a start: "Why, here's Dora!" she cried.

"Where did you expect her to be?" asked the farmer.

"Oh-h-h," said she, with a sigh of relief, "it was all a dream."

Father asked about the dream as his two

little girls walked home across the sweet-smelling fields, with their hands in his.

"I thought I had lost Dora," Mildred told him. Then I thought God must have taken her to heaven, and I felt so lonesome, oh, just dreadful lonesome. But Dora," (and the little face was bright with smiles, I certainly was glad I had given you my rake when you asked for it!"

Ah, my little girls," said the old farmer, "I've often heard of people being sorry, yes, heart-sorry, for kind deeds they had not done, but no one was ever yet found who was sorry for having done a kind and loving act!"

WHAT KITTY MISSED.

"I'm going to read to my dollies, as papa does," said Kitty.

So she got her dolls, and placed them in a row against the wall. Near by she stood the pussy-cat that was made of cotton flannel and stuffed with bran; and the donkey who could move his head up and down, but was hollow inside.

Kitty took up the paper and began. It was a wonderful story about a little girl who had a pair of red shoes, who went out to walk and got into the mud; but the story was hardly finished when she heard her mamma calling: "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

Kitty went on reading, as though she did not hear. Then her mamma called again: "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

And the little girl answered; "I'm reading a story to my dollies."

Then once more she heard her mamma call: "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

But the little girl would not move. She waited a long time. Then when she was tired of playing with her dolls, she threw aside her paper and went slowly up-stairs. "Do you want me, mamma?" she asked.

"I did want you, but it is too late now."

"What did you want me for, mamma?"

"I wanted to dress you in your nice new dress, so you could go out walking with Aunt Carrie. She wanted to take you down street to see the man who had the performing bear, and then she wished to take you to get some nice ice-cream."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dancing for joy, "I'm glad! I like that."

"It's too late now," answered mamma, "Aunt Carrie has gone. I called my little girl three times, and she answered, but did not come. So she has lost the treat Aunt Carrie wished to give her, and must stay at home. Besides, Kitty has done wrong, she has not obeyed her mamma."

After that Kitty was more careful, and when she heard her mamma call she obeyed. As she grew older she learned that to obey her mamma was the very best way to show her love for her, and that any other kind of love was only "make-believe," and not real love.



THE STORK FAMILY.

In many families the stork family is held in high honour. In many parts of the European continent they are encouraged to build their nests on the chimneys, steeples, and trees, near dwellings. Indeed, as an inducement to them to pitch their quarters on the houses, boxes are sometimes erected on the roofs, and happy is the household which thus secures the patronage of a stork. In Morocco and in Eastern countries also storks are looked upon as sacred birds, and with good reasons, for they render very useful service both as scavengers and as slayers of snakes and other reptiles. In most of the towns a stork's hospital will be found. It consists of an enclosure to which are sent all birds that have been injured. They are kept in this infirmary—which is generally supported by voluntary contributions until they regain health and strength. To kill a stork is regarded as an offence.

HOW TO DO.

One of the happiest girls I ever knew was probably the poorest girl in her class. She might have made herself wretched over the shabby, awkward, "made-over" clothes that were undoubtedly conspicuous among the pretty dresses of her school-mates; but she never seemed to give the matter a thought. It was real things that she was seeking—friends and knowledge, and days to make happy memories—and she found them all. When she left school she was rich in friendships, bound with teachers and pupils; the books she had studied had become part of her

life; and among all the girls, none had more keenly enjoyed the clubs and papers, and harmless happy nonsense of the school jokes and merry-makings than this girl. Yet she had neither money, beauty, nor fascination—she had only a brave, sunny common-sense. She would not see any difference between herself and others, and so—there was no difference!

We are what our thoughts make us. The law is as fixed as gravitation. If your thoughts centre always upon yourself, worrying, tormenting, envying, grieving, year by year the strange, invisible walls of your "difference" will rise higher, shutting out more and more of the world God meant for you. But if you resolutely turn from yourself and think instead for the lives about you, then slowly, perhaps, but surely, strange and beautiful things will happen. For under the gay or careless, weary or hard masks that hide them, you will see souls, and to see the soul is to love it; and to love souls deeply, unselfishly, unfalteringly, is to break down all the morbid "differences" for ever.

HOW JOHN HELPED.

Billy was the youngest boy in school, and a dear little fellow, but the children loved to tease him. They were always hiding his cap, or his primer, or his handkerchief, or rolling him down hill, as if he were a little barrel, or tossing him over the fence as though he were a big apple.

One day they said he had been eating lunches from the children's baskets and must be punished; so they tied his hands and feet together and were going to put him in the coal-house.

John Stuart was the oldest boy in school and a sort of leader, "Billy didn't eat any lunches," he said, "he hasn't been in here." But he laughed at Billy's frightened little face, and told the boys where to find some cord to tie his small fat hands. Just as Billy was to be thrown into the coal-house, Miss Alice, the teacher, appeared. She stopped the whole affair and sent every boy to his seat.

"John," she said afterwards, "I am ashamed of you; I didn't think you could do such a thing. I thought you were to be trusted."

"Why, Miss Alice!" said John, "I didn't do anything to Billy! I told them I knew he didn't take things from the lunch baskets; I didn't tie him nor touch him."

"No," said Miss Alice, "but you stood by, laughing, and let others do it, when a word from you would have stopped it all. I am ashamed of you, John. Your name ought to be changed, and begin with P. There is a story about a man in the Bible of whom you remind me."

Now whom do think Miss Alice could have meant.

THE BOY'S SERMON.

I came to-night to preach
A sermon if I can;
For little boys can preach to boys,
As well as men to men

I never thought of such a thing
Until the other day;
I found a text so short and good;
So hear to what I say.

"Mind" is my text; 'tis for you, boys,
And something that you need,
The girls may listen to it all,
And, what they ought to, heed!

First mind your tongue! don't let it
speak

An angry, an unkind,
A cruel or a wicked word,
Don't let it, boys; now mind!

Mind eyes and ears! don't even look
At wicked books or boys;
From wicked pictures turn away—
All sinful acts despise.

And mind your lips! Tobacco stains!
Strong drink, too, keep away;
And let no bad word pass your lips—
Mind everything you say.

Mind hands and feet! Don't let them do
A single wicked thing.
Don't steal or strike, don't kick or fight,
Don't walk in paths of sin.

But more than all, oh, mind your heart!
From Satan turn aside:
Ask Jesus there to make his throne,
And ever there abide.

ROSE, BIRD, AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume," said the rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed and people were made glad by their beauty; but the selfish bud withered away.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not want to sing." But when his brother soared aloft on joyful wings and sang with all his might, the little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets, I shall not have enough myself," said the brook. And it kept all its waters in a hollow place, where it formed a filthy little pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a singing bird and a leaping brooklet thought on these things, and said: "If I would be loved I must share all that I have with others."

Walter (after seeing the cows milked on his first visit to the country)—I don't care for any milk to-night.

Aunt Jane—Why, I thought you liked milk? When I was down to New York you used to drink milk every meal.

Walter—Oh, yes, I like the kind that comes in cans, but I don't like cows' milk!