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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 28, 1897.

No. 18.

HIDE AND SEEK.

Found at last! And what a good hiding-place these two little girls have chosen, behind the broad stem of a tree. Perhaps they have been hiding there for a long time, and the seekers have had a hard job to find them. It is a delightful game to play out of doors in the woods, and to judge by the bright faces of the players in our picture, they certainly seem to be enjoying it.



too, to take care of his little master Harry had grown very tired, and sat down on the gentleman's sidewalk to rest. So Carlo lay down by the boy, who soon took his dog for a pillow, and went off into a sound sleep. The kind gentleman found him and took him into the house for the night. Carlo would not be separated from Harry, and so they both spent the night together in a nice bedroom, after a good supper.

The anxious mother soon found the house and rejoiced over the safety of the little wanderer. Carlo got great praise for his faithful care of Harry.

ABOUT BATS.

Most bats have very short ears, like mice. But there is one called the "long-eared bat," who is very funny looking indeed. His big ears look like parasols held over his head. They must be "paramoons," then, for he does not fly by day. He tucks his ears under his wings when he goes to sleep.

Bats are fond of company, and do not live alone. They live in flocks or parties. They are friendly and do not quarrel. When the day dawns they go to their cave or roof, and hang themselves up by taking hold of the rock or wall with

THE LOST BOY.

The little fellow's name was Harry. He was five years old, and lived in the country. He had neither brother nor sister, and his playmate was a shepherd-dog named Carlo. One day his mother went to the city, which was five miles distant. She was gone all day, and upon her return could find nothing of her boy nor of the dog. When the father came, the neighbours joined him in searching for his lost Harry; but all the night through they found no trace of him. The next day the mother had heard that a boy like her own had been seen in the city. She started immediately to find him.

Arriving there, a man told her that a

strange boy, followed by a shepherd dog, had been found by a gentleman, who had sheltered them during the night. The boy had missed his mother, and had come to the city to find her. Carlo had come

by taking hold of the rock or wall with

PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK.

the claws of their hind feet. So they hang head downward. That would kill you if you tried it very long, but the bats find it very comfortable.

Bats when born look like little mice. They are blind for ten days. Their bodies are as bare as young birds' at first. A mother bat is very good to her baby. She rubs and brushes it clean with her big lip. Then she tucks the baby bat into a fold of the skin about her body. The baby bat at once clings fast to its mother with its little hooked claws. When the mother bat flies for food she carries the baby along, wrapped up and clinging to her. She never lets it fall. When the young bat is able to fly the mother bat still keeps near it, and helps it for some time. A boy caught a little bat and put it into his pocket to take to his teacher. The little bat cried. Its mother heard it. She flew to the boy, clung to his pocket and would not let go. So the little boy took both mother and baby to his teacher. They were put in a cage.

Small baby bats are nursed with milk by their mothers, as kittens are. When a bat is kept in a cage, it will eat bread and milk and bits of raw veal.

You can tame bats so that they will come when you call them, and eat flies or beetles from your hand.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1897.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

No one has a right to put a stumbling-block in the way of a brother. In seeking for eternal life each should not forget that he should lead a life that will bring others close to the cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Paul said he would eat no meat if the eating of it caused his brother to stumble. Eating meat offered to an idol is no sin; but if this should cause some weak brother to offend, we should

abstain from it. Each one has an influence for good or for evil, and should be very careful to do that which will make others better. One boy might be able to go into a saloon and not take a drink, but he should not visit such a place. His going might lead another boy to go who is not so strong, and that boy might take a drink and at last fill a drunkard's grave. One boy might play cards and never learn to gamble. Still, he ought not to do this, because his example might cause another first to play cards for pleasure, and then to engage in the game for money. The safe way is to shun the very appearance of evil. We are all more or less our brother's keeper. God will not hold us guiltless if we do anything that leads a brother down to ruin. A soul lost is no little thing. It is a fearful thing to be lost. Let each of our little readers resolve to make others better.

HOW HE USED THE PIECES.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes," said the artist; "the bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and, in looking around, came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and, to his surprise, found it to be a noble work of art, nearly finished.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my study?" he cried.

At this moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep dye flushed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden this masterpiece here?"

"O master!" faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child, with an artist's soul, had gathered up the fragments and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the

bits of time and opportunity lying about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY MARY T. H. WILLARD.

The world will be what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

When we walk into the gray,
Little people,
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

If war is in the air,
Little people,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,
Little people.
For a battle you must fight,
Little people;
'Twill be glory when you win,
But to falter would be sin,
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,
Little people,
And your country help to save,
Little people,
From whisky, rum and gin,
And the evils they bring in,
Little people.

GOD CAN SEE THROUGH THE CRACK.

A lady came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little son. He seemed shy of her, skulked into the entry, hung about the garden, and wanted to be with Bridget more than was common.

The mother could not account for his manner. When she was undressing him for bed, he asked: "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," answered his mother, "God can see everywhere and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and he'll tell you, mother. When you were gone I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake; and I am sorry;" and, bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.

IN THE GARDEN.

There's a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in his garden.
Walking with the children there.

And it tells this strange, sweet story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with broken pinion
Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, childish cruel,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music—
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in his gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering,
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—O so softly!
Laid his lips upon its throat,
And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling,
Called the Christ-child, "Master, Lord."

EVENING STUDY.

Asa and his sister were ambitious to keep up with their classes. Many times when they had hard lessons in arithmetic they would sit up after supper and study. Asa was about three years the older, but he loved his sister's company in study as well as in play or work. He helped her so much that she soon caught up with him. His mind was active, and he easily learned his lessons. It was not easy for his sister, so Asa would act as teacher, as our picture illustrates. Ida would sit and listen to the explanation as Asa took her through each example, step by step. She would ask questions, and he would answer until she understood it well, then Ida would solve an example and explain it in all its parts and answer the questions about it that Asa would ask. In this way Ida gained rapidly. They worked together in this way and kept at the head of their class. Acting as teacher helped Asa very much. He needed to reason and explain more to be able to make it plain. As he reached the higher branches his mind was broadened, so that it was less difficult to master them. By this study together they learned to tell what they had learned. Many boys and girls now only go over their lessons hurriedly, and somehow pass through; but were they called upon to explain their work they could not do so. It is not how much we do that counts for good, but how well. Boys and girls who are slack at study are sure to be slack at work of any kind they undertake. It becomes a habit with them to slight all they do, and some have been known to become even slack in talking. Such boys and girls are slighted by thorough, active people, and when they are grown they

find, but too late to recover the mistake, themselves almost a burden to society. This kind of people generally are proud and want to be classed among the best. They scorn poor, honest, labouring people, thinking to exalt themselves in this way. They try to pass off as cultured people; but sham will be found out. Do you know any such boys or girls? Set them a better example. Teach them the best way.

TREE MAGIC.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALKER.

Out in the old garden was an apple tree. It was as old as the garden itself, grandma said. She ought to know, for she lived in the garden when it was quite new, and she was a tiny girl.

Every spring grandma looked into the budding sweetness and sighed, "How sad for the city children whose gardens are only brick and asphalt yards!"

When mamma wrote that Tessa did not get strong after a winter's illness, grandma said the garden would cure her. So Tessa went to grandma's, and made friends with the apple-tree.

When she came, its rough old limbs were hidden under a fragrant white mound of blossoms. Grandma told Tessa they would change into apples on the tree; so Tessa said they were wings the baby apples had flown from heaven with.

By-and-bye, the flowers were gone, and the leaves made a soft shade. Then Tessa would sit in the bending branches, and read, or sing, or talk. She pretended the trees understood, and that its rustle was laughter when she said funny things, and pity when she told sad ones.

At last mamma came to take her home. What do you think Tessa found, swinging on the lowest branch, when she ran to say good-bye to her tree? A ripe, red apple!

"See!" she cried.

"See!" grandma echoed. "The tree has done as much for Tessa's cheeks as for its own apple."

Tessa put up her hands, but she could not feel what grandma saw—the beautiful health colour.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

In a school a big boy was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him except one, who was scarcely five years old, yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher.

"Because if he is expelled perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked-still."

"Do you forgive him then?" said the teacher.

"Yes," said he, "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X. [Sept. 5.]

GENTILES GIVING FOR JEWISH CHRISTIANS.

2 Cor. 9. 1-11. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What news made Paul very happy?
What did he send to Corinth?
What caused suffering among the Jewish Christians?
What did Paul ask Gentile Christians to do?
What churches had been very generous in giving? The Macedonian churches.
Whom did Paul say might come with him to Corinth?
What did he want the Corinthians to do? To give freely.
Who will reap the best harvests?
How should we give?
Whom does God love?
Who is able to supply all our needs?
What is true giving?

GOD LOVES TO SEE—

A hand that loves to give.
A heart that trusts lovingly.
A mind to keep all God's commands.

LESSON XI. [Sept. 12.]

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Rom. 12. 9-21. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

To whom did Paul write a long letter?
When did he probably write this letter?
From what city?
What does this part of the lesson teach?
What one word tells all our duty to others?
What kind of love must it be?
How does real love show itself?
How does it show sympathy?
What is a lowly love?
How does true love treat enemies?
What does love seek to do by evil?
What is the secret of love?

LESSONS FOR ME.

If I want real love I may have it.
My love is weak, but God's love is strong.
Love from God is offered to every child of his.



AN EVENING STUDY.—(See third page.)

THE SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

What child has not noticed the closing of the petals in many flowers just as the day closes. In many plants the leaves also fold themselves up with the fading day, and do not awake from their slumber

till the morning sun rouses them. Some are so sensitive to the light that they will close with even a passing cloud. The dandelion opens at five in the morning, but is not so early a riser as the goat's-beard, which opens its bright eyes at three o'clock, and goes to sleep again at six in the even-

ing. But there are some flowers which, like fashionable people, turn night into day. The night-blooming cereus begins to unfold its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, is in full bloom at midnight, and sleeps its last sleep with the day-dawn