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SUNBEAM

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1889.

No. 17.

THE WHALE.

We give you a picture of a huge whale. This animal lives in the water, but he is not a fish. His blood is warm like ours, and he breathes the air as we do.

The whale can stay under the water more than half an hour, but he comes up every eight or ten minutes to breathe. Then he can dive again. He has nostrils on the top of his head, called spiracles. Through these blow-holes he gets rid of the water which has run into his mouth.

The whale lives on little fishes. He swims around just under water with his mouth wide open. The little fishes are carried into the immense cavity, not knowing they are entering such a trap—but they are borne in by the water, and cannot help it, anyhow. In that great mouth is a natural strainer, made of the fringed edges of the whalebone or baleen plates. This is a horny substance, the edges fringed into long, soft, tough fibres, filling up the inside of the mouth. Suddenly the great trap comes down, letting the water escape, but catching the fishes. So, you see, a fresh, delicate meal is always ready for our whale, and he does not need to call upon cooks and dining-room waiters when he is hungry. He sometimes swallows shoals of herrings—the baleen whale swallows nothing larger—and the water that doesn't run out of his mouth he blows out of his nostrils.

"Poor little fishes!" you say; but, "Poor big whale!" you may say also. He is hard on the little fishes; but his fate is harder than theirs. They die in a moment; but the whale is speared with the harpoon,

suffers pain, and sheds torrents of blood—sometimes spouting red streams, and making the water red all around before the life goes out, and he turns on his back in death. The whale in our picture has been killed in this way.

One species of whale is called the "sperm whale." The largest of them has a gullet large enough to swallow a man. That must have been the kind that swallowed Jonah. But, even if a whale could swallow nothing larger than a herring, that whale



THE WHALE.

could swallow Jonah. The Bible tells us that God prepared a great fish, and God could prepare a minnow to swallow a man, if he wished.

A NEW RULE.

BY PANSY.

Charlie Evans had had a present of a twelve-inch rule, and carried it with him everywhere, even to Sunday-school. He had it in his hand when he recited his Bible verse: "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts." "But I don't understand it

one bit," he said. "You couldn't put a rule in your heart."

"It doesn't mean such a rule as that," said Miss Alice, smiling. "Don't you know that to rule a person means to manage him—control and direct him so that he will do just as he is told? I know a boy who has made fun the ruler of his heart. If he can't get fun out of a thing he doesn't want to do it. I know a little girl who lets selfishness rule her heart. She is always planning things that will

please herself. But our verse tells us to let peace rule our hearts. When people speak only kind words and have pleasant smiles on their faces and try to make those about them happy, we may be sure that peace rules their hearts."

Charlie shook his head and looked sober. "Peace doesn't rule my mother's heart, then," he said. "She cries lots? Whenever brother Rob has headaches she cries, and when he stays out late nights, and lots of other times he makes her cry."

Miss Alice looked very grave. "Poor mother!"

she said, "if Rob would let peace rule in his heart, I think it would make her happy."

Charlie thought about that a great deal. He did not understand Miss Alice very well, but of course Rob would; he was almost twenty years old. So he told him all about it that afternoon. Rob's cheeks grew very red as he listened; he pushed Charlie angrily away from him and told him he had no business to talk to the teacher about him.

But a few days afterwards a wonderful thing happened.

Rob came with a smile on his face and

said: "Little brother, I've got a new rule myself, and it fits my heart. You may tell Miss Alice if you want to, that my mother will not have to cry about me any more."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1899.

WHERE THE QUEEN LIVED.

The children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and died of fever during the Ashanti campaign, live with their grandmother at Windsor. Recently two little girls from London, The Youth's Companion relates, came down to spend the day with the little Battenbergs, and it so happened that Her Majesty paid a visit to the nursery, and found them there.

The young visitors were taken aback; they had not expected to see the queen, and had not been instructed how to conduct themselves in the presence of royalty; but they had been well brought up and knew their Bibles, and they thought at once of Daniel before King Darius. They decided that what Daniel had done must be correct, so the pair threw themselves on their faces on the floor at her astonished Majesty's feet, and cried out with a loud voice:

"O Queen, live forever!"

However, this proved an excellent introduction, and presently the queen and they became great friends. She took one of them on her knee, and all three chatted together in the friendliest way.

"Whereabouts in London do you young people live?" asked the queen.

"Oh," said the little girl on her knee, "we live just opposite W.'s," naming one of the new mammoth stores that have become such marked features of the London of to-day.

"But, please, won't you tell us where you live when you go to London?" said the other little friend.

The queen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then remembered that in Buckingham Palace Road there is also a mammoth store. "Oh," said she, smiling, "in London I live opposite Gorrings's."

President Lincoln, being at one time asked, after a long voyage along the coast on a steamboat, how he was, replied: "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming along, and am not altogether over it yet." "Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff officer; "that's the best remedy I know for seasickness." "No, no, no, my young friend," replied the President. "I've seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that very article." That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

A CURIOUS THING.

BY WILLIAM J. LONG.

Sunbeam came to my house one day—
"Is there any place here for shadows to hide?"

They tell me that shadows are cold and gray;

But before I can catch them they run away.
If I find one, I'll cheer him up," he cried.

He searched about through the great big house,

A dear little fellow warm and bright,
In closets, in corners, in mamma's hair,
In grandpa's face, and oh, everywhere!
But wherever he went it was only light.

Now Love looked into my house that day—
"Could Hate in here be hiding his head?"

They tell me that Hate is ugly and bad.
Perhaps, if we found him, we'd make him glad.

Oh, please, may I look and try?" he said.

Love met Sunbeam hunting about—

"Have you found your shadows, friend Sunbeam?"—"Nay,
Not I," said Sunbeam; "they don't live here."

"Nor Hate," said Love; "for this house is dear.

Let's look for a place to abide a way!"

Sweetheart Lucy came running in,
Bright as a robin just out of bed.

Sunbeam sprang to her eyes so brown;
Love in her warm heart nestled down—
"We have the nicest place in the world!"
they said.

Now the curious thing, which I haven't told
Is something I never could quite make out—
For never a shadow can show his head,
And Hate, I think, must be really dead,
When my little Lucy is playing about.

PLENTY OF TIME.

"Get the money to me by the end of the month and everything will be all right," the agent had written, and John Groves had looked at the date and felt easy. A letter would go to Fieldtown in twenty-four hours, and now it was only the eighth of the month.

"It is all right, Mary," he cried, gaily, as he went into the kitchen where his wife was at work. "After waiting ten years, we are able to buy the old homestead back. The owner has decided to go to California, and is now willing to sell. It is the finest property in all that section; and besides, it is our old homestead."

"You are quite sure, John?" said his wife, an eager wistfulness in her voice.

"Quite sure. There are several others waiting to snap it up, but we have forty-eight hours' option. That makes it absolutely safe. I will send a cheque at once."

A few minutes later he turned to his son, who was busy with some fishing tackle

"Here, Bob," he said, "take this letter to the post-office. It must go out on tonight's mail. There is only one mail a day toward Fieldtown, and to-morrow night's will be too late."

Bob took the letter, but as he passed the table he slipped the fishing tackle into his pocket.

It was a mile to the post-office, and midway was a clear, swift-running brook, spanned by a foot-bridge. As he went along, Bob looked keenly at the bushes on either side. Presently he found what he wanted,—a straight alder ten or twelve feet in length, light enough to handle, but sufficiently strong to whip a narrow stream for trout. It was now only two o'clock, and the mail did not go out until six. There was plenty of time. He would fish for a couple of hours and then take the letter to the post-office.

A half-hour at the bridge persuaded him that fishing would be better down by the bend, where the water was overshadowed by willows and maples; and a half-hour there convinced him that trout were more plentiful further on. When the low position of the sun in the sky brought him to a sudden realization of the time of day, he was nearly two miles from the bridge.

He had no watch, but it couldn't be much past four, he told himself anxiously, as he threw the pole away and thrust the line into his pocket—at least he hoped it couldn't.

But for all that, a great fear was at his heart as he ran on and on, not even slackening his speed at the bridge, though every muscle in his body was protesting against the strain. It was only when he reached the very steps of the post-office that he stopped with a sudden whitening of his face. A long quivering whistle sounded from the other side of the village. He knew what that meant. The train was approaching the station. The mail had gone out—and he was five minutes late.

THE DREAMLAND LINE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

There's the strangest little railroad that departs from every door; And it runs a zig-zag journey for a thousand miles or more, Till it wanders into Dreamland. And every night they say, There's a big excursion party, and not a cent to pay! And the children, just the children, these excursion-trips can take On the little nursery railroad from the land of Wide-Awake To the most delightful country, where the wondrous dream-tree grows, From whose branches dreams are shaken every time the sleep-wind blows.

And this railroad has a station at each nursery door, it seems, Where it stops at dusk to take on passengers for Land o' Dreams. Hark! I think I hear the whistle of the train that goes to-night. It is stopping at the station. What a charming, charming sight! Scores and scores of happy faces through its windows smile at me. Don't I wish that I was going in this jolly company? "All aboard!" the brakeman's calling. Hurry, little ones of mine; Safe and pleasant be your journey o'er the Dreamland Railroad line!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X. [Sept. 3.]

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Ezra 3. 10 to 4. 5. Memory verses, 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.—1 Cor. 3. 17.

DO YOU KNOW.

Where did the Jews go when they left Babylon? To Jerusalem. Why were they glad to go there? It was their dear old home. What did they find when they came there? That it lay in ruins. Who had destroyed it? How long was it since Nebuchadnezzar took it? What had become of the beautiful temple? What did they build again? What more did they do to please God? [See Monday's Help.] What foundation did they lay? The foundation for the house of the Lord. What did the people do when this was laid? Do you know why some wept? What does the Lord want each one of us to build? The temple of the Spirit. Who is willing to come and live in it? The Lord.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Find what the Jews did when they came to Jerusalem Ezra 3 2-6.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses carefully Ezra 3. 10 to 4 5
- Wed. Read about sorrow turned to joy Jer. 33. 7-16.
- Thurs. Learn about freewill offerings. 2 Cor. 8. 1-9.
- Fri. Find what the Feast of Tabernacles was. Lev. 23. 33-44.
- Sat. Learn what is the wisest and best thing to do Psalm 118. 8, 9
- Sun. Read about the joy of the saved in heaven. Rev. 7. 9-17.

LESSON XI [Sept. 10.]

ENCOURAGING THE BUILDERS.

Hag. 2. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you.—Hag. 2. 4.

DO YOU KNOW.

Who brought a message from the Lord to the Jews? The prophet Haggai. What kind of a message was it? A message of encouragement. Why was it needed? Their work had been hindered. Who had hindered it? Enemies. Who were these enemies? Samaritans. Who was now the king? Darius. Who was the leader among the Jews? Zerubbabel. Why did God tell them to be strong? Because he was with them. What did he say he was coming to do? To shake all the nations. Whom did he say would then come? The desire of all nations. Whom did he mean? The Lord Jesus Christ. What did he say of the glory of the new temple? Who owns all the silver and the gold? What does this lesson teach? That we are safe if we are on the Lord's side.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Find how enemies hindered the work of the Jews. Ezra 4. 1-5.
- Tues. Find the command to build sent through Haggai. Hag. 1. 1-8.
- Wed. Learn how the people of Israel obeyed. Ezra 5. 1-5.
- Thurs. Learn a strong encouragement to work. Golden Text.
- Fri. Read a strong reason for building the Lord's house. Exod. 29. 43-46.
- Sat. Learn who helps his people to do their work. Isa. 41. 10.
- Sun. Learn a text which may be an every-day help. Rom. 8. 31.

HE WAS WILLING.

"I will not speak to you any more, Willy Morris; never!"
 "I won't speet to you no more, neezer," answered an angry little voice.
 Oh my! what a bad beginning for a picnic! Good Mrs. Shaw had invited the ten

little people out to her beautiful place to eat strawberries and cream. They came two hours too soon, and Mrs. Shaw laughed and laughed, for the berries were not picked nor the cream skimmed, and the crumpets were only just browning on the stove.

"There, run away and play, you rowdies," she cried, "down in the shade of the hill there; but mind you don't run over my pansy beds."

And now, just as they were beginning to have such a good time, Willy and Dimple had to go to quarrelling; and of course quarrelling spoils all the fun. Willy and Dimple began to wish they could make up, and as soon as people own to themselves that they are sorry and ashamed, a way seems to open up for them to be friends. It opened up now.

They were playing a rather tiresome game of forfeits. Delia was sitting a little off to herself, and Dimple was crying forfeits over her head.

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head," cries Dimple.

"Fine or superfine?"

"Superfine. What must the owner do?"

"Superfine; that means a girl," mused Delia. "Maybe it's Dimple herself." (It was indeed one of Dimple's red slippers; but Delia's eyes were tightly, honourably shut; she didn't know it.)

"She must go and kiss Willy Morris," ventured Delia, hoping it might be Dimple.

Generally the sentences were received with little shrieks and shouts, but this one fell on a silent group. Dimple hesitated, while Willy watched her anxiously. Slowly she made her way around the circle. "Willy," she said, blushing and smiling, "forfeit says I must kiss you."

"All right," said the small boy cheerfully, "I'm willing!"

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I detest dogs!" said pretty Margaret, and Heather, the Scotch collie, dropped his head and marched out of the room.

"You have injured Heather's feelings," said his mistress. "I am sorry."

"I don't believe dogs can understand," said the young lady visitor. But for days the beautiful animal showed by his manner that he returned her aversion.

One sultry morning, Margaret, glancing out, saw baby Alice asleep in a large arm-chair in the shade of the shrubbery, while near by was Heather, keeping watch.

Soon an inquisitive robin flew down and pecked at baby's cheek. She awoke, rolled and slipped out upon the soft turf. When Margaret reached the spot she found Heather anxiously bending over the weeping child, and said:

"Good dog, Heather; you did your best."

When Baby Alice was quieted with loving smiles and words, Heather gratefully reached up, with a knowing look and gently kissed pretty Margaret's hand.



HIRAM LAWRENCE, THE SAILOR BOY.

HIRAM LAWRENCE, THE SAILOR BOY.

BY MARY F. BASTIAN.

Hiram's father died suddenly one bleak winter day, and Mrs. Lawrence was left with her four little children to fight the battle of life. Hiram was the second child. He was one of the brightest scholars at the village school. His home was by the seaside, and he was very fond of the water. He would often go down to the beach after school and play sailor with his companions. His Uncle George, who was captain of a big ship, gave him a nice little sail-boat when Hiram was a little boy, and this he used to sail on the little creek that emptied into the sea.

One day Hiram, who knew that his mother found it hard to support her family, made up his mind to help. His uncle, Captain Hunter, was soon to sail in the *Sea Gull* on a long trip from New York to San Francisco. Hiram told his mother that he would like to sail in his uncle's ship, earn a little money and do something to help her. Mrs. Lawrence could not think of parting with any of her children, even though it was so hard to support them. When Uncle George came to visit them Hiram told him how anxious he was to help his mother, and then Mrs. Lawrence told her brother of Hiram's wish to ship with him in the *Sea Gull*. Captain Hunter talked the matter all over with

them, and it was agreed that Hiram should sail with the *Sea Gull*, and should perform certain duties and be paid a certain sum.

During the last few weeks that Hiram was to be at home Mrs. Lawrence was constantly thinking of her dear boy and it was with many a heartache that she gathered his things together and packed them, with her own little Bible, in Hiram's sailor-bag. Hiram was a sunny, hopeful fellow, and as the day of departure approached he became somewhat excited over the novelty of the trip and the many strange things he was sure to see.

The day came when the last load was stowed

away in the hold of the *Sea Gull*. The hatches were battened down, the great hawsers hauled in, and the big ship began her long journey, amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the receiving and sending of parting salutations amid smiles and tears. The noble ship passed out of the harbour into the open sea, and soon was well started on her voyage.

Hiram soon became used to the strange motion of the vessel and really enjoyed his surroundings. His kind disposition, his willingness to work, and happy face, soon made him a favourite with officers and sailors. He saw many new sights, and had many new experiences. The Southern Cross, of which he had heard his father speak, seemed entirely different from his idea, but the sight of it made a deep impression on his mind. He was very much amused at the sports of the sailors when the vessel crossed the line, although he was sorry for the rough handling some of the new sailors received at the hands of old Neptune. The run around the Cape was dangerous, but the scenery was simply grand. The run up the west coast was very pleasant, and in good season the *Sea Gull* sailed through the Golden Gate and anchored in the harbour of San Francisco. Here Hiram found some letters from home, and he lost no time in answering them and giving a full account of the voyage. He also proudly sent his mother some money—the first he had ever earned. In San Fran-

cisco he met some friends of his father, who took good care of him while the *Sea Gull* was getting ready for the return voyage. They took him about the city and showed him a great many strange sights. The return voyage was made in good time, in spite of a fearful storm which was encountered off the coast of Chili. Early one morning Hiram came on deck and Captain Hunter told him to look through the glass. He did so, and saw the land. As the vessel sailed on along the coast Hiram climbed to the top of the main-mast and let his soul drink in the sight of the old familiar places. In a few hours the *Sea Gull* entered the harbour and dropped anchor. The big anchor had hardly touched bottom before a little row, boat, in which Mrs. Lawrence was sitting, put off from the shore and approached the *Sea Gull*. The widow's heart rejoiced when she saw her sailor boy waving his hat to her from the ship, and when she lovingly embraced him in the presence of the ship's company many an old tar brushed away an unbidden tear.

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 looks 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.

A little one of four years, being teased because she had a pug nose, climbed up on a chair and looked in the glass, saying, "I saw a lady at church whose nose was a great deal puggier than mine!"