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SUNBEAM

BABIES IN JAPAN.

JAPANESE babies are very funny-looking little things. Their heads are shaved, except here and there a little patch of hair is left. For every-day wear they have short dresses of bright red or yellow. Their best dresses are made of large-flowered silk, with wide sleeves like their mother's. Often the dresses will have square patches of red or green or yellow sewed on the back. They have coloured bibs, and, when they are old enough to toddle around, they have bells fastened on them, so the mother may know where they are.

In the streets of Japan you may see plenty of girls playing with a baby brother or sister tied on their back. The girls play games without paying any attention to the babies, unless one happens to fall off, and then you find out that Japanese babies can cry as well as Canadian babies.

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble. Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and run home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement. "Mother, I can't bear this any longer! Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table," said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now, my little daughter, read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the

sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He lights to have such petitions.



Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will Evans that he was too much surprised to call after her—if, indeed, he felt any inclination, but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then he went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Ger-

trude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross, but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.—*Dr. Newton*

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

MAY BURTON had made up her mind that she was not going to receive Christmas presents this year, or give any, as she always had done before. She had found out that there were children who had never received a Christmas present in their lives, and she was going to find some of these and give them a grand surprise.

"What are you going to give your little girls and boy for Christmas?" May asked their washwoman.

"Sure, an' I can't afford to be givin' them presents. They'll be glad enough to have a bite of meat and peraties to ate for dinner, lavin' alone presents," replied Mrs. Malony.

May asked her a good many questions after that, and learned that there were fifteen children in the tenement house where Mrs. Malony lived, who had never received a Christmas present.

May went to her father that night and asked him to give her the money he had meant to buy her present with. She told him about the poor children, and she said that if she could give each child a nice present it would be the happiest Christmas she had ever spent, and she wanted no other gift.

Her father gave her the money, and May spent three happy weeks buying dolls, and making their clothes for the girls, and in buy'ng toys, and books for the boys.

When Christmas comes I don't know which will be happier, the poor children or dear May Burton.

SONG OF THE CITY.

O, MANY, many children
In Zion shall be found;
We hear their happy voices,
And pleasant is the sound;
For children can be Christians,
And while at work or play
Be gentle, like the Master,
And all his words obey.

CHORUS.—O, children, come to Jesus;
His service is a joy;
O, come within the city,
Yes, every girl and boy.

Then come, and bring a playmate,
Perchance a brother dear;
Let sisters come together,
O, never, never fear;
For Zion must have children,
Upon her golden street,
Then come and bring in with you
Whoever you may meet.

—Infant Praises.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

HOW LUCY CAME TO CHRIST.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Lucy, Lucy, wait!" cried Lillie Watson, running very fast to catch up with her friend on the way home from school. "I want to ask you something."

"Well," said Lucy, as the two met, "what is it?"

"Will you come for me to go to meeting to-night?"

"No?" Oh, no!" answered Lucy, with a toss of her curly pate. "I'm not going to meeting myself."

"Oh, why not, Lucy? You know Mr. Sutton was anxious to have every one of his class attend the revival services."

"Oh, yes, he's always preaching. But I had rather have a good time than go to a poky old meeting. When I get older I may

join the church, but at present,—no, thank you. I'm going out sleigh-riding to-night." "Oh, Lucy, put it off just this one night, and go to church. Won't you?" pleaded Lillie.

"Indeed I won't. I'd go sleighing to-night if it took the roof off the old church. I'm in for fun and a good time, I tell you. Come, go with us, Lil."

But Lillie shook her head sadly, and seeing it was no use to urge the wilful girl, said no more, and left her at the corner where her road turned.

That night at church Mr. Sutton offered an earnest prayer that every member of his Sabbath-school class might be brought to Christ before the series of meetings closed.

While he prayed, Lucy Somerville, with a gay party, was flying along the road behind two mettlesome young horses, taking the ride she had vowed she would have in spite of anything. The road crossed the railroad at a short distance from the village, and the shrieking engine dashed by just as they reached the spot; the wild little beasts took fright and ran away, throwing the entire party from the sleigh. Some were slightly hurt, some not at all, but poor Lucy was taken up for dead, and sadly borne back to the home she had left so gaily only an hour ago.

By morning the news had gone all over the town that Lucy would live, but might never walk alone again as a result of that sleigh-ride. Among the friends who called at her home, Mr. Sutton went often, and with kindest words tried to lead the poor child to the Lamb of God. But still Lucy turned a deaf ear.

"No, no! it was cruel in God to let me be hurt so. I cannot love him when I must always be a prisoner in the house, and see other girls run about as I used to. Oh, I can never be happy again!"

"Dear Lucy, I fear you can never be really happy, unless you give your heart to Jesus," said Mr. Sutton.

"I can't; I don't love him," was her only reply.

Her mother and grandmother tried to lead her into peace, but it seemed as if there was no peace for her.

But one morning she awoke with a strange light in her face, and called her mother to her bedside.

"Oh, mamma, it is all right now!" she said, sweetly. "I am willing to bear everything the Saviour sends upon me, for I do love him because he forgives my wickedness. Won't you send for Mr. Sutton? I want to tell him too."

The joyful mother was only too glad to send for the good teacher; and when he came, Lucy raised herself in her chair and cried out: "Oh, be glad with me; for I have found Jesus at last!"

And Mr. Sutton coming to her side, dropped upon his knees, and fervently said: "Let us thank God, for our lamb which was lost is found."

THE only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.

WHAT AND WHERE.

BY ANNA HAMILTON.

MISCHIEVOUS Tommy,
He hears every day
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't,"
And "Tommy, you must;"
And "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust;"
And "Do not go swimming,
Or you will get wet;"
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset;"
And "Do not be wrestling
You'll fracture your bones;"
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones;"
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird;"
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard,"
Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, "Deary me!
What *can* a boy do,
And where *can* a boy be?"

COSTLY JOKE.

OF all forms of practical joking—and there is not one form which is not detestable—that which throws the victim into terror is the meanest. We copy from a daily paper a true incident, suppressing only the names.

While a young lady, nineteen years old, was seated in the parlour of a lady friend in a New York city not long ago, a young man approached her stealthily with a wooden snake, intending to frighten her. The shock was so great that she at once became hysterical, and has since been demented. It is feared that her mind is permanently injured. In her delirium she does nothing but fight off snakes.

THE CHILDREN OF ITALY.

THE children of Italy are generally beautiful and graceful, and have sweet, musical voices. Most of the people are poor, and the children are obliged to work. Some of them who live near the sea gather up sticks and bits of wood and take them into the cities and sell them. Others sell the fish caught by their fathers or elder brothers. They are quite as fond of play as the children of our own land.

FRETTERS.

A LITTLE girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it do so.—Our Little Ones.

HOW TO MAKE UP.

Two little people who couldn't agree
Were having a tiff, and "were mad as
could be;"
They looked at each other in silence
awhile.
Till a sudden glad thought made one of
them smile.

Said she, "Say, you ain't very mad, are
you, Bessie?"
"Well—no—" said the other, "nor you,
are you, Jessie?"
"Then let us make up," little Jessie
suggested.
"Well—you be the one to begin," Bess
requested.

But that didn't suit. So the tiff lingered
still,
While the small-sized disputants were
claiming their will.
When—what do you think brought at
last sunny weather?
Just this: they agreed to begin both
together.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON I. [Oct. 7.

JESUS AT NAZARETH.

Luke 4. 16-30. Memory verses, 16-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

See that ye refuse not him that speak-
eth.—Heb. 12. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Text, v. 16-19.
2. The Sermon, v. 20-27.
3. The Hearers, v. 28-30.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses. Luke 4. 16-30.

Tues. Find the words Jesus read. Isa. 61. 1-3.

Wed. Find five things Isaiah said about Jesus.

Thur. Learn how the people treated Jesus. John 1. 11.

Fri. Learn a solemn warning. Golden Text.

Sat. Find another time when Jesus saved himself. John 8. 59.

Sun. Tell someone the lesson story.

DO YOU KNOW—

To what place did Jesus come? Where did he go on the Sabbath? What is a synagogue like? What is done there? What part of the Bible had the Jews?

Who read the law that Sabbath? Where did he find the lesson? What was it about? What five things did Isaiah say about Jesus? Whom did he say Isaiah meant?

Were the people glad to hear this? Why were they angry? They did not believe

what Jesus said. What did they try to do? Why could they not kill Jesus? Did Jesus stay with them? (Verse 31.)

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus speaks to me to-day. Verse 21.

That he shows me how to spend the Sabbath. Verse 16.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Why does not God take away the wicked at once? He gives sinners time to repent.

What will become of those who do not repent? After death they will be cast out of God's presence forever.

A.D. 27.] LESSON II. [Oct. 14.

THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.—Mark 1. 17.

OUTLINE.

1. Teaching by Word, v. 1-3.
2. Teaching by Work, v. 4-11.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read about Jesus in Capernaum. Luke 4. 31-44.

Tues. Read about the boats full of fishes. Luke 5. 1-11.

Wed. Find why Jesus used a boat for a pulpit. Verse 1.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn why we need help in all we do. John 15. 5.

Sat. Think what it means to "catch men."

Sun. Learn the very wisest thing to do. Verse 11.

DO YOU KNOW—

To what city did Jesus go? Where is it? What did he do there?

Where did he stand one day? How great a crowd was there. Into what did Jesus go? Whose boat was it? What did Jesus ask? What did he do then?

What did he tell Peter to do when he had finished talking? What did Peter say? What did he do? What was the result?

Who owned this boat with Peter? Andrew. Who were their partners? What was done with all the fishes?

What did Peter pray Jesus to do? Why? He was afraid of each power. What did Jesus tell him? What did all the fishermen do?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That Jesus cares about my work? Verse 4.

That he wants me to work for him. Golden Text.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Will all men be judged hereafter? Yes, we must all be judged at the last day.

Who will be the judge of all men? Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, will be the Judge of all men.

HOW DO THEY GROW?

THIS is only a blade of grass.

But how does it grow? Does anyone know?

The seasons come, and the seasons pass,
And with every year the grass we have here,

So green and bright in the sun and rain;
And then it is brown when the sun comes down,

But young and fresh in the spring again.

THIS is only a little girl:

But how does she grow? Does anyone know?

With her hair of gold and her teeth of pearl,

From a baby so wee she will grow to be
A maiden as fair as a blooming rose;

But no one can say, as day follows day,
How a blade of grass or a little girl grows.

THE WOODPECKERS' HOME.

THE birds build many kinds of homes. Some are made of dry grass and straw, lined with hair or wool, or bits of floating down. Some are made of rough sticks, such as you would think could not at all be made into a nest. Some birds lay their eggs on the ground, in hidden places, but making almost no nest at all. Some, like the swallows, make them of soft mud, building them up like the work of a mason wasp. Some make their nests in the ground, delving into sand or clay banks. Some birds find nesting-places in hollows high up in the trees. All the different kinds of woodpeckers build their nests in this way. It is a very safe place for them. Other larger birds, or animals, cannot easily get at them to rob them of their eggs or their dear young babies.

DAISY UNDERSTOOD IT.

"Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?"

"Oh, yes'm," she replied; "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mamma does. Mammies always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they are good. They are real sorry when they are naughty."

Daisy understood. Yes, Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us.

WITTIPLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

A LAUGHABLE little story is told of a woman on the witness-stand in the French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."



A RACE FOR LIFE

A RACE FOR LIFE.

AMONG the Jews were six cities appointed called cities of refuge. If a man should accidentally kill his neighbour, he immediately fled to one of these cities to escape the vengeance of the dead man's friend, or kinsman, who might be moved to kill the manslayer "while his heart is hot." Here the man-slayer shall dwell in safety while awaiting trial; but if he should venture out, and the avenger of the dead man's blood find him, he is at liberty to kill him. Our picture shows how close a race the man who has accidentally killed another has to get within the gate of the city, where he rests in safety till his trial.

WONDERFUL THINGS.

"MARTIN," said a wise grammar-school boy to his little brother of six, "come here and tell me what you have inside of you."

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: you've got a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running down to your very toes and out to your finger-tips."

"I haven't," said Martin, looking at his feet and hands.

"You have, though, and that isn't all: there's a big force-pump in the middle of you, pumping, pumping seventy times a minute all day long, like the great engine I showed you the other day at the locomotive works."

"There is no such thing—"

"But there is, though: and besides all these things, a tree is growing in you, with over two hundred different branches, tied together with so many bands and tough strings."

"That isn't so at all," persisted the little boy, about ready to cry. "I can feel myself all over, and there's no tree nor engine nor anything else, except flesh and blood."

"Oh, that isn't flesh and blood, that's, most of it, water. This is what you are made of: a few gallons of water, a little lime, phosphorus, salt, and some other things thrown in," said his brother.

Tears stood in Martin's eyes, but the

grammar school boy went on. And the worst of it is that there are ever so many million little—but where is Martin?"

The poor little fellow had run away. When his brother found him he was kneeling with his head in his mother's lap, and crying.

"I was only teasing him, mother, and kind o' getting my lesson about the body that we're to have this afternoon. I didn't think it would

worry him so." The big boy kissed his mother and ran away to school, while the little fellow had a talk with mamma about the wonderful things inside of him.

CARLO.

BY ELLA F. M. WILLIAMS.

My friend Carlo was one of the handsomest brown water spaniels I have ever seen. So curly and dainty were the silken ringlets on his long drooping ears, that the children declared that his mistress did them up in curl papers every night.

Full of fun and frolic he would rush out of doors in the coldest winter mornings and bury his head in the big Canadian snowdrifts, going in so far that only the tip of his waving tail could be seen, and then out he would come, with a joyous bark and a vigorous shake, filling all the air with feathery snowflakes.

You will know he was a very wise dog when I tell you he was born near the learned city of Boston and sent to Montreal while yet quite young that he might give the Canadian dogs lessons in English and at the same time perfect the French accent in his own bark.

When the mistress had callers, if they were neatly dressed and spoke in pleasant tones, Carlo always felt it to be his duty and privilege to walk up to them and politely offer his paw for a friendly shake. One summer he was taken back to visit some of his Massachusetts friends for a few weeks. One evening a visitor came in, and being fond of dogs, whistled to Carlo, who at once went over to him in the friendliest possible manner. However, it happened that this visitor had been snoking a cigar before entering the house, and still held the stub in his fingers. To tease the dog he put it near his nose for a moment. Now Carlo had been so well brought up that he had never seen a cigar nor smelled the foul odour of tobacco, and as the sickening fumes reached his nose he did what any good dog would do—put his tail between his legs and, with an indignant growl, ran under the table. Not-

ing could persuade him to leave that place of refuge while the visitor remained, and so long as he stayed in that town, he would bark and growl if the man went past the house. The fact was, he felt that he was too respectable to be so insulted as to be asked to smell of a cigar. How is it with you, boys? Have you as much self-respect as Carlo had, and would you touch what even a dog holds in contempt?—*Young Crusader.*

A CHILD'S FAITH.

COME to mamma, my little one,
What did you learn at church to-day?
I learned if I would confess my sins,
Jesus would take them all away."

"And did you learn anything, mamma?
Of all you heard, what was the best?"
"The sweetest of all were the Master's words,
Let the weary ones come unto me for rest."

"And did you go right away, mamma,
And take the rest he offered you!
Because if you didn't, perhaps he'd think
You didn't believe the words were true."

THE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

WHILE a crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, a crowd of rude boys gathered around him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a voice far above him, said: "Little boy, with the straw hat, look up?" A lady leaning from an upper window said, earnestly: "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that."

As he walked along he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile and her approval; and last, and better than all, he thought of his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." He was a noble boy, and had true courage.

CHILD'S GRAMMAR.

A LITTLE four-year-old daughter of a minister had been to kindergarten for a few months, and had been taught that the word 'a' should be used when speaking of one thing only. So one day she said: "Papa, why do you always say 'Amen' after you pray? You should say 'A man.'"

"WHAT! kiss such a homely man as papa!" said a mother in fun to her little girl. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.