

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

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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.

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

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

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 checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>								

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1897.

[No. 15.]

LIZZIE'S FAITH.

Lizzie's father was a farmer, and her mother a model farmer's wife—busy, active, frugal, and devoutly pious—who taught her little girl from her very infancy to love God and to trust him for everything. This busy wife and mother, with never a moment for idleness, in some way found time to instruct her growing, happy, rosy-cheeked darling in lessons of faith and piety. To the mother's delight, the little one learned rapidly, almost instinctively grasping the truth, and often, without knowing that she did so, taught her mother lessons in this same faith. This she did at one time in a way that her mother will never forget.

The part of the country in which Lizzie's father lived had been visited the past year by a drought, and destitution and suffering prevailed among the people. But the winter was now past—and a hard winter it had been for the people

in this newly settled and drought-stricken country—the spring had come, and with it a fair prospect for a crop, and the farmers were beginning to feel more cheerful, and the children, who had sometimes been sent from the table unsatisfied, were unusually happy because of the approaching harvest, when, as their fathers and mothers said, they should have plenty. However, the time was near at hand when the drought of the past year had set in, and as there had been no rain for several days, the people were beginning to feel some alarm lest they should have a repetition of the past year, for which they were in no sense prepared. The days lengthened into weeks, and no rain. The gates of the sky seemed

to be closed against the people, and they grew more and more alarmed. Lizzie noticed the change in her father's face, and listened attentively to the one topic of conversation in the community—"the drought."

One day the father came in looking more troubled than usual, and the poor wife and mother, knowing too well the cause, and sharing deeply her husband's anxiety, still tried to appear cheery and hopeful. Neither of them supposed that Lizzie, who was then only five years old, realized or even thought of the dreadful situation. The father did not go to his work, but toward the middle of the afternoon asked his wife to walk with him to

the field to look at the corn. Their hearts almost sank within them as they looked at the withered and twisted blades swaying under the hot breath of the wind.

Now the children will want to know about the rain, and that is the most interesting part of my story. There are men and women living to-day who can testify to the fact that from a sky—cloudless on the afternoon of Lizzie's prayer in the corn field—there fell before the following morning a most refreshing rain, and from that time the drought was broken.



the field to look at the corn. Their hearts almost sank within them as they looked at the withered and twisted blades swaying under the hot breath of the wind.

"But little to eat," said the despondent farmer, "and no prospect of making more."

"What is that?" interrupted his wife, "it sounds like Lizzie's voice."

They listened, and clearly but softly, the sweet plaintive tones of their own little Lizzie's voice fell upon their ears. The mother was first to understand, for she had listened to that sweet sound every night since those little lips could first lisp the name of God. Walking a little farther, and looking down the long row of corn, they saw her little form. She was upon her knees, her little hands were clasped, and her face turned toward the clear and seemingly pitiless sky. By her side was a little bucket. She had stolen away from the house with this little bucket full of

THE BEE'S WISDOM.

Said a wondering little maiden
To a bee with honey laden:
"Bee, at all the flowers you work
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my pretty maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden.
"So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

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, 66 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 60
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dow Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50
Berean Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21 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. W. st. and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 17, 1897.

CONNIE'S MORNING PRAYER.

Many boys and girls who are careful to "say their prayers" at night before going to sleep are not so careful to ask God in the morning to guide them through the day. Though they do not all speak out as he did, they are like the boy who wanted God to take care of him in the dark, but thought he could take care of himself in the daytime.

Connie was one of those little girls who had found out that she was always happier through the day when she asked Jesus in the morning to help her do right, and to keep her from doing wrong. One morning she had a fresh trouble to take to God. One of her schoolmates had treated her very unkindly the day before, and how could she ever treat her just as she used to do? She had said the night before, "I'll never speak to her again;" but now there came into her heart the words, "Do good to them that hate you." How could she do good to Jennie Wells after the way she had treated her the day before? She thought she just couldn't; so she told Jesus all about it, and asked him to take

the hate out of her heart and fill it with love. That is what he did. And when she went to school she was ready to treat Jennie as kindly as ever. And Jesus made this very easy for her; for when she came near to the school-yard who should run to meet her but Jennie, who put her arm around her neck and said: "O Connie, I know it was real mean for me to talk the way I did yesterday. Won't you forgive me? I am so sorry I said it." And the two girls were the best of friends from that time.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

A traveller tells of seeing in a street in Egypt a crowd gathering about a man with a large leather bag on his shoulder. He was crying to all who passed by to come and freely drink. Standing beside him was a well-dressed man, who had just paid for his whole store of water, that the poor might drink. Only so could they have had it "without money and without price." Jesus has paid the full price of salvation. He bids us be his heralds, and tell of the precious gift free to all. He is his own almoner. From the hands pierced on Calvary alone can the draught of life be quaffed. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

"LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE."

Sarah Gordon was a dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked little girl, just seven years old, who went with Aunt Lois every Saturday to visit the home on Sunderland Heights. The ward that she loved best was like a big nursery, full of toys and pictures, whose owners tried to be patient in spite of pain and weariness. How the sick children did watch for her coming!

Freddie, the lame boy, thought her dimples the prettiest that he ever had seen; and after her first visit, when she made him laugh by telling a funny story, always called her "Little Miss Sunshine."

"Why do you?" asked the nurse, as she bent over his cot that night.

"O, I can't help it! She is so sweet and good; and when she goes away it's just like shutting the blinds in tight, it seems so dark." And the other children felt in very much the same way, although they did not put it in words.

One Saturday I went to the home. Freddie was looking the picture of woe. His book was upside down, and he didn't even know it. There was such an air of unhappiness about all the little ones that I asked the nurse if they were suffering more.

"No," she said, "it isn't that; but word came to-day that 'Little Miss Sunshine' is sick, and they miss her so."

"What does she do for them?" I asked.

"O miss, I can't exactly tell you what she does. It's just what she is. She never thinks about herself at all, but she trips

about from one cot to the other, always smiling, always having a bright word or a tender caress for each little sufferer; and," she added in a reverent tone, "it is my belief that she treads in the footsteps of One who went about doing good, because she so truly loves him."

Don't you believe that this was the secret?

THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella! He always kept it spread, and, winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain fell on top of the umbrella, which was iron, and all around the boy, which was iron, too.

"O dear," thought the boy, "how I hate this old umbrella! I wish I was the stone general over there in the park. Then, instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hand; and I'd hold it right over the people's heads, as if I was going to fight them all!"

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry. The people in the dusty street looked longingly at the iron boy in his snug little water-house. How they wished they could change places with him!

At last a great drop fell, and then another, and then it seemed that some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home. A schoolboy ran past and looked up at the iron boy. "Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hallo! lend us your parasol!"

"Oh, may I come under your umbrella?" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in her new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger, and dried her blue-and-gold suit.

At last the sun came out again, and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little bow in the fountain. The butterfly said that she must go. "You have saved my life, you kind boy," she said gratefully. "How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless little thing than to flourish a sword like that big stone doll yonder!" And, waving her pretty wing to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the iron boy; and he held the despised umbrella straight and high, as if he was proud of it after all.

"TELL ME."

"O pretty flower! O dainty cup!

Pray tell me all about it!

I want to know

Where flowers go

Through autumn rains and winter's snow,

Till in the spring their heads peep up?"

Said the flower: "I do not doubt it;

You little boys all want to know.

If we should answer all you ask,

'Twould be a dreadful, dreadful task.

We sorely would grow weary;

We'd have no time to bloom and grow.

So run away, my dearie."

THE LATEST JOKE.

We's got the very bestest joke
On little sister May;
She's getting pretty old now,
Was fourteen mor.'s to-day.

It was for supper yesterday
'At we had pumpkin pie.
It was so very nice and yellow,
And tasted good, O my!

But after dark I took her out,
And she began to cry;
I couldn't fink what was the matter,
For all she said was "pie."

But when I looked the way she pointed
I laughed till I did cry,
To fink she only saw the moon,
And fought 'twas pumpkin pie.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON IV. [July 25.]

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memory verses, 24-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth—John 4. 24.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Where did Paul go from Berea?
- What kind of a city was Athens?
- Why was Paul sad when he saw its fine temples and statues?
- Where did Paul preach in Athens?
- What kind of people were the Athenians?
- What did they ask Paul to do?
- Where did they take him to preach?
- What was Mars' Hill sometimes called?
- Areopagus.
- What temple was on Mars' Hill?
- What did Paul preach about?
- What did God send Jesus to do?
- By whom will the world be judged?
- What did some do when they heard Paul?
- What did others say?
- Did any believe in Jesus?

DO I BELIEVE—

- That all I have comes from God?
- That I could not live and move without him?
- That he asks me for my heart now?

LESSON V. [Aug. 1.]

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH.

Acts 18. 1-11. Memory verses 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 3. 11.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Why did not Paul stay long in Athens?
- Where did he go from there?
- What kind of a city was Corinth?
- How was it unlike Athens?
- With whom did Paul stay?
- What was their trade?
- How did Paul know this trade? He was taught it when young.
- What was the Jewish custom? To teach trades to their children.
- What did Aquila and his wife learn from Paul?
- Where did Paul preach every Sabbath?
- Why did he stop preaching in the synagogue?
- In whose house did he preach?
- What helpers came from Macedonia?
- What noble family believed?
- How long did Paul stay in Corinth?
- What comforting promise did God give him?

PAUL WAS AN EXAMPLE—

- In loving, faithful service.
- In patient zeal and industry.
- In willingness to obey God.

THE BEST THING TO DO.

O what sober little faces! Even Dolly, sitting in her chair, has put on a doleful look. Is it cloudy and rainy out-of-doors, so that the little ones cannot go out and play? No; the sun is shining as if it had a smile big enough for all the world. What can be the matter with those two little faces?

Let us hear what Pearl is saying to Patty: "I went into the side porch, and I climbed up to smell mamma's janum (she meant geranium), and it fell down, and the jar broked all to pieces."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Patty. "What did mamma say?"

"I didn't tell her. I runned away. I don't want her to know."

"But she will know soon."

"I guess she'll think that the ice-boy did it, he was coming then."

Patty shook her head gravely. "That's naughty, I know, to let some one else be blaused. Pearl, you ought to go and tell mamma; you ought to go this very, very minute."

"But I don't want to," said Pearl. "I'm afraid that mamma will scold."

"Come," coaxed Patty. She took her sister's hand, and drew her along. Faster and faster they went, until both feet were pattering along on a run.

Do you think that her mamma scolded? No; she said: "My little one, I am glad that you came and told me at once. I hope you both will remember that it is a sin to hide a mischief instead of confessing it, and that it is worse sin to let it be laid on some one else. So, you see, that one wrong may be made into two or three wrongs,

but by telling it you do your best to undo the wrong."

They went around to look at the fallen flower.

"See," said their mamma, "it is very little hurt. If it had lain here in the sun, it would have died; but, now that you have told me so soon, I can plant it in another jar."

So in a few minutes the bush was doing as well as ever, and the little ones ran away with faces full of the morning sunshine.

A FISH THAT BUILDS NESTS.

The cleverest nest-builder in all the seas is the little stickleback, a fish which is found in salt and brackish waters all along our northern coast. There are only a few inches of him in all, but he has a fine, bony armour about his clever brain, and more prickles along his back than an artist can draw in the picture.

Mr. Stickleback is the carpenter of the family. He bites off the stems of grasses and water plants, and weaves them together into a snug little ball or barrel, and cements them firmly in place with a fine cement which nature has provided him with. He leaves two doors, front and back, not only for himself and wives and little ones to pass through, but to admit the running water which the eggs seem to need.

The Mrs. Sticklebacks—for this fish has as many wives as a Turk—come and lay their eggs in the neat little nest. The eggs are larger than most fish-eggs, and one hundred is all the nest can accommodate. After they are laid Mr. Stickleback again takes command, and guards the eggs, and provides food for the small fry until they are strong enough to look out for themselves.

SHE WANTED LOVE.

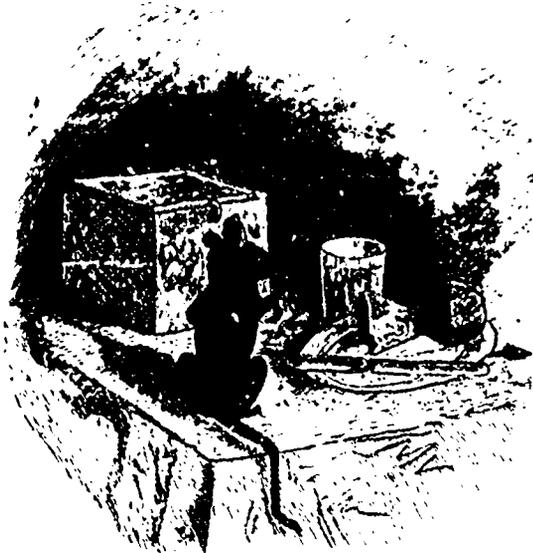
A kind-hearted, sweet-faced woman called one day to see a little maid, whose mother was dead, and who had been placed in the poorhouse. She carried a present with her, but before giving it, she asked, "Now, dear, what would you like best?" The little one looked up wistfully, and then shyly said, "I would like to sit on your knee for a minute, as if I were your little girl."

HE HAS SAID IT TO YOU.

He has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning;
You always believe and obey.

And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven

If one little child shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song



AH!

AH! OH!

Hereby hangs a tale. In the middle of the night, when all the people of the house are fast asleep, any mice there may be in the house are sure to come out to have their game, and to see what they can find to eat. On this particular night some thoughtless person had left out a plate with some remains of good things on it, and one little mouse, bolder than the rest, had smelt the food and managed to climb up onto the table where it was. But besides the plate there was also a "Jack-in-the-box" on the table—one of those spring figures that dart up the moment the lid of the box is opened and the spring given room to act. So our young mouse thought there might be something very good inside this mysterious box and began to gnaw away at the fastening. Suddenly the catch yields, and the lid flies open and the figure springs up with a bang. The poor little mouse is flung backwards and nearly frightened to death. He will probably be more careful in future what he nibbles so rashly, and he will also learn that enough is as good as a feast. So his little adventure will do him more good than harm.

THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKERS.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
 "I wonder if we can break it," said Robbie.
 "No, I don't believe we can," said Katie, "'cause it's iron."
 "Then let's pound it hard."
 Then the hammers flew again. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!
 Their father and mother had gone to town, and Katie and Robbie were left at home to take care of things.
 It was a long way to town, and took all day to go, so the children had been alone all day. They had played with their dolls and other toys, and had fed the chickens, and carried in cobs and wood, and still their father and mother did not come. They went down the lane and into the

road to look for them again and again, but no one was in sight. Then they ran down to the barn to play "blacksmith" with a hammer and a hatchet which they found in the woodshed. In the barn they found a big iron kettle that their father used to cook the little potatoes in to feed the pigs. They turned it upside down, and stood one on each side and pounded on it, as they had seen the men pound on the anvil at the blacksmith's shop on the corner.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! went the little hammers again, and the children laughed and shouted as they tried to see who could make the most noise. They laughed louder than ever when Robbie's hammer went through the kettle and made a big hole. They pounded away until it was broken into bits. By this time they were warm and tired, and sat down to rest. Then they began to wonder what their father would think when he saw that they had broken the kettle. They talked about it awhile, and then what do you think those naughty children did? They gathered up all the pieces of the kettle, and threw them under the barn, away back where no one could see them. Then they put the hammer and the hatchet back in the woodshed, and sat down on the door-step to wait for their father and mother. They did not feel very happy, and it seemed a long time till they came. But when they saw them coming they did not run to meet them as usual. They were very quiet all the evening, and their mother wondered what was the matter, but she said nothing, thinking that they would tell her before they went to bed. Bedtime came, and they knelt at their mother's knee to say their prayers. O, how naughty they felt! but still they did not say a word about what they had done.

Katie lay awake a long time after her mother had gone down-stairs and left them in the dark. She was a brave little girl, and was not afraid of the dark, but to-night she felt as if some one was going to catch her. She was afraid to move.

Soon the wind began to blow. Then the lightning made the room as light as day; and then came the thunder! Presently Katie heard a sob. "O Robbie!" she whispered, "are you awake?"

"Yes! Isn't it awful dark?" answered Robbie, "and the thunder makes such a noise."

"O Robbie! what if the lightning should strike us like it did that tree in the yard last summer?"

"Or if the house should blow over like Uncle John's! O Katie, I'm sorry we hid the kettle under the barn."

"Yes, and that we didn't tell mother about it."

They were both crying by this time. They crept close together, and hid their heads under the covers

to shut out the awful noise, but they could not shut out their guilty feelings.

Presently Katie whispered, "Let's go and tell mother now."

So two little white figures stole out of the bed, and crept down the stairs. They knocked at their mother's door, then crept up to her bed. "What's the matter?" she asked, "are you sick?"

"No," sobbed Robbie, "but we can't sleep because we are so naughty, and it's so dark up there."

Then they told her all about it. Their parents kissed them and forgave them. Then they knelt down by the bed, and asked God to forgive them too. Their mother took them upstairs again, and tucked them in bed, and they were soon sound asleep, even though the thunder was still making a loud noise, for, as Katie said, it was "all quiet inside."

RUNNING AWAY.

Where are you going, my little man?
 Running away just as fast as you can—
 Babies are little, and babies will fall
 If babies run fast when babies are small.

O the world is stormy and rough!
 You'll find it out, dear, soon enough:
 Tender wee feet will be hurt on the road,
 Dear little heart will ache under its load.

Stay at home, darling, the world is so cold;
 'Twill frown on you, baby, because it is old,
 Warm is the home-nest, my brave little
 man;
 Let mother's arms keep you, dear heart,
 while they can.

That is a happy day that is full of good
 deeds.

Jesus left us an example that we should
 walk in his steps.

We truly fear God when we conscientiously
 shun the very appearance of evil
 as well as all wrong.



OH!