

SUNBEAM

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No. 24.

TRYING THE ICE.

These two little girls and their brother have come out to see if the pond will bear.

There, all across the field, you can see their tracks right up to the fence, which they managed to get over, until they reached the ice. And now the little brother is cautiously trying if the ice will bear his weight, and if it is not strong enough his sisters, no doubt, will hold him tight enough to prevent an accident.

JENNIE'S FUNNY SCRAPES.

Jennie Stanton liked hunting for hen's nests in all the nooks and crannies within climbing distance. One particular quest of hers ended in a ludicrous plight.

In her father's barn was a trap-door; beneath the barn was the stable, and under the trap-door the cow was tied.

Our little girl was skipping along, never noticing the door had been left up, when down she fell, right on the cow's neck! The cow jumped and kicked, and Jennie screamed, but held on to the bossie's horns, until her mother ran and took her away, a very frightened little girl.

She was not hurt, but was very careful after that when she went into the barn.

Last summer she was visiting on a farm, where there were nine little pigs. They had a large lot to run in, but by some way crawled through the wall and went into the swamp. Jennie,

with a friend, went out for barberries. They were picking busily when all at once those nine pigs started up from the nest of leaves where they had been asleep.

she found herself stretched on the ground. She had fallen over a stump, her barberries were scattered, and the pigs making the air ring with their retreating cries. She saw them all running away, and then it was time to laugh at how the pigs frightened her.



TRYING THE ICE.

One squealed, and the others joined in the chorus. Jennie added her voice and tried to run, but she was too frightened to realize the cause of the sudden noise; when lo!

anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain.

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house, and asked if she did not wish for some blackberries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady, "how do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right.

He who steals, or does

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain through all bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy days in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

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

"Nothing," said Martin.

"Yes, you have. Listen: You have a whole telegraph stowed away in your body, with wires running 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 is not all. There is 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, a tree is growing in you with over two hundred different branches, tied together with ever 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 or engine or anything else except flesh and blood."

"Oh, that is not flesh and blood; that is, most of it, water. That 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 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 of getting up my lesson that we are to have this afternoon about our body. I did not 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.—*Santa Claus.*

THIRTEEN HAPPY TOTS.

Little Emily was sure she should not like the seashore.

"There won't be any chickens and pigeons, nor cats and kittens, nor a swing under the trees, nor any nice children to play with, but only grown-up folks, who would always be saying 'Hush!' if a little girl should ever find anything to laugh about," she declared; but Dr. Smith said that she must go to the seashore to get well from the long illness she had been suffering from all the spring.

When the coach that met them at the train drew up at the hotel door, the first thing Emily saw was a dear little curly-haired boy.

"There's one child here," she said.

"One!" answered the lady who kept the hotel, laughing; "there are twelve children here. We have called them our dozen. Now that you have come, we shall have to call you all our baker's dozen."

Emily soon became acquainted with the whole twelve, and she thought they were the dearest, prettiest, sweetest little people she had ever seen.

"Let's go to the beach, Emily," said one of the little girls.

"Is it nice there? Aren't you afraid of the water? Is there anything to do?"

"Didn't you ever build a sand fort?" asked a bright boy.

"Or make sand pies and cakes?" asked a gentle girl.

"Or get buried all up 'cept your face in the warm sand?" asked a merry maiden.

"Or find crabs and shells?" asked another boy.

"Or dig for clams?"

"Or go in bathing or wading? or have a picnic on the beach?"

"No, I never did," answered Emily.

"Then come right on down and do 'them all," said the bright boy.

Such fun as those thirteen happy tots had that summer! Emily cried when she had to go away.

"Remember," said mamma, "God turns many of our dreaded trials into blessings. So let us always trust him."

THE SHADOW BOY.

Shadow boy, shadow boy, black as a crow,

Why do you tag me wherever I go?

Still as a mouse you keep gliding away,
Why don't you answer me? Why don't

you play?

Often I've wondered what makes you so shy;

Why you should chase me, but never pass by.

Soon as I stop, you stop following, too;

You won't come nearer, and I can't catch you.

Sometimes when I am at play in the sun,
How I do wish you could talk and liked fun!

You're just the size to be chummy with me.

My! what a gay, jolly pair we could be!

Shadow boy, shadow boy, why won't you play?

Why do you tag me so shyly all day?

Oh, if you only were jolly and stout,
Wore real, squeaky shoes, and could whistle and shout!

—S. S. Visitor.

One can realize the disappointment of the royal children, when, after having succeeded in persuading their grandfather, the King, to leave Portsmouth an hour earlier than was intended, because they "wanted to see mammy," the high waves made it unsafe to take them from the steam-pinnace on board the Ophir. The description of the way they raced about the royal yacht in great glee and excitement, dragging their pretty grandmother by the hand, laughing, and admiring the view of the saluting ships as they left Portsmouth, is so natural and childlike that it appeals strongly to all mothers who read it.

DOLLY-TOWN.

Have you ever been to Dolly-Town—
The sight will do you good.
There the dollies walk,
And the dollies talk,
And they ride about
In a grand turn-out,
With a coachman thin,
Who is made of tin,
And a footman made of wood.

There are very fine houses in Dolly-Town,
Red and green and blue;
And a doctor grand,
Who is at command
Just to mend their toes
And their arms and nose,
When they tumble down
And crack their crown;
His medicine is glue.

But the prettiest sight in Dolly-Town—
That place of great renown—
Is no dolly at all,
Though so neat and small.
If you've time to spare,
Go on tiptoe there;
See the wee, wee girl,
The rose, the pearl,
Who is queen of Dolly-Town!
—Illustrated Home Journal.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON X. [Dec. 8.]

MOSES AND PHARAOH.

Exod. 11. 1-10. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of his presence saved them.—
Isa. 63. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who went to Pharaoh at God's command? Moses. What was he told to ask of him? To let the Israelites go. Why was Moses afraid? Whom did the Lord send as his helper? Aaron. What did the Lord give Moses and Aaron power to perform? Miracles. How did Pharaoh answer their request? What did this show? That he was proud and selfish. How many plagues did God send upon Egypt? Ten. What did Pharaoh still keep? His heart hard. What was God trying to teach Pharaoh? Not to fight against him. What was the last plague? The death of the firstborn. Where did God say they would die? All over the land of Egypt. What did Pharaoh still refuse to do? To obey God. What did his selfishness cause? Great trouble for other people.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find how God strengthened Moses.
Exod. 4. 10-12.

Tues. Read how a proud man talks.
Exod. 5. 2.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. Exod. 11. 1-10.

Thur. Find what Pharaoh did not know.
Prov. 9. 10.

Fri. See what he had to learn. Prov. 16. 5.

Sat. Learn why the plagues did not touch the Israelites. Golden Text.

Sun. Learn and tell what the ten plagues were.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 15.]
THE PASSOVER.

Exod. 12. 3-14. Memory verses, 12-14.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—
1 Cor. 5. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What great feast did the Jews keep? The passover. When was it held? In March. When did this begin? When the Israelites left Egypt. Who told how the feast should be conducted? The Lord, through Moses and Aaron. What must each household do? Kill a lamb. With what were the houses of the Israelites marked? What was done with the flesh of the lamb? How was it eaten? What was to be done in the night? Which houses were passed over? What was the supper that night called? The passover supper. How did the Lord say it should be kept? As a memorial. Who is our Passover Lamb? How are we saved? Through his blood.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Exod. 12. 3-14.

Tues. Find how the Israelites went out.
Exod. 12. 31-39.

Wed. Learn how long the Israelites were in Egypt. Exod. 12. 40-42.

Thur. Read of the passover Jesus ate.
Matt. 26. 18-30.

Fri. Learn who is our Passover. Golden Text.

Sat. Find how we have been redeemed.
1 Pet. 1. 19.

Sun. Find for whom Christ was sacrificed. John. 1. 29.

BLOW IT OPEN.

Baby had fallen down and stubbed her little toes and bumped her little nose, and she felt very much abused, so she did. And she cried. Auntie May couldn't make her stop crying either, which was very dreadful.

Suddenly Auntie May had a bright thought. Sometimes aunties do, though mammas have nearly all of them.

"Oh, baby, see auntie's watch, and hear it go tick-a-tick!"

But baby had seen watches before, and she wanted her own mamma to pet the

little toes and kiss the little nose, and make both well.

"Don't want to hear tick-a-tick!" she screamed. "Want mamma."

"I wonder if mamma's or papa's watch blows open! Mine does. Just you blow it and see."

Baby stopped crying to look at that new sort of watch.

"Come, blow!" coaxed Auntie May.

Baby gave a little blow with her rosebud lips. Ho! Up flew the lid, and baby jumped, then laughed, showing the dear little white teeth.

"Blow again," said auntie, after shutting the lid down, and this time she blew very hard.

Up flew the lid again. And somehow baby forgot all about the stubbed toes and bumped nose, and wanting mamma, all because of the wonderful watch that a little girl could blow open.

When mamma had finished her nap, baby wanted her to see Auntie May's watch, so she blew it open again for mamma.

AS WELL AS HE TREATS ME.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind; I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said that he didn't exactly mean that.

But his father, who had listened, now spoke: "A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy: you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no other boy can drag you down.—Selected.

When you try to help others be sure to do the things which are truly helpful. Some boys and girls are willing to help if they can do that which they like most, but often we do not like best what we do best.

MISSION WORK IN EGYPT.

The following paragraph is from a missionary's letter:

"Last week I drove out into the country, and gathered together a number of peasants—men, women, and children—where I am accustomed to hold weekly meetings in a hut and sometimes in the open air. Several of the women asked me why so many tourists went to see the obelisk (Heliopolis). I asked them what the obelisk was, and they said it was Pharaoh's needle, and that on the death of Pharaoh it rose up out of the earth. This afforded me an opportunity of speaking to them about Joseph, who married Asenath, a native of Heliopolis, formerly called On. When I made mention of the famine, when the seven lean kine ate up the seven fat kine, the woman nearest to me said, 'It is quite true what you say, I remember it; my father had to pay fifty piastres per measure of corn.' 'Oh, you idiot!' exclaimed a man; 'what do you know about it? This happened before the world was created.' This man had some knowledge of the history of Joseph, having heard it read out of the Koran by Mohammedan sheiks. When I had finished my address he said: 'You know the Koran well; you will soon be a Mohammedan.' I replied that I had read all this in the Bible. Whereupon he tried to show that the Koran came down from heaven and existed before the Bible."

The story of Joseph makes Egypt almost a part of the Holy Land to us. It is a curious fact that to-day, among the modern Egyptians and Arabs, as in the days of the blue-eyed Herodotus, twenty-three centuries ago, the Joseph of the Bible is still the god and hero of their idolatry, the great personage of history. If you point to the pyramids and ask, "Who built them?" they answer, "Joseph," and very likely add, as absurdly, that they were the granaries where Joseph garnered the corn for the children of Egypt in the seven years of plenty for the seven years of famine. If you turn to the Sphinx, older than the pyramids, older than history, and ask, "Who carved it?" the unhesitating answer is still, "Joseph." If you ask who built any venerable aqueduct, the answer is, "Joseph." "Who constructed

the highways?" "Joseph." "Who dug any ancient wells?" Still is the reply, "Joseph." Anything, if only the achievement be something grand and great, it will be attributed to Joseph, no matter how absurd the circumstances. Memphis they believe was founded by him, and the canalized branch of the Nile turned by Mena, of immense antiquity, is known as the canal of Joseph.

A MOUSE'S QUEER HAVEN.

One day a tiny white mouse at a museum got out of its cage, and ran along the floor. Some one saw the little creature, and tried to catch it. The mouse looked for a hole into which he could run, and saw what he thought was a nice one. It was the hole in the elephant's trunk, which was trailing on the floor. The elephant became wild at once. He rose



THE GREAT SPHINX AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

on his hind legs, and waved his trunk in the air in the wildest way. He tugged at his chain, and seemed likely to break down the walls of the building. The other animals became very uneasy, and bedlam seemed to have broken loose. Then the mouse jumped out and ran away.—Selected.

The little Indian girl plays with her doll from morning till night, but her brother likes best of all his bow and arrow. He learns to shoot at a target when he is very young. When he is only four years old his father puts him on a horse in a wicker basket something like a cage, to keep him from falling off. After a while the cage is taken away and the little Indian boy is quite a horseman.

A SLUM STORY.

The child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to prison, or had drifted away somewhere. When found by the slum sisters in New York, crouching in the corner of a hallway one chilly night in March, he was but half clad and numbed with exposure to the cold. Taken to the barracks, the waif was washed and dressed in clean clothes, warmed and fed. He was delighted with the attention that he received, and particularly with his garments; so much so that when one of the sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be prematurely deprived of his new apparel. This was very apparent when the sister attempted to teach him the words of the simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Peeping between his fingers, the little fellow lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep,' 'soul to keep,' corrected the sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now, say it from the beginning," urged the worker in the slums. "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures. "Now

I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," he said, making the same mistake as before.

"No, no; that is not right," said the painstaking sister. "You pray to God to take care of your soul, not your clothes; I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them?" replied the lad, to the astonishment of the sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the slum sister. The boy's words revealed the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep" on his lips that he fell asleep.—*New York Evangelist.*