

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

No. 20

## THE TIGER ESCAPED.

Those of our readers who have been through any large collections of wild animals kept alive in cages, can well imagine what a serious thing it is when one of these creatures escapes from his cage. Some of them are very difficult to manage, though as a rule even the fiercest of them get so used to their keeper that they allow him to enter the cage for the purpose of feeding or cleaning out. This does not mean, however, that the natural ferocity of their wild nature is subdued, but only that, being well fed, their hunger for human flesh is not so strongly aroused. Besides this, many men have a strange power over certain wild animals which most men do not possess.

The lions, tigers, panthers, etc., are caught alive in parts of India and then brought over in steamers and put into the great iron cages represented in the picture. On very rare occasions one of these creatures will manage to escape, and then the confusion among the crowd of visitors is terrible indeed. Often the escaped animal will get free into the country, and hiding during the day, will roam about at night, committing great ravages among the farms and outlying villages. In our cut the size of the great tiger is well shown by the cat, which is evidently scared or angry at the intrusion. It is not much bigger than the creature's head alone, though the cat and the tiger are really members of the same class of animals. We hope no lives will be lost, and that the tiger will be safely got back again into his cage.

## IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A number of boys were playing "hide and seek" on the streets of a city. A large joint of sewer pipe lay above ground. One of the little archers was looking for a hiding-place. He came up to the pipe, looked in, and thought a moment. It was dark and deep. "What a splendid place to hide!" he whispered to himself. He tried to drag himself in out of sight. The casement seemed small, but onward he went. The middle was reached. There he lay, still as death. The comrades were



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searching for Johnnie, but the boy could not be found. He thought it time to bestir himself, but in neither direction could he move. He began to yell most lustily.

His companions heard him, but none of them could go in for him. Then they brought a rope, and threw in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



I  
The fearest baby you  
ever did see  
Was little Xantippe Zeno-  
bia Lee  
She calmly stood still,  
without tremor or  
shock,  
When she saw her great-  
grandmother's great  
turkey-cock



II  
When to ruffle his feathers  
the turkey began,  
Do you think that Xan-  
tippe Zenobia ran?  
No! She turned up her  
queer little nose and  
said "Pooh"  
You need n't to think  
that I'm frightened  
of you!"



III  
The turkey swelled bigger,  
his tail feathers spread,  
And he puffed up his  
wings Then he  
waggled his head  
And looked toward the  
baby  
With agonized  
squeals  
Xantippe Zenobia took to  
her heels!



St. Nicholas.

Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom. He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad novels using bad words—get encased in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friends pull you out. Christ alone can help you.—*Bright Jewels.*

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

BY ELLEN LAKE.

King Pharaoh thought there were too many Hebrew people in his country, Egypt, and so he sent his soldiers to kill all the Hebrew babies they could find.

But one Hebrew mother decided to hide her little boy where the soldiers wouldn't see him. She made a small basket of rushes, and covered it with pitch to keep out the water. Then she laid the baby in it, and put the queer little cradle near the edge of the river, where it was hidden by the tall flags that grew there. The baby's big sister, Miriam, hid near by in the flags, to see that no harm came to him.

After a while, King Pharaoh's daughter came, with her maids to go in bathing. They all walked along the water's edge. Sad lenly, as the princess pushed the flags aside, what did she see but the cradle!

"Bring it to me," she said to one of her servants.

When the maid brought it, the child looked up and began to cry. Right

his own mother. When he was bigger, she brought him to the palace, to Pharaoh's daughter, who took him to be her little boy. She named him "Moses," which means "drawn out" "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water." That is how God preserved the dear little baby who some day was to become the leader of his chosen people.

UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and it belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now, this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night.

"On the oven door?" asked Charlie seriously.

"Oh no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been

away Pharaoh's daughter felt sorry for the poor little baby.

"It must be one of the Hebrew's children," she said.

Now the big sister, Miriam, had been peeping between the flags, and when she saw that the princess was kind to the baby she came up.

"Shall I go call a Hebrew woman to take care of the child for you?" she asked.

Pharaoh's daughter said, "Go."

Then what did Miriam do but go and bring her own mother?

To her the king's daughter said, "Take this baby and care for it, and I will pay you."

So the baby

went home to his own mother. When he was bigger, she brought him to the palace, to Pharaoh's daughter, who took him to be her little boy. She named him "Moses," which means "drawn out" "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water." That is how God preserved the dear little baby who some day was to become the leader of his chosen people.

open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. "Where's kitty?" she asked. The cook dropped a pan. "Goodness gracious!" she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—

"Was all burnt up!" cried Mary, with tears in eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Hal," exclaimed Charlie. "The poor little thing," wailed Edna.

Uncle Hal looked gravely around the circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that the poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"Oh!" cried all the children in chorus and then laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.—*Youth's Companion.*

A SONG OF THE CLOTHES-PINS.

BY MARY WHITE.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,  
Out upon the line,  
Holding fast the flapping clothes  
In the bright sunshine!

Heads together nodding,  
Eager every face,  
Whispering, while slender feet  
Hold the clothes in place.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,  
Dropping one by one  
In the clothes-pin basket  
When their work is done.

Do you think, when Mary  
Drops them there, they stay  
Dozing in the basket  
Till next washing day?

Sing a song of clothes-pins  
Standing stiff and straight;  
While we make their wigs and gowns,  
They can hardly wait!

Then we play the whole week through—  
Theatre, dinner, ball,  
Going to wooden weddings  
Is the greatest fun of all!

Sing a song of clothes-pins  
Monday morn asleep;  
Not because they're stupid—  
'Tis the hours they keep.

Wake them, gently whispering;  
Soon upon the line,  
See, they hold the clothes again  
In the bright sunshine!

There are light and cheer in the darkest passages of life when God walks hand in hand with us there.

"THE DAISY."

Bright little Daisy,  
With petals so white;  
What do you do,  
When the dark comes at night?

I fold up my petals,  
And bend low my head,  
And to the Good Father  
My thank-yous are said.

I thank Him for dew drop,  
I thank Him for rain,  
And the dear little sunbeams  
That wake me again.

And all the day long,  
His praises I tell,  
Who doth for the daisy  
Do all wise and well.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 7.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Mark 12. 28-34, 38-44. Mem. verses, 30, 31

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with  
all thy heart.—Mark 12. 30.

LESSON STORY.

Isn't it a beautiful thought to know  
that God knows our thoughts and actions  
and judges them rightly even though those  
in this world cannot always do so.

One day Jesus watched the people as  
they put money in the church's treasure-  
box. He noticed many rich people dropping  
in big coins, but also He saw a poor widow  
slip up and quietly drop in the smallest  
coin made. It amounted to very little,  
just half a cent.

But Jesus read her heart and knew the  
love and the sacrifice that went with it.  
So He said that she had given more than  
all, for love had gone with the offering.

The same day Jesus gave two great  
commandments, that we must love God  
with all our powers and our neighbour as  
ourselves.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did Jesus say was the first com-  
mandment? To love God.
2. What is the second? To love our  
neighbour.
3. How are we to love our neighbour? As  
ourselves.
4. How do we show sometimes that we  
love ourselves more than our neighbour?  
By being selfish.
5. What did the rich people put in the  
church's box? Large coin.
6. What did the poor widow put in?  
Two mites.

7. Which offering was most pleasing to  
God? The widow's.

8. Why? Because hers was a sacrifice  
of love.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 14.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25. 1-13. Mem. verses, 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither  
the day nor the hour wherein the Son  
of man cometh.—Matt. 25. 13.

LESSON STORY.

This parable teaches the important  
lesson of getting ready for the Lord's  
coming. It tells of ten maidens who  
wanted to go to a marriage feast. Five  
had wisely taken oil with them in their  
lamps, but five had foolishly neglected  
to do so. When they went to buy oil  
the bridegroom came. They that were  
ready went into the marriage and the  
door was shut. Then came the foolish  
ones, but alas! it was too late. They  
could not get in.

At an hour that we know not, so  
also will come the Son of God at the  
Judgment day, and only those who are  
prepared and ready can go into the  
heavenly kingdom.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. What did the wise virgins do?  
They took oil with them.
2. What did the foolish do? They ne-  
glected to take oil.
3. What did they have to do? Go  
and buy some.
4. What happened when they were  
away? The bridegroom came.
5. Who went in with him to the mar-  
riage? Those who were ready.
6. What did the foolish then do?  
They tried to get in, but the door was  
shut.
7. Who is the bridegroom like? The  
Son of God.
8. Do we know when He will come?  
No.
9. What must we be sure to do? Be  
ready and waiting.

HOW JOHNNY BURNED HIMSELF.

Johnny saw the pretty, soft steam  
puffing out of the kettle. His mother  
said: "Johnny, take care, or you'll  
burn your fingers, dear!"  
"The steam can't burn!" cried wise  
Johnny. "Only fire burnth."  
"You must not try it; it will burn  
you."

"O dear!" cried Johnny. "Why  
can't I have my own way thome-  
timeth? When I'm a big man, I mean  
to thhand and poke my finger in the  
teakettle all day, thome time, and have  
my own wav, and—"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he  
was a big man. A scream of pain told  
that he had had his own way already.  
The little white fingers were sadly  
burned, and Johnny screamed and  
jumped so that his mother could  
hardly hold him.

Take care, young folks, how you take  
your own way. There are worse foes in  
the world than Johnny's steam.

FRONT WINDOWS.

Some one had given little Grace a  
cluster of blossoms, the first fragrant  
treasure of the springtime, and the child  
was brimming over with delight. She  
carried the slender glass about with  
her for a time, unwilling to part with  
it, but a little later it was discovered  
standing on a window sill.

"Why don't you put your vase on  
the table, Grace?" some one asked.  
"Why do you keep it down there?"

"So all the people who go by can  
see my flowers," answered the child,  
lifting a radiant little face to the ques-  
tioner. "It's all cold and blowy out  
in the streets; don't you guess it will  
make folks feel gladder when they see  
my flowers?"

The blossoms held a promise of com-  
ing summer that might cheer those  
who walked the dreary street, and she  
was placing all the brightness she had  
to offer where the greatest number  
could share it.—Sunday School Visi-  
tor.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

In Boston there lives a remarkable  
dog named Nero. His master believes  
that he can understand every word  
that is spoken to him. Not long ago  
Nero went into a lumber yard where he  
was not known, and, limping up to one  
of the workmen, held up one of his  
paws. As Nero is neither handsome or  
gentle in appearance, the man ordered  
him out. Nero walked as far as the  
door, turned around, came back, and  
again held up his foot. The man stop-  
ped his work, and, taking hold of the  
paw, found a safety-pin stuck deep in  
the flesh. He took the pin out, while  
Nero winced at the pain, but stood still  
all the while. When the operation was  
over, Nero licked his paw and then  
licked the man's hand, and tried to  
show his thankfulness as plainly as a  
dog could.

A TREE THAT GETS ANGRY.

In Australia is a species of acacia  
known as the "Angry Tree." It reaches  
the height of ninety feet, after a rapid  
growth, and in outward appearance  
somewhat resembles a gigantic century  
plant. When the sun sets, the leaves  
fold up, and the tender twigs coil  
tightly, and, if the shoots are handled,  
the leaves rustle and move uneasily for  
a time. If this queer plant is removed  
from one soil to another, it seems an-  
gry and the leaves stand out in all di-  
rections. A pungent and sickening  
odor, and to resemble that given off by  
rattlesnakes when annoyed, fills the  
air, and it is only after an hour or so  
that the leaves fold in the natural way.  
—The Boys' World.





A PATIENT MOTHER.

## PATIENT MOTHER.

We wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing? Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she, of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

## LATIN OR ROMAN?

"Charley," asked little Lotty the other day, when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley, grandly; "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed. Soon she looked up from her dolly again: "Charley, I should think they would 'a' spoken Roman in Rome. Why didn't they?"

"Because they didn't want to," answered Charley.

"Oh! But—Charley!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was what, little chatter-box?"

"Why, Lat, where they talked Latin."

"Oh, go downstairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the puzzled young gentleman. "Don't you see I'm trying to study my lesson? Run down and play with Jenny."

Lotty went, like a dutiful little sister. But that evening Master Charles, who had had a talk with his teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lotty quickly.

"Yes, I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes; so I did."

"Well, Lotty, it was originally spoken by the Latins, a people of ancient Latium, in Italy, and afterward introduced into the Roman Empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good-night.

Noble Charles! Well, both of them had learned something that day, so there was no harm done; but the teacher did not know that it was Lotty's inquiring young mind he was admiring when he patted Master Charley's head.—St. Nicholas.

## LUCY'S DEFECT.

She is not blind,—she is not deaf,—

She's straight, and strong, and pretty,

We think her so;—we know her mind

Is clear, and quick, and witty.

And Lucy is a pleasant child;

Her grandmamma says of her,

"In warp or woof you'll not a trace  
Of selfishness discover."

Of gifts and graces Lucy has

A goodly share conceded,

Yet something is amiss: her friends

All see how much 'tis needed.

Grandpa allows she's true and good,

And owns he loves her dearly;

And were it not for this defect

He'd think her perfect,—nearly.

With face or form, with head or heart,

There isn't much the matter:

But Lucy's ever busy tongue

Will chatter, chatter, chatter.

Her brother Bert, this very day,

With a boy's bluntness told her,

My little sis, the thing you lack

Is just a good tongue-holder."

## THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

To the poor wanderer upon the snowy moor, how welcome is the light which leads him at last to his own cottage door. The Editor of the "Happy Days" was once lost on the ice, on Rice Lake, a mile from shore. His horse broke through the ice, and in the rain and fog he could not tell where the landing was. At last he caught a gleam of light in a window, and keeping it in view, got safe to shore, and got help to rescue his poor and drowning horse. Let us keep a light in the window of our lives, by shining deeds of love that may lead others to home and happiness, and heaven. "Let your light so shine before men," says the Saviour, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

## A WEARY LITTLE MONKEY.

Poor little monkeys! They get hungry and tired and sleepy just like children. Here is a story of one who lives in Buffalo. He belongs to an organ grinder who stopped in front of a veranda where a kind-hearted gentleman sat. When he came up and held out his little cap for a bit of money, the gentleman, who is very fond of animals, gave him a red-cheeked apple. The monkey jumped upon his lap and ate the apple, and after every bite he fixed his bright eyes on the face of his new friend. He must have made up his mind that he could trust him, for, as he finished the apple, he laid his head against the gentleman's arm and fell asleep. The kind friend of animals paid the organ grinder to play a long time, so that the tired little monkey could have his nap. When he awoke, his master pulled the chain, and he followed the organ again, much brighter and happier for the kindness that had been shown him.—Picture Lesson Paper.