

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

No. 23.



A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SOMETHING NEW.

▲ showman to the jungle went,  
And caught a fierce young gnu.  
Said he: "I'll teach him to perform,  
And sell him to the Zoo."

This man was very much surprised,  
And quite delighted too;  
For, lo! each quick and novel trick  
The new gnu knew.

—St. Nicholas.

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

HE SEES.

A little girl came to ask her pastor about becoming a church member. She had been living as a Christian for nine months, had been well taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor said: "Nellie, does your father think that you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"He sees that I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"He sees that I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees that you are a Christian?"

"I know that he does; he can't help it."

She was sure her father knew that she was a Christian, because he could not help seeing it in her life.—Westminster Quarterly.

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

"For one, I don't believe in dreams," said Alice. "If I did I should be dreadfully frightened, for I had such a terrible dream last night. I thought I was in a deep wood, and a great black snake came out and dragged me off to his cave under the ground."

"Just then I woke up. Some people would be scared, but not I, 'cause I don't believe in dreams."

"I don't either," said little Jean, "but if I did I'd expect something fine to happen, I had such a lovely dream last night. I thought I was in a beautiful meadow, full of flowers, and birds singing all about. A sparkling little brook ran through it, and a tiny boat came up, rowed by the loveliest lady I ever saw. I got in, and we floated down the stream—till—mother called me to get up."

Mother had been listening to the girls' dreams. "Do you remember, little ones," she said, "that God once talked to people through their dreams? He doesn't talk to us now in just the same way, and yet I think dreams have their meaning. Alice, when I heard your dream, I thought of the party you went to last night. You had a big supper, and you came home late, too late to say your little prayer."

"I rather think the bad dream was sent as a warning, and so it had a real meaning. Jean went to bed at the right hour for little girls, and she went with a laugh and a song, and she remembered her prayer. No wonder her dreams were sweet—I think it must have meant a blessing on my little girl."

Alice looked at Jean, "I think, mother, I do believe in dreams," she said, "I believe God still talks to us when we are asleep—and I think it means something too."

MAMMA'S LITTLE SUNSHINE.

When Dorothy came home from school, mamma was leaning back in the armchair, looking very tired, almost sad. She had been thinking some thoughts that made her head ache; I might almost say that made her heart ache too. Her little daughter had left home that day after dinner acting a little naughty. When she could not have her own way, she sometimes got cross and said very angry words; and she was beginning to talk that way when she started for school. This spoiled mamma's whole afternoon. She said to herself: "What if my little girl, whom I love so dearly, and for whom I am doing so much, should stop loving me and trying to do the things that please me?"

This would be the saddest thing that could happen to her, and the very thought of it made her heart ache. But when Dorothy came home from school she saw her mamma looking so sad, and she ran to her, threw her arms around her neck, and

said: "O mamma dear, I do love you so! And won't you please excuse me for being to naughty before I went to school?"

"Yes, my dear, I will excuse you. You have done me so much good just now, for I was feeling very sad when you came home; but you have driven away the soreness from my heart, and you and I will be the best and dearest of friends. Won't we, Dorothy?"

And Dorothy smiled sweetly, and gave her mamma one more kiss to show her how much she loved her, and that she meant to be her good, obedient child.—*Olive Plants.*

A MEMORY OF THE NILE.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

Dark-eyed daughter of the Nile,  
Still 'a dreams I see thee stand  
With the river at thy feet  
And the green of growing wheat  
Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,  
Pictured clear before my eyes,  
I can see the changing shore  
And the storied stream once more,  
Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,  
Tomb and tower and town pass by,  
Golden glow on distant roofs,  
Weary call from far shadoofs  
Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,  
Standing where the rippling waves  
Sing their ceaseless lullaby  
To the hallowed shores where lie  
The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,  
Fain thy future to forecast,  
What to thee the gathered glooms  
Round the old world's rock-hewn tombs,  
Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read  
In thy calm, expectant smile,  
In the sweet hope of thine eyes,  
Luminous as midnight skies  
Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,  
Goddess-like, on Time's worn strand,  
Full of promise fresh and sweet,  
Ev'n as living grains of wheat  
Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,  
Good from seeming ill shall spring;  
Crumbled kingdoms of to-day  
Shall to-morrow pave the way  
For the coming of the King.

There is nothing more foolish than trying to live a religious life without any religion.

The story, so much  
If you had  
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No need of  
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Just what  
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The pail that  
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FOU

STUDIES I

WORLD'S

Isa. 28. 1-7.

They also  
Isa. 28. 7.

QUEST

What was  
it? It was a  
give the first  
food and drink  
both? The g  
the grape?  
drink. What  
poison is form  
Alcohol. Wh  
it? After sin  
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V at does he  
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W at did he  
from the Lord  
cure this sin  
How should it  
. . . here

Mon. Read t  
Tues. Read a  
Gen.  
Wed. Find w  
Thur. Read  
Gal.

JIM AND ME.

The story, sir? why, really, I haven't much to say:  
If you had called one year ago, and then again to-day,  
No need of any word to tell, for your own eyes could see  
Just what the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

The pail that holds the milk, sir, we used to fill with beer,  
But we haven't spent a cent for drink for now nearly a year.  
We pay our debts, we're well and strong, and kind as men can be,  
That's what God and the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

We used to sneak along the street, feeling so mean and low—  
We always felt ashamed to meet the friends we used to know.  
We look the world now in the face, and step off bold and free;  
That's what God and the Temperance Pledge has done for Jim and me.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 23.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Isa. 28. 1-7. Memorize verse 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They also have erred through wine.—  
Isa. 28. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was our world when God made it? It was a good world. What did he give the first people? All good things for food and drink. What fruit was good for both? The grape. What is the juice of the grape? A pleasant and healthful drink. What happens when it decays? A poison is formed in it. What is it called? Alcohol. When did people find out about it? After sin came into the world. Who wrote about the drunkards? Isaiah. What does he mean by saying "Woe" to them? That they were to have sorrow. What did he say was coming? A storm from the Lord. What did he think might cure this sin? The word of the Lord. How should it be given? "A little on line . . . here a little and there a little."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 28. 1-7.  
Tues. Read about the garden God planted. Gen. 2. 8-15.  
Wed. Find what sin did. Gen. 3. 17, 18.  
Thur. Read what comes of a pure life. Gal. 5. 22, 23.

Fri. Read what sin brings. Gal. 5. 19-21.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. See what God thinks about drunkards. 1 Cor. 6. 10.

LESSON IX. [Nov. 30.]

GIDEON AND THE THREE HUNDRED.

Judg. 7. 1-8. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.—Psa. 118. 8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Why was Israel so often in trouble? Because of idolatry. What heathen people now distressed them? The Midianites. What did Israel do? Cried to the Lord. Whom did he send them? Gideon. Did Gideon think himself strong? No. Whose commands did he follow? The Lord's word. What did he first do? He destroyed the altar of Baal and built an altar to the Lord. How large an army did he gather? Thirty-two thousand men. How many did he finally use? Three hundred. How were they chosen? By the way they drank water. What did each soldier carry to battle? A trumpet, and a lamp in a pitcher. What happened when the trumpets sounded? Each man broke his pitcher. What did he cry? "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" What frightened the enemy away? The sudden light and noise. Who really fought for Israel? The Lord.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find what troubled Gideon. Judg. 6. 13.

Tues. Learn what the Lord said to him. Judg. 6. 14-16.

Wed. Find how Gideon proved the people. Judg. 7. 2-6.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. Judg. 7. 1-8.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn a good thing for us to say. Josh. 24. 24.

Sun. Tell some one the story of Gideon.

THE CHEERING WORD.

Little Charley was the dull boy of his school. All the rest either laughed at him or pitied him. Even his master sometimes made fun of him. He became sullen and indifferent, and took no pains to get on.

One day a gentleman who was visiting the school looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write. There was a general burst of amusement at poor Charley's efforts. He coloured, but was silent. "Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman cheerily; "don't be discouraged. Just do your very best, and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write, being quite as awkward as you are; but I kept on, and now look here." He took a pen and wrote

his name on a piece of paper in good plain writing. "See what I can do now!" he added.

Many years afterwards that gentleman met Charley again. He had turned out to be one of the most celebrated men of his day; and he told him that he owed his success in life, under God's blessing, to his encouraging words.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES.

Gracie was ill, so ill that the doctor shook his head and looked serious; and Winnie, her little twin sister, was broken-hearted. Added to this, Gracie's widowed mother was too poor to buy the nourishing food which the doctor said was a necessity to the little sick maid.

"Is there anything that I can do for you, Gracie dear?" asked Winnie, half in tears, one morning when her little sister was at her worst.

"Yes," came the faint answer, "get me some primroses; that's all I want."

It was early in the spring, and therefore primroses were growing only in sheltered corners; but Winnie made up her mind to fulfil her dearly loved little sister's wish.

"Dear God," said Winnie in her heart as she made her way down the village street, "give me some primroses for Gracie, and make her well again, please—very soon."

With longing eyes, about ten minutes later, a little girl was peeping into a beautiful garden wherein primroses were growing in sweet abundance.

"Run away, little girl," said a voice close by; and Winnie, looking up, beheld a white-haired gentleman, with rather a stern face, who regarded her as an intruder.

But longing made Winnie bold. "O please," she said, a sudden rush of tears dimming her eyes, "could you spare me a little bunch of primroses?"

Something in the child's sweet face attracted the owner of the garden, whereupon he asked her a few questions. Winnie then told her story so artlessly that the gentleman's heart was touched. "What made you think of asking God for the primroses, child?" said he.

"Because he made them, sir, and because he can do everything."

This reply came with great power to the old man, and for a few moments he was silent; then he turned away and picked her a bunch of the sweet blossoms.

Winnie, although she knew it not, had won a true friend; for the gentleman accompanied her to her home, and gave the widowed mother such aid that she was enabled to procure everything that Gracie needed. Then dawned brighter days, for with the coming of the primroses health returned to the little sick lassie. Thus was Winnie's prayer answered.

## THE RED NOSE.

Do you see this red nose? Yes, I see it. One would be blind, of a truth, if he did not see so Plain a Thing. For it is Plain, is it not? It is Big and Red and out of Shape. Was the Man Born with such a Nose as this? No, my dear. As a Child he was fair and had a cute, wee Nose. This is of his own make. It is, as one may say, a Work of Art. It took him quite a long time to make it, and cost him much. I do not think it was worth the Price. But why did the Man spoil a good Nose, and get this vile one in its stead? He was fond of his Glass, you see. This Nose is the ripe Fruit of a course of Drink. And this is but one of the ills Drink does to a Man in his Face and Form. It makes a vast change for the Worse in the Man from Head to Foot, so that what was



once a fine straight Form gets to be Bent and Weak, or else Fat and Gross.

## THE CHILD AND THE MAN.

Here, to make it more Plain, we have the Child and the Man. You see what a change there is. The Child is fair of Face, and seems to be full of Joy and Hope, but the Face of the Man is sad, and bears the mark of an ill-spent Life. Had the Child been wise and kept clear of Strong Drink, he would have been as fair in his Old Age as in his Youth. His Face might have been Pale, with lines of Care in it, and his Hair as White as Snow, but still he would have had a look



of Sweet Calm. The Gray Hair of the Just is a Crown of Life. But Drink mars all. This youth went wrong and got a taste for Rum, and this is what he came to. Is it not a sad Wreck of a fair



start? But this is not the worst of Drink's work. It ruins the Soul as well as the Body.—From the "Gin Mill Primer," by J. W. Bengough. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

## A QUEER LITTLE INSECT.

There is an insect that greatly resembles a grasshopper, the chief difference being that it has a very long neck, while the latter has a short stubby one. This other insect has two claw-like feet, very much like a crab's, only smaller, which it doubles up in front of itself, just like some people do their hands in prayer. For this reason it is called the praying mantis.

Should you see one lying on a leaf you would surely think that it must be a very good insect to stay there so long and so quiet with its arms folded in such a suppliant manner, but if the truth were known it is only waiting until some poor little fly or bug alights on the leaf near it, when the mantis will snatch it with those two strong front feet and make a quick meal of it.

The praying mantis is greatly feared by other insects, but it is so very sly and quick that it catches many of them.

## STINGY JIMMY.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny or a bite of apple or a piece of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry that he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and to think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The hoop was sent off.

"How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as

I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure that I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

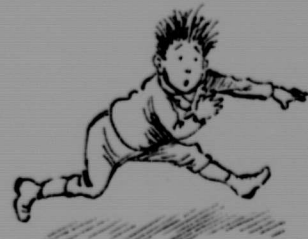
Then he gave away his kite, and thought that he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know that I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad that I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Selected.



## THE MARK ON THE DOOR.

Why do these Folks take fright and run in this way? What do they fear? I see no cause for them to show so much dread. Ah, my Child, you must look once more. Do you not see the Mark on that Door in the shape of a Cross? Yes, I see it; but I see no cause to fear that. Do you not? Then you do not know that it means Small-pox. There is some one in this House who is sick with that Scourge, and these Folks know it means Death, and so they think it well to keep out of the way, lest they catch the ill just by a touch, or from the air near the house. Oh, in that case I do not blame



them. They do well to run. I would run, too, if I were in a place where small-pox was known to lurk.—Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."