

# SUNBEAM

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## DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

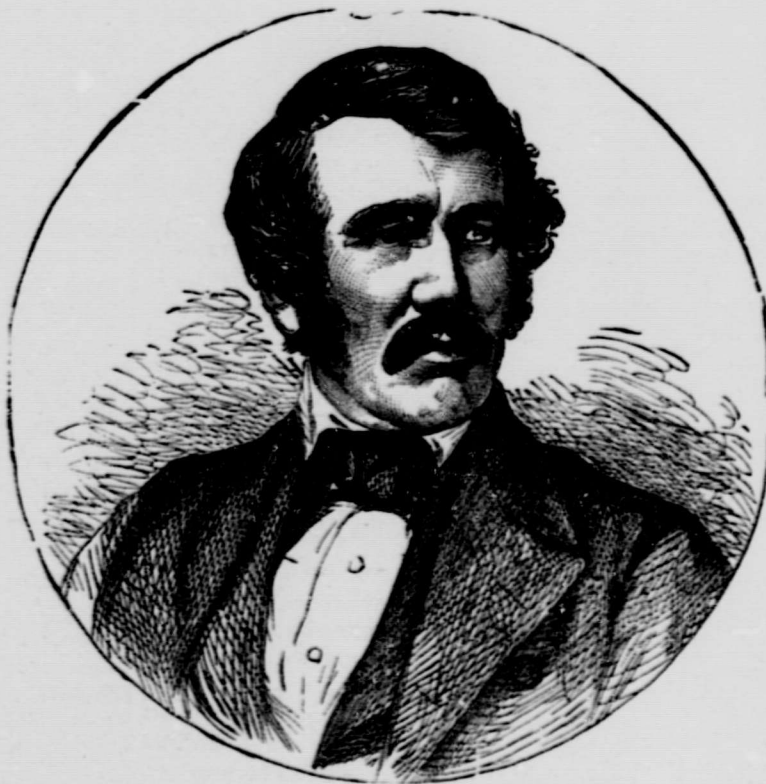
Born in 1813, David Livingstone was entered, at the age of ten, as a "piecer" in the Blantyre Cotton Works, that overlooked the Clyde a little way above Glasgow. His first week's wages bought a Latin grammar, and by patient plodding at home, meagre instructions at a night school, and even amid the whirl of the machinery, resting his book on a portion of the "spinning jenny," he managed to gain quite a knowledge of the classics, and a rude mixture of science and travel that was afterwards very much added to by attendance during the winters at Glasgow University.

Quite early he had determined to go, when old enough, as a missionary to China, studying hardest at medicine that he might heal the bodies of the people and thus win their confidence—an important aid to soul-healing. He offered his services, late in September, 1838, to the London Missionary Society, and was sent by them to their Training College, at Chipping Ongar, Essex. After some two years in the school, he was judged fit to enter upon active work among those of God's creatures who dwell in the night of heathen darkness. After three months' sea-voyage, he found himself at Cape Town, South Africa. His marriage was celebrated in 1844, when he took his bride out among the Bakwains, with whom he laboured, reaping much good and sowing far more, until 1849. During this time he had vanquished the "rain doctors," won over many of the people, and so thoroughly converted the chief, Sechele, that he learned to read the Scriptures and sent away all his unlawful wives. But finding his work here practically paralyzed by aggressions of the slave-trading Dutch Boers, he resolved to cross the great Kalahari desert and penetrate the unknown regions beyond, virgin to civilized foot.

The slave trade had been choked to

death under the knee of Magna Charta Englishmen; the rum traffic—the more insidious devil of the two—is still pushing its deadly tentacles into the very heart of poor Africa, tearing the Bible from before hopeful eyes to thrust in the rum bottle, closing for ever all avenues against the missionary and the Christian.

At Loanda the slave trade and Portuguese inaction very effectually forbid him the broad avenue for which he sought the sea, so he passes with a little company down the Zambesi to the great Falls, and



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

on through marshes and over vast plains; now bribing the hostile natives, made wickedly cunning by the demoralizing slave trade, again subduing another tribe by a display of force. He reaches the ocean, recruits awhile at Mauritius, and on the 12th of December, 1856—just in time for Christmas—he steps from the deck of the steamer "Canada" on to English soil.

For some eighteen months he remains in England. "Resting," my reader suggests. Not a bit of it—that would not be

Livingstone—but labouring hard with tongue and pen that he might tell the philanthropic world some little of the many needs of the dark and darkened millions in the heart of Africa. Livingstone discovered an immense inland sea, Lake Nyassa. Then he hurried down to the coast to meet the new boat, the "Pioneer," that carried the ill-fated Bishop Mackenzie and his party. After several attempts to explore the Zambesi and its branches, during which the terrible African fever had left Livingstone almost companionless,

he went, tired and weak, down again to the coast. Here he was joined by his beloved wife and several ladies, meant for the fever-slain Bishop Mackenzie's missions, and by a new iron vessel for his exploration. This, however, was soon sadly shortened by the death of her, under the scorching heat of an African fever, who had joined her life with his away back at Kuruman: and it had rippled on by his side a refreshing, heartening rill, all across the dry desert where his path of duty lay.

Paying a short visit to England in 1864, Livingstone soon hurried to Africa, where he organized a party, by virtue of his power as a British Consul, and again plunged into the continent where he had spent his life. Before long some of the men who accompanied him appear at the coast and elicit

to have seen the great explorer killed during an attack from hostile natives. This canard, after causing great uneasiness, is exploded by a bold expedition, headed by Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion. However, as the years wear on and little or no word comes, England gets uneasy about her hero, and fits out an expedition, much in the spirit of Miss Florence Nightingale, who wrote: "If it cost ten thousand pounds to send him a pair of boots we should send it." But our readers know that the plucky American,

Stanley, got there first; and then came away again, leaving the man, upon whose conscience Africa seemed to rest, plodding on at his great work.

It seems hardly needful to say of Livingstone that he died in harness; he had no time to stop work, no leisure to die. Just a year after Stanley groped his way out to the coast with tidings of a found Livingstone, the great missionary-explorer lay in a low, thatched hut at Kabenda, tended only by his faithful Makolole boys, preparing to start on another voyage to an undiscovered country, not dark with error and superstition and crime, but bright with the effulgence from the Great White Throne.

After death, the attendants removed the heart, according to an African fashion, buried it in the soil that, living, it loved so faithfully. Then carefully drying the body, they wrapped it in barks and carried it, with much labour and hardship, two hundred miles, to Zanzibar. Crossing the ocean, this mortal remnant of the good missionary, the great explorer, the giant soul, was greeted by sorrowing hearts at Southampton, and laid away, amid the grieving tears and the prouder memories of a world, in that hallowed mausoleum of Britain's mighty dead—Westminster Abbey.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 14, 1903.

### WHAT KIND OF PENNY ARE YOU GIVING?

A boy who had a pocketful of coppers dropped one in the missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was not his penny light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, looking around to see if any one was praising him. His was a brass penny.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because all others do." That was an iron penny, the gift of a selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box he shed a tear, and his heart said, "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor and ignorant."

This was a silver penny—the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying, "For thy sake, Lord Jesus! Oh, that the heathen may hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*Selected.*

### A PUNCTUAL BIRD.

What tempts the little humming-bird that we see in our gardens to travel every spring from near the equator to as far north as the Arctic Circle, leaving behind him, as he does for a season, many tropical delights? He is the only one of many humming-birds that pluckily leaves the land of gaily coloured birds to go into voluntary exile in the North east of the Mississippi. How it stirs the imagination to picture the solitary, tiny migrant, a mere atom of bird life, moving above the range of human sight through the vast dome of the sky! Borne swiftly onward by rapidly vibrating little wings, he covers the thousands of miles between his winter home and his summer one by easy stages, and arrives at his chosen destination, weather permitting, at approximately the same date year after year.—*Country Life in America.*

### WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

"Mother, I wish you would call baby in; he is so cross that we cannot play," cried Robert to his mother one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

"I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mother, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head." Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mother. Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There! you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not quite like to do this, but he did it, and the baby kissed and hugged him very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother. "You can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother. But you must teach him yourself."—*Our Little Dots.*

### HE GIVETH SLEEP.

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull tells of a little boy in a trundle-bed who never went to sleep in the dark without asking, "Papa, are you there?"

"Yes, my son."

"Will you take care of me to-night?"

"Yes, my son."

And then he would turn over and go to sleep.

"That little boy," says Dr. Trumbull, "is now an old man of sixty-seven, but he never goes to sleep without looking up into his Heavenly Father's face, and saying, 'Father, will you take care of me to-night?' And the answer comes back in every experience of darkness, 'Yes, my son,' and then the Lord 'giveth his beloved sleep.'"—*Pennsylvania Herald.*

### BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful ground on which we tread,  
Beautiful heavens above our head,  
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,  
Beautiful land and beautiful seas!

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,  
Beautiful stars with glittering light,  
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,  
Beautiful birds that merrily sing!

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,  
Beautiful night and beautiful day,  
Beautiful all the plants that grow,  
Beautiful winter, beautiful snow!

Beautiful everything around,  
Beautiful grass to deck the ground,  
Beautiful lakes and woods and fields,  
Beautiful all the green earth yields.

Beautiful bud and beautiful leaf,  
Beautiful world, though full of grief,  
Beautiful every tiny blade,  
Beautiful all that the Lord hath made!

### GOD SEES.

A little boy was taking aim at a robin with his air-gun.

"Don't you know that it is against the law to shoot robins?" asked a lady.

"Yes, but nobody will know who did it if I do kill him."

"God will know. Should you dare to shoot Mrs. Clark's mocking-bird, over there on her porch, while she is sitting there?"

"Of course not?"

"Then you should not dare to shoot the robins; for they are God's birds, and he sees you just as plainly as Mrs. Clark would."—*Selected.*





CARRYING LIVINGSTONE'S BODY TO THE SEA-COAST.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 22.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK (WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON).

Prov. 20. 1; 23. 20, 21, 29-35. Memorize verses 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker.—Prov. 20. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What great evil is in all lands? Who first separated the spirit of wine from wine? What did they call it? What kind of power has it? How long ago did King Solomon talk about it? What other kind of intemperance is there? What does strong drink make? Drunkenness. What does too much eating make? Gluttons. How can you avoid being either? When must you begin? Who will tempt you, and how will he do it? What will a wise child resolve to do? What are our bodies? What are we taught to do? "Be filled with the Spirit." Ought we to live by a rule? Whose rule shall we take?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Prov. 20. 1; 23. 20, 21, 29-35.

Tues. Find what evil people said about Jesus. Matt. 11. 19.

Wed. See what sometimes comes to those who drink wine. Joel 1. 5.

Thur. Read the danger of wine drinking. Luke 12. 45, 46.

Fri. Read how drunkenness and gluttony were treated long ago. Deut. 21. 18-21.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Learn the very best thing to do. Prov. 23. 26.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That there is the Holy Spirit of God.
2. That there is the spirit of evil.
3. That we must choose between them.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 29.

DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

1 Chron. 28. 1-10. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.—Prov. 3. 5.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did David do in his last days? Whom did he gather around him? What did he say was the desire of his heart? For what did he want a place of rest? What had the Lord told him? Why? Who was to build it after him? What does the name "Solomon" mean? Peaceable. How long was the kingdom to last?

What did David entreat of his son Solomon? What did he say of the Lord's knowledge? What would come if Solomon served him faithfully? What if he forsook him? What were his last words? What did David have to give to Solomon?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read God's good promise to David. 1 Chron. 17. 8-14.

Tues. Learn where the place was fixed for the temple. 1 Chron. 21. 22-26.

Wed. Learn the preparations David made for building. 1 Chron. 22. 1-5.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. 1 Chron. 28. 1-10.

Fri. Read a promise of Solomon. 1 Chron. 22. 9-10.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Learn about the greater "house of the Lord." Psa. 90. 1.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God has a plan for every man.
2. That if we are wise we will follow ours.
3. That we can only know what it is by following God.

THE CLOCK AND JACK.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

"Why is it that I'm like the clock?" Says little Jack to me.  
"Because I've two hands and a face, As any one can see."

The difference twixt the clock and Jack Is quite as plainly seen (I wish they were alike in this): Its face and hands are clean.

—Youth's Companion.

THE LARGEST BIRD.

The ostrich is the largest living bird. His chief value is for his feathers, which are plucked from the bird and dyed any colour wished. Their eggs, however, are sometimes used for food when found by the natives. One egg will make a meal for ten persons.

Ostriches are very strong. They can carry a heavy man with ease. They are also very swift, and the speediest horse could not overtake them if it were not for the fact that they run in circles; the horsemen cut across the circle and catch them.

The most cunning sight is a baby ostrich. Its plumage is of soft, yellowish brown, while on the back is a sprinkling of silver grey that hangs off in stiff feathers like a small blanket, and glints and sparkles in the sun. They grow about a foot a month for the first six months, after which the gain is slower, and they are a long while in developing.

## WHAT TOMMY CAUGHT.

Little Tommy Tompkins  
 Was so very slow  
 He couldn't seem to catch a thing,  
 Wherever he might go.  
 He couldn't catch a tortoise;  
 He couldn't catch a ride  
 Upon the very slowest cart.  
 No matter how he tried;  
 He couldn't catch the measles,  
 If that had been his wish;  
 And though he had the finest bait,  
 He couldn't catch a fish.  
 But papa saw him teasing  
 His baby brother Ben,  
 And you can just make up your mind  
 That he caught something then.

—Selected.

over together. When Annie was in church, she spent the time looking at the bonnets and the dresses, and thinking of school and recess and the other girls. And when she woke up on Monday morning, she did not take the Golden Text and the Bible thoughts about with her, to make her obedient and faithful and sweet. Some of her playmates thought she was "proud," and her mother was afraid that she was selfish. But all through the week Lucy tried to be patient and good, and every day her mother thanked God for her little daughter. And the neighbour's children who came in to see her, when they went away again, felt somehow that it was a mean thing to do wrong, and a lovely thing to do right.

smiled. People always smiled when Aunt Nellie came into the room.

"Poor old fellow!" continued Aunt Nellie, "he was quite sad as he danced along beside me.

"Then he said, 'Good-day, good-day; I am so glad that some one seems to be enjoying me. I was far away from here and a message came to me, rippling over the blades of grass, and saying, 'Hurry up, Mr. Rainy-Day! You should have been here long ago, for we are still quite brown and dry.'

"The lawns in the city will never grow green and velvety at this rate, the hay in the country will not amount to anything, and the farmers will blame you. Hurry up! Hurry up!



THE HUT IN WHICH LIVINGSTONE DIED.

## ANNIE OR LUCY?

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

Annie went to church every Sunday morning, and to Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. Lucy never went to church or Sunday-school, for Lucy was pale and weak, and lay in bed all day long; but Annie was round and rosy and healthy. Annie's mother taught her the Golden Text and told her the lesson story every week before Sunday came. Lucy had no lesson paper to tell her what the Golden Text was, or the story. But every Sunday morning, when her mother had made her comfortable and kissed her good-bye, and she heard the many footsteps passing along the street outside her window, she put her little thin hand over her eyes, and asked God to bless the prayers and the hymns and the sermon and all the people. And when her mother came back they talked it

Which of these two little girls, Annie, or Lucy, did more for God's church in our big world—the one who always went to church and Sunday-school, and always knew her lesson, or the one who never went and never knew her lesson? What do you children think is the best way to help the church?

## A RAINY DAY STORY.

BY G. H. FAIRLIE.

"Nasty, horrid old rainy day," wailed Beth, as she looked out from the nursery window, and there must have been rain inside as well as out, for there were big drops standing on the little maid's chubby cheeks.

"Do you know what I heard Mr. Rainy-Day say as I came along the street?" asked Aunt Nellie, coming in just then.

"No," said Beth, and she actually

"The bulbs and the seeds sent a message through the earth, and they said 'the sun has baked the earth so hard that we can't get through, and the children and the grown-ups who planted us are watching in vain for our leaves. Hurry up—hurry up!'

"So I hurried up, and now no one but the grass and flowers seems glad to see me."

"Oh, I am!" cried Beth. "I think he's a dear old Rainy-Day."—*Jewels.*

It was an honest little fellow who answered his teacher's question. "what does lazy mean?" with these words, "Lazy means you always want your little sister to do it."

The highest place in the kingdom of God is reserved for the lowliest spirit.