

# SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

No. 22

## FAST FRIENDS.

It is difficult from the picture to say which of the two appears most interested in the book before them—the dog or his little mistress. There they are, both sitting over the open book, and one of them, at least, absorbed in its contents.

It is very sure that the collie dog, with his handsome face, cares very little for the actual contents of the book so long as he can be in the presence of the little girl.

He is evidently an unselfish dog, for he is willing to give up his romp in the open air because of his love for her.

But it will not be long before the chapter will be finished and his mistress will then get up and go out for a run in the fields, and the faithful animal will be thoroughly rewarded for his patience, and in his joy will forget all about the dull moments he spent over a book he could not even understand.

What a good example of a true and unselfish friendship.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

There was once a little coloured nurse left to mind a baby. The father and mother of the baby were out, and the little nurse was alone with it in the house. She clung to it and rocked it to sleep, and while it was sleeping quietly, she went to put the dining-room in order. A storm came up, and the wind began to blow hard. Hepsy closed the windows, and then continued her work.

Pretty soon there was a smell of fire.

Hepsy looked around, but could see nothing. Then she went to the nursery, and found the room on fire. The wind had blown a lamp over, and caused the fire.

"My baby! I must save my baby," she cried. Wrapping a blanket around

fire was soon put out, but poor Hepsy was burned so badly that she died in a few days. Just before she died, she asked if the baby was safe. When told that it was, she said, "I'm so glad." Then she said to her mistress, "I'm going to die; but my Father's coming for me." He soon came and took her home.

Dear children, our heavenly Father sometimes allows his children to suffer and die in doing their duty. But we must expect to suffer in this world if we are his. He will comfort and help us.

## A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church. They had on their white pique dresses, starched as stiff as anything, and their red sashes; white pique bonnets, with red ribbon strings, and red slippers. I don't see what else little girls could expect to wear to church.

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute pair of little red gloves from Richmond, and this was the first chance that they had had to wear them. They were fairly on their tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten fat fingers into them.

"Here, Rose, honey," said the old coloured nurse, "you jes' run youh fingers into dese while I looks for Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried Posy. "See, they are marked on the inside 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile; I ain't carin' who de 'longs to, jes' so I finds t'odder one."



FAST FRIENDS.

the baby, she groped her way to the door, almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke. She made her way down stairs, and got as far as the door. There she met the parents of the baby, who took it from her, and she sank down insensible. The

But one little red glove was gone. It was not in the bureau drawer, and it was not in mother's glove box, and it wasn't anywhere.

Posy had hers on and buttoned tightly across her fat wrists, and she thought they were the prettiest things in the world.

The church bell began to ring, but no glove could be found. Poor Rosy! The tears rolled down her cheeks, keeping time to the ding-dong of the bell.

But what was Posy doing? With a very sober face, Posy was tugging at her pretty gloves until at last they came off, turned inside out. "There," she cried; "now we won't either of us wear them. Come on, Rosy."

Away flew the clouds from Rosy's face, and away twinkled the little feet over the fields to church. The day was warm, the sermon was long, and our little maids took a sound nap in the middle of it. But the best sermon of all to me was the sight of Posy's chubby bare hands, prettier than all the gloves in Paris, because they were holding fast to the Golden Rule.

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

**WHICH IS BEST?**

An infidel was delivering a lecture at Northampton, England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight little children unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but

this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to my grave, and I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good friend, I don't want disturb your comfort, but—"

"Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman, "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again. The feelings of the people gave vent to applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

**A LITTLE SEED AND A GREAT HARVEST.**

Mary Cander's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time was passed in bed in acute pain. She had learned to read, and to cut out figures from paper with much skill; but there, perforce, her knowledge and acquirements stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary! she wished to help also; but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless, and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness, and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Send me little Phil, at least. He can do no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was brought to her bedside. She showed him pictures, cut marvellous groups in paper, and told him stories day after day until she won his confidence. Then she taught how her Friend, through hard lessons, was making her like Himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in a large town, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in that place. They are honourable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellow-men with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith has grown to be a mighty

tree, with wide-spread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word, because "it is so small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?

**HOW THE SPANISH KING WAS LOST AND FOUND.**

Come, listen, boys and girls, to me,  
And you shall hear a story plain  
Of how was lost, and how was found,  
The great and mighty King of Spain.

For though he was so grand and great,  
And had a crown of gems and gold;  
And though his realm was wide and fair,  
This king was less than two years old.

It happened, on a certain day  
(But how or why it is not known),  
The palace nurses left awhile  
The royal children all alone.

The baby king sat on the floor;  
His princess sisters near him played;  
When from the room in sport they ran,  
Forgetting him, I am afraid.

Then soon arose a mighty stir,  
His royal majesty was lost!  
From room to room, from floor to floor,  
The dreadful news was quickly tossed.

Throughout the palace, here and there,  
The searchers ran, a frightened crowd;  
The anxious queen grew pale as death;  
The little sisters sobbed aloud.

And troubled whispers swiftly passed,  
"Has some one stolen him away?  
Then we shall have another war!  
Alas! alas! this woeful day."

But, standing near a closet door,  
One heard a tiny tap-a-tap!  
Then all cried out in great amaze,  
As if it were a thunderclap.

The door was quickly open flung,  
And they who long had sought in vain,  
Low seated on the closet floor  
New found the mighty King of Spain.

**"WHAT IS HOPE?"**

A little girl was once asked: "What is hope?"

She smiled, and answered: "Hope is like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"No," said another little girl; "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

Which was right?—*Exchange.*

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MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Saviour, bless a little child;  
Teach my heart the way to thee;  
Make it gentle, good, and mild;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Dear Jesus, hear me,  
Hear thy little child to-day;  
Hear, O hear me;  
Hear me when I pray.

I am young, but thou hast said—  
All who will may come to thee;  
Feed my soul with living bread;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Jesus, help me, I am weak;  
Let me put my trust in thee;  
Teach me how, and what to speak;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

I would never go astray,  
Never turn aside from thee;  
Keep me in the heavenly way;  
Loving Saviour, care for me.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 10.]

ISRAEL OPPRESSED IN EGYPT.

Ex. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8, 9, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant.—Ex. 2. 24.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How many sons of Jacob came to live in Egypt? Eleven. How many were there with their families? Seventy in all. What did this family grow to be?

A great multitude. What new king of Egypt arose? What did he fear? That the Israelites would grow too strong. What did he do? He made them his slaves. What did he appoint over them? Taskmasters. How did they treat the Israelites? Cruelly. What was the result? They grew stronger all the time. What had God said long before? That he would make his people strong in Egypt. Who always keeps his word? God. What does this lesson teach us? That God is with his children in trouble.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ex. 1. 1-14.

Tues. Learn how God thought of his children. Golden Text.

Wed. Find where they got comfort. Psa. 124. 8.

Thur. Read a story of deliverance. Deut. 26. 5-11.

Fri. Read of another kind of bondage. Rom. 7. 14-19.

Sat. Read of another deliverance. Rom. 8. 1, 2.

Sun. Learn who is the great Deliverer. John 3. 16.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 17.]

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Ex. 2. 1-10. Memory verses, 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Prov. 22. 6.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How did King Pharaoh try to weaken the Israelites? By killing the boy babies. Who was the mother of a beautiful boy baby? What did she try to do? How long did she keep the baby hid? Where

did she put him then? Into a little ark made of bulrushes. Where was this ark hidden? In the bushes by the river side. Who was near to watch it? The baby's sister. Who found it there? The king's daughter. What shows that she had a good heart? She knew it was one of the Hebrews' children, and she wanted to save it. How did she find a nurse for the baby? What did she name him? Moses. Why? Because she "drew him out of the water."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ex. 2. 1-10.

Tues. Find that God cares for us. Psa. 121. 5.

Wed. Learn how another baby was saved. Matt. 2. 13-23.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Read a New Testament story of Moses. Acts 7. 20-23.

Sat. Find where is a safe place. Psa. 27. 5.

Sun. Read lovingly the Children's Psalm. Psa. 23.

SAVED HIS DOG.

A boy about ten years old went to the central police station in Kansas City, Kans., leading a fine shepherd dog by a short piece of rope tied to his collar, relates the *Kansas City Star*. The boy's face was red and swollen, and he was crying.

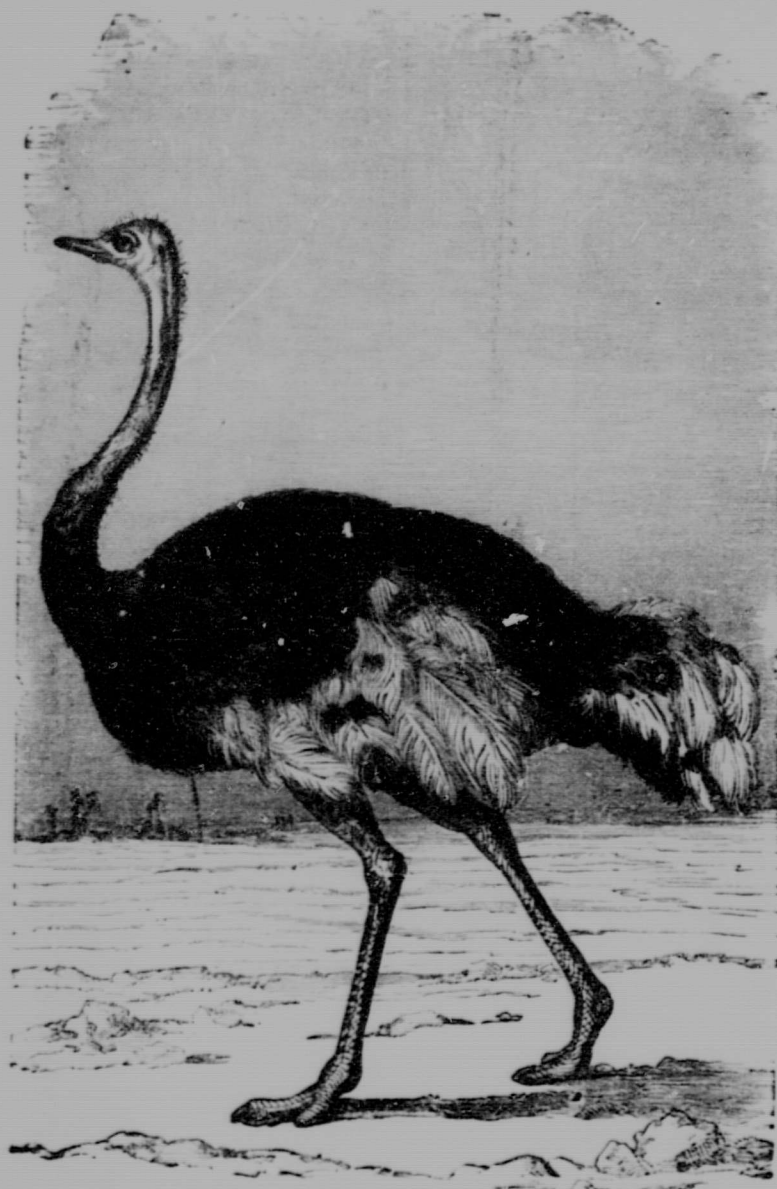
"Well, well, well! what's the matter here?" asked a big policeman, stooping down and looking into the boy's face.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "my mother is too poor to pay for a license for Shep, and I brought him here to have you kill him." Then he broke out with another wail that was heard all through the city building.

Shep stood there mute and motionless, looking up into the face of his young master. A policeman took out his handkerchief to blow his nose, and the desk sergeant went out into the hall, absent-mindedly whistling a tune which nobody ever heard before, while the captain remembered that he must telephone somebody. Then Chief McFarland led the boy to the door, and, patting him on the head, said kindly: "There, little fellow, don't cry any more; run home with your dog. I wouldn't kill a dog like Shep for a thousand dollars."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" They were tears of joy now. He bounded out into the street, and ran off toward his home, with Shep prancing along, and jumping up and trying to kiss the boy's face. It was hard to tell which was the happier, the boy or the dog.

The kind of religion that doesn't cost anything is not the kind the good Samaritan had.



THE OSTRICH.

## OSTRICH RAISING.

Ostrich raising has been successfully introduced into southern California, and is likely to become a large industry in the future. There is no reason why equal success should not be reached in Texas. The business is very profitable, as the rich plumes of the birds always command a high price. Happily, wearing these magnificent ornaments does not imply the destruction of the birds, as is the case with the wearing of ornaments of other birds. The destruction of millions of birds annually to meet the demands of fashion is a deep reproach to our modern civilization, some of the loveliest races of birds, including some of the richest singers, as nightingales and others, having become almost extinct. The following is of interest on the subject of ostrich raising in South Africa.

Ostrich raising is coming to be a lucrative business in southern Africa, and is said to be the only means of saving this valuable bird from extinction. It is

found that they thrive much better on grass land than in the desert, and that the birds choose desert life merely for self-protection. The profits of an extensive ostrich breeder may be estimated from these facts:

A single pair will raise four broods a year of from ten to fifteen chicks each. A chick a month old will sell for fifty dollars; and a full-grown ostrich will yield twenty-five white feathers a year, worth five dollars apiece at Cape Town. Taking old and young together, it is estimated that the birds average over one hundred dollars a year profit. As they live forty or fifty years, the profits are simply enormous. They need little care, living easily on grass, though relishing grain, and giving in return for the luxurious diet finer feathers than those of the wild birds, and which bring higher prices. A flock of ostriches may be kept together in a field well fenced. They need no shelter, as they sleep in the open air. They are rarely sick; and if the field is well supplied with water they will fare

well without any herdsmen to watch them.

The value of the feathers exported from the Cape has increased in fourteen years from three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to over four and a half millions; and the demand is in excess of the supply.

## WHAT AND WHERE?

Mischievous Tommy,  
He hears every day,  
A homily simple,  
Beginning this way:  
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't,"  
And "Tommy, you must";  
And "Tommy, stop running,  
You'll kick up the dust";  
And "Do not go swimming,  
Or you will get wet,"  
And "Do not go sailing,  
Or you will upset";  
And "Do not be wrestling,  
You'll fracture your bones,"  
And "Do not go climbing,  
You'll fall on the stones";  
And "Do not be whistling,  
You're not a mere bird,"  
And "Good little children  
Are seen and not heard—"

Which Tommy on hearing  
Exclaims, "Deary me!  
What can a boy do,  
And where can a boy be?"

—St. Nicholas.

## A BOY HELPED BY GOD'S SPIRIT.

Little Ben ran in from school, smiling brightly. "Why, my dear, you look very happy," said his mother.

"Well, mother, I've had a regular fight, and now that it is over I do feel happy indeed."

"Had a fight, my boy? I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Well, the other boys stopped on the way home to pick some of Farmer Adams' apples. I stopped, too, and as we were climbing over the fence something said to me, 'Don't do it.' I looked around, but could see no one. The voice was so small that it seemed like a little girl's voice. Then I heard quite a loud voice say, 'Oh, go on; he has plenty of apples.' 'It is wrong,' said the little voice again. 'Oh, it will not hurt any one, and the other boys are going,' the loud voice said. But the little voice said softly: 'It will hurt you, Ben; don't do it.' Then I jumped down and ran home, and I have not been able to do anything but smile ever since."

When little Ben jumped down from that fence Jesus smiled upon him. No wonder Ben smiled, too. Look out, children, for the little pleading voice, God's Holy Spirit. Obey that, and you will always have Jesus' smile.—*Westminster Quarterly.*