

SUNBEAM

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No. 22.



WHY KEEP A WOLF?

See this wild Beast run. It is a Wolf. Does it not look fierce? Its Eye is wild and its Teeth sharp, and it lives but to kill and to tear all that it can, get at. No chain yet made can hold it in check. The one thing to do with a wild Beast like this is to kill it. It is of no use to Man, and so it would not pay to keep it, even if that could be done. A Man of sense may keep a Dog, for Dogs have a use. It may be that some of them are fierce, yet some are good and kind. Not so with Wolves. The Wolf has not one good point to it, and cannot be made of use to Man. In this it is just like the Gin Mill, and it would be as wise for a Man to keep a Wolf in his house as it is for the State to keep up the Gin Mill. Now that we have a chance with our Votes, let us put an end to this fierce Trade that has so long run wild in our Land, and has slain scores on scores of our Sons.—Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."

SAVE THE BOYS.

"Every father in Ontario has an opportunity on December 4th of voting to bring into operation the law which abolishes the bar-room in the Province."—J. W. B. Edmund Spenser tells us, in his delightful allegory, the "Faerie Queene," of a huge, great dragon that infested the land, devouring its bravest and loveliest sons and daughters. At length the Red Cross Knight of holiness fought, vanquished,

and slew the monster, and the land had rest. This allegory finds its fulfilment in our Dominion to-day. The worm of the still infests its highways and byways. It drags its slimy trail over homes and hearts. It devours the bravest and the best assets of Canada, its stalwart men, its fair women, its innocent children; and, what is worse, it changes the husband and father into a demon, and often perverts the boys of our household into gibbering drunkards.

We have a chance to destroy this dragon by our vote on December 4th. Surely every father with a spark of human feeling in his heart will use that vote for the protection of the children whom God hath given him. What father or mother would not rather see their children dead in their coffins in the innocence of youth than behold them grow up to fill a drunkard's grave. We have the opportunity of a lifetime. Let us use it in God's name, or we may live to repent with bitter and unavailing regret our cowardice, our selfishness, our sin.

A desecration of the Sabbath in little things may be the foundation for an after history of disregard for all that is sacred and holy.



GIVE THE WORD!

Here you see the Wolf tied to the Post, and a man who takes aim at him with a Gun. Has he shot the Wolf? Not yet; he just waits for the word. Who is to give him the word? The Man who stands by and holds the Vote in his Hand. The Men who now rule this Land have left it to us to say shoot or not shoot: we have their Pledge that they will do our will. Can there be a doubt as to what we should do? We may give the word to put an end to the Gin Mill. No Land has such a chance as we now have. If we prove true, we will do such a Day's work with our Vote as will turn the Eyes of all the World on us, for our Vote shall say, once and for all, the Gin Mill must go!—Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."



SAVE THE BOYS.

Four boys were playing marbles in the street. One boy said: "That isn't fair play! You cheat, and I won't play with a boy who cheats!" The boy became very angry, and said that he didn't cheat, although he did. A minute after he cheated again, and the first boy said: "You did cheat, and my mother won't let me play with a boy who cheats. If we can't have fair play, I won't have any." So he gathered up his share of the marbles and left the players. That is right, boys. If you can't have fair play, don't play at all. Two of the other boys stayed and played, but they kept quarreling all the time.

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said, the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep so
sound,
The earth keeps turning over all the time,
And every morning it's been halfway
round.

I thought how grand to see the big round
world
Go turning past this window in the hall;
And here I'm up at four o'clock to watch,
And there is nothing going by at all.

I thought that deserts, palm trees, and
giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I
came;
And now, instead of all those lovely
things,
Here's this old yellow rosebush just
the same.

—Century Magazine.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

"JESUS DIED FOR ME."

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden, seven years old. Her parents, being Jews, did not believe in the Lord Jesus; but they sent their little daughter to a Christian school. Here she was taught to read easy passages of the New Testament, like the other children of her own age. She was a bright-eyed, intelligent child, always laughing, and always full of fun. Sometimes her high spirits brought her into trouble; but every one loved her, and no one could be angry with her long.

One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would

go when she died. Some were silent. Some said they did not know. Some said they hoped they would go to heaven. But when it came to Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher somewhat surprised.

"I know it," answered the little Jewish maiden, her eyes sparkling with animation, "because Jesus 'died for me.'"

Children, can you say, each of you, from your heart, "Jesus died for me, and I trust in him as my Saviour!" If you can, then you too may know that heaven will be your home.

DRINK'S DOINGS.

I recently heard an incident that may prove a lesson to somebody. A well-to-do citizen of a city not a thousand miles from this city, who is a hard-drinking man, had a sweet little daughter to whom, when sober, he was devotedly attached, but when drunk he was inclined to be ugly. In the latter condition he was frequently in the habit of calling her to him for a kiss. If she hesitated, the maudlin beast would rap her on the head with his cane, knuckles, or whatever came handy. The result was that after a while his mere approach served to throw the little one into convulsions in anticipation of the blows she expected to receive. All this appeared to please him while he played upon her fears, and the slyer she grew the severer grew the punishment that followed the forced caress.

Finally she was taken ill, and the physician who was summoned pronounced it a case of brain fever. On examining her head he found it full of knots and bruises. It was necessary to make a further diagnosis, and the father was informed that the child must die. The intelligence sobered him, and he insisted on being at her bedside continually. Just before the child breathed her last she looked at him wearily, while the little head tossed from side to side in pain, and said, "Papa, I ain't afraid of oo, now; oo may tise me now as much as oo please, and oo may knock my poor head, too, if oo wants, papa, for I ain't goin' to tubble oo any more!" and with that she turned her baby face to the wall, and slept the sleep that knows no waking.

The father, recognizing at last what he had done, uttered a cry and fell to the floor. The physician who described the scene, says he has in the father another patient, who will never recover, for his mind is gone, and he wanders around the house, moaning and weeping for his murdered child. This is related by a St. Joseph minister as a true story.—Selected.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the Senator recently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall, "I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter. Her last words to me when I left home for Albany being: 'Papa, be true to me.' I gave the poem that title."

It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass?
Well, I'll tell you the reason why;
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever
standing by,
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of
the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass be true,
better than let it pass by?
I know you'll think my refusal to drink
a breach of your courtesy;
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet,
and her dear little form I see,
As with loving embrace she kisses my face
and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love
most, whose dear little will I obey;
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet
over life's toilsome way;
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of
mine, from sorrow may she be free;
For with baby grace she hath kissed my
face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."

—New York World.

"SACRED MONEY."

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking about their "sacred money." On inquiring what they meant, he found that they faithfully set apart a tenth of all money that came into their hands, using it for Christian work. They often gave more to this fund, never less. Their father said that they had themselves invented the expression "sacred money."

Many children might copy this good example, and so have a little fund ready to draw on when they want to help in sending the Gospel to the heathen, or to give Christmas presents to a mission school. How many of you will try the plan, little friends, and so gain for yourselves also a blessing from Him who sends you all the money you have?

The pledge,
The symbol
The sign of
Of truth a
The good and
The proud
But 'tis the f
And strikes

The pledge,
Like a sm
And pours th
On long be
It is a sword
'Tis armour
A sure and t
When temp

Oh, bravely s
The hosts o
And glorious
The world
And, as the s
Her guardi
E'en so shall
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Hath charn
She who hath
And bid th
Shall win a
And do a r
When, breaki
She stands
—Natio

LESS

FOU
STUDIES I

JOSHUA

Josh. 24. 14-5

Choose you
serve.—Josh.

QUESTI

Who called
Joshua. Wh
sav last words
was old and r
first tell them
the Lord to th
to put away?
still worship i
learn to do so
do so in Egy
must choose th
serve. Whom
God. What
"The Lord ou
did Joshua ma
What is a cov
two. Have w

THE PLEDGE.

BY W. A. PALLISTER.

The pledge, the pledge, we hail it,
The symbol of the free,
The sign of coming ages,
Of truth and liberty.
The good and true will own it,
The proud and false may scoff,
But 'tis the friend of drunkards,
And strikes their fetters off.

The pledge, with power and blessing,
Like a smiling angel comes,
And pours the light of gladness,
On long benighted homes.
It is a sword of triumph,
'Tis armour 'gainst the foe,
A sure and trusty anchor,
When tempests fiercely blow.

Oh, bravely shall it vanquish
The hosts of alcohol,
And gloriously for ever
The world shall disenthral.
And, as the sea rolls round her,
Her guardian and her slave,
E'en so shall virtue bound her,
The beautiful, the brave.

And she whose peerless beauty
Hath charmed the raging sea,
She who hath tamed the foeman,
And bid the slave go free,
Shall win a nobler triumph,
And do a nobler deed,
When, breaking from her vices,
She stands redeemed and freed!

—National Temperance Hymnal.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI. [Nov. 9.]

JOSHUA'S PARTING ADVICE.

Josh. 24. 14-25. Memorize vs. 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Josh. 24. 15.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who called the Israelites to Shechem? Joshua. What did he wish to do? To say last words to the people. Why? He was old and ready to die. What did he first tell them? About the goodness of the Lord to them. What did he tell them to put away? Idols. Did some Israelites still worship idols? Yes. Where did they learn to do so? Their fathers learned to do so in Egypt. What did he say they must choose that day? Whom they would serve. Whom did Joshua choose to serve? God. What did the people answer? "The Lord our God will we serve." What did Joshua make with them? A covenant. What is a covenant? A promise made by two. Have we any idols?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about the meeting Joshua called. Josh. 23. 1, 2.
Tues. Find what Joshua said about himself. Josh. 23. 14.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. Josh. 24. 14-25.
Thur. Learn good advice for us. Josh. 23. 11.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Read about the covenant Joshua made. Joshua 24. 26, 27.
Sun. Find what is given to those who serve God. Prov. 3. 2.

LESSON VII. [Nov. 16.]

THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

Judg. 2. 7-16. Memorize verses 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
and he saveth them out of their distresses.
—Psa. 107. 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did the people of Israel first learn idolatry? In Egypt. Where did they still learn it? Of the people of Canaan. What did God want Israel to do to idolaters? To drive them out of the land. How long did they keep their promise to serve God? Until Joshua died. What did they then do? They went after the idols of Canaan. What were the names of the idols. Baal and Ashtaroth. What came to them then? Great trouble from their enemies. What did they do? They begged the Lord to help them. What did he do for them? He sent them judges. How did these men help them? They helped them to serve God, and to conquer their enemies. Did they serve God after this? No, they went back to idol worship.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about the death of Joshua. Josh. 24. 29, 30.
Tues. Find what was done after his death. Judg. 1. 1-4.
Wed. Learn how the people went wrong. Judg. 2. 1-12.
Thur. See how kind the Lord was to them. Judg. 2. 13-16.
Fri. Find how long they were ruled by Judges. Acts 13. 20.
Sat. Learn how foolish the people were. Psa. 106. 43.
Sun. Learn the way out of trouble. Psa. 107. 6.

A BABY SAVED HIM.

A man, on being asked by some companions to go into a saloon and have a drink with them, said:

"I won't drink any to-day, boys."

"What's the matter with you, old man?" asked one. "If you've quit, what's up?"

"Well, boys, I'll tell you. Yesterday

I was in Chicago. I called on a customer of mine down on Clark Street, who keeps a pawn-shop in connection with his other business. While I was there a young man came in, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as they make 'em. He had a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed it to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And what do you suppose it was? It was a pair of baby's shoes, little things with only the buttons a trifle soiled, as though they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man. 'My wife bought 'em for the baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want to get a drink.' 'You had better take 'em back to your wife, the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, she won't; she's dead—baby died last night,' and then the poor fellow laid his head down on the showcase and cried like a child.

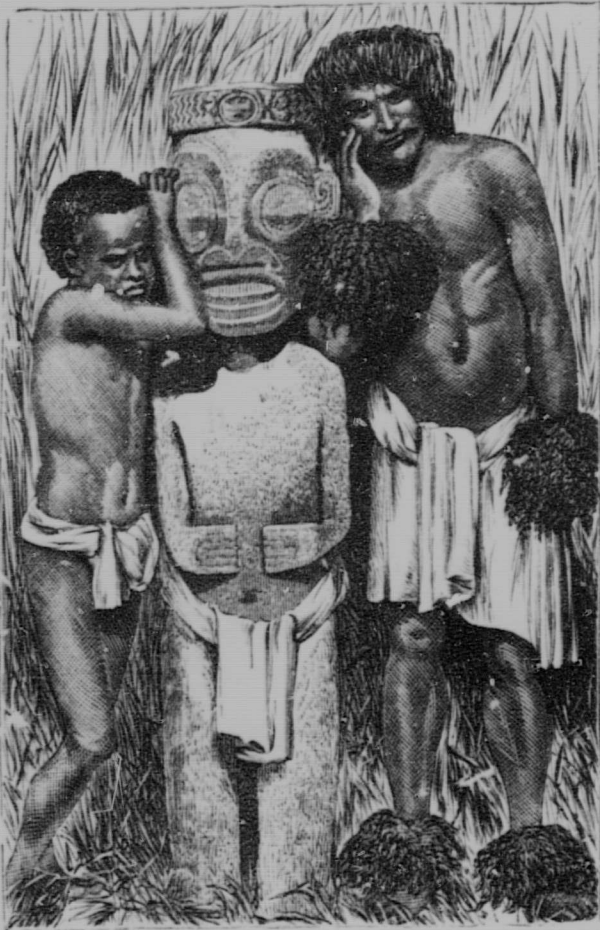
"Boys, I have a baby at home, and I'll not take a drink with you to-day."—*Religious Intelligencer.*

THE CAPTAIN INSIDE.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know that there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I mean to stand up straight, hold my head up, and look right ahead. Then he said that I was two boys, one outside and one inside; and that unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head, and looked the right way I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one, and be the captain."—*Selected.*

In one of the fifty-two sermons of Mr. Wesley, recognized as a part of our doctrinal standard, this section is found:

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is, eminently, all that liquid fire commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. . . . All who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them; the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, and their groves. It is a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood."



A HEATHEN IDOL.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed;
 Somebody proved a friend in need;
 Somebody sang a beautiful song;
 Somebody smiled the whole day long;
 Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
 Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
 Somebody fought a valiant fight;
 Somebody lived to shield the right,
 Was that somebody you?

KINDLY SPEAKING.

A young lady had gone out for a walk, but forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" showing a variety of bookmarks, watch cases, needlebooks, etc.

"I am sorry that I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady; "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl, and then as she passed she said again: "I am very sorry that I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"O miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most people whom I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel much better."

This was "considering the poor."

A HEATHEN IDOL.

The whole of the inhabitants of the vast Polynesian Archipelago, in the Southern Pacific, were at the beginning of the present century idolaters. The vast proportion of them are now Christians. Never even in the days of the apostles, nor when the Roman Empire was converted to Christianity, have the triumphs of the Gospel been so marked and so glorious. In the Fiji Islands, where only a few years ago the inhabitants were the most degraded cannibals on the face of the earth, there are now 900 Wesleyan chapels, 240 other preaching places, 54 native preachers, 1,405 local preachers, 2,200 class leaders, and 106,000 attendants on Methodist worship out of a population of 720,000; and this is very largely the result of the labours of the heroic missionary, John Hunt, a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to man's estate with no education, and died at the early age of 36. Yet in twelve short years he became the apostle of Fiji, and brought nearly the whole nation to God.

The picture above shows the character of some of the hideous idols, which the South-Sea heathen in their blindness used to worship. But, thank God, they are casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, and turning to the living and true God! Our own church has its missionaries among the heathen, whose labours have been gloriously blessed. We hope that every school and every scholar in Canada will have a part in the grand work.

Shall we whose lamps are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The light of life deny?
 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story!
 And you, ye waters, roll!
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole!

A TRAFFIC THAT CURSES.

The horrors of the drink traffic have never been fully portrayed. No pencil is black enough to paint the picture and do it full justice. No tongue is eloquent enough to tell the sad story in all its dreadful details. The use of alcoholic beverages is of all scourges the most wide and withering.

It is a physical curse: Blurring the eyes, blistering the tongue, deranging the stomach, paralyzing the nerves, hardening the liver, poisoning the blood, coagu-

lating the brain, inducing and aggravating many diseases, and digging many premature graves.

It is a financial curse: Draining the pocket, producing poverty, diminishing comfort, multiplying miseries, filling almshouses, increasing taxes, and creating hard times.

It is a mental curse: Clouding the judgment and dethroning the reason, promoting ignorance, producing imbecility, and transforming its unhappy victims into maniacs and fools.

It is a moral curse: Weakening the will, inflaming the passions, hushing the voice of conscience, and preparing the way for every vice and crime. And yet, strange to say, there are those who advocate the removal of this curse by legalizing it. But the colossal curse of drunkenness will continue so long as drunkard factories are permitted, protected, and perpetuated by law.—*National Advocate*.

NEVER BEGIN.

BY DR. J. J. RIDGE.

What thousands who now drink or smoke
 Wish they had ne'er begun!
 But who, of those who never touched,
 Regrets it? Never one.

Not long ago a man was to be hung for having committed murder. He wrote a letter to his friends, imploring them not to take any intoxicating drink. "If it were not for the drink," he said, "I should not be here. I implore you to give it up."

Drink is a big tree with a bitter fruit. Thousands have cursed the day that they ever began.

So with the smokers. Many a man calls himself a fool for having begun this wretched habit, and becoming a slave to the pipe or cigar. This habit is even more difficult to break than that of drinking. The longer I live the more glad I am that I did not like the taste of my first cigar, and said I would not be so foolish as to make such a nasty taste in my mouth just to swagger about like other young men.

A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there will be no discount on his word; and there are such noble Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king-boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth. Dear boys, do be truthful; keep your appointments at the house of God; be true in every friendship; help others to be and do good.

Praying for others is as much a duty as praying for ourselves.