

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1902.

No. 5.

## A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

The eagles of the Alps are very large and strong birds. They will sometimes swoop down and carry off a lamb, or even a child. The picture shows an example of the latter. The father rushes to the rescue and keeps the eagle at bay till a well-aimed shot brings down the ferocious bird.

## HEED THE SIGNALS.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

The railroad train was crossing over the rails, when suddenly the engineer gave a signal to stop the train. Toot! toot! toot! The brakeman sprang to the platform; old travelers held firmly to the seat in front of them. "Someth'g wrong," said an old man; the ladies turned pale. Some of the passengers threw up the windows, and tried to look ahead into the darkness. After what seemed a long time the train came to a standstill. "What is the matter?" said an old lady to the conductor. "A red light, madam," he answered, as he passed on. "Was that all? Well, what a fuss to make about a light!" "But a red light is a signal of danger," said a gentleman. "Oh, dear, you don't say so; then that quite alters the case. And is there always danger when you see a red light?" "No," said the gentleman; "a red light is *always* a danger signal; but there is not *always* danger. Sometimes men who have been out mending the road are allowed to stop the train

and get aboard, that they may reach their homes. But all the engineer knows is that a red light or flag means stop, and nothing would tempt him to run by such a signal." "And what do the other

have signal lights on life's pathway, and are we as careful to notice them as the drivers of the locomotives? Now, we have the great white light. Here it is—God's word; it always means all right.

No one was ever deceived by it. It has been a lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway for thousands. It is the same light which led Pilgrim to the Celestial City, and tens of thousands of others. When you grow up and go away from home, do not be ashamed to be seen carrying it; do not leave it in your trunk where your good mother put it. Many a boy *has*; and while it lay there, hid and forgotten, he has been tempted to leave the right road, and has done things which would sorely grieve his good mother. A soldier boy told a kind woman that he had not seen his mother for fourteen years, nor had he written her a letter. His eyes were bloodshot and his breath was strong from whisky drinking. Almost all his money went for tobacco and strong drink. He did not heed the advice given in the Bible: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red."

As red is the signal of danger, we will have that for our warning against the saloon. Keep clear of it boys; don't enter

one under any pretext. The safe side of the saloon is the outside every time.

"I am never afraid of losing my job so long as I keep straight," said a bright pin.



A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

colours mean?" asked the lady. "The green says *caution*, and the white means *all right*."

This talk set me to thinking. Did you ever think, my dear children, that we

## FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Once again, dear Lord, we pray  
For the children far away,  
Who have never even heard  
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.

Little lips that thou hast made,  
'Neath the far-off temple shade,  
Give to gods of wood and stone  
Praise that should be all thine own.

Little hands, whose wondrous skill  
Thou hast given to do thy will,  
Offerings bring, and serve with fear  
Gods that cannot see nor hear.

Teach them, O thou heav'nly King,  
All their gifts and praise to bring  
To thy Son, who died to prove  
Thy forgiving, saving love.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

## THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 37 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUERTIS,  
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1902.

## IN DANGER.

"Come in! Come in!" said Miss Mousie. "I have a lovely room all to myself, a regular castle; the walls are golden and I have had a fine feast. There is plenty of room for all of you; do come in!"

"You'd better come out," said the mother mouse. "If Tabby should catch sight of you where would you be then? Or suppose the cook should come in with her sharp knife, and cut into your castle; she would soon finish you."

"Oh, I am safe enough for a good while yet," said mousie. "The cook took several sips from the decanter over yonder before she went out. She also ate a couple of brandied peaches from that high jar, and I reckon she feels rather drowsy

by this time. A smart young mouse like myself can easily escape her."

Just then they heard a step, and away scampered the mouse family just in time. As they fled through the hole in the pantry the mistress, who saw them, exclaimed, "Why, there goes a mouse! We must set a trap. Where can the cook be? She will surely be late with her baking."

## JIMMY AND THE CABMAN.

BY ANTHONY CHURCH.

Jim had been very ill—so ill that no one thought he could get well. For ten long weeks he had been kept in his little bed, but now he was quite strong once more and could run about and play with his toys. At last the doctor said he was to go to the seaside; so his nurse got a big trunk and put in all Jim's suits, and told him he was to go the very next day.

When the cab drove up to the door, Jim ran out to the gate and got in at once, but his mother said to the man, "You must drive fast, or we shall not catch the train."

"Mother!" said Jim after a time, "why does the cabman look so sad, and why did he look so hard at me when I got in?"

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "I do not know, dear," she made reply, "but you can ask him when we get out if you like."

At last the cab got to the station; the man got down from his box and made a boy come and hold his horse.

Then Jim went up to him and said: "Cabman, why have you got such a sad face?"

The man stood quite still and looked at Jim.

"What do you want to know for?" he said in a cross voice.

Jim was only five years old, but he was not at all a shy boy. "Oh, I feel so sorry for you," he said. "That was all; if I could I'd like to help you."

"I had a boy just like you once," the man said at last, "but he is dead now, and it was all my fault."

"Tell me about him," said Jim.

"There is not much to tell," said the cabman. "His name was Tom, and I was very fond of him, but one day I had too much drink, and I did not know what I did, and I hit him on the head with a stick."

Jim's face fell. "I hope he was not hurt," he said in a low tone.

"Jim, dear, we must go now, or we shall lose our train," said Mrs. Smith, but the wee boy shook his head.

"I want to hear about this man's poor little boy," he said.

"I should not have told him, ma'am, but he is so like my little boy was," said the man.

"Please go on," broke in Jim, "let me know all."

"Well, I hurt him very much," said the man, "and for a long while after his head was very bad, and one day when the

pain was at its worst I sent for the doctor, but he could not save him. Now I am quite alone, and I do miss him so."

Jim's eyes were brimful of tears. "Poor, poor man," he said, "don't say you are all alone. I love, and God loves you ever so much. You did not mean to kill Tom, and it was all the drink that made you so bad that night. Why don't you give it up?"

"I like it so much that I cannot," said the man.

"I know what I will do," said Jim, "I will pray for you every day, and God will make it easy for you to give it up, and you will be a good man."

"I must go now," said the cabman; "good-bye. I hope you will pray for me. I need it. If I do give up the drink, I will come and tell you."

Then he drove off.

It was a good thing the train was late; if it had been on time, Jim and his mother would not have caught it.

For the next few weeks, Jim was as happy as the day is long; he made sand castles with his spade, he waded up to his knees in the water, he bathed when his father or mother took a plunge in the waves; he almost lived on the beach, and soon grew brown and strong.

Each night when he knelt down at his mother's knee she heard him say, "Please God, help my cabman to give up drink, and make him good, for Jesus' sake."

"You will not ever see that man again," said Mrs. Smith; "at least—I do not think so, he will go from bad to worse."

But Jim's faith was strong. "I know I shall see him one day," he said. "Else why do I ask God to make him good?"

At last the day came for the Smiths to go home, and Jim felt sad to think he should not see the ocean any more for a whole year.

Day by day he went to the window to look for his cabman. But he did not come.

Two years went by, and still Jim prayed on.

One day a smart-looking man came up to the door, and said, "Can I see the little master?"

Jim ran into the hall. "Oh, cabman, you have come at last, I knew you would," he cried.

Mrs. Smith made the man come into the study and have some tea, and then he told them he did not drink at all now, and that he was not a cabman any more, but that he was able to keep a small shop of his own.

"I have a tiny little girl now," he told Jim.

"I should not have given up the drink at all but for you. God made it easy for me," he said.

"I knew he would," said the boy softly.

Dear boys and girls, Jim was right; God always hears the prayers of a little child, who pleads "for Jesus' sake."

Beautiful  
It matte  
Whole-so

Beautiful  
Like cry  
Beautiful

Beautiful  
Work th  
Moment

Beautiful  
On kind  
Down lo

Beautiful  
Ceaseless  
With pa

Beautiful  
Silent ri  
Whose h  
gues

L

STUDIE

TH

Acts 8. 2

With  
righteous  
fession i  
10. 10.

Where

Samaria  
Philip g  
told him  
what did  
did he s

chariot.  
from Et  
In the n

was this  
chief se

What w  
him?  
this in a  
written o

did Phil  
these wor  
Philip sa  
baptize h

Home, to  
Mon. R  
Tues. F  
Wed. R

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministry to and fro,  
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XI. [March 16.

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERTED.

Acts 8. 29-39. Memorize verses 34, 35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.—Rom. 10. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Peter and John go from Samaria? To Jerusalem. Where did Philip go? Toward the South. Who told him to do so? An angel. Through what did he pass? A desert place. Whom did he see there? A man riding in a chariot. Who was he? A great man from Ethiopia. Where was Ethiopia? In the northern part of Africa. What was this man's business? He was the chief servant of the queen, Candace. What was he reading when Philip saw him? The prophecy of Isaiah. Was this in a book like our Bible? No, it was written on a roll of parchment. What did Philip do? He showed the man what these words meant. Did he believe what Philip said? Yes, and asked Philip to baptize him. Where did he then go? Home, to carry the good news to his queen.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses slowly. Acts 8. 29-39.  
Tues. Find why Philip could hear the Lord speak. Hab. 2. 1.  
Wed. Read what the great man was reading. Isa. 53.

Thur. Find what a humble heart may expect. Psa. 25. 9.  
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.  
Sat. Find out why it is wise to believe in Jesus. Luke 16. 16.  
Sun. Read of another evangelist like Philip. Acts 11. 22-24.

LESSON XII. [March 23.  
TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Eph. 5. 11-21. Memorize verses 15-18.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.—Eph. 5. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who wrote the letter to the Ephesians? Paul. What have we heard about him? That he watched the clothes of those who stoned Stephen to death. What was his name then? Saul. When did he become a Christian? Very soon after this. When did he write the letter to the Ephesians? About twenty-five years later. Where was he then? In prison at Rome. How was he kept? His right hand was chained to the left hand of a soldier. What did he want the Ephesians to do? To be true to their faith in Jesus. What else did he ask them to do? To choose Christian friends. What did he say was better than drinking wine? To be filled with God's Spirit. For what things should we be thankful? "For all things." Could you be thankful if you were in prison as Paul was?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Eph. 5. 11-21.  
Tues. Read how Paul came to Ephesus. Acts 19. 1-10.  
Wed. Find what he did for the Ephesians. Acts 19. 11-20.  
Thur. Learn what the idolaters of Ephesus did. Acts 19. 21-41.  
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.  
Sat. Learn what Paul wrote to Ephesian children. Eph. 6. 1.  
Sun. Find how Paul sent his letter to the Ephesians. Eph. 6. 21, 22.

THE WHISTLED HYMN.

Fred Hartwell went whistling to his work one morning as blithe as a happy heart and a healthy body could make him. He was employed in a large establishment, where there were many other youths besides himself. Fred had plenty to do that day, but while his fingers flew and his mind was busy he went on unconsciously whistling softly the air of the gospel hymn. "What a Friend we Have in Jesus!" Presently there was a little necessary pause in the work, and a young fellow near stepped to Fred's side. "Do you believe that?" he asked suddenly. "What?" asked Fred, much puzzled. "What you were whistling just now." Fred realized then what the tune had

been. "Yes," he answered heartily, "I do believe it."

"How glad I am!" said the other earnestly. Then he went on to tell Fred that he was a stranger in the city and without friends; how he longed for at least one companion who thought and believed as he did, and as his parents did in the old home that he had left. He was just now in trouble, and needed help.

While this was an unconscious opening of the way, while it was unpremeditated well-doing, there was a great deal back of it. Would Fred have given this unconscious testimony for Christ if he had never been familiar with songs of praise, or in the habit of meeting with the friends of Jesus?—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T CARE.

"James, my son, you are wasting your time playing with that kitten when you ought to be studying your lesson. You will get a bad mark if you don't study," said Mrs. Mason to her son.

"I don't care," replied the boy, as he continued to amuse himself with the gambols of Sport, his pretty little kitten.

"But you ought to care, my son," replied his mother, with a sigh. "You will grow up an ignorant, good-for-nothing man, if you don't make use of your opportunities."

"I don't care," said James, as he raced into the yard after his amusing playmate.

"'Don't care' will be the ruin of that child," said Mrs. Mason to herself. "I must teach him a lesson."

When noon arrived James rushed into the house as usual, shouting:

"Mother, I want my dinner."

"I don't care," replied Mrs. Mason very calmly, working on with her needle without looking up.

"I'm very hungry, mother," James insisted.

"I don't care," his mother repeated.

James was puzzled. His mother had never so treated him before. Her words were strange words for her to use, and her manner was so cold that he could not understand what it all meant. He was silent awhile, then he spoke again.

"Mother, I want something to eat."

"I don't care," was again the cool reply.

"But recess will soon be over, mother, and I shall starve if I don't get some dinner," urged James.

"I don't care."

This was too much for James. He burst into tears.

His mother, seeing that he was subdued, called him to her side and gently pointed out the evil effects of his bad habit. James had never looked upon it in this light before, and he promised to try to do better. After receiving a sandwich, he went off to school a wiser, if not a better, boy.—*Sunday School Advocate.*



YOUNG CANADA.

## YOUNG CANADA.

This little chap, with his sleigh and his snow-shovel, has been taking such brisk exercise that he fairly tingles to his finger ends with warmth. The glow of health blooms in his cheeks and sparkles in his eyes. Hurrah for Canada, with its winter sports and summer joys! It is the grandest country in the world.

## DORIS' WONDERLAND.

Little Doris was named for her great-grandmamma, who lives on the old Taylor homestead down in Maine, and who, as Doris' papa says, "though eighty and odd, is as smart as a cricket!"

Doris Elizabeth Adams Taylor was a pretty hard name for a little girl to speak, but now Doris is five years old, and she scarcely lisps at all.

Mamma thought she was too small to travel, but papa protested, and so Aunt Fan took Doris down to Maine, where she has spent the whole summer with dear

great-grandmamma on her pleasant farm. Wonderful stories Doris tells of the charming sights and experiences she enjoyed during her visit; stories of Brindle and Rachel and Dolly and Da'sy, the four Jersey cows; of Star and Turk, the great black oxen, which ate from her hand as gently as Jerry, the curly dog.

Then there was the week spent with Aunt Fan and Uncle Tom, by the shore of the pond in a little white tent, with only a canvas roof to shelter them from the weather.

There was the dear little squirrel that lived in the leafy house above their tent, and ran down the great oak tree and over the table among their dippers and pans.

There were crickets that sat on Doris' pillow at night and chirped their jerky lullabies; and a great brown owl that called each night from the wood, "To-who, to-who, to-who!"

Down by the water's edge there were shining, sleek little frogs and minnows that darted round the boat for crumbs.

Across the pond were the loons, that swam about and screamed; and queer, great birds they are, that can never walk, but must always swim or fly.

Doris has learned their call quite well, and very often she and Arabella, on their imaginary boat, the sofa, set sail to visit the loons, but frequently it happens that they land, ere long, on the sleepy Isle of Nod!

## PAPA TURKEY'S WARNING.

*Poem by a St. Nicholas League member, in competition for one of its prizes.*

"Say, pa," said Tommy Turkey,  
One dark December day,  
"What makes you look so sad and thin,  
While I am fat and gay?"

"I feel as happy as can be,  
For now the cook is kind,  
And gives just twice the food to me  
That once I used to find."

"Come here, my son, while I explain:  
You're young and cannot know  
How danger, woe, and dreadful pain  
Beset a turkey so.

"I've heard your grandpa often say  
That every girl and boy  
Just dote on turkeys fat and gay,  
And pick their bones with joy.

"And so I say, beware, dear son;  
Reduce your weight, and so live on."

## TATTERS.

Tatters lives in New York, and the people who own him think he is the greatest dog in the world. His mother was a particular friend of "Tip," the great big, wicked, man-killing elephant. But one day Tatters was stolen and put into the pocket of a man's overcoat. He behaved well at first, but after a time he jumped from the overcoat pocket in the elevated train, seized a muff belonging to a lady, and treated it as though it were a rat. Later he became a member of a family, and there he has really made himself a necessity. When there is fun and laughter, Tatters barks and jumps about in a wild state of excitement; and when there is sorrow, he is very still and tries to make it plain to everybody that he knows that they are in trouble. He is very punctual in his habits, is Tatters, and when his bedtime comes he takes his mistress' gown by the hem in his mouth and insists on her taking him to his basket. He remains there quietly until morning, and then he insists on getting into bed; his basket suits him no longer. He was very ill, and the doctor cured him by giving him pills, and now when he sees the doctor he insists on having some medicine. But Tatters has one bad habit. He will kill cats.