

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

No. 18.

A YOUNG ADMIRAL.

The boys have heard so much war news lately that they all want to be captains or admirals or something of the sort. The sailor's life is an adventurous one even in times of peace. There is a demand for courage in battling with the waves and storms and hidden rocks. But in times of war it is very much worse—and we pray that the happy and innocent boy in our picture may never have to fight his fellow-men and have to make the dreadful choice either killing or being killed, or perhaps both. War is a dreadful thing either by sea or land. May it soon cease from the earth.

WHAT JEANIE WAS GLAD OF.

Some children would think Jeanie hadn't anything to be glad of if they could see the little house where she lived with her grandmother. She had no nice clothes and no playthings but such as she could make for herself. Grandma was old and lame, so there were many steps for Jeanie to take, and not much time for play, yet she looked bright and happy as she sat on the steps, and it seemed to her that the flowers were nodding good-morning to her. But it was time to go to the spring for water, and Jeanie caught up her little pail, and hurried away.

"Poor child! The nights and mornings are getting cold now, and her old shoes are nearly worn out," said grandma.

"I'm so sorry your shoes are all worn out," she said when the little girl came back.

"Yes; but I've thought of something

to be glad about, too," said Jeanie. "I'm so glad my feet can't wear out like my shoes, for you know I can go barefoot, grandma, but I couldn't do without running errands for you."

"You make me think of a Bible verse,"

But grandma smiled. She felt sure that when God put that in his word he did not just mean giving presents, but doing all the kind things that we can do for each other. Don't you think that is the true meaning?



THE YOUNG ADMIRAL.

said grandma, wiping her spectacles, though Jennie couldn't see why they should be the least bit dim. "It's this one: 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'"

"Why, that can't mean me!" said Jeanie. "I haven't the least thing to give anybody."

rie and gave her the ring.

"Oh, I am so glad you found it! It was my mother's, and I think a great deal of it," said Carrie.

But she never knew how happy Susie felt when the naughty, envious feelings went out of her heart that day.

COVETING.

One afternoon little Susie saw on Carrie Ray's hand the loveliest ring she had ever seen.

"I wish it was mine," Susie whispered, almost aloud.

Every day she looked at the ring and thought how happy she would be to own it. One day, as Susie was washing her hands, she saw the ring right beside her on the marble ledge.

"I'll take it and give it to her by and by," she said, as she slipped it into her pocket; but she did not see Carrie at recess, nor was she in school, and Susie said to herself: "Suppose she should never come back. Then it would be mine."

She kept the ring in her pocket, and, on going home, went to her room and locked the door. Then she tried the ring on, and sat down to look at a book. But somehow the ring did not make her happy. She seemed to hear a little voice speaking in her heart, saying: "It is not yours; take it back."

The next morning Susie went early to school. She found Car-

THE LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
The dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave, and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat,
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

A LITTLE HELPER.

"Dear, dear!" said Janet, looking out at the dripping trees and the rain which was filling the yard with little pools, "How can I ever get any dinner to those men?"

"What men?" asked Dolly.

"Your father and Mr. Martin. They were going to be busy down at the new sawmill to-day, and didn't want to come up to the house for their dinner, so I promised to send it down. I expected Amos would be home in time to take it, but it's likely he's waiting somewhere for the rain to be over. Your mother had dropped off to sleep the last time I was upstairs; but I'm afraid her head will ache worse than ever when she wakes up and finds your father's had no dinner."

"I can carry it," said Dolly, cheerily.

"But you'll get all wet."
"I can carry the basket and a 'brella, too."
"Yes; but there's the can of coffee to go, and you haven't but two hands anyhow you can fix it," said poor Janet.

Dolly stood at the window and clasped her hands on top of her head, and by and by a plan came to her.

"Oh, I know a way!" she cried. "I'll take the old 'brella with the straight handle, and I can push that right down under my belt. I'm 'most sure I can carry it that way, Janet."

"Well, you're the greatest child to plan things!" laughed Janet. "Maybe you can do it that way, 'specially if it's tied, and you can slip your arm through the basket handle."

It was a funny-looking little figure that went down the road and across the meadow. Dolly was short, and the basket stood out on one side and the can on the other, while the umbrella, drawn low over her head, wobbled about uncertainly in its loose fastening.

"She looks like a walking toadstool, but she's dearest little girl in the world," said her father merrily, when he met her at the door of the sawmill.

"I thought we would surely have to do without dinner," said Mr. Martin, "or at least have to wait for the storm to end."

"Not with a brave little helper like Dolly," answered her father. "She can make a way right through the rain, just like any other sunbeam.—*Ex.*

A QUEER RAG BAG.

Aunt Mary kept her rags in a large green bag. It had once covered Uncle John's big bass-viol. One day Aunt Mary said that the rag bag was very full, and they must sell the rags to the rag-man. Jane needed a new bread-pan.

The rag-man called for the rags, and Jane carried down the bag.

"You have a fine lot here," he said; "I will weigh them in the bag. So he weighed them.

"Just two shillings," said he; "now I will put them in my cart."

When he did so, Aunt Mary heard him use a strange word.

"That beats all I ever saw!" said the ragman.

Aunt Mary ran out. Jane followed her, with Uncle John's two boys.

"Dear me!" said one.

"Did you ever!"

"What can it be?" added Aunt Mary.

And there was Malta, the cat, in the ragbag, with two of the prettiest kittens you ever saw!

She had been missing for three weeks. The boys had asked all the neighbours

about her. They even went to the police-station, and the kind inspector said: "We will do all we can to find your pet."

All this time she was hiding with her babies in the rag-bag. The boys thought she must be starved. Malta looked fat and wise.

"I know," said Jane; "she has taken some of baby's milk. I put it on the table every night, and in the morning it was all gone."

"That was it," said Aunt Mary, "for sometimes baby did not wake up."

"She must have eaten mice, too," said Fred, "for they have all left our room."

Then the ragman had to weigh the rags again without Malta and her babies, and Aunt Mary did not get two shillings.

The ragman said he would give them two shillings for the cat and her babies.

"Sell Malta!" said the boys. "Why we would as soon think of selling ourselves."

THE RAIN IS COMING.

It was bright and sunshiny when the children started for the woods to gather flowers. "We will bring you a big bouquet," said Bob to mamma. "Yes," said little Edith, "mamma shall have four big bouquets."

They were so busy gathering flowers that they did not think to watch the sky; in fact, the leaves were so thick that they could not have seen much of it if they had tried.

They had been in the woods but a short time when Emma said: "How dark it is! I shouldn't wonder if we were going to have a shower. We had better start for home before it comes."

Just as they reached the edge of the wood, Julia said, "Hark! I think I hear it."

"Yes, the rain is coming," said Emma, putting out her hand. "We had better wait under this tree where the leaves are thick until it is over."

They did not have to wait long, and everything was doubly beautiful as it glistened in the sunlight.

I sometimes think after a shower in summer time, when everything is sparkling and glistening, and the air is filled with the fragrance of the blossoms, that heaven itself could not be more beautiful, and yet it must be, for we are told "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

When the children reached home they gave mamma their flowers. "I promised you a big bouquet, mamma, and this is a very little one."

"Then I hope that my little boy will remember hereafter not to make rash promises," said mamma.

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A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Saviour holy, meek, and mild,
Listen to a little child
Who, upon her bended knee,
Lifts her evening prayer to thee.

If my feet have gone astray
Since the dawning of the day,
Oh, forgive, and make my heart,
White and clean in every part.

As I lay me down to rest,
Let my pillow be thy breast,
And thy gentle wings of love
Overshadow me above.

Through the silent hours of sleep,
Watch and guard around me keep,
And when morn again shall break,
Let me with the day awake.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 11.

ELIJAH TAKEN UP INTO HEAVEN.

2 Kings 2. 1-11. Memorize verses, 9-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

He was not; for God took him.—Gen.
5. 24.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did Elijah first look for when he came home? What was Elisha doing? What did Elijah do as he passed? What did Elisha do? Followed Elijah. How long did they live and work together? About ten years. What did they do on their last journey? Visited the schools of the prophets. How did the two friends cross the Jordan? Did Elijah know that he was about to go to God? Yes. Did Elisha and the young prophets know it also? Yes. What did Elijah say to Elisha? What did Elisha ask? How did Elijah answer? What did Elisha see? What did he cry out? "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Elisha's call. 1 Kings 19. 19-21.
Tues. Learn about the last journey of the two friends. 2 Kings 2. 1-5.
Wed. Read the rest of the lesson verses. 2 Kings 2. 6-11.
Thur. Find who is spoken of in the Golden Text. Gen. 5. 24.
Fri. Read how Jesus went to heaven. Acts 1. 9-11.
Sat. Learn when and where Elijah was again seen on earth. Matt. 17. 1-5.

Sun. Find if the Lord still gives a double portion of his Spirit. Luke 11. 13.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God's Holy Spirit is always in the world.
2. When one who has it is called away, another takes his place.
3. Prophets and apostles are God's messengers.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 18.

ISRAEL REPROVED.

Amos 5. 4-15. Memorize verses 14. 15.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.—
Amos 5. 6.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When was Amos a prophet in Israel? About 760 B.C. Where did he come from? What did he prophesy to his kingdom? What priest opposed him? To whom did he speak against Amos? What did he urge Amos to do? What did Amos say he was not? What did he say that he was? What did the Lord tell him to do? What did he say would finally happen to Israel? Why did the Lord send prophets? Can you mention the names of some of the Lord's prophets? What was easy for the people to do? What was hard for them to do? What was Amos always saying to them? What other gift had Amos? He was a poet. What bit of poetry can you point to? The eighth verse in our lesson. With what good counsel does the lesson close? "Hate the evil and love the good."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Amos 5. 4-15.
Tues. Find who Amos was. Amos 1. 1.
Wed. Learn what he says of himself. Amos 7. 14, 15.
Thur. Read of the reign of Uzziah. 2 Chron. 26.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Read what Isaiah said about seeking the Lord. Isa. 55.
Sun. Read of a woman who sought Jesus with all her heart. Luke 7. 36-50.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God calls humble men to do his greatest work.
2. He makes them strong to do it.
3. And teaches them by his Holy Spirit.

"Robbie," said the visitor kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," said Robbie; "I'm all the children we have."

TESTED.

An Eastern king, so the story runs, was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them, and went away. After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of them said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other; and throwing down his bucket, he went away.

The other man continued his work, till about sunset he exhausted the well. Looking down into it he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"No! I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable. At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—*Selected.*

POLITENESS.

"Oh, he's just as polite!" said little Mabel. "He picks up things, and runs for things, and says, 'Excuse me.'"

"Who?" I asked.

"That Carver boy," she said, pointing to a handsomely-dressed little fellow across the room.

"That boy?" I cried. "Why, I am visiting at his house, and he bangs the door, and whistles while his mother is talking, and says, 'Don't bother me!' when she asks him to shut the window. Are you sure it is that boy?"

"Yes," answered Mabel, mournfully; "though folks do say that his manners are all put on away from home."

Just so. When do you put on your manners, and when do you take them off?—*Selected.*



HARVEST TIME.

SONG OF THE HARVEST.

April's showers and May's bright blossoms,

Summer's skies and busy hum,
Now have reached the end they aimed at,
Nature's mighty task is done.

Garnered in from field and meadow
Is the earth's rich store of grain,
While the vines and trees hang heavy,
Laden with their fruit again.

Unto Him, the Lord of Harvest,
All our gratitude belongs,
He it is who all has ordered,
Unto him now rise our songs.

GECKO, OR LIZARD.

If you look at our picture of the foot of the gecko, or lizard, you will begin to understand why the Bible calls them "hands." You can easily conceive that they would grasp and hold very strongly, and cling very tight, more like hands than feet. And, indeed, they do. Those of the geckos who live out of doors, suspend themselves by their feet for hours from the underside of the larger tropical leaves, lurking in ambush for the insects on which they feed. Those who live indoors can run up the smoothest surface, and hang like house-flies from the ceiling. You would not be surprised at that if you could turn their feet upside down and see how they are made. Let me do it for you. Here, then, is the underside of their feet. They have five toes, and each one is divided into two parts, and composed of plates or scales set on in regular order. I believe they act very much like the sucker with which you sometimes play. And the gecko can squeeze the air out from between the cushions of his feet and so cling to the ceiling; then he can let the air in again, and so be loose the moment he wills.

Most of these geckos are quite harmless; but one kind has what we would call a very nasty habit. He sheds an aerial poison from his toes, so that when he runs across a man's hand little red pustules rise wherever his feet have

touched. Hence the Arabs call him the father of leprosy.

By this time I think we know enough of our teacher to begin learning our lesson. The gecko says, "We lizards only lay hold with our hands, yet we are in king's palaces." So far as the mere sense of the words goes, we understand him at once. We quite see that feet such as his, so nimble, so capable, so strong in their grasp, deserve to be called hands. We quite understand that, with such hands as these, the lizard may very easily climb the walls and hang from the ceiling of any house, even of the king's palace. This clever little lizard has only feet—no horns or wings—but it uses its feet so well that it turns them into hands, and then uses its hands so well that, even though born and brought up in an old wall, it finds its way into the palace of the king. It does not sit and fret because it is so little, and has so little, but it makes the best use of what it has. It does not sit and fret because it is so poor and weak, but runs into the house of a strong, rich king. Now, this is the

very spirit you should show. You should make as much as you can out of a little, and you should try to get on and to get up. There are boys and girls who cannot do much even when they have a great deal. There are boys who have all manner of toys—Noah's arks as big as babies' cradles, puzzles that cover a good-sized table, cricket balls and bats, skates, footballs, velocipedes even, and more pretty, expensive things that I can count—and yet they are often more troublesome and more clamorous for new toys and new amusements, and less cheerful and contented, than the poor little creatures that sit in the gutter, as good as gold, making mud-pies. There are girls and boys who have more books than they can use, and are sent to the very best schools, and who, after all, learn less than the children in ragged schools, and are less able to do their duty and to play their part in life, when they come home for good. For good? no, for bad; to be a plague and burden to the parents who have taken such pains with them, and have been so kind.

There are children with plenty of pocket-money, and with parents who would be charmed to help them in any act of kindness, who hardly ever think of serving their poor neighbors, and doing a little good in the world in which God has given them so much. Heaven, the palace of the King, is very high. It takes much climbing, and patient climbing, to reach it. But the first steps are very low, easy even to children's feet; and all the upper steps grow easier for children who have begun to climb from the first.



GECKO, OR LIZARD.