

# SUNBEAM

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No. 20.



ALFRED'S MOTHER TEACHING HIM SAXON SONGS.

## GOOD KING ALFRED.

As many boys in Canada know, the year 1901 is the thousandth year since King Alfred the Great's death. The anniversary will be observed in November next in England with jubilee addresses and memorials. Alfred was certainly a good king, and Sir Walter Besant terms him, "The one blameless king in our history, the great heroic figure of our Saxon forefathers, the very type of our race are the heritage of King Alfred." An excellent article in *The Outlook*, describing his character and work, we abridge the following:

You have read in books the broad facts of his life; the nine years' struggle; the nine years' battle; the overthrow and ruin that seemed complete; the sudden upspringing, as of the strong man restored by contact with the earth, and the rout of the invader. It is a wonderful story. Alfred raised an army, filled it with new confidence, and led it to victory. Remember that the Saxon kings not only led their armies, but fought in the very forefront. In those days no king could keep throne and crown who was not, first and above all, a soldier.

It has been pointed out by Sir Frederick Pollock that Alfred laid the foundation of our military system, and in place of tribal levies, which could be kept together only for a short time, made distinct provision for a field army, garrisons and reserves. As regards the navy, he created it. He gave the nation its fleet.

He taught them the great lesson that the safety of an island must be found in a fleet. The fleets which bear the flags of our race are the heritage of King Alfred.

He made of London an impregnable fortress. When we think of the part that London has played in the national history; when we consider that every municipality all over the English-speaking world, with its mayor, aldermen, common councillors and officers, is the direct descendant of the municipality of London, we may acknowledge that this part of Alfred's heritage was valuable indeed.

It is strange that Alfred's educational dream should have had to wait in England for nearly a thousand years. It is only thirty years since the English brain was able to persuade itself that safety, not to speak of justice and equal rights, lies in the education of the whole people. This doctrine, though we knew it not, was part of Alfred's heritage. "My desire," said the King, "is that all the free-born youths of my people may persevere in learning until they can read perfectly the English Scriptures."

The chief monument of Alfred's reign is, perhaps, his code of law. The great honour and glory of Alfred's lawgiving must be ascribed to the fact that

he was wise enough to amend old laws or to make new, in accordance with the national character. Alfred laid down two principles: first, that justice was the right of every one, rich or poor; and, next, that the laws of men must be in accordance with the laws of God. How far Alfred was a scholar is doubtful; but he was undoubtedly a writer. He collected and preserved the ancient poetry and the old legends. And he speaks of himself with pardonable satisfaction. "This," he says, "I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to work worthily; and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

The creation of a navy; the government by advice of the wise; trial by our peers; equal justice for rich and poor; the harmony of our law with the law of God; education for all; the foundation of English prose; the encouragement of English scholarship, enterprise, and the arts—is not this a noble heritage? And is there any part of it which is not shared by every soul born to our language and to our laws?—*Canadian Boy*.

Go not in the society of the vicious.



ALFRED THE GREAT IN HIS STUDY.



## WATCH THEM WELL.

There are four T's too apt to run,  
'Tis best to set a watch upon:

## Our Thoughts.

Oft when alone they take them wings,  
And light upon forbidden things.

## Our Temper.

Who in the family guards it best  
Soon has control of all the rest.

## Our tongue.

Knew when to speak, yet be content  
When silence is most eloquent.

## Our time.

Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say  
He's overtaken yesterday?

—Selected.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

## GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I would give ever so much to the poor!" said Bessie, who had finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts toward the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"O, food and clothes to make them comfortable; and to please the little boys I would give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flannagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of all my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things as you would not miss out of your great abundance. Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena took the rosy-checked face between both hands.

"N-no, auntie," said Bessie, and then jumped up.

"Where are you going, Bessie?"

"I am going to dress Rosamond and Rosalie, my two next best dolls, and give to Mary Flannagan and Kate Humel; and I think I will shine the runners of my sled and give it to Katie's little brother Johnny, for though I dearly love to coast down the hill, I think he will enjoy it more, for he never had a sled." And the little girl ran off, feeling happy at the idea of making others happy, even at some cost to herself.

—Olive Plants.

## ONE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

BY JOHN A. CAMPELL.

On a bright morning in early summer Marjorie and her father were walking in the garden. During the night there had been a heavy storm of wind and rain; the ground was still very damp in some places, though the warm sunshine had long ago dried the shell path. Under the big maple tree in the corner Marjorie paused with a cry of surprise, and then picked up a little brown nest, all wet and bedraggled, and a small bird, one of whose wings appeared to be slightly injured. "I'm going to take them to the house," said Marjorie, and she ran off with her burdens to the warm kitchen, where the little nest was laid aside to dry in the sunny window, and the wee birdie was placed in a big box of cotton wool, with plenty of crumbs before him. Marjorie, waiting anxiously for the invalid to recover, said that he looked like a little boy in a very big house, and she kept peering eagerly over the sides of the box to see whether he had eaten anything.

In a few days he was well enough to hop about the kitchen floor. He learned to take crumbs and bits of apple from Marjorie's little fingers. This delighted her very much, and made her wish to keep him always with her; but as summer advanced the little visitor often flew to the window, and watched with his little black eyes the other birds darting from tree to tree. Mother said that he was anxious to join them, and so Marjorie one morning drew up the net and pushed him gently outside upon the ledge. "Good-bye, little bird," she said softly. He gave a sweet twitter, and, spreading his brown wings in the sunshine, rose into the air and dis-

appeared among the green branches. That was the last Marjorie saw of him, but she is sure that some morning he will come down to say "Good day" to the little girl who treated him so kindly while he was her guest.—Sunbeam.

## WHAT OLD BEN KNEW.

Little Delia came into the hotel with her papa and mamma the other day. She had never been there before. The dining-room was quite full of people, and she looked rather sober, for the place seemed strange to her.

But almost as soon as she was seated at the table her papa said, "The hostler at the stable remembered old Ben."

"Why, yes, he was down here three years ago, when we took Harry to the train," answered mamma.

"Then Ben knew him?" said Delia with her face all covered with smiles, "and I don't mind how strange the place seems to me if he feels 'quainted and 'joys his dinner."

I didn't wonder that a lady whispered to a friend, "She's a dear, kind-hearted child."

It was so nice to have a little girl think so much of old Ben, the horse.

## TWO STUDENTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A little boy sat on the shore of a pond  
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;  
And each one gazed on the other one  
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:  
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?  
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn  
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out this reply:  
"That's what I'm here for, too.  
I'm studying Boys, and their curious  
ways,  
For I've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,  
And the frog he sank below;  
While circling ripples on the pool  
Were all that was left of the show.  
—St. Nicholas.

We are all by nature blind and weak and helpless not in our bodies, but in our souls. And we are poor, too; we have nothing, and we can do nothing. This is a very sad state. We ought to be as anxious to be helped and cured as Bartimeus the blind man was. We should pray as he did: "Jesus, have mercy on us." And Jesus, who heard and answered him, will hear and answer us if we pray in faith as he did, for he says: "All things that ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

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Gen. 39.

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## THE FAR COUNTRY.

You stand at the brim o' the hill, little girl,  
And look with a sweet despair  
At the melting hilltops of purple red,  
With the fleecy bars of the blue o'erhead,  
And you want to be running still, little girl,  
To the country of Over There.

Oh, a brave, brave country it shows, little girl,  
With colours and trappings rare,  
A bustle of happy sounds and sights,  
A glistening current of sweet delights,  
Where everyone's known and knows, little girl,  
In the country of Over There.

There are strains of a sweeter song, little girl,  
Than hearts of this land can bear;  
There are delicate whispers and flitting feet,  
And gay, bright, laughing pleasures fleet,  
Where nothing but sorrow's wrong, little girl,  
In that country of Over There.

But no one can tell you the way, little girl,  
To that land so dear and fair;  
It glows in the sunset pools of light,  
It shines in the starry clouds at night,  
And only your heart can stray, little girl,  
To the country of Over There.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

## LESSON II. [Oct. 13.]

JOSEPH IN PRISON.

Gen. 39. 20-40. 8. Memory verses, 21-23.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy.—Gen. 39. 21.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

To whom was Joseph sold by the merchants? To Potiphar. What did Potiphar soon see? That the Lord was with Joseph. How may people tell if the Lord is with a man? By the way he acts. How far did Potiphar trust Joseph? With all he had. Who turned his heart against this good servant? Potiphar's wicked wife. Where did Potiphar send Joseph? Was he unhappy there? No; "for the Lord was with him." Who learned to trust him? The keeper of the prison. Who were sent into the same prison? Who found them sad one day? Why? What did the Lord make Joseph able to do? Interpret their dreams.

## DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about Joseph in Egypt. Gen. 39. 1-6.  
*Tues.* Read of Joseph in prison. Gen. 39. 20-23.  
*Wed.* Find what Joseph proved. Prov. 16. 7.  
*Thur.* Read more of the lesson verses. Gen. 40. 1-8.  
*Fri.* Learn how Joseph could tell dreams. James 1. 5.  
*Sat.* Find how Joseph made a friend. Gen. 40. 9-15.  
*Sun.* Read a song of thanksgiving. Isa. 12.

## LESSON III. [Oct. 20.]

JOSEPH EXALTED.

Gen. 41. 38-49. Memory verses, 39-41.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honour me I will honour.—1 Sam. 2. 30.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who was king in Egypt? Pharaoh. What kind of dreams did he begin to have? Strange dreams, which troubled him. What did he try to find? Some one to tell him what they meant. Who could not do this? His wise men. What did he hear about Joseph? That he was wise and good. What was Joseph able to do? Interpret the king's dreams. Who helped him to do this? God. What did Pharaoh do then? He made Joseph a ruler in Egypt. How old was Joseph now? Why did all this honour and power come to Joseph? Because he was a faithful servant of God.

## DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Find why Joseph was happy in prison. Gen. 39. 21.  
*Tues.* Learn how Joseph helped Pharaoh. Gen. 41. 25-36.  
*Wed.* Learn how Pharaoh helped Joseph. Gen. 41. 38-49.  
*Thur.* Learn what is true to-day. Golden Text.  
*Fri.* Find what Joseph proved true. Psa. 37. 5.  
*Sat.* Learn that God never forgets his children. Psa. 9. 12.  
*Sun.* Read a song of thanksgiving. Isa. thus far.

Many a boy plans out his education, and prepares himself for his chosen business, and shows himself both thoughtful and wise so far; and yet foolishly neglects the one most important point of his whole future, his soul's livelihood. The immortal part of life must be the important part always to a boy or man; and if this foundation truth is forgotten, the whole career, however outwardly successful, is but a foolish failure.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

## NOBODY.

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"Nobody broke it! It cracked itself,  
It was clear away on the topmost shelf.  
I—p'raps the kitty-cat knows!"  
Says poor little Ned,  
With his eyes as red  
As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully  
Put my cap just where it ought to be.  
(No, 'tishn't ahand the door.)  
And it went and hid,  
Why, of course, it did,  
For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things will  
Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone  
still!

I was just jumping over the fence—  
There's some spikes on top,  
And you have to drop  
Before you half commence."

Nobody! Wicked Sir Nobody!  
Playing such tricks on my children three!  
If I but set eyes on you,  
You should find what you've lost!  
But that, to my cost,  
I never am like to do!

## UNCLE TALKS.

WONDERFUL TREE OF MADAGASCAR.

There are trees on three sides of the homestead—a row of cherry-trees in the wide lane, some noble, towering maples in the rear, with a half-dozen fruit trees, and right before the door, and half-way between it and the gate, a grand old apple-tree, whose wide-spreading limbs make a favourite seat for the boys in summer, and whose sea of blossoms in spring is a marvel of beauty to all who live in the neighbourhood. Its apples are the biggest, reddest and sweetest on any tree for miles around. But some of its limbs are showing signs of decay, and ere many more summers elapse the old tree must be brought under the axe.

"Dear old tree!" said the boys, when Uncle John, after inspecting it, the other day, told them of this decision. "It seems like a friend to us," added Tom.

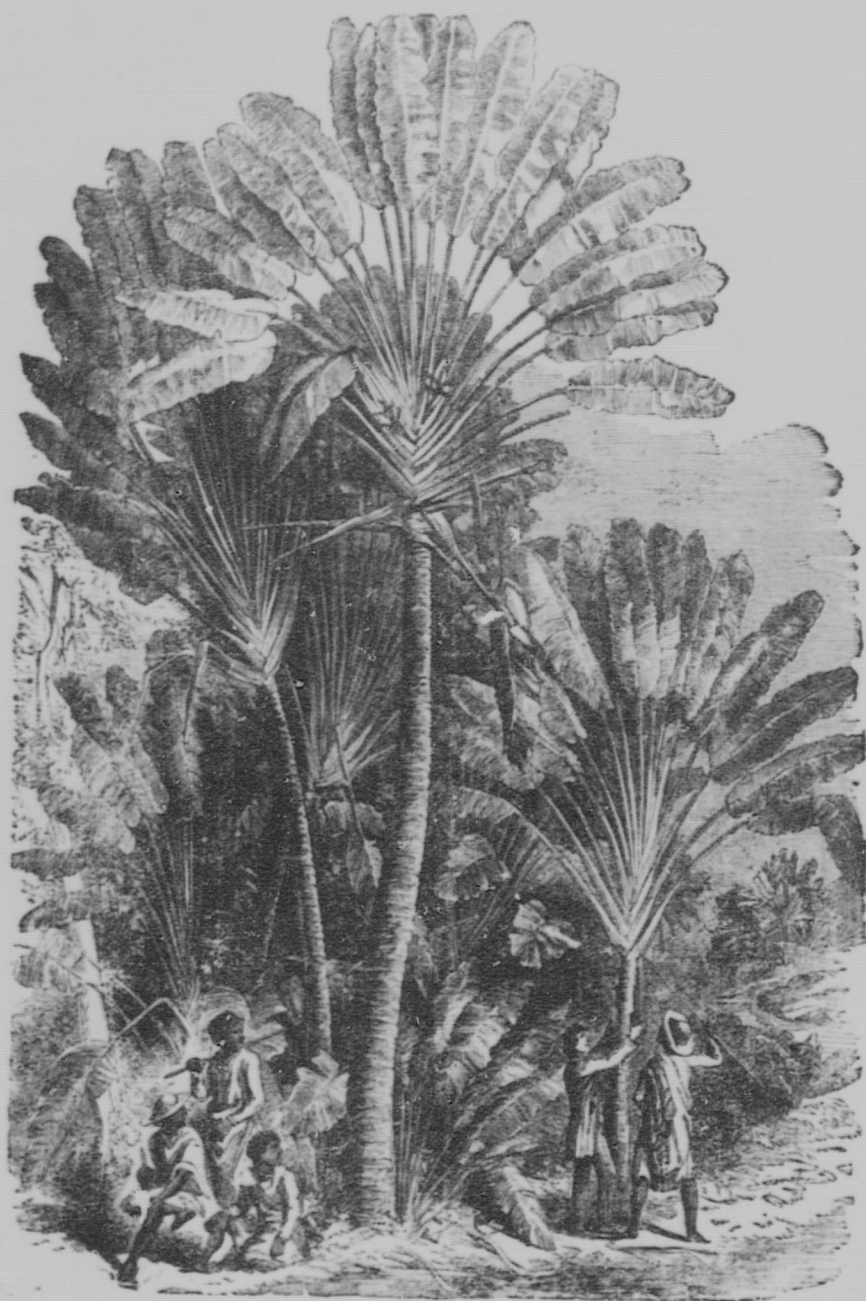
"The young folks will miss it very much," said mamma, sadly.

"Yes," said Uncle John. "There is no plant in the whole world so deserving of man's affection as a tree; yet there is none that exacts less care and trouble at his hands. In our climate we think less of trees than people do in some other parts of the world."

"Oh, yes," said Ellie; "I remember reading the Bible, a little while ago, in Deuteronomy 22. 19, where it says 'the tree of the field is man's life,' but I never could make out just what it meant."

"It means," replied uncle, "that the trees are necessary to his comfort and, in some parts of our earth, to his very existence. There are trees in some coun-





"THE TRAVELLER'S TREE" OF MADAGASCAR.

tries that seem to supply almost everything that man needs for his subsistence."

"Tell us of them, uncle, please," cried Ted, who had been an eager listener. "Are they big apple-trees like ours?"

"No, my boy; they bear something that may not be quite so toothsome, but it is much more precious than a sweet apple. Humboldt," continued Uncle John, "mentions a tree he saw in South America, and which he calls the cow-tree. It is a tree so called because it takes the place of a cow in supplying the people with milk."

"How funny to think of wooden cows that give real good, sweet milk!" cried Ellie.

"Yes," continued the traveller, "these trees grow out of the rocks. They have large, wood roots, and the leaves are dry and leathery. For several months of the year no rain falls to moisten the leaves

and the branches look dry and dead; but when the trunk is pierced, a sweet and nourishing milk oozes out. The best time for milking, the natives say, is at sunrise, and at that hour they go out with bowls and calabashes to pierce the wooden cows. They make incisions in the branches, and soon have the bowls overflowing with nice, fresh milk, which some drink on the spot, while others take it home to the little ones."

"But does it taste like real milk, uncle?" asked Tom, incredulously.

"So I gather from what travellers say. The smell is pleasant and the taste agreeable."

"There is surely no other plant like it in the world," said Ted, in wondering tones.

"Wrong, my boy. There are others, but they don't give milk. There's a remarkable tree in the island of Madagas-

car, called the 'Traveller's Tree.' The branches don't grow out of the trunk, but spring out in a line, like the spokes of a wheel. Each branch grows at the end a big broad leaf, which spreads out like a fan. Under the branches a dew collects in the evening in a myriad of drops that form little streams which run down the lower side of the branches. At the base of the branch is a cuplike hollow, where the dew gathers, and thirsty travellers have just to poke something between the branches and hold a cup or jar under, and it is speedily filled with sweet, refreshing water."

"Another illustration of how our Heavenly Father provides for His creatures in all places," remarked mamma from the sofa.

"Yes; all trees are useful in some way or other," responded uncle, "but there are some whose every leaf, branch and fibre are valuable in various ways. The cocoanut is one of these; its fruit yields oil, a sugary milk and solid food, while from its rind or shell are made spoons, cups, bowls, and even tables. The bark of the tree is made into twine, cloth, and mats; the tender young buds are eaten, and the sap makes capital sugar. The tough, leathery leaves are used for sails for boats, for sacks, for baskets, and thatch for cottages."

"Well!" exclaimed the deeply interested group, "surely no other tree can be so useful."

"Ah, but the bamboo in China is even more so," was the smiling reply. "It grows about eighty feet in height, and has neither blossom nor fruit. Its leaves are short and slender, but many of its canes are thicker than your papa's arm. The biggest stems are used for pillars of buildings and for rafters and planks, and its leaves are woven as thatching for the roof. The fibre makes mats for the floor. In many Chinese houses the bamboo is made into bedsteads, tables and chairs, and workmen also turn it into umbrellas, hats, baskets, cups, brooms, shoe-soles, pipes, bows-and-arrows, and sedan-chairs. The finer fibre is spun into twine, and the shavings are used for stuffing pillows. Its leaves make a capital cloak for wet days, and the chopsticks, which you have seen Chinamen use instead of knife and fork, are also made out of its stems. But that isn't the whole: its tender shoots are boiled and eaten and the pulp is transformed into paper, and the pith into pickles and sweatmeats. Boats, floats, sails, cable, rigging, fishing-rods and fishing-baskets are all made from the same tree. Chinese farmers have it in the form of carts, wheelbarrows, ploughs, wheels and fences. In fact, I might go on for an hour telling you about this remarkable tree which is everywhere used by the Celestials. If there is a more useful plant on the globe, I have never heard of it."