

SUNBEAM

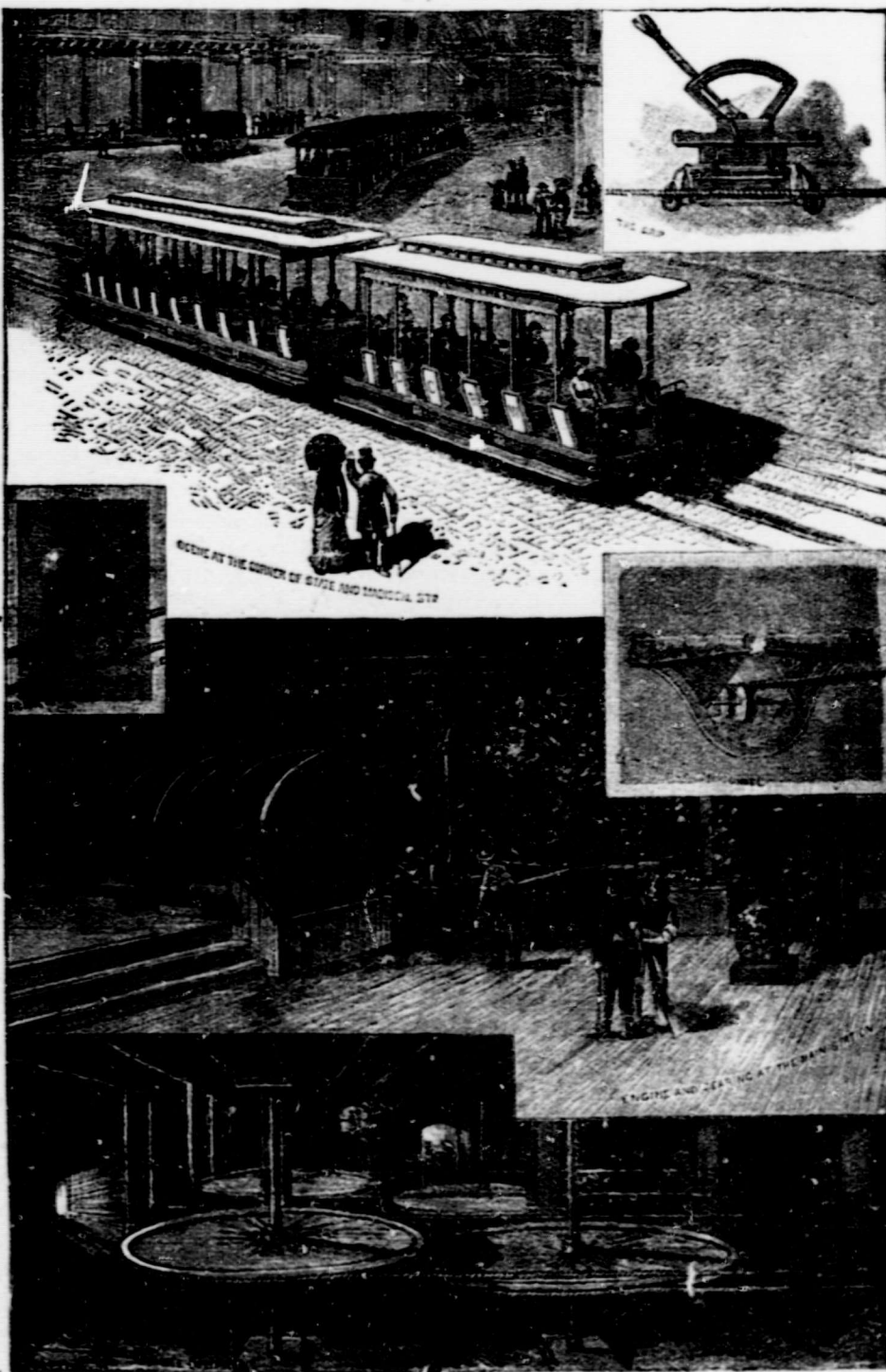
Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

No. 18.

THE CABLE CAR SYSTEM.

In the olden time when those who used to see the street-cars of our cities drawn exclusively by horses, it was a curious sight, on coming into a strange city, such as Chicago, to see them running, as it were, of themselves, being set in motion and stopped by the driver with very little effort and in a very few seconds. The secret of this is that they run on moving cables, which are set in motion and regulated from a single engine-house at one end of the track. The method is simple and interesting. Just half way between the tracks a little channel is dug about a foot deep; it is in this little channel that the cable—a strong, thick wire rope—is laid along little rollers on which it runs with great smoothness. (See Fig. 1). This cable is stretched around large wheels in the engine-house (Fig. 3), and is continually kept in motion. All that now remains to be done is to supply the heavy car with something on the principle of a pair of pincers with which to grip the cable and let it go when the driver wishes to stop. This apparatus is shown in



THE CABLE CAR SYSTEM, CHICAGO.

Fig. 2, and explains itself. Fig. 4 shows us an ingenious idea for detecting a flaw in the cable; the lower points of a metal fork, to which a bell is attached, run

along the smooth surface of the wire, and if the slightest flaw is present the warning note of the bell at once gives notice of the fact.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING.

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

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

"Oh, food and clothes to make them comfortable, and to please the little boys I should 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 little girl's long curls.

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

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

"But I think ever so much of 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 too, the rosy-cheeked 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 them to Mary Flannagan and Katie 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 that he will enjoy it more, for he has 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.*

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

LOVING SERVICE.

A lady was walking home from a shopping excursion carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing voice arose:

"I's too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street-car going in her direction. She took one of her parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her and help her to carry the bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying, stoutly: "I'll tarry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the

homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burdens, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."

TWO BABIES.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

Jessie was wheeling Baby Ned up and down the sidewalk in his little cart. Baby was laughing and crowing and jumping up and down so hard that sometimes he nearly fell out, but Jessie looked as cross and unhappy as a little girl can look.

"I'm just tired of taking care of baby all the time," she said to herself. "I wish I was Florence Lee, she doesn't have any baby to 'tend to."

Just at that minute along came another little girl wheeling a big carriage.

"Hello, Jessie," she said. "Come and see my baby!"

"Why, it's Florence," said Jessie, making haste to see the strange baby.

"I have to keep her covered up," said Florence, "it's the first time she has been out." "Oh, she's asleep," whispered Jessie, as the pretty robe was folded back. "Why, no, she's—she's a rag baby, Florence!"

"Yes," said Florence, beginning to laugh, "I wanted a baby to play with so badly that mamma made me this one. Only she's not nearly so nice as Baby Ned."

"Oh!" said Jessie, and she was quite still for a whole minute.

"Would you like to wheel Ned for a while?" she said.

"Wouldn't I!" said Florence. "Let's put him in my carriage. We'll leave this old rag doll in the cart in our yard."

So poor rag baby was left all alone in the cart, and the two little girls took turns pushing the carriage with the real baby in it, till before they knew it, dinner-time had come.

"I'm glad you're not a rag baby, brother Ned," said Jessie as she lifted him out, "and I won't be cross any more when I have to take care of you."—*Jewels.*

HELPFULNESS.

One day last winter, when snow covered the ground and a blizzard was raging, a street-car came to a standstill on the upgrade of a hillside. A descendant of Ham, with a mule of the same ebony hue attached to a heavily loaded cart, obstructed the track just ahead of us. The driver whipped and goaded and encouraged, and the dumb beast tugged and strained, but in vain; the slippery stones destroyed his power of locomotion. The shivering passengers, some of them, complained and scolded, and made matters worse, until a happy thought struck motor-

man and conductor at the same moment. The current was turned on, the car gently moved forward until it touched the rear end of the cart, and quietly pushed cart and mule up the hill. The driver smiled from ear to ear, the passengers laughed and applauded, and, as well as we could make out from his light step and shaking sides and ears moving to and fro, the mule himself was laughing heartily over the novel experience. No doubt he enjoyed it thoroughly. The track was soon clear, and we passed on our way.

Herein is a parable for Christian workers. Don't scold and complain at others who are struggling up the same hillside as yourself, but give them a push. You help yourself best by helping others. Obstructions occur constantly on slippery tracks. It is not only our business to reach our journey's end, but also to help those whom we pass on the way who need our help.

LUCY'S NEW SHOES.

One day Lucy's papa brought her home a pair of beautiful new shoes, with patent leather tips that shone so brightly Lucy could almost see her face in them.

Lucy was very proud of them. She put them on and tip-toed all around the room. While she was admiring them in this way, her mamma said, "Lucy, if you go out to play, put on your old shoes."

"Yes'm," said Lucy, and she really meant to; but her brother Harry called her to come to the brook with him to sail his boat. She forgot about her shoes till something dreadful happened!

When they reached the brook Harry wanted to cross to the other side, where it was shady. He found some stones, which he placed in the water for Lucy and him to step on. Harry skipped over, and Lucy was following, when slip went one of the stones, and splash went Lucy into the water.

"Oh, Harry, I've ruined my new shoes!" And coming out of the water, she sat upon the bank and cried.

"It's all my fault," said Harry; "I ought to have helped you across."

"No, it's my fault," said Lucy; "I ought to have remembered what mamma told me."

Lucy went to the house and told her mamma her trouble. Her mamma didn't scold her, but she said, "I'm very sorry my little girl's memory is so poor. She has spoiled her new shoes in consequence. But I'm glad she has come straight to mamma with her trouble. Now, it's no use to cry over what is done, your crying won't make your shoes new again. Put on your old ones and go back to Harry and sail your boat."

Lucy put her arms around her mamma's neck, and said, "You're the dearest mamma in the world!" And I think she was very sweet.

THE FAVOURITE DOCTOR.

The goodest old doctor came when we were sick—
That is, dolly was sick, and me.
When I ran out my tongue, he said very quick,
"You'll need lemonade, that I can see."
And he sounded like fairies I've heard in my dreams,
When he said, "Don't forget to take chocolate creams."
"Your pulse beats so fast fresh caramels I shall prescribe, also peppermint drops. Take buttercups, ice cream and cocoanut pie,
And soda cream, till the pain stops."
Then I ran out my tongue for my dolly. Said he :
"Give her some of the same; the same symptoms I see."

Well, the dolly, you know, was sick only in play;
And she really can't talk, drink, or eat,
But I took enough medicine for dolly that day—
And for me, too—pie, cakes, candies sweet.
I was doctored for both; and the queerest thing still,
Is that dolly is well, but her mamma is ill!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI.—SEPTEMBER 13.

DAVID BECOMES KING.

2 Sam. 2. 1-10. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! —Psa. 133. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was David as soon as Saul died? The king of Israel. Why? Because he had been anointed for that office when young. What did he ask the Lord? What did the Lord tell him? To what city did David go? To what tribe did the city belong? To what tribe did David belong? What did the men of Judah do? To what men did David show kindness? To the men of Gilead. Why? Because they had been kind to Saul in burying him. Who ruled over the other tribes of Israel? Who made him king? How long did he reign? Two years. How long did David reign in Hebron? Seven years and six months.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 2 Sam. 2. 1-10.
Tues. Find another time when David

asked the Lord what to do. 1 Sam. 23. 2.

Wed. Learn what it is always wise to do. Prov. 3. 6.

Thur. Read about the anointing of David. 1 Sam. 16. 11-13.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn how honourable and kind David was. Verses 5, 6.

Sun. Learn what David did while waiting for his kingdom. Psa. 37. 7.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God reigns over all kings.
2. That no king can rule well without him.
3. That we cannot rule ourselves without him.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 20.

ABSTINENCE FROM EVIL (TEMPERANCE LESSON).

1 Pet. 4. 1-11. Memorize verses 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Peter? How did he live? How did he die? He was crucified at Rome. Was he ever afraid to confess Christ? When? At the trial of Christ. What was he afterwards? To whom did he write letters? How many are in the New Testament? Two. What kind of words are in them? What does he warn Christians against? What did the people around them love best? A life of pleasure. What did they often have? Feasts. What did they freely use then? Wine. What did it do? Destroyed their minds. What did he urge them to be? What did he wish them to have "above all things"? What does it cover? What should Christians share? How should they speak and give?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the call of Peter. Matt. 4. 18-20.

Tues. Find how Peter denied his Lord. Matt. 26. 69-75.

Wed. Find how he became strong. Acts 2. 14-37.

Thur. Read Peter's example in addition. 2 Pet. 1. 5-8.

Fri. Read the lesson verses. 1 Pet. 4. 1-11.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Read what a wise king said. Prov. 23. 29-31.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That worldly people seek happiness.
2. That Christians give happiness.
3. That it is better to give than to receive.

THE GLOWWORM'S CANDLE.

Sometimes children think that they are too small to do any good; that they must wait until they are grown. I read something the other day that made me think the smallest might be helpful.

Did you ever see a glowworm? Perhaps not; but it is a little worm about half an inch long, which shines in the dark with a little light, as fireflies do.

There had been a battle, and some of the soldiers were fleeing from the enemy. Pretty soon they lost their way. They had with them a little instrument called a compass, which could have shown them the way, only it was so dark that they could not see which way the needle pointed. They did not dare carry a light, for fear the enemy would see it and follow them. Just then one of the men noticed a little glowworm shining in the grass. He picked it up and put it on the compass, and there was just light enough to show which way the needle pointed. Then the men knew which way their home was. They were very glad and went on until they got home.

Don't you think that these men thought a little glowworm could do good? And cannot a little child do as much as a glowworm? Bright, sunny smiles, pleasant words, and helpful deeds are a child's way of shining, and they make all the household happy.—*Parish Visitor.*

THE DUCKLING'S DOWN QUILT.

The quilts of fluffy down that keep us so warm are filled with feathers which some mother duck has plucked from her own breast to make sheet, pillowcase, and quilt for her own little ones. It is a pleasure to know that the down gatherers are not so cruel as they used to be.

The farmers in Iceland used to rob the nests of the eider-ducks of their precious down twice each season. The mother duck supplied it each time from her own body; and the third time the drake gave his down, which was not so white and soft, and this was allowed to remain.

The farmers found after a while, however that this did not pay, as under such treatment the little birds did not thrive well. Now they never take the down until after the little ducks are hatched and get a fair start. It has been found that the little birds thrive better and increase faster when they are treated as nature meant them to be.

So now the mothers are no longer obliged to strip themselves of all their down to furnish their nests. Sometimes, if the quantity be very great, a little may be taken, but enough must be left to cover the eggs when the duck leaves her nest for food.—*S. S. Advocate.*

TELLING SECRETS.

BY BARBARA GRIFFITHS.

I love to play with Gertie Gray;
 But sometimes she is queer
 'Bout talking "secrets," for to-day
 She whispered in my ear,
 "Don't tell; we're going to have ice cream
 Round at our house to-night!"
 A secret like that didn't seem
 Exactly just polite,

'Cause I'm not asked to-night; so that
 I whispered to Gertie Gray,
 "Don't tell; we have a kitty-cat;
 It came here yesterday.
 You can play with it, too," I said,
 "'Cause secrets ought to be
 Polite." Then Gertie's cheeks got red;
 "I guess they ought!" said she.

Grandmother had started to cut a cabbage when the word came. The butcher knife and the basket were still on the table. Three-year-old Dolly sat rocking in the little rocking-chair, scarcely comprehending that there was trouble. Molly felt that she simply must know how baby was. She slipped out of the door and ran home, meaning to stay only an instant; but it took time to ask Jimmie all about it, and it was fifteen minutes before she came back.

Dolly was not there. The big knife and the basket were gone, too.

Guessing where her little sister had gone, Molly ran to the garden with all her might, but, just as she lifted the latch of the gate, the little pink-aproned figure ahead of her stumbled and fell. Filled with terror, Molly ran up and bent over

HOW TO FEEL THANKFUL.

Sanford Cobb, a missionary at home on furlough, heard a boy saying that he knew he had a great deal to thank God for, but to save his life he couldn't make himself feel thankful.

"Do you tell God that you know you have many mercies?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, sometimes."

"Do you tell him so aloud, so that you will hear yourself thanking God?"

"Why, no," the boy said; he had never thanked God aloud.

"Try it," said the missionary, "and keep on trying it."

This boy told me as soon as he began in earnest to thank God aloud his heart began to swell with gratitude.

Try to-day, little folks, to be thankful.



APPLE ORCHARD, EAST HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

MOLLY'S REMINDER.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

"Take care of Dolly, Molly."

"Yes, grandmother; I will."

Molly and Dolly were spending the morning at grandmother's house. It was only two blocks away from their home, but they could play they had taken a long journey. Just now, however, they had forgotten all their play. Jimmie, their brother, had burst in crying:

"O grandmother, grandmother, come quick! baby's swallowed a brass thimble."

"May we go, too?" asked Molly, all a quiver; but grandmother had answered, as she dried her hands on the roller towel:

"No; your mother has enough to tend to without you. You and Dolly stay here."

little Dolly, and her heart stood almost still as she saw the blood streaming over the little face.

But God was very good to Molly, and the dreadful thing that might have happened was spared her. When she washed the blood off from Dolly's face she found that the cut was only a little one, neither deep nor serious. It only left a small scar, but that was enough for Molly. Whenever she saw that tiny scar, she was reminded of that carelessness and disobedience that might have cost her so dear, and it really turned into a blessing to her, for it made her trustworthy.

Did the baby get well? Oh, yes, the brass thimble didn't hurt the baby at all.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

Think how much God has done for you; think of the many blessings that he has showered upon you—of the friends, of the home, of the Sunday-school, of the Junior League—and how much better off you are than those who have none of these.—*Selected.*

Two little birds were building a nest;
 Each of them thought their own way the best;

"Put the straw so, sir." "Nay, madam,
 this way;

I can do better than you, any day."

Was it not sad that they could not agree,
 Making so cozy a nest 'neath the tree?
 While the sweet flowers that cluster
 around

Seemed to say softly, "O dear, what a sound!"