

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1904.

No. 17

CHUMS.

What happy-looking chums they are, these two. They never quarrel. They are fond of each other and have too much sense to fall out about trifles. Do you know where they have just now been? You can't guess. They look as if they had been having some fun somewhere, don't they? They have been swimming in the mill-pond near the house, and feel as fresh as can be, and ready for a frolic. Watch is a splendid swimmer, for he is a natural water dog, and George learned to swim when he was a little fellow, for he has lived near the old mill all his life.

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day?" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie, complacently.

"Oh, yes, there are," said mamma, as she took him in her lap and explained



CHUMS.

the meaning of the words as well as she could.

But Bobbie was restless. He asked whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "B-a-a!" Even mamma was afraid that Bobbie would get little

help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock that afternoon when Bobbie, on the corner, listened to John Baker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way from here; and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there because it's on the sunny side of the street. I do believe if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Baker. At last he spoke: "You're a wolf, Johnnie Baker! As true as you live, you're a wolf."

"Don't you go calling me names!" said John, his face growing red.

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em'; that means, take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' believe to be good. You're makin'

believe my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mamma told me about it this morning."

"I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well, don't you?"

THE MOON.

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;

She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbor quays,
And birds asleep in the forks of trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,

The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon.

All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day

Cuddle to sleep to be out of the way;
And flowers and children close their eyes,
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 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	3 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 48
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 64
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 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1904.

HOW SYLVIA SAVED THE BEES.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

The bees were lounging round their front doors or out in their front yards, after a hard day's work. The air was full of their peaceful, contented humming.

"Home, home,—sweet, sweet home," sang grandfather softly, under his breath. He and Sylvia and Honey Sweet were sitting under the trees, watching the bees.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." See how the little furry rascals seem to love their home! You'd never suppose they ever thought of hollow trees and green woods, would you? But just as likely as not some of those big, buzzing chaps loitering round the middle house, there, in Bee Row, picked out a nice likely tenement in some hollow tree this very day,

while they were away doing their day's work. You can't trust 'em!"

"No," laughed Sylvia, shaking her yellow head, "seems just as if I see that biggest, buzziest bee winking one eye at me now! He's the one that picked out the hollow tree to run away to, grandfather!"

"Rascal!" echoed grandfather, pretending to be angry. And Honey Sweet kicked both pink-socked little feet in delight. Honey Sweet was only seven months old, but she understood grandfather's "pretends." She liked to have him scowl up his forehead like that and shake his forefinger sternly at the little bee folks.

"Still, I don't know as we ought to blame them altogether," grandfather continued, "for other folks like to get away for a change occasionally, you know—where there are trees and bees and"—

"Grandfathers an' grandmothers," supplied Sylvia gaily. "That's me an' Honey Sweet an' mother! We like to every summer, and we've got a 'Home, sweet home,' too, same as the bee folks have. Maybe—you don't s'pose there's a grandfather an' grandmother bee, in that hollow tree, do you, grandfather? If there is, of course they'll run away! Grandfather,"—growing suddenly grave and practical,—"supposing, just supposing they should 'swarm' this very live minute, while we're sitting here looking! Would they fly straight to the woods?"

"No, pass, probably they'd cluster first."

"Cluster?"

"Yes, on a twig or branch near the hive, in a great black, humming, whirling cluster. They usually do before they fly off, and lucky it is, too, for us bee-keepers, for it gives us time to hive them again and save them, or off they'd be, never to return."

"Well, I wish I could see 'em doing it," Sylvia said. But she didn't mean without grandfather there, too. Just she and Honey Sweet alone—oh, no, she didn't mean that way! But that was just what happened. The very next day it happened!

Grandfather and grandmother wanted the children's mother to go with them to call on one of the neighbors. It was a mile and more away, and mother hesitated.

"The baby is asleep, and I don't want to wake her up to take her with me, and she's very young to leave," she said.

"Not with Nurse Sylvia," cried grandfather. "You can trust the little midget with her. I'm willing to trust all my babies, and there are hundreds of them!"

"Bee-babies," laughed Nurse Sylvia. "I'll take care of 'em, grandfather. And I'll take bea-ootiful care o' Honey Sweet, mother! I guess you've forgotten I'm 'leven years old, going on twelve!"

So they went, and before they were much more than out of hearing the bees swarmed! Sylvia heard the loud, warning whir and roar, and saw them come out

in a black, whirling cloud. They were going straight to the woods—no, they were going to muster—cluster—what was it grandfather had called it? They were settling down on the lowest limb of the chestnut tree. Sylvia watched them in a tumult of fascination and fear. Supposing, just supposing, they didn't wait there till the folks got their call made! Supposing the "scouter-bees" came back first! Supposing they flew away to the woods—grandfather's beloved bees!

"Oh, I must save them! I have to save them!" cried Sylvia in great excitement. But how? Whatever should she do? She had seen pictures in grandfather's bee-books of long bags on the end of long poles that folks slid up under the black, roaring, whirling cluster. But where could she find a bag?

The baby slept on calmly. The run-away bees buzzed and whirled and finally settled down to wait. But Sylvia could not rest. She hunted everywhere for a "bee-bag." She thought of grain bags and rag bags and pillowcases, and then she thought of Honey Sweet's little long white slip! There it hung, right on the clothesline, waving its tiny sleeves at her, as if to say: "Here, here; why don't you take me? I'll save the bees."

"Why!" cried Sylvia softly, "I'll take the baby's dress! It's all dry and ready. It's long and baggy, anyway. I can tie up the sleeves and make it baggy."

She caught it from the line, tied the little frilled sleeves together in a tight knot and hurried away to the workshop. There she found a barrel-hoop that she hurriedly tacked inside the wide hem at the bottom and there was her bee-bag! Only it needed a long handle.

"A broom-handle will do," Sylvia decided. "There, now I'll go an' save grandfather's bees, if I can," she added a little dubiously. It was rather terrifying work, even when you were eleven and going on twelve. You couldn't help being afraid of the buzz, whizzy black mass, and the barrel you stood on would wobble dreadfully, and there was a roaring in your ears.

But when the folks came home, there was Sylvia waiting at the end of the lane with a scared, white little face, and one of Honey Sweet's long white slips full of little, scared black bees! She had twisted the "bag" over at the mouth, and so shut it up safely,—not a single little bee-person could escape.

"I—I've saved 'em," gasped she, holding out the funny little bee-bag to astonished grandfather. "It was pretty 'citing, but I did." Then a sudden little laugh twinkled out all over her little brown face as she saw how funny the baby's dress looked in grandfather's hand, full of whirling bees.

"Honey Sweet helped!" she laughed.—*Morning Star.*

THE
I lent my
thin
They gave
no
They left
col
My dear li
Her color,
she
She had fo
To have he
sc
My own li
Now, swal
pill
'Twill cure
it v
We'll no r
gol
My dear li

L
7
STUDIES 1
L

1 Kings 1

In my
and he he
qui

Who tol
been destr
do? What
it? Which
leave his
wilderness

How did
How was
What did
he do afte

happened t
did he tak
him streng
done near
miracles v
smitten r
Where did

Mon. Re

Tues. Fin

Wed. Thi

Thur. Re

Fri. Re

I

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I lent my dear Dolly, and what do you think?
 They gave her no victuals; they gave her no drink;
 They left her uncovered all night in the cold,
 My dear little Dolly, not quite a year old!

Her color, how faded! It rained where she lay;
 She had for her pillow a wisp of wet hay;
 To have her so treated, say who would not scold?
 My own little Dolly, not quite a year old!

Now, swallow it, Dolly—this little white pill;
 'Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will:
 We'll no more be parted, for love or for gold,
 My dear little Dolly, not quite a year old!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM SOLOMON TO ELLIAH.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 28.

ELIJAH DISCOURAGED.

1 Kings 19. 1-8. Memorize verses 3, 4.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me.—Psa. 120. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who told Jezebel that her prophets had been destroyed? Ahab. What did she do? What did Elijah do when he heard it? Which way did he go? Where did he leave his servant? How far into the wilderness did he go? Where did he sit? How did he feel? What did he say? How was he rested? Who touched him? What did he see beside him? What did he do after eating and drinking? What happened the second time? What journey did he take? Did the angels' food give him strength for that journey? What was done near Horeb long before? What other miracles were performed there? The smitten rock and the burning bush. Where did Elijah lodge?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. 1 Kings 19. 1-8.
 Tues. Find a better way than Elijah took. Psa. 37. 1-7.
 Wed. Think of some reasons for Elijah's discouragement.
 Thur. Read the story of Moses on Mount Horeb. Exod. 3. 1-12.
 Fri. Read the story of the smitten rock. Exod. 17. 1-7.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
 Sun. Learn how God pities and cares for us. Psa. 103. 3, 11.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. The strongest body may tire.
 2. The strongest faith may weaken.
 3. But God is always near to give new strength.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 4.

ELIJAH ENCOURAGED.

1 Kings 19. 9-18. Memorize verses 15-18.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee.—Isa. 41. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long was Elijah's journey into the desert? By what mountain did he live? In what kind of a house did he live? How did he feel? What did the Lord say? Can you tell any part of Elijah's answer? What did the Lord tell him to do? What happened then? What did it do to the rocks and the mountain? What followed the wind? What came after the earthquake? Was the Lord in any of these? What did Elijah then hear? What did Elijah do when he heard that? Did the Lord speak again? How did Elijah answer? As he did before? Where did the Lord tell him to go? What three things did he tell him to do? What was Elijah then ready to do? To go to work again.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings 19. 9-18.
 Tues. Read the call of Elisha. 1 Kings 19. 19-21.
 Wed. Read about Ahab's covetousness. 1 Kings 21. 1-29.
 Thur. Tell the wonderful lesson story to some one in your own words.
 Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
 Sat. Ask some one to tell you the meaning of the "still small voice."
 Sun. Listen to a "still small voice" in the gospels. Matt. 11. 28-30.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
 1. To listen to self is to be discouraged.
 2. To listen to God is to be encouraged.
 3. If we are still we may hear God's voice.

THE FOX AND THE CRABS.

One day a fox seated himself on a stone by a stream and wept aloud. The crabs in the holes around came up to him and said, "Friend, why are you wailing so loud?"
 "Alas!" said the fox, "I have been turned out by my kindred from the wood, and do not know what to do."

"Why were you turned out?" said the crabs, in a tone of pity.

"Because," said the fox, sobbing, "they said they should go out to-night hunting crabs by the stream, and I said it would be a pity to kill such pretty little creatures."

"Where will you go hereafter?" said the crabs.

"Where I can get work," said the fox, "for I would not go to my kindred again, come what would."

Then the crabs held a meeting, and came to the conclusion that, as the fox had been thrown out by his kindred on their account, they could do nothing better than engage his services to defend them. So they told the fox of their intention. He readily consented, and spent the whole day in amusing the crabs with all kinds of tricks. Night came. The moon rose in full splendor. The fox said, "Have you ever been out for a walk in the moonlight?"

"Never, friend," said the crabs; "we are such little creatures that we are afraid of going far from our holes."

"Oh, never mind," said the fox; "follow me. I can defend you against any foe."

So the crabs followed him with pleasure. In the way the fox told them all sorts of pleasant things and cheered them on most heartily. After thus going over some distance they reached a plain, where the fox came to a stand and made a low moan in the direction of an adjacent wood. Instantly a number of foxes came out of the wood and joined their kinsman, and all of them at once set about hunting the poor crabs, that fled, on all sides, for their lives, but were soon caught and devoured. When the banquet was over the foxes said to their friend, "How great thy skill and cunning!"

The heartless villain replied, with a wink, "My friends, there is a cunning in cunning."

ALWAYS GLAD.

When he opened his eyes each morning
 He was glad to be awake;
 He was glad when called to breakfast,
 And ready his place to take.
 He was glad to hear the school-bell,
 And glad when called to his class,
 For he always had his lessons,
 Whatever might come to pass.

He was glad at recess and noontime,
 And always on hand for play;
 And glad to be going homeward,
 When school was closed for the day.
 He was glad to help his mother,
 And frolic with little Fred;
 And when he was tired and sleepy,
 He was glad to go to bed.



A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

DANDELION GOLD.

BY ELIZA EDMUNDS HEWITT.

Millie and Frank were happy,
And as rich as they could be;
For they were laden with treasure,
As any one might see.

They had gathered in the meadow
The dandelion gold,
And now were bringing homeward
As much as their hands could hold.

They played it was fairy money
The fairies had dropped last night,
And left in the grass for children
To find in the sunshine bright.

"What can you buy, Frank and Millie,
With the dandelion gold?"
"Oh, plenty of health's red roses,
And joy for the heart to hold."

A CHINESE TRAVELLING RESTAURANT.

"A travelling restaurant! Who ever heard of such a thing? What is it? A thing that walks or rides? How can a restaurant travel?"

"Did you ever hear of a dining-saloon on a steamboat or a dining-room car? Why not, then, have a travelling restaurant? But if any of the readers of this paper wish to know what a travelling restaurant is, let them study the picture.

No matter now about the distant pagoda

in the background or the part of a temple to the right; the restaurant is in the foreground of the picture. Not only may the restaurant, but the proprietor and one of his customers, be seen. The man with the broad-brimmed hat is the restaurant-keeper, the other is the customer, and in front of the two is the restaurant or eating-saloon. This last is not only a table, dishes, cooking utensils and furnace, but contains also a supply of provisions and fuel. It is a complete outfit, and is now seen in active operation.

The round basket at the right is the provision store. In that are kept not only the provisions, but spare dishes and whatever else may be needed. Within the square box on the other side may be seen another similar basket, also used as a store-room, either for provisions or dishes, or, more likely, for fuel. Above it is the furnace, with a place for stowing away a spare cooking utensil or two. In pots or other vessels placed on this furnace the food is cooked. The pole between the two boxes or baskets is used for carrying them. They are slung by means of the ropes fastened to the ends of the pole over the owner's back, and thus he can carry his whole restaurant wherever he wishes to go. Those round baskets are usually composed of several flat ones, set one directly over the other, the bottom of the top one fitting into the top of the one below.

These men go about the streets and travel from village to village, usually trying to be at the market-towns on market-

days, doing what restaurant-keepers do—provide people with meals. They are ready at almost any time to get up a good warm meal of food in a few minutes. All the hungry man needs to do when meeting one of these is to ask for what he wants. In a moment the pole is dropped as the basket and box are set on the ground, and at once the cook begins fanning the fire in the furnace, adding more charcoal. If the fire be out, with a flint, steel and tinder-box, and soft paper, the man soon has a fire started, and then he fans it to a brighter, stronger heat; or, as likely, with a hollow bamboo, one end in his mouth, the other in the fire, he blows until there is heat enough; then he begins cooking. The hot charcoal fire soon does the work, while the customer and the cook look on, the latter either finishing his preparations, or blowing the fire now and again to emphasize his talk to the waiting customer. When the food is ready, the two men change places, the cook looking on while the other works—at eating. Of course, if another customer comes, he is served as soon as possible, the owner taking the longer time to rest when no customer is waiting.

The man eating is doing it as fast as he can. He has his dish or bowl close to his mouth, and with his chopsticks is shovelling in the food as rapidly as his mouth will take it. That is the way Chinese frequently, if not usually, eat. They do not, as many suppose, eat rice by picking up one grain at a time; instead, after placing the bowl close to the lips, they shovel in the rice with the chopsticks as fast as they can. They do, however, pick up other articles of food piece by piece; this they can do with great skill. They can even pick the bones out of fish with the chopsticks, and can take up with these (to us) clumsy implements the smallest particle of food.

Nearly everything eatable goes to make up a Chinaman's diet. He cares less about what he eats than how to get it. Food with that people is scarce, and money to buy it is still more difficult to get, so they must eat anything they can; little goes to waste in China.

The wives, mothers, daughters and sisters do not eat with the men; they are not considered good enough. They must wait until husbands, fathers, brothers and sons have finished, or at least eat away from them. When the Chinese sit down to eat they do not wait to ask a blessing, but begin eating at once. The Christian Chinese seek God's blessing first, but the others do not. They are heathens and without God. Like the brutes, they think only of the food, and not of Him who gives food and the ability to enjoy it. Did you ever see Canadians who acted like Chinese at the table?