

SUNBEAM

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No. 19.

GIVING THE FLOWERS A DRINK.

Did you know that flowers grew thirsty? Sometimes, when they have had no water for some time they will turn up their little leaves toward the sky, as if begging for a drink. Over the network of each leaf is a covering that we may call its skin. Then under this the leaf is full of little cells which are as closely joined together as those of the bee's honeycomb. These leaf-cells are filled with a sort of soft jelly, which contains among other things the matter which gives the leaf its green colour. Each leaf is also provided with a number of tiny pores. Through these pores, which are really so many little mouths, it drinks that part of the water which it requires for its nourishment.

Every plant does its digesting in its leaves, which are, therefore, like so many little stomachs. The dear old lady we see in our picture knows how important it is for her plants that they should not get their little mouths filled up with dust, or have to wait too long for a drink, so she is holding them out in the rain, even at the risk of getting wet herself. She looks very pleased to see the rain come pouring down, for she knows how refreshed her flowers will feel after they have had a good drink. Plants very much prefer rain water to hard or well water.



GIVING THE FLOWERS A DRINK.

Annie and Lily were going home from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and

play with her. "But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily. "Well, she has gone away, and would

never know if you did go away for a little while," said Annie. "But God has not gone away; he would know," said Lily.

RING THE BELLS OF MERCY.

Ring the bells of mercy,
Ring them loud and clear;
Let their music linger
Softly on the ear,
Filling souls with pity
For the dumb and weak,
Telling all the voiceless
We for them will speak.

Ring the bells of mercy
Over hill and plain;
Let the ancient mountains
Chant the glad refrain,
That where man abideth,
Or creature God hath made,
Laws of love and kindness
Shall on each soul be laid.

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Sunbeam.

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MAY'S LOVE-PHILTRE.

I have no doubt that a good many girls and boys felt sad about the rain that was coming down in a steady pour. Girls and boys don't see much use in the rain, and it does spoil so many pleasant plans.

But one girl that I know didn't care a bit. She was staying at grandpa's, where there was a big library, with old-fashioned book-shelves built in the wall running quite up to the ceiling, and a step-ladder hid in the closet, to mount to the topmost shelf.

There was a wide, chintz-covered sofa, too, that it didn't hurt to put your feet on, right under the east window, where you got the best light.

For a long, quiet hour there was no sound in the library, except the patter, patter of rain-drops outside, and the rustling of grandpa's big New York daily.

Then suddenly a question came from the chintz sofa.

"Grandpa, what is a love-philtre?"

"Bless me, Mousie," cried grandpa, "are you there? A love-philtre, indeed! What is that to you?"

"Here's a young man in a story-book, grandpa, who went to a witch to get a love-philtre. What does it mean?"

"It means something to make people love you."

"Is there any such thing, grandpa?"

"There is," said the old gentleman, smiling; "but no witch could give it. Your grandma has one; watch her, and see if you can find out what makes everybody love her."

"Why, grandpa, she loves everybody first."

"That's it, Mousie," he said, nodding and smiling; "that is the best love-philtre in the world; it never fails."

HOW LEETO SAVED CHARLIE.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"Why, Charlie Thompson! What have you brought home now?"

Charlie's mother may be excused if there was a little impatience in her tone; for Charlie, in spite of the fact that they lived in a tiny city house, where there were no extra accommodations for pets, had insisted, since his early childhood, on bringing in all manner of forlorn animals, from stray kittens to wounded sparrows. Each week there was a new applicant for attention, and, after finding homes for innumerable starved dogs and ownerless cats, Mrs. Thompson had finally placed an embargo upon Charlie's bringing home any more animal waifs of any variety whatsoever.

"O, mother, I know!" exclaimed Charlie, his face reddening with excitement. "But I couldn't help it just this once. May I let him have just one good meal?" The gaunt creature looked up into Mrs. Thompson's face as if he knew what was being said; and as Charlie patted him on the head, he softly licked the caressing hand in grateful acknowledgment.

Mrs. Thompson was touched. "We'll ask your father about it when he comes home," she said. "Perhaps we can manage in some way to keep the dog till we go down to grandfather's. You know, we go in about six weeks. Perhaps grandfather will let him stay there always."

The end of it all was that "Leeto" (for so Charlie named him) stayed until they went to the farm, and then Grandfather Thompson took such a fancy to him that he kept him always. Now I will tell how Leeto repaid the kindness that Charlie had shown him.

One day, when all the men had gone away for the day, Mrs. Thompson missed Charlie from dinner. She did not become alarmed until two hours had passed and he still did not appear. Very uneasy, she and Grandmother Thompson started

out to hunt for him along the shore by the farm; but no signs of him were to be found. At last, far off up the beach, upon a strip of land fast being covered with the rising tide, the two frightened women saw the boy and the dog standing together, evidently unable to get back.

"In an hour that strip will be three feet under water," said the grandmother, in a trembling voice.

"And the men will not be home till night!" cried the mother, despairingly. Then, with a sudden idea, she ran to the house. In a few minutes she returned with a coil of rope, while behind her came a maid with more.

"Charlie!" His mother's agonized voice caught the boy's ear, and he looked up wonderingly from his whittling. He knew he was caught on this strip of land, but he had no idea of his danger. He was waiting for the water to go down.

"Is there anything there you can fasten a rope to securely?" called his mother.

"Yes, there's a big log further up," he answered.

"Then send Leeto to me!"

The startled boy gazed round him, and for the first time realized his peril. "Leeto! Leeto! Good dog! Go!" he cried, and pointed to the shore. Mrs. Thompson called at the same moment, and Leeto comprehended what was expected of him. He dashed into the water and swam quickly ashore.

"Good dog! Good Leeto!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, patting him. "Take this to Charlie, Leeto! Take it to Charlie!" And she placed between his teeth the stick to which she had fastened the end of the rope.

The intelligent dog showed that he knew what was required of him, for away he went again, but this time more slowly, since he dragged behind him the lengths of rope which Mrs. Thompson slowly paid out. To the waiting women it seemed as if he would never reach the other side, but he did; and Charlie hugged him closely, as he took the rope and stick in his hand.

Then came Charlie's difficult journey. Many times he was up to his chin in water and more than once he lost his footing entirely; but never once did he lose his hold of the friendly rope. If he had he would never have reached the shore, although so near it, for he could not swim a single stroke.

Leeto knows so well what a creditable thing he did in saving his young master that, if you were to visit Grandfather Thompson, and he were to tell you this story, as he told it to me, Leeto would come and sit in front of him as he told it, and look at you proudly, as if to say: "Yes, I did it; and I would do it again, too, for Charlie, any day."—*The Morning Star*.

Experience is not worth much unless it leaves some scars.

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,
Although my name is May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—
So many, and you see
I can't help loving them, you know,
Because they all love me.

I love papa and dear mamma,
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very kind and good,
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all,
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

September 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him.—Psa. 103. 17.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. God the C. of A. T. In the beginning—
2. B. of S. and R. Where sin abounded
3. N. S. in the A. Noah found grace—
4. God C. A. I will bless thee—
5. A. and L. Whatsoever ye—
6. God's P. to A. I am thy—
7. A's I. The effectual—
8. A. and I. By faith Abraham
9. I. the P. Blessed are the—
10. J. at B. Surely the Lord—
11. J. at P. with God. Men ought always
12. T. L. Wine is a mocker—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON I. [October 6.

JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Gen. 37. 23-33. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him.—Acts 7. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Jacob now living? How many sons had he? Which was his favourite son? Why? What did he make for Joseph? What made his brothers jealous? What is jealousy? An evil passion. What should we do with evil thoughts? Turn away from them. What will they do if left in the heart? Grow big and strong. Where were Joseph's brothers one day? A long way from

home, tending flocks. Whom did they see coming? Joseph. What did they talk of doing when they saw him? Killing him. To what had jealousy grown? To murder. Who did not want to kill him? Reuben. What did they do? They threw him into a pit. What did they afterward do? Sold him to some merchants from Egypt. What did they do to deceive their father? They showed him Joseph's coat, stained with blood. What did Jacob think?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find why Joseph was hated by his brothers. Gen. 37. 1-4.
- Tues. Learn what made their hatred grow. Gen. 37. 5-11.
- Wed. Learn to what envy leads. James 3. 16.
- Thur. Read lesson verses.
- Fri. Read of another who was sold for silver. Matt. 26. 14, 15.
- Sat. Find what the wicked may look for. Psa. 37. 12, 13.
- Sun. See what kept Joseph happy. Gen. 39. 21.

TWO KINDS OF HALF.

A little girl came to her teacher one day holding the half of an apple in each hand. "Which half is biggest, Miss Ward?" she said.

Miss Ward answered as she thought a teacher ought to do; she said: "A half is a half, whether it is half of an apple or half of the world. So, you see if your apple is cut exactly in halves, one half must be just the size of the other half."

The little girl's eyes filled with tears as she heard this, but she held out the two halves of her apple, though her little hands trembled.

"I didn't mean it that way, teacher," she said, sweetly, "I want you to have the biggest half."

THE FAVOURITE.

"Girls, won't one of you bring in the evening paper?" said grandpa.

There was hardly a moment's pause before Grace went to the piazza for the paper, and placed it, open and smooth, upon the old gentleman's knee.

"Mattie, please bring my scissors from the sewing-room," said mamma.

"O Grace, you do it; I'm all nicely seated now." And Grace left her piano practice and went for the scissors.

"Papa wants one of you to take a note to Deacon Lewis, girls; which will go?"

"O, I don't want to, mamma," said Mattie.

"O, I wanted to read my new book," said Grace; "but I will go for papa."

"I want to take one of the girls home with me for the holidays, sister," said the girls' aunt. "Which can you best spare?"

"O, Mattie, by all means. Grace is our household comfort and solace," said

the mother. "But which would you rather take?"

"I hoped you might choose to let me have Grace. I really want her; and I think, sister, she needs and deserves the outing."

So Mattie stayed at home, and pouted and said that it wasn't fair, and wondered why "everybody always wanted Grace."

The girl who is thoughtful and obliging is the one that is wanted at home, at school, everywhere. No one wants the girl who is always seeking to please herself.—*Child's Paper.*

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

While Ted and baby were taking their mid-day nap, five-year-old Tom went into the garden for a walk with mamma. It was the end of June, and the red raspberries were just beginning to turn colour—yes, here was a ripe one, and there was another and another. By the time they had gone the length of the two rows they had found eight beautiful, bright berries. "Take them in, Tom," said mamma, "and divide them among the three of us; I must get some lettuce for dinner." When she came in a few minutes later there were two neat little groups of berries on the table, three for Ted, three for baby. Tom had eaten his two berries and returned to his play. He was only a little fellow, and did not know much about arithmetic; but he could divide eight berries among three children, and have no remainder. Can you?—*Youth's Instructor.*

I DON'T WANT TO.

There's a lazy little sprite that takes supreme delight

In spoiling children's faces, Deary me!
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished often to myself

He was out of sight for ever at the bottom of the sea.

Just look at Freddy's lips when asked to pick up chips,

Or rock the little sister, Baby Grace.
"I Don't Want To" (that's his name) begins his little game,

And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddy's pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas an easy task,

Slipped over little Ellen's face to-day,
When mamma kindly said, "Please, daughter, bring my thread,

'Twill take you but a moment from your play."

"I Don't Want To." There he goes, whining always through his nose,

Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!

The smiles he puts to rout, and the dimples, I've no doubt,

If they were drops of water would almost fill the sea.



OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE HANDS SOME WORK MAY TRY
TO HELP THE POOR IN MISERY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE LIPS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE LIPS CAN PRAISE AND PRAY
AND GENTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS SAY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

MY BEST FRIEND.

Who loved me e'en before my birth?
Who thought my soul of priceless worth?
Who came to die for me on earth?
'Twas Jesus.

Who smiled unseen when, weak and wee,
I babe I lay on mother's knee?
Who sheltered all my infancy?
'Twas Jesus.

Who keeps me now at work and play?
Who gives me what I need each day?
Who guards me from the evil way?
'Tis Jesus.

Whose Spirit speaks the gentle word
That moves my heart to think of God?
Who wins me to the heavenly road?
'Tis Jesus.

Oh, stay and lead me all the way!
Teach me to love, teach me to pray,
Teach me to please thee every day,
Lord Jesus.

He who is not willing to work for God
in God's way is not really willing to work
for God at all.—*Lookout.*

THE CAPTAIN INSIDE.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day,
"did you know there was a little captain
inside of me? Grandfather asked me
what I meant to be when I grew to be a
man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to
stand up straight, hold my head up, and
look right ahead. Then he said I was
two boys, one outside and one inside; and
unless the inside boy stood straight, held
up his head and looked the right way, I
never could be a true soldier at all. The
inside boy has to drill the outside one, and
be the captain."—*Sunbeam.*

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

At the next town we visited I noticed a
little blind boy in the crowd of listeners.
Guided by my voice he came up close be-
side me, and in a whisper he timidly said,
"Foreign Teacher." He looked very poor
and very hungry, so I bought him a cake.
Then each day after that he came and got
his cake. It is pitiful to see so many
blind here in China. We pray for the
day to come in China when the blind shall
be taught and cared for like they are in
Canada.

A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

My Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest;
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day
To love thee more and more,
To strive to do thy will,
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest:
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

WHAT WAS IT?

Emma and Dorothy were left alone
while mamma went down town.

They were playing quietly together,
when suddenly Dorothy said: "What's
that noise?"

"I didn't hear anything," said Emma.

"Hark! there it is again. I guess it's
a tramp trying to steal the silver spoons."
There surely was a noise in the pantry.

Both children tiptoed softly to the
pantry door, and there on a shelf were
two mice at a loaf of bread.

The laughter of the children drove the
mice away. Looking out of the window
just then they saw mamma.

"O mamma," said Emma, "there were
two thieves in the pantry. Dorothy was
awfully scared, but I wasn't going to let
them steal your things, so we went in and
drove them away. They didn't steal very
much."

Mamma looked frightened, until she
saw the fun in the children's eyes. When
Emma showed her the bread with the hole
gnawed in it, she said:

"Ah, the naughty thieves, I must have
them in prison by morning."

A NEW USE FOR EYES AND EARS.

There was once a little boy who had
two good, bright eyes and two good ears,
and yet I heard his uncle pity him for
being blind and deaf.

Joking? No, his uncle was very much
in earnest. You see, this boy was so busy
reading a story that he did not see when
his grandmother hunted for her glasses,
nor hear when his mother wished that she
had some one to send on an errand.

"So," said his uncle, "if he cannot
see and hear what is going on around
him, there must be very grave trouble
with his eyes and ears. I am very sorry
for him!"