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No. 19

THE DONKEY-BOY.

Hafid had already had an unusually eventful history for an Egyptian boy, and now he was many hundred miles from the land of his birth.

Few Egyptian boys ever travel as far from their homes as Hafid had, but then he was an unusually bright boy, and by his obliging and quick-witted ways had won for himself his advantages.

Hafid was once our donkey-boy in Egypt, and we always think of him as we first remembered him—his dark, intelligent face and bright smile peering from under his gay crimson turban.

A few words of English he had already picked up from the travellers who had patronized him, and we soon found that he was always eager to learn more. Had he been lazy or indifferent, like many donkey-boys, he would not have found the same good friends who would help him to study. As it was, our party brought Hafid with them on their return to our own country, and he is now in a Christian school, making his way to be a famous man.

A CAT OF PRINCIPLE.

This cat story, given by an exchange, goes directly against the common belief that a cat will kill birds, and it is of no use to try to prevent her. It is not an uncommon thing for puss to show signs of a guilty conscience when she has just finished eating a nice bird, but this cat had a conscience beforehand.

In the mountain districts of Pennsyl-



EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOY.

vania, two wrens had built their nest under the eaves of an old farmhouse, and there they reared a small and interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs, the cat would lie in wait for them,

and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer saw this he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was dangerous to fool with the wrens.

When the baby wrens grew larger, one

of them fell out of the nest one day, and being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident, and ran rapidly to seize the bird, but seeming to remember the lesson taught her when she reached the helpless bird, she only touched it daintily with her paw, and then lay down and watched it. Presently there came a black and yellow garden-snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing, and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake had not expected, but it was hungry, and darting forward, attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just at the back of the head, and killed it with one bite.

When the farmer happened along in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.

DO YOUR BEST.

Have you failed to-day, good heart ?
 'Tis no cause for sorrow ;
 Try again ; the clouds may part—
 Perhaps may part to-morrow.
 If you are a brave, strong man,
 You will do the best you can.
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 Better may come to-morrow.

Have you lost your land or gold ?
 That's no cause for sighing ;
 One bright hour doth oft unfold
 Many a year's denying.
 Be not weary or downcast,
 "Patience holds the gate at last."
 Do your best, and leave the rest,
 And never give up your trying.

Rich or poor, be all a man ;
 Wear no gold n fether,
 Do the very best you can,
 And you'll soon do better.
 Every day you do your best
 Is a vantage for the rest.
 Don't complain ; every gain
 Is making your best still better.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 20, 1902.

WHAT JESUS WOULD SAY.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Willis, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?" Edith was silent for a moment, and then, raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companions, she replied: "Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me that it

made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie quite beneath them because she was poor and her school bills were paid by my father, and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible, and read to me these words: 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

PHIL'S AUTOMATIC BRAKE.

"Hullo, Phil! your coaster brake works fine!"

"Yes," answered Phil; "you see, at any time of danger it just holds you steady without you thinking of it. By the way, did you notice Brown this morning when the pitcher of the other ball team accused him of having been bribed. I thought he'd knock the fellow down, but he just made no answer. I told Uncle Will about it, and he said that it must be that Brown had a good automatic brake, and I said: 'What has that got to do with his holding his temper?' He said: 'Everything in the world. What I mean is this: A fellow does not come suddenly to such self-control as Brown showed. He begins early to be the master of himself in a hundred small ways, and then when the time of danger comes the brake acts itself, and the man is safe.'—S. S. Advocate.

WOULD YOU DARE TELL GOD THAT ?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks and thinks afterwards; and very often, when too late, he is sorry for or ashamed of what he has said.

One day he came home very angry with a schoolmate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked of it the angrier he grew; and he began to say terribly rash, bitter, and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Mary knew were not true; but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently: "Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?"

Ralph paused as if some one had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how quickly and untruthfully he had spoken. "No, I wouldn't tell God that," he said with a red face.

"Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody," said Mary.

"O, that's all right for you to say," said Ralph, "but if you had such a temper as I've got—"

"I'd try to get control of it," said Mary gently. "When it's likely to get the upper hand of you just stop long enough

to think, 'Would I dare tell God that?' and it won't be long before you break yourself of saying such terrible things."—*Young People's Paper.*

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Tired I am; I'll go to rest,
 Safe folded in my little nest.
 Heavenly Father, may thine eye
 Above my bed watch ever nigh.

Forgive the wrong this day I've done,
 For Jesus' sake, thine own dear Son;
 And may his blood, once shed for me,
 From all that's sinful make me free.

Bless parents, brothers, sisters dear;
 Bless all I love, both far and near;
 Bless all thy children, great and small,
 I pray thee, Father of us all.

TWO BRASS KETTLES.

Many years ago the Indians were not friendly with the white people, so that the white children feared them very much.

One day a little boy and a little girl were all alone in the house, their father and mother had gone to church. They played happily about until it was nearly noon, when presently, looking out of the window, they saw an Indian coming. They were very much frightened, and wondered where to hide. It was no use running out of the house, for no one else lived near them.

Suddenly the boy had a bright idea. Upside down, beside the open fireplace, stood two huge, shining brass kettles.

"Quick, let's get under the kettles," said the boy, and when the Indian came to the window he could not see the little boy and girl at all—he saw only the kettles.

But the children heard him pull the window roughly open, and they were so much afraid that they began to cry, and they stirred, so that the kettles moved a little.

Now, the Indian was astonished to see the kettles move, and when he heard the queer noise—for the sound of the children's voices was smothered in the kettles—he thought the kettles must be bewitched, and he was afraid and ran away.

REMARKABLE ANTS.

Bees and ants may be called civilized animals. They live in cities, and understand the value of co-operation. Indeed, they could give men some valuable lessons upon one of the oldest, the best known, and the truest of human proverbs: "In union there is strength."

Ants show wonderful intelligence, and the "driver ants" not only build boats, but launch them, too; only these boats are formed of their own bodies. They are called "drivers" because of their ferocity. Nothing can stand before the

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AN ARMY OF ANTS.

attacks of these little creatures. Large pythons have been killed by them in a single night; while chickens, lizards, and other small animals in Western Africa flee from them in terror.

To protect themselves from the heat, they erect arches, under which numerous armies of them pass in safety. Sometimes the arch is made of grass and earth, and gummed together by some secretion; and again it is formed by the bodies of the larger ants, who hold themselves together by their strong nippers, while the workers pass under them.

At certain times of the year, freshets overflow the country inhabited by the "drivers," and it is then that these ants go to sea. The rain comes suddenly, and the walls of their houses are broken in by the flood; but, instead of coming to the surface in scattered hundreds, and being swept off to destruction, out of the ruin rises a black ball that rides safely on the water, and drifts away.

At the first warning of danger, the little creatures rush together and form a solid body of ants—the weaker in the centre. Often this ball is larger than a common baseball, and in this way they float about until they lodge against some

tree, upon the branches of which they are soon safe and sound.

"Hunter ants" are found in tropical countries. It appears that at particular seasons, when pressed for food, they leave their nests and enter the dwellings by millions. They are harmless to the residents if they do not disturb or kill any of the number. In half an hour the ants enter every room, wardrobe, trunk, and cranny in the house, in search of insects. They cover the walls, the floors, the ceilings, and even the under side of the roof, and woe to every cockroach, fly, or wasp that does not immediately escape!

In Trinidad it is filled Mrs. Carmichael's house for five hours, destroying hundreds of insects, and a score of mice and rats, which she saw covered with hundreds of the little warriors, until they were worried to death and then devoured. After this thorough depopulation, the ants suddenly left for their nests.

The negroes are so impressed with their usefulness that they call these ants "God's blessing." One of them, passing Mrs. Carmichael's house just after the above scene, called out: "Ah, missus, you've got the blessing of God to-day; and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning!"

LESSON NOTES.

LESSON XIII. [Sept. 28.
Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt remember the Lord thy God.—Deut. 8. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The G. of M... Give us this—
2. The T. C. Thou shalt live—
3. The T. C. Thou shalt love thy—
4. W. the G. C. Thou shalt have—
5. The T. Enter into his—
6. N. and A. Let us—
7. J. T. C. For thy name's—
8. R. of the S. Blessed is that—
9. The B. S. And as Moses—
10. The P. L. M. This is of a truth—
11. L. and O. G. For this is—
12. The D. of M. The Lord spake—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [October 5.

JOSHUA ENCOURAGED.

Josh. 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be strong and of a good courage.—Josh. 1. 9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where had Moses gone? He had been called home to God. How old was he? One hundred and twenty years old. Had he become weak? No. Where was he buried? In a valley in the land of Moab. Who buried him? God and his angels. To whom did the Lord then speak? To Joshua. What did he tell him to do? To rise and go over Jordan with all the people. What did he promise to give him? Every place that the sole of his foot should tread upon. What did he say to him three times? Golden Text. What did the Lord ask him to do? To obey the law of Moses. What else must he do? Think about it and teach it to the people every day. To whom besides Joshua does he say this? To us.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Josh. 1. 1-11.
- Tues. Learn who taught Israel by Moses. Num. 36. 13.
- Wed. Find why the people were taught these things. Deut. 6. 1-3.
- Thur. Read the story of Joshua's faithfulness. Num. 14.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Ask some one about the meaning of the name "Joshua."
- Sun. Read Hymn 725 in the Methodist Hymnal.



WOMAN CHURNING IN PALESTINE.

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage ;
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But, O, there were so many !
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

GOD SEES.

A little boy was taking aim at a robin
with his air-gun.

"Don't you know that it is against the
law to shoot robins," asked the lady.

"Yes, but nobody will know who did
it if I do kill him."

"God will know. Should you dare to
shoot Mrs. Clark's mocking-bird, over
there on the porch, while she is sitting
there?"

"Of course not."

"Then you should not dare to shoot
the robins; for they are God's birds, and
he sees you just as plainly as Mrs. Clark
would."—*Selected.*

A BABY WITH A LONG
NAME.

A missionary in Africa
writes about a baby with a
very long name, Ntambu Ngan-
gabuka. She tells us how this
baby takes its morning bath :
"One day I heard the baby
crying as if its little heart
would break; and I went to
see what could be the matter
with it, and found its mother
washing it in front of her
house. And do you think that
she had a nice little bath-tub
and scented soap and warm
water? O no! She held the
baby up on its little feet, and
was pouring cold water over it
by handfuls. The poor baby
was screaming at the top of its
lungs, and fighting against the
cold water as hard as it could;
but the mother paid no atten-
tion to that, and went on with
the washing. Did she have
nice, warm, flannel cloths with
which to dry it, and others in
which to wrap it? No; but
when the washing was over she
lifted the baby up, and with
her mouth blew vigorously into

its eyes and ears to drive out the water,
and that was all the drying it got. Then
she proceeded to dress it. The dress con-
sisted of a string of beads round its waist,
one round its neck, and one round each
of its wrists and ankles. The air and the
sun did the rest of the drying.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT GOD.

Ned took his cousin Grace along to keep
him company while he worked at a job he
had to perform.

"I don't think you're doing your work
very well," she said. "It looks to me as
if you were slighting it."

"That's all right," laughed Ned. "What
I'm doing now will all be covered up, you
know."

"But isn't that cheating?"

"Maybe 'tis, after a fashion," answered
Ned; "but it isn't like most cheating, you
know."

"That's not the way to look at it," said
Grace. "If it's cheating, it's cheating;
you know that. You can't excuse it be-
cause it isn't the worst kind of cheating."

"But the man won't know about it,"
said Ned.

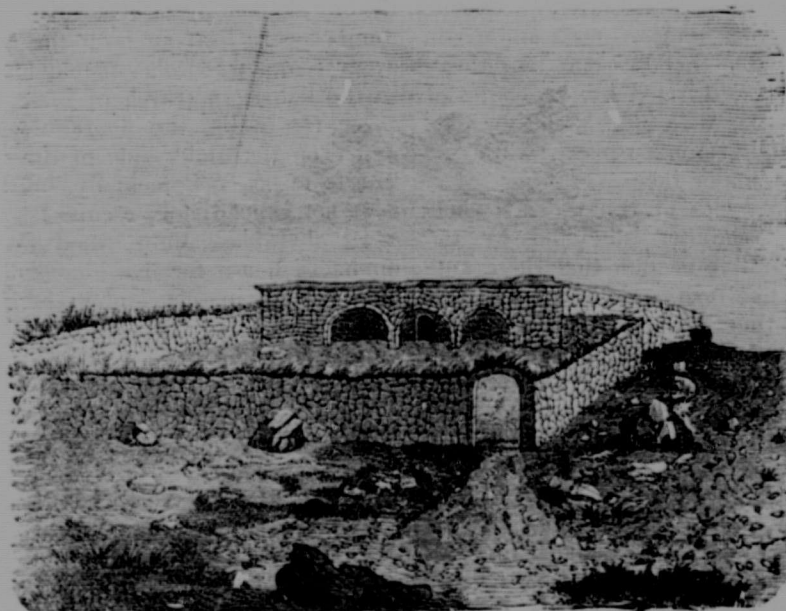
"He may not," said Grace, soberly,
"but God will. You can't cheat God."

Ned stopped work, and went to think-
ing. Presently he said: "You're right.
I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going
to begin over. There shan't be any cheat-
ing this time."

Ned undid what he had done, and be-
gan again; began right, and I know he
felt better for it. I hope he will always
remember that no one can cheat God.—
New York Observer.

HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

Mr. Brown had a bird dog, a very hand-
some hunter, and I must tell you how he
was spoiled for hunting. It was so funny
a circumstance that his master always
laughed when he told the story, although
he was much vexed to lose so good a game
dog. His housekeeper had a parrot given
to her, and the first time that the dog came
into the room where the bird was he
stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly
crossed the room and came up in front of
the dog, and looked him squarely in the
eye, and then, after a moment, said:
"You're a rascal!" The dog was so much
astonished to hear the bird speak that he
dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled
about, and ran away; and from that day
to this he has never been known to "point"
at a bird.—*Selected.*



SHEEPFOLD IN PALESTINE.