

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1905.

No. 16.

JACK'S YARN.

They sadly come to this belief,
That every cat is born a thief,
And thieves his whole life through.
Although they look so mild and meek,
A cat's idea of honor's weak,
And I can prove it too.

I used to think it very queer
That all my bones should disappear
Whenever I went to sleep.
To find out why, I often tried,
So slept with one eye opened wide,
A sort of watch to keep.

Now near my kennel was
A bone,
With not much on it—
That I own—
'T'd had it all the day).
When with my open eye
I saw,
Distinct and clear, a
Feline paw,
Which pulled that
Bone away.

What happened then I
Will not tell;
Nor what that thieving
Cat befell
We'd better draw a
Curtain.
But since that day we
Have not met,
Don't believe he's bet-
ter yet.
He'll steal no more,
That's certain.

What I want to say is that
Honest folks should keep a cat—
They really are such thieves.
But it is better, don't you see,
To keep an honest dog, like me,
Whom truly "Jack," believes.

Kindness to dumb animals is a credit
expression in any boy. He who is
kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule,
for kindness toward his boy or girl com-
panions.

MINKS.

Our readers have, doubtless, all seen
and admired the rich brown fur of the
mink, which is so much used in Canada for
muffs, capes, trimmings, boas. The ani-
mals from which we get this fur live in



MINKS.

burrows on the banks of streams and
spend much of their time swimming and
diving in the water. Their food consists
of frogs, fish, rats and small birds. Their
fur is dark brown and very glossy, and
their tails are almost black, long and
pointed. They swim with most of their
body under water, as shown in our picture,
with their dark, bushy tails standing up
like sails to catch the breeze.

Obey your parents in all things.

LIVING IN A CAVE.

People lived a great deal in caves in
olden times, but now they have the best
of houses. But the most amusing cave-
dwellers in America is a tiny owl which
lives in a burrow made by the prairie dog

out on our Western prairies. The prairie dog is
an industrious fellow, who finds pleasure in digging
a great many more rooms
and passages than he can
possibly use himself;
while the owl, the wisest
of birds, is perfectly will-
ing to live in one of the
superfluous caves. The
two queer companions are
often seen to go into one
doorway, though whether
they live in the same
room down there in the
dark is doubtful. Many
passages start from one en-
trance, and probably the
owl and the prairie dog
have each his own private
apartments.

Can you learn a lesson
from this? Certainly you
can. Live in peace with
those around you. If the
owl did not behave
himself, the little prairie
dog would not make a home
for him; so it pays to
live in peace.

A girl, wishing to let
her canary fly through the
room for a short time,
opened the door of its cage.
The bird, frightened by
seeing her hand, flew
against the bars of the
cage, trying to escape; but by-and-bye,
weary of its useless efforts, it came gently
out through the door. "Mother," said the
little girl, "why did not the canary come
out at the door at first when I opened it?"
The mother replied: "Because it was try-
ing to get out by a way of its own." Many
people are trying to get to heaven by a
way of their own.

Never let a day pass without doing
something for Jesus.

SUN-SPOTS.

She stood before the looking-glass,
A winsome, dainty little lass,
And gazed, with puckered brow, upon
The sweetest face the sun shone on.
"Oh, dear!" she murmured, with a sigh,
"I never can imagine why
These nasty freckles always come—
They're really very troublesome!"

The sun peeped through the window-pane,
And beamed upon her once again:
"Ah! ah!" he, chuckling, made reply.
"I think I know the reason why.
The freckles on your pretty face,
In admiration there I place,
And ev'ry one is only this:
The spot where I imprint a kiss!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1905.

THE BOX FACTORY.

Harry Jamieson's father had a factory. A box factory it was, for making boxes to hold all sorts of things. One department was for nothing but the making of boxes to pack eggs in. Each case was divided into dozens of tiny compartments, of which the partitions could be lifted out and in at pleasure, so that eggs could be brought a long distance, either by railroad or across the ocean without getting broken on the way. In another part of the works chests were made for holding different kinds of grain, and so on and so on. It was a most entertaining place to spend the day in, and Harry was mostly to be found there on Saturdays and holidays, playing with the shavings, or watching the machinery, and chatting with the men.

One day Mr. Jamieson had some visitors, a party of gentlemen, who went all

over the works, and seemed greatly interested in all they saw.

"Just what we heard, sir," one of them, a big portly man, said, when they had concluded their inspection. "It's evident to me you're the very man we want to do our business."

Mr. Jamieson looked pleased. Times had been rather hard with him of late, and the fitting up of all his new machinery had cost much money. He was anxious to extend his business in every way possible, and he said so.

"In what way can I serve you, gentlemen?" he asked.

"My friend here has patented a new kind of case for packing whiskey bottles in, but we have not the necessary plant for turning out the boxes. Now you have, and if you will go in with us, it will be a first-rate affair for all of us. See, here is a model." And the gentleman produced a tiny wooden model, and explained its advantages to Mr. Jamieson, who examined it with great attention.

"It's capital," said he. "As far as the patent is concerned I have nothing but praise for it, but I can't have anything to do with it, sir."

"And why not?" asked the portly man in much surprise; "you can see for yourself there's money in it."

"I quite see that, but still I can't touch it. I am a temperance man, a strict total abstainer, and I could have nothing to do with the manufacture of any article that has to do with the sale of wine or spirits."

"What folly!" he cried. "Why, man, you may be a hundred times an abstainer, and still make cases to hold whiskey bottles. Nobody's asking you to drink the whiskey."

"No, but I will have no hand in anything concerned with it."

And it was in vain the visitors argued. Mr. Jamieson was not to be persuaded against his convictions, and finally the gentlemen went away in rather a bad humor.

"Father," remarked Harry when they were gone, "I don't see why you couldn't have done that. You can't prevent people buying whiskey by not making the boxes, for if you don't make them, somebody else will."

"Just so, but my conscience will be clean, which makes all the difference to me," said his father, sitting down to write a letter. Seeing he was busy, Harry strolled into the next shed, where the process he loved most to watch was going on—namely, the stripping of tree trunks for veneering. Two men were guiding the great knife, which, as the trunk of the tree revolved, peeled it bare as one might peel a potato, till the whole trunk was laid on the floor in long strips. The men were talking busily, and did not notice Harry.

"Do you suppose the master lost much?" asked Blake, the younger man.

"More nor you or I are likely to make

ever," answered the other. "But I tell you what, Joe, if the master had said yes to them folks, it's the saloon I would have gone straight for this night as soon as was off work. Now just let's see," says to myself when I heard them talkin', if the master thinks it no harm to make boxes to carry whiskey, then, John Thomson, you needn't think none to drink it. But he stood steady, and I stands steady, so d'ye see, Joe?"

Joe nodded. "Same here," he observed. "It's all very fine to preach to a fellow, but I likes a man that's good wood all through, like this log here. I don't mind followin' the like o' master; he thorough, master is, whether folks are beatin' the big drum or not lookin' at him and that's the sort for Joe Blake."

So Harry, listening, felt proud of his father, and learnt that it is always best to stick to one's principles, for we never know whom we may be encouraging to stick to theirs.

THE NEW BOOK.

There were only two books, and three children. One of the books was all about a little boy, and as Dick was a little boy it seemed clear that he should have the one. The other book was about two little girls; but to which of the girls would papa give it? Did they quarrel, and each one want it? No, indeed; I am glad to tell you it was just the other way. Bess said: "It is beautiful, but Belle is the little one and ought to have it." Belle said: "It is lovely, but Bess is the oldest, and ought to have it." Then, when papa talked with them, they said: "It will belong to both of us." Wasn't that sweet and good to them?

GREAT LUCK.

Monsieur Calino was greatly disturbed because the city authorities changed the numbers of the houses in his street, and roundly denounced the functionaries who had forced him, by this simple change of figures, to live at No. 436 instead of No. 216. But one morning, as he came down to breakfast and took up his paper, he exclaimed:

"Goodness! I was all wrong! What a fortunate thing that our number was changed!"

"How is that?" asked Madame Calino. "Why, here is an account of the destruction by fire of No. 216! If that number hadn't been changed, we should have been homeless this minute!"

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps on course; and so constantly will God's light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.—John Ho

THE PLEASANT DAYS.

A SPRING DAY.

Oh, isn't this a pleasant day?
The rain is falling down.
It makes the little flowers peep up
When all the fields were brown.
The crocus and the violet
Each has a new spring gown.

A SUMMER DAY.

Oh, isn't this a pleasant day?
The sun is shining bright.
The little birds have all begun
To sing with all their might;
They love the clear warm summer day
After the still dark night.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

Oh, isn't this a pleasant day?
The wind goes whistling by!
The leaves are having lots of fun,—
Just watch them dance and fly.
The old gray squirrel's hiding nuts;
His hole is 'way up high.

A WINTER DAY.

Oh, isn't this a pleasant day?
See all the clean white snow.
The trees have on their winter furs,
It is so cold, you know.
White blankets cover up the wheat
That has begun to grow.

EVERY DAY.

I think all days are pleasant days,
If we are brave and bright.
The rain, the sun, the wind, the snow,
All make a pleasant sight.
Because our Father sends them all,
And what he does is right.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM ISAAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 13.

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

Chron. 34. 14-28. Memorize verse 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will not forget thy word.—Psa. 119

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the repairing of the Lord's house. 2 Kings 22. 3-7.

Tues. Learn what was found there. 2 Kings 22. 8-20.

Wed. Read about the Book of the Law. Dent. 31. 9-14, 24-26.

Thur. Learn what a good man said about God's law. Psa. 119. 72.

Fri. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron. 34. 14-28.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Find what Jesus says of those who say and do not. Luke 6. 46-49.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Can a king in our times make the religion of his people? How was it in the time of the Jewish kings? How long ago was this? About two thousand five hundred years ago. Who were good shepherds of their flock? Who were false shepherds? What had the young king Josiah in his heart? What was that lamp? The Spirit of God. What was found in the temple? Who found it? Why had it been locked so safely away? Who guarded it? The angels of the Lord. Who read it to the king? How did the king feel about it? What did he send his friends to do? What did Huldah, the prophetess, say? Did this comfort the young king?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. That God takes care of his word.
2. He also takes care of those who honor it.
3. He will write it in their hearts.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 20.

JEHOIAKIM BURNS THE WORD OF GOD.

Jer. 36. 21-32. Memorize verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Amend your ways and your doings, and obey the voice of the Lord your God.—Jer. 26. 13.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Jer. 36. 21-32.

Tues. Find what Jeremiah had been told to do. Jer. 36. 1-3.

Wed. Find what was done with the roll. Jer. 36. 4-10.

Thur. Learn what came of the reading. Jer. 36. 11-19.

Fri. Find who besides Jeremiah suffered for the truth. Acts 5. 40.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Learn a beautiful helpful verse. Psa. 119. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was now king? What was this king? The bad son of a good father. What prophet was sent to warn the people? Who used to write down the words of Jeremiah? Baruch, the scribe. Were they written in a roll or book? Who read it one day to the people? Who told the princes about it? A young man, the grandson of Shaphan. How did the princes feel about it? Whom did they tell? What did the king do? Where was he sitting? Who read it aloud to the king and his princes? What did he do with the roll? What did the king show by this act? That he did not care to hear what the Lord had to say to him. What did the Lord give to Jeremiah? What were some of the words? What can the mightiest king never do? Destroy God's word.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God is eternal.
2. His Word is eternal.
3. And the mightiest monarch cannot destroy it.

ON A JAPANESE STREET.

As the fronts of Japanese houses are open to the streets, the occupations of the family often afford much amusement to the American or European traveller.

Sometimes he will see the housewife grinding rice. She sits on the floor, Japanese fashion, ties back her sleeves, covers her head with a blue cloth, and attends to her work, quite unmindful of the passers-by.

In passing a barber's shop, one will often see a woman having her hair dressed. This is a very long process, for the Japanese give special attention to the appearance of their hair. In order not to tumble it after it is dressed, the people sleep on a pillow which is often nothing but a block of wood and placed not under the head, but under the neck, so that nothing shall touch the carefully arranged topknots.

Here is the green-grocer, who carries vegetables and fruit in baskets hanging from a pole which he suspends over his shoulder. He uses his staff for the double purpose of an aid in walking and a support for his pole while stopping at a door to trade.

Sometimes these market men will spend half an hour haggling over the paltry sum of one rin, equal to one-tenth of a cent. When the bargain is finished, they will move on, half running, shouting their wares as they go.

GONE TO SCHOOL.

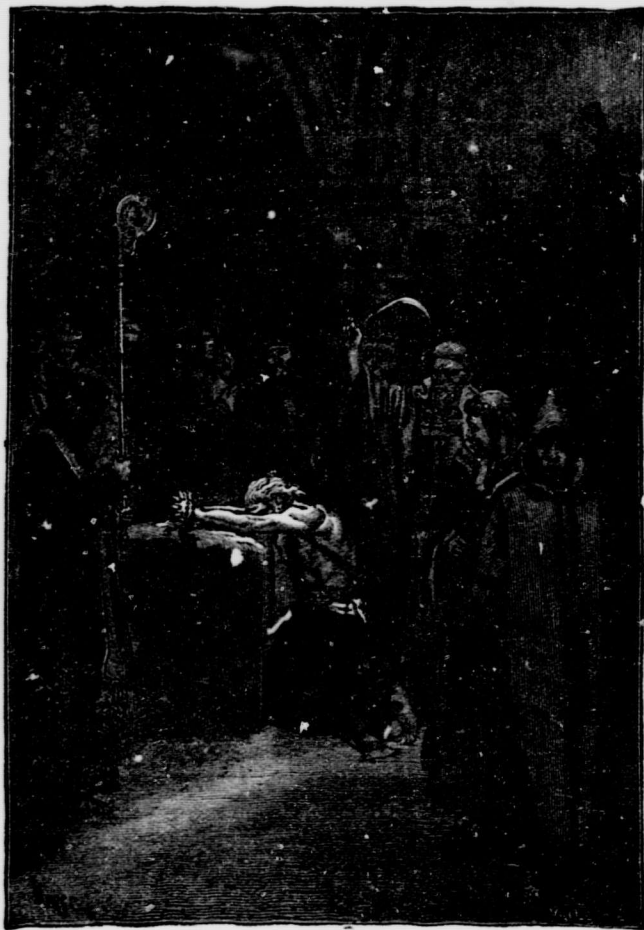
A little lass with shining eyes
And waves of flaxen hair,
Went from my door this morning
With her proud head well in air.

With small hands holding slate and books,
In gingham dress so cool,
Alas! I have no baby now,
My child has gone to school.

She turned to wave a last good-bye,
Her dimpled face alight,
I watched her till the winding road
Quite hid her from my sight.

Her little dolls sit stiff and straight,
Now, order prim, will rule,
No playthings scattered all around,
My child has gone to school.

Deep from my heart a prayer ascends;
Let love and goodness rule,
God keep this little girl of mine,
Since she has gone to school.



THE PENANCE OF CHARLES V.

LAST DAYS OF CHARLES V.

The two prodigious schemes of Emperor Charles, to restore the union of Christendom under the Pope, and to make himself secular head of Europe, had dropped into dust and ashes. Upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Augsburg, which guaranteed the Protestant liberties of Europe, the Emperor determined to abdicate. Precisely a month after the conclusion of peace, he published an edict conferring on his son Philip II, the kingdom of the Netherlands. On the 15th of the following January he resigned to him also the crowns of Spain, Naples, and the Indies, then taking ship to the Spanish dominions, he left the world behind him, and as soon as possible sought refuge from the recollection of his own glory and vanished hopes, in the monastery of San Yuste. Here he passed the remaining two years of his life as a sort of imperial monk, taking part with the brothers in their daily service, working in the garden, submitting to flagellation—the sometime lord of the world scourged on his naked shoulders in expiation for his sins—watching the growth of his trees, and occa-

sionally corresponding with the dignitaries of the outside world.

"Sometimes he amused himself with trifles. He was something of a mechanic, and spent days and weeks in the attempt to regulate two clocks so that they should keep precisely the same time. 'What a fool I have been,' was his comment. 'I have spent all my life in trying to make men go together, and I cannot succeed with even two pieces of dumb machinery.'" As he felt his end approaching, he became possessed with the grotesque notion of witnessing his own funeral. He accordingly had all the preparations made for that event, and the ceremony carefully re-

hearsed, himself taking part, joining in the chant of the requiem, and having himself properly adjusted in the coffin. A short time afterwards, namely, on the 21st of September, 1558, the rehearsal became an actual drama, and the principal personage did not join in the requiem. For he had gone to that land where the voice of ambition can no more provoke to action, "Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."

WAS IT RIP'S FAULT?

"Nina, Nina, what are you doing to Rip?" cried a voice from the window.

But Nina would not listen; her face was red with anger, and with one doubled-up fist she was beating poor Rip, who had slunk down at her feet, looking very miserable.

"Nina, stop beating Rip at once," said the voice, sternly now, "and come up to me."

And presently the flushed face appeared in the doorway. "Rip has brought me bad luck, mamma," said Nina; "I wish you would let me whip him hard."

Poor Rip was rubbing up against her hand with his wet nose; he felt that the little mistress was in a bad humor with him, and he was trying in his dumb, d-fashion to please her.

"Bad luck!" exclaimed mamma in surprise; "what do you mean?"

"Yes, mamma, I've had bad luck all day. I lost my gold pencil this morning and I tore my dress, and I broke grandma's spectacles, and just now I fell down and scratched my wrist."

"But what in the world has Rip to do with all that?" asked mamma.

Nina began to look rather sheepish. She had all seemed plain enough when she took it over to Mammy Cass, the black nurse who believed in a thousand signs of good and bad omen; but in the light of mamma's clear eyes it seemed different.

"Why, Rip howled when I was practising this morning, and wouldn't stop, and Mammy Cass says that always brings bad luck."

"Did Rip's howling make a hole in your pocket?"

"No'm, I guess not."

"But it was the unended hole that lost your pencil. Did Rip's howling make you climb through the barbed wire fence?"

"No'm."

"But the fence tore your dress. What were you doing with grandma's glasses when you broke them?"

"I—I was trying them on."

"Which grandma told you not to do? And how did you come to fall down?"

But Nina's eyes were on the floor now for some reason she did not want to answer that question.

"Never mind, then," said mamma; "think you see now that if anybody is to be punished for your bad luck it is not Rip it is my little girl herself."

"Mammy Cass says,"—began Nina, not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his permission. Do you think he lets the poor dumb brutes govern this world? The only signs to believe in are his blessed signs, day by day, that his kind care is over all his creatures—over you, and over poor little Rip as well."

"But God says, little daughter, that happy doggie, for Nina had her arms tight round his neck, begging his pardon, and he was wagging his tail almost off for joy.

GOD SEES.

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees, God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
While I lie awake and hark,
God sees, God sees.

Need I never know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near;
God sees, God sees.

—Jewels.