

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1906.

No

## HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Great baby's a puzzle to me,  
With his "queer little snooty nose;"  
His clothes are put on, I can see,  
As thickly as leaves on a rose;  
They don't seem to fit the least little bit,  
Yet he has such an air of repose.

They turn him around, upside down,  
And dandle him right in the air;  
How the loveliest baby in town,  
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere,  
They say "Baby's king,"  
And then shake the poor thing;  
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king  
When all of your subjects are mad,  
And imagine a wild Highland fling,  
Can alone make your majesty glad—  
Or fancy a poke in the chin is a joke  
Your highness delights in when sad?

But yes, you're a puzzle to me,  
You solemn-eyed, infantile king:  
A real king might climb up a tree  
And you wouldn't say anything.  
Though he sat on a bough  
And whistled till now,  
The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring."



HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

And yet you will smile at a wink,  
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,  
Though your life is made up, I should think,  
Of things more amusing than these:  
And when half the night long  
Your mamma sings a song  
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,  
The joking is finer than here.  
Perhaps we can't quite understand,  
The pre-mundane funny idea.  
Perhaps if we knew  
What most amused you  
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

## A WALK.

Bright and warm shone the sun, and the bird that lives in the apple-tree was singing his best song when Dora and Don started out to take a walk.

"You may go to the end of the lane and back," said mamma.

They stopped at the little brook that ran right across the lane. Don threw a stone into it, and Dora tried to count the big rings of water, and wondered what made it do so.

A little red squirrel came running along on the rail fence. They both ran after it, and called it to come back; but it wouldn't come. I wonder why.

Then they saw a grasshopper. Don laid his umbrella down on the grass and tried to hop too, but he couldn't do it half as well. I wonder why.

Then they heard a rap, rap, rap, and looking up, they saw a bird rapping on the side of a big tree. What do you think the bird wanted?

Dora picked some clover blossoms, and Don called it "pretty grass." "Why

don't all the grass have flowers on it?" he asked.

When Don and Dora came home they asked so many questions that mamma had to stop her sewing and tell them what made the rings in the water, and why Don could not hop as well as the grass-hopper, and all the other things they wanted to know. Don and Dora learn a great many things by keeping their eyes open when they go to walk.

**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, 96 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   | 1 60   |        |
| Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies   | 0 60   |        |
| 5 copies and over   | 0 50   |        |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies  | 0 25   |        |
| Less than 20 copies   | 0 25   |        |
| Over 20 copies  | 0 21   |        |
| 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 20   |        |
| Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)   | 0 20   |        |
| Berean Leaf, monthly  | 0 05   |        |
| Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)   | 0 05   |        |
| 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 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

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

**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

**A STORY ABOUT GYP JONES.**

Shall I tell you a story about Gyp Jones? He was a little fat dog that just loved to pry into bags, holes, baskets, and pockets. He pretended he was in search of rats, but that was not so. He was in search of cakes and crackers and candies. All of these things Gyp loved as well as his little mistress Maud did. He and Maud had eaten many cakes and candies together.

Well, one day Gyp was all alone in the house, excepting that he had the company of Growler, the mastiff; and he thought it would be a good time to go around and smell of all the bags and baskets and pockets in the closets.

Now Maud and her papa and mamma had gone away in a hurry to catch the excursion train, and they had left many doors open; and so, as Gyp thought, it really was a good time to see what there was in the house that he would like to eat.

He first went into the pantry; but all the cupboard doors were shut, and the box covers were on even and tight. So he skipped up the stairs, and Growler came behind slowly. It was a good thing for

Gyp that Growler did follow, as you will see. For what did Gyp do in the very first closet they entered? He poked his nose into his master's tall, stiff boot; and then his head, and then his body. What he expected to find I do not know. But crawl in there he did; and when he found there was nothing good to eat in the boot he tried to draw back, but he could not do it. Well, how do you suppose he got out? Why, Growler just took hold of the little rogne with his teeth and shook him out.

**ELISHA AT DOTHAN.**

Once there was a preacher whom bad men hated. They hated him because he spoiled their wicked plans. These bad men said among themselves, "We will take an army and go to the city where this preacher lives, and then we will kill him."

So with their king at their head they set out, and surrounded the city by night. When the preacher and his servants awoke in the morning they looked out, and lo! all around the walls of the city were enemies. They were soldiers dressed in armor, and they carried spears and bows and arrows. Their horses were covered with armor, and they were harnessed to dreadful war chariots.

The poor servant was scared out of his wits. He thought that they would be killed at once. "Alas, my master!" he cried, "How shall we do?" The servant did not know that God takes care of every man and woman, and every boy or girl who tries to do right.

The preacher prayed that God would open the servant's eyes, and, wonder of wonders! the young man at once saw that the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire—a far greater host than the king's army at his feet. Then do you know what happened? This army that God had sent came down and smote the enemy with blindness, so that not a hair of the preacher's head was harmed, after all.

Isn't that a wonderful story? But let me tell you another one just as wonderful. Every time a girl or boy, no matter how small, tries to be good, and to keep from being naughty, God sends his angels to help them. We need not ever give in to bad temper, or bad thoughts, because God is helping us, and he is stronger than evil.

**PERSEVERANCE.**

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

The boy that keeps right on, without  
A wish there were no hills to climb,  
Gains something every day, no doubt,  
And wins a hilltop in due time.  
Though all things come to them that wait,  
The boy that rises with the dawn  
Shall never reach his goal too late,  
If he's a mind to keep right on.

**DOTTY'S RULE.**

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

"Dotty," said Dotty's mother, "my silk has given out, and I will have to be more. Will you go to the store for me?"  
"Yes, mother," said Dotty, who was playing with her dolls. "But, oh dear, I don't see why I have to do all the errands for everybody! I run, run, run a day long!"

Now Dotty knew a great deal better than that. Mother did not often ask her to run errands, especially outside the house. And, all day long, mother was doing little things for Dotty that took great deal more time than her little girl understood. But Dotty had a bad fault—she liked to complain and grumble, when she was told to do anything, instead of doing it cheerfully at once.

So she sighed and laid down her doll Arabella, as if she was giving up for the whole afternoon to do mother's errands instead of ten minutes.

Then she came slowly to her mother for the order, with a little frown on her face. But Mrs. Hall said:

"No, Dotty; I sent Mary Jane instead."

"But, mother, I said I'd go!" cried Dotty. "I was obeying, wasn't I?"

"Yes, dear, but you grumbled, and I know."

It was a sober little girl that went to her dollies, and somehow Dotty did not have as much enjoyment as before. So she ran back to her mother, crying, "I have a new rule, mother! Always obey and don't grumble, either!"

"That's a very good rule," said mother, smiling.

**PETER NODDY.**

Peter Noddy comes at night,  
Down the chimney, so they say,  
Sews our eyelids fast and tight,  
Till the break of day;  
And never yet has anybody  
Caught a glimpse of Peter Noddy.

Often have I set my chair  
By the fire to watch for him;  
But he took me unaware  
In the shadows dim,  
And before my eyes could view him  
He had popped his needle through the

Is his thread a moonbeam white,  
Stolen from the sky, I wonder?  
Or perhaps he tears the slight  
Spider-webs asunder,  
And from out their glossy shreds  
Twines and spins his lissom threads.

And his fingers are so deft,  
And his needle is so keen,  
Not a scar or mark is left  
Where its point has been.  
So he comes and so he goes,  
Whence or whither no one knows.

You have  
He's nin  
He's sure t  
Unless y  
And when  
More tro  
Than you c  
Working  
He sets you  
He says,  
And uses n  
Not good  
Quick, fast  
And ch  
For this sa  
Is just y  
LES  
FOU  
STUDIES IN T  
ISAL  
LESSO  
NEHEMIAH RE  
Neh. 4. 7-20.  
Watch and  
Mon. Read t  
caref  
Tues. Read  
night  
Wed. Find  
enem  
Thurs. Read a  
build  
Fri. Notice  
peopl  
Sat. See v  
soldie  
Sun. Read h  
QUESTIO  
What did the  
to go to Jerus  
as it? Elever  
e tell the peo  
hat he wa g  
low did they f  
What were th  
ith him. W  
their enemies.  
aughed at the  
fter a little?  
hat did they  
ght the build  
ming? Nehe  
e prayed to C  
? He set m  
e other men  
orking. How

**ON GUARD.**

You have a little prisoner;  
 He's nimble, sharp, and clever;  
 He's sure to get away from you  
 Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes  
 More trouble in an hour  
 Than you can stop in many a day,  
 Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears;  
 He says, "That isn't so."  
 And uses many ugly words  
 Not good for you, you know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,  
 And chain him while he's young;  
 For this same dangerous prisoner  
 Is just your little tongue.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

**LESSON X.—December 3.**

**NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.**

**Neh. 4. 7-20. Memorize verses 19, 20.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**  
 Watch and pray.—Matt. 26. 41.  
**DAILY STEPS.**

- Mon.** Read the lesson verses slowly and carefully. Neh. 1. 7-18.
- Tues.** Read what Nehemiah did one night. Neh. 2. 11-15.
- Wed.** Find who some of Nehemiah's enemies were. Neh. 2. 19.
- Thurs.** Read about the wise and foolish builders. Matt. 7. 24-29.
- Fri.** Notice that God thinks about his people. Jer. 29. 11.
- Sat.** See who fights with the true soldier. Verse 20.
- Sun.** Read hymn No. 462.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

What did the king tell Nehemiah to do?  
 To go to Jerusalem. How long a journey  
 was it? Eleven hundred miles. What did  
 he tell the people when he came there?  
 That he was going to build the walls.  
 How did they feel? Very glad and happy.  
 What were they ready to do? Work  
 with him. Who tried to stop them?  
 Their enemies. What did they do first?  
 Laughed at them. What made them angry  
 after a little? To see the work going on.  
 What did they do then? They came to  
 help the builders. Who heard they were  
 working? Nehemiah. What did he do?  
 He prayed to God. What more did he  
 do? He set men to watch. What did  
 the other men keep right on doing?  
 Working. How did they work? With

sword in hand. When will God save us  
 from our enemies? When we "watch  
 and pray."

**THREE LITTLE LESSONS.**

We have learned that—  
 1. We have enemies too—our sinful  
 hearts, and Satan—always near.  
 2. What we have to do—"make our  
 prayer unto God."  
 3. He heard Nehemiah, and he will  
 hear us.

**LESSON XI.—December 10.**

**READING AND OBEYING THE LAW.**

**Neh. 8. 8-18. Memorize verses 17, 18.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Blessed are they that hear the word of  
 God, and keep it.—Luke 11. 28.

**DAILY STEPS.**

- Mon.** Read about a great Bible-class.  
 Neh. 8. 1-12.
- Tues.** Read the lesson verses. Neh. 8.  
 8-18.
- Wed.** Find when and where the law was  
 given. Exod. 20. 1-17.
- Thurs.** Learn what Jesus said about the  
 law. Matt. 5. 17-21.
- Fri.** Read about the law in the heart.  
 Deut. 10. 13-21.
- Sat.** Find how much the law was worth  
 to one man. Psa. 119. 72.
- Sun.** Learn a beautiful prayer. Psa.  
 119. 18.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

How long did it take to build the wall  
 around Jerusalem? Fifty-two days.  
 What did Nehemiah call? A great meet-  
 ing. Where was it held? In the street by  
 the water gate. What did the people do  
 at this meeting? They prayed to God and  
 worshipped him. Who read the law of God  
 to them? Ezra and the Levites. Why did  
 some of the people weep when the law was  
 read? They knew they had not kept the  
 law, and were troubled. What did Nehe-  
 miah and Ezra tell them? To be com-  
 forted and to comfort others. What did  
 Nehemiah say was their strength? "The  
 joy of the Lord." What did the people  
 then want to do? To hold a thanksgiving  
 feast. Who had long before told the Jews  
 about such a feast? Moses. What was it  
 called? What do we have that reminds  
 you of this feast? Our own Thanksgiving  
 Day.

**THREE LITTLE LESSONS.**

We have learned that—  
 1. The law of God is very precious.  
 2. God wants us to treat it with rever-  
 ence.  
 3. When we hear and keep it we are  
 happy.

**LOVE FOR LOVE.**

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into  
 the muddy gutter; his hands and face  
 were black, his mouth wide open, and  
 sending forth sounds not the most musical.

A rough hand lifted him up, and placed  
 him against the wall. There he stood, his  
 tears making little gutters down his be-  
 grimed cheeks. Men as they passed  
 laughed at him, not caring for a moment  
 to stop and inquire if he were really hurt.  
 Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded  
 him with their insults. Poor Loy, he  
 hadn't a friend in the world that he knew  
 of! Certainly he did not deserve one;  
 but if none but the deserving had friends  
 how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart  
 prompted her to stay and say a word to  
 the boys who were joking their companion  
 and laughing at his sorrow. Then she  
 looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad  
 against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?"  
 He removed one black fist from his eye,  
 and looked up. He recognized her. She  
 had taught him at the Sunday-school.  
 "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him  
 examined, then taken to the hospital.  
 Afterwards she visited him kindly and  
 frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one  
 night. A dwelling-house was in flames,  
 the engine had not yet arrived. The in-  
 mates would not be rescued. A boy  
 looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "Oh, she  
 lives here!" then he climbed up the  
 heated, falling stairs. He fought against  
 the suffocating smoke. He hunted about  
 until he found what he sought. She had  
 fainted, was dying, perhaps. No! he  
 would save her. Five minutes of agoniz-  
 ing suspense, and she was safe in the cool  
 air. The bystanders were struck with  
 the intrepidity of the boy. He only  
 walked away muttering: "She didn't  
 turn away from me when I was hurt." O  
 friends, the stone looks very rough, but it  
 may be a diamond.

**BED-TIME.**

Three little girls are weary,  
 Weary of books and of play;  
 Sad is the world, and dreary,  
 Slowly the time slips away.  
 Six little feet are aching,  
 Bowed is each little head;  
 Yet they are up and shaking  
 When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,  
 Just for a minute or two;  
 Then, when they end their clatter,  
 Sleep comes quickly to woo.  
 Slowly their eye are closing,  
 Down again drops each head;  
 Three little maids are dozing,  
 Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever;  
 Night after night they protest,  
 Claiming they're sleepy never,  
 Never in need of their rest.  
 Nodding and almost dreaming,  
 Drowsily each little head  
 Still is for ever scheming  
 Merely to keep out of bed.





JAPANESE TYPES.

## WHAT THIS WORLD IS LIKE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

This world is like a looking-glass;  
And if you want to see  
People frown at you as you pass,  
And use you slightly;  
If you want quarrels, snubs, and foes,  
Put on a fretful face;  
Scowl at the world, you'll find it shows  
The very same grimace.

This world is like a looking-glass;  
And if you wish to be  
On pleasant terms with all who pass,  
Smile on them pleasantly;  
Be helpful, generous, and true,  
And very soon you'll find  
Each face reflecting back to you  
An image bright and kind.

## A STATESMAN'S SABBATH.

When John Quincy Adams was minister to the court of Holland he joined a society of learned men who met once a week for mutual improvement. Mr. Adams, though one of the youngest members, soon became a great favorite; his finely trained mind and delightful conversation won him many friends, and, receiving as much enjoyment as he gave, he was always punctually present.

On one occasion, however, so the story runs, the meeting was adjourned to Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. It was appointed on the next Sunday evening. Mr. Adams was not there. His fellow members noticed and regretted his absence. On the third Sunday evening it met, Mr. Adams' chair still vacant. Many were surprised that he who formerly was so prompt and punctual should thus suddenly break off. How did it happen? The press of business, it was supposed, kept him away.

At last the meetings were returned to a week-day evening, and lo! there was Mr.

Adams in his place, brilliant and delightful as ever. The members welcomed him back and expressed their sorrow that press of business, or the duties of his office, should so long have deprived them of his company. Did he let that go as the reason?

"Not business engagements hindered me," replied he; "you met on the Lord's day; that is a day devoted to religious uses by me."

He told them how he had been brought up in a land where the Sabbath was strictly observed; and from all that he had felt and seen he was convinced of the unspeakable advantage arising from a faithful observance of it.

John Quincy Adams' example of moral courage is a safe one to follow. How many youths, going from pious homes to the cities, the far West, on the sea and land, are thrown among Sabbath-breakers—reckless Sabbath-breakers and respectable Sabbath-breakers—before whom they fail to stand up for their Sabbath education.

## TRAMPLING DOWN TEMPER.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"I'm so glad. Oh, I'm so glad!"

Herbert came to his mother at bedtime with a beaming face.

"What are you so glad about?" she asked.

"Oh, for something I did to-day. No, it was something I didn't do."

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

"Yes, of course I am, mamma. Don't I always tell you everything?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I do. But don't you know sometimes I have dreadful things to tell?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said with a smile.

"You don't know how it makes a fellow feel, mamma," Herbert went on very soberly, "to have to come and tell of something mean and wicked I've been doing. It makes me feel as though I wanted to creep away and hide and never show my face again. But I don't feel that way to-night, and it's because I've been trying to do just as you told me when I get angry."

"You find it a good way, do you?"

"Yes, your ways are always good. Well, this is how it was. Harvey Gray wanted me to play ball at school, and I just picked up his book to look at it for a minute. 'I coming,' I said, but he wouldn't wait, and snatched the book out of my hand and threw it out into the road in the dust. Then I laughed and said, 'It is

your book.' He thought it was mine, and he was so mad he picked up my lunch basket and flung it after it, and everything rolled out in the dust. I tell you, mamma, I was as mad as a hornet. I doubled up my fists and was just going at him. I was going to call him all the bad names I could. And just in time, mamma, I remembered what you told me about my temper."

"I'm glad!"

"But, mamma, I didn't want to remember a bit. I wanted more'n five dollars to give it to Harve like sixty. I wanted to wait to the next time to begin the trampling. But you said it would be harder and harder every time, and I just asked God, as you told me, to help me when I hated to stop being mad. And then I ran right by Harve, and ran and ran till I was clear away from the boys. And I stayed away till the school bell rang."

"That was very wise," said mamma patting the small boy's head.

"Yes," said Herbert, "cause, you see, I could not fight Harve if I wasn't there, and I couldn't fight him when school was called. And by noon I hardly felt mad at all but I kept away from him. And after school this afternoon I felt all right to him and played with him just as I always do. And he came and told me he was sorry he was so mean, and gave me an apple, and now we are good friends. That's why I am so glad."

"It's enough to be glad for," said mamma, kissing him tenderly. "Try it again, dear. You will find it less hard every time you conquer your hasty temper, but I think you will find the same gladness every victory."

## FOR EVER.

A little girl whom we know came in one night clothes very early to her mother in the morning, saying: "Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, "I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I concluded that it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But (and there was a look of awe in the little face) a lie is for ever."

A little boy came to me with a broken toy and begged me to mend it for him. It was one of his finest toys, and was the pride of his heart.

"I'll try to mend it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully: "No mind. If you can't mend it, I'll be just as happy without it."