

# SUNBEAM

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No. 1.

## SNOW-SHOEING IN CANADA.

For travelling in deep snow, the snow-shoe, either as manufactured by the Indian or as made in some foreign countries, has become with its owner almost a necessity, and its use in snow-shoeing sports, even in our own country, is gaining in popularity every year. It

may be that some of our readers have never seen so much as the picture of snow-shoes, while others have sported with them many an hour over the drifted fields. In either case, we think you will be interested in some things about them, reprinted from *Harper's Young People*. The writer says:

"Three things have the 'red children of the forest' given to the white children of the cities, which are so perfect in their way that it is hardly possible there will ever be an invention filed in the pigeon-holes of the Patent Office at Washington that will surpass them. The canoe for shallow water and what might be called cross-country navigation, the toboggan, and the snow-shoe for deep snow, seem to be the very crown of human ingenuity, even though they

are only the devices of ignorant Indians. One cannot help a feeling of hearty admiration when looking at them, and noting how perfectly they fulfil the purpose for which they were designed, and are at the same time as light, graceful, and artistic in form and fashion as the most fin-

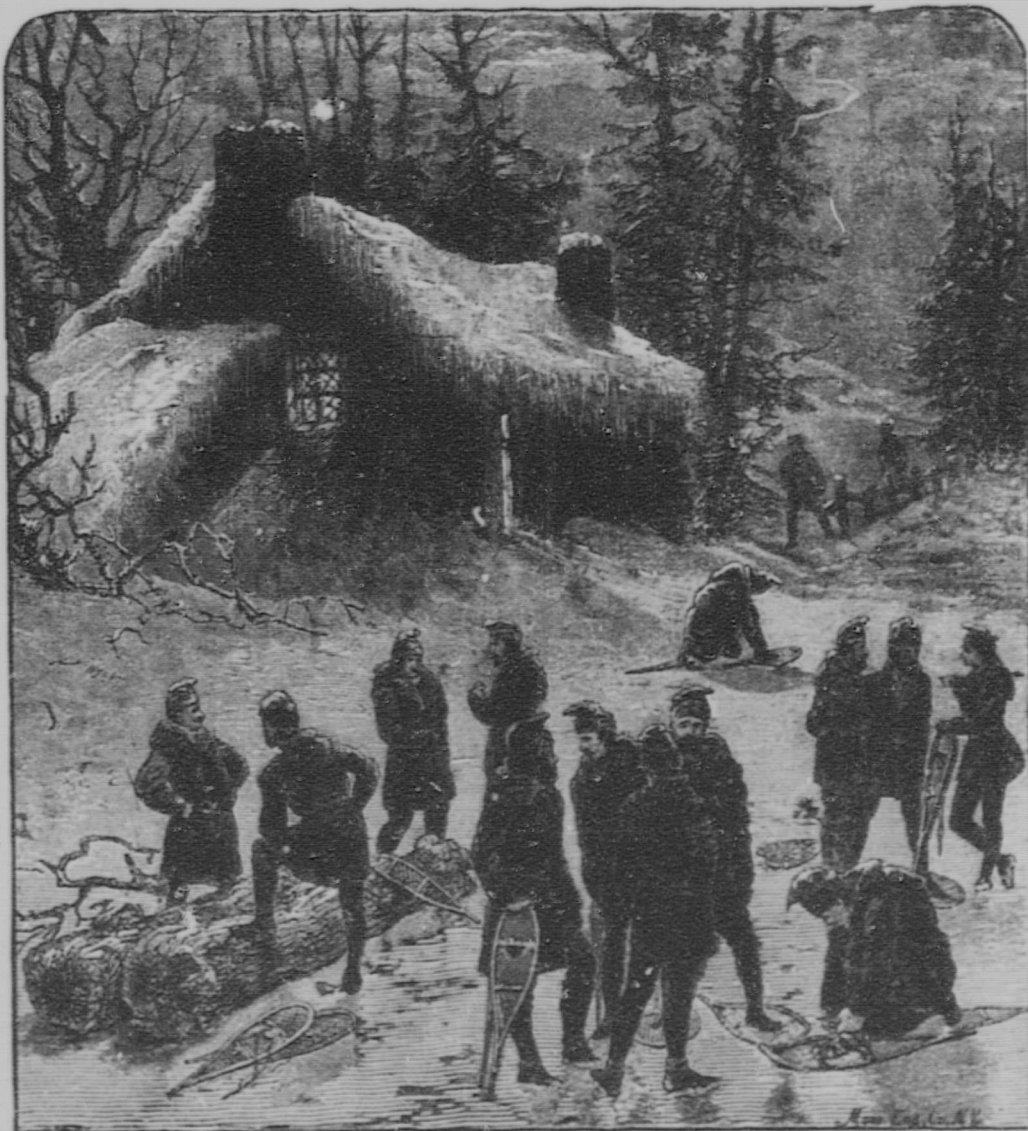
ished work of highly-civilized folk. To the Indian the canoe, the snow-shoe, and the toboggan were as important implements as the spade, the plough, and the rake are to the farmer. Without them he could not in winter-time have roamed the snow-buried forests, whose recesses sup-

plied his table, or voyaged in the summertime upon the broad rivers and swift-running streams, whose bountiful waters furnished him their ready toll of fish. His white brother has, in adopting them, put them to a different use. He had no particular need for them in his work, but

he was quick to see how they would help him in his play, and ere long they had all three become favourite means of sport and recreation.

"In the States and in Canada the shoes are made in many shapes and of many sizes, ranging from two to six feet in length, and from ten to twenty inches in breadth. This is how they make a shoe of three feet six inches, which is a fair average size: A piece of light ash about half an inch thick, and at least ninety inches in length, is bent to a long oval until the two ends touch, when they are lashed strongly together with catgut. Two strips of tough wood about an inch broad are then fitted across this frame, one placed about five inches from the curving top, the other some twenty inches from the tapering end. The object of these strips is to give both strength and spring to the shoe. The three sections into which the interior of the frame has thus been divided are then woven across with catgut, each having a different degree of fineness in the mesh, the top section being

very fine, the middle section, upon which almost the whole strain comes, coarse and strong, and the end section a medium grade between the other two. The gut in the middle section is wound right around the framework for the sake of greater strength, but in the other two is threaded



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through holes bored at intervals of an inch or so. Just behind the front cross-bar an opening about four inches square is left in the gut netting, in order to allow free play for the toes in lifting the foot at each step. Both wood and gut must be thoroughly seasoned, or else the one will warp, and the other stretch and sag until the shoe is altogether useless.

"Simple as the snow-shoe is, I would not advise any one to try to make a pair for himself. Only the Indians can do this really well, and even in Canada, where snow-shoeing is a national winter sport, the vast majority of shoes are put together by dusky hands."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 11, 1902.

### DAISY'S WHITE PAGE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"A clean, white page," said Daisy, turning away from the snowy world outside of her window, and sitting down on the carpet to button her boots. "That's what the lecture man called New Year's—a clean, white page to begin on."

"If you don't hurry up, your breakfast will be a clean, white cloth, with nothing at all to begin or end on," laughed her teasing brother George, overhearing her remark.

"I don't believe George ever thinks of such things," meditated Daisy, half-vexed, but hastening her dressing, nevertheless. "Now, I want to do something real good—something first rate—to begin the clean, new page with."

But opportunities for extraordinary deeds seemed very poor that morning. There were muffins for breakfast, and Daisy did not like muffins, or feel inclined

to plan grand doings while she ate them. Then, before she had time to decide what she would do afterward, mamma asked her to take care of baby while she went down to the kitchen for a little while.

"Must I take care of him to-day? Why, mamma, it's New Year's!" exclaimed Daisy, in an injured tone.

"Well, dear, we don't want poor little Puck left to bump his nose or tumble into the fire on that account, do we?" laughed mamma, as she turned away to her duties down-stairs.

She came back in an hour, and Daisy again stationed herself at the window, and looked out gloomily. So much of the morning gone, and nothing worth calling a commencement made yet! She could not think of anything that was quite what she wanted to do—anything that she could do; and so she tapped listlessly on the pane, and did not notice when her mother dropped her ball of yarn and had difficult work, with baby in her arms, to reach it again, nor when she had rocked the little fellow to sleep and needed to have the crib pillows arranged that she might lay him down. She did not even notice when she left the room and returned, until she was roused by her saying:

"Now, Daisy, I want you to put on your hat and warm cloak, and carry this basket to Mrs. Hicks."

"Errands to-day, mamma?" Daisy turned around dolefully.

"I promised her these things to-day, and she needs them. You are doing nothing, and every one else is busy or away," answered mamma, decidedly.

So there was nothing more to be said; but it was certainly a pair of lagging, unwilling little feet that crossed the field and reached the roadside.

There her brother George passed her.

"Hello, marm!" he called. "I should think, from the looks of your face, that you had begun your white page by a pretty big blot of crossness."

"A blot!" "Crossness!" Daisy stood still on the snowy stile to think about it, and a sudden light came to her. How should any one begin the New Year but by doing each duty faithfully as God sends it?

It was a different face and step that went the rest of the way, and when Daisy reached home, she whispered:

"I think I know what motto I want for my new page, mamma: I've blotted it dreadfully to begin with, though. It's the verse on my Sunday-school card:

"'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"  
—His Jewels.

### A CUNNING DOG.

He had the habit of rushing out and attacking passing vehicles, and his master—thinking to cure him—attached a piece of wood by a chain to his collar. This answered admirably; for no sooner did

the dog start in pursuit of anything than the clog not only checked his speed, but generally rolled him over; but, to the surprise of all, doggie was soon at his old work, nearly as bad as ever.

This is how he managed: He did not attempt to drag the clog on the ground, and allow it to check and upset; but, before starting, he caught it up in his mouth, ran before the passing horse, dropped it, and commenced his attack; and when distanced, would seize the clog in his mouth, and resume his position ahead, and thus became as great a pest as ever.

### GRANDMA'S ANGEL.

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see if grandma's ready to come to tea." I knew I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along, tiptoe, And stood a moment to take a peep— And there was grandmother, fast asleep!

I knew 'twas time for her to wake;  
I thought I'd give her a little shake,  
Or tap at her door or softly call;  
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—  
She looked so sweet and so quiet there,  
Lying back in her old arm-chair,  
With her dear white hair and a little smile,

That means she is loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;  
I knew she was dreaming of little boys  
And girls who lived with her long ago,  
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close and didn't speak  
One word, but I gave her on her cheek  
The softest bit of a little kiss.  
Just in a whisper, and then said this:  
"Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me  
And said: "Why, Pet, I have just now dreamed

Of a little angel who came and seemed  
To kiss me lovingly on my face."  
I never told her 'twas only me;  
I took her hand and we went to tea.

—St. Nicholas.

The Christian's is a life campaign.  
I lessed is he or she who has entered upon  
it while young.

This was a good prayer which an old  
deacon offered: "Lord, make me willing  
to run on little errands for thee!"

The first duty of every soul—and in  
neglect of which no other duty can be per-  
formed acceptably to God—is to be content  
with the lot God's providence has assigned  
it in life.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

There were three little folks, long ago,  
Who solemnly sat in a row  
On a December night,  
And attempted to write  
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,  
And be one of the quietest boys,"  
Wrote one of the three,  
Whose uproarious glee  
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take  
More than two or three pieces of cake,"  
Wrote plump little Pete,  
Whose taste for the sweet  
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,  
Began with "Resolved that I will,"  
But right there she stopped,  
And fast asleep dropped  
Ere she came to a single conclusion.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON III. [January 19.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Acts 2. 37-47. Memorize verses 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord added to the church daily  
such as should be saved.—Acts 2. 47.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who preached on the day of Pentecost? Peter. Who gave him power? The Holy Spirit of God. What did the people cry out? "What shall we do?" What did Peter tell them? To repent and be baptized. What did he say they might have? The gift of the Holy Spirit. How many were baptized that day? Three thousand. Who was their Teacher? The Holy Spirit. Why did they need him? Because Jesus had gone away. What did Jesus promise before he went? To send the Spirit to "teach" them all things. To whom was this promise made? (See verse 39.) What did the new believers do? They lived together like a great loving family. What did the rich do? They helped the poor. What had the poor to give? Faith and love. Why did they have great gladness of heart? Because the Lord Jesus had come back to them. To whom will he come to-day? To all who want him enough to ask for him.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses slowly. Acts 2. 37-47.  
Tues. Read the Lord's words to Peter. Matt. 16. 13-20.  
Wed. Read some later words to Peter. John 21. 15-17.

Thur. Read a story of brotherly love. Psa. 133.

Fri. Learn a verse about love. 1 Cor. 13. 4.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Think: Am I a part of the Lord's Church?

LESSON IV. [January 26.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts 3. 1-10. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Exod. 15. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How did Jesus still live on earth? In his disciples. What could the disciples do in his name? His own works. Where did Peter and John go one day? To the temple to worship. Whom did they see lying at the gate Beautiful? A lame beggar. What did he ask of them? Money. What did they give him? Strength to walk. Was it their gift? No, it was the gift of God. In whose name was the gift made? In the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Must the beggar have believed in that name? Yes. What did the people think? That the power belonged to Peter and John. How did this make the apostles feel? Very sorry. Why? Because they loved and honoured Jesus. What great gifts has God for each of us? The gift of salvation. What is our part? To reach out and take it.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses thoughtfully. Acts 3. 1-10.  
Tues. Read the rest of the chapter.  
Wed. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.  
Thur. Learn why there were so many hours of prayer. Psa. 55. 17.  
Fri. Learn how God honoured the apostles. Heb. 2. 4.  
Sat. Find by whose power the lame man was healed. 2 Cor. 3. 5.  
Sun. Tell the story of the healing in your own words.

CHARLIE'S BOOK.

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man.

Just then the door bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was sitting on her foot-stool busily writing.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You

can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice, fair page, with pictures on it."

"When shall I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that it is long enough, he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly:

"Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said the mother, "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages are clean and white, with no stains on them."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Just at the turn of the midnight,

When the children are fast asleep,  
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting  
For the hours that he will bring:  
For the wonderful things in his peddler's  
pack;  
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,  
And many a marvellous thing.

Flowers, by hosts and armies,  
Stars and sunshine and rain!  
The merry times and the sorrowful times,  
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,  
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,  
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"  
The year will be started well on his way,  
Swinging along through his first white day,  
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey;  
Fifty-two weeks of a spell;  
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,  
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,  
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another." Above all, have the love of Jesus within, and you cannot fail to be loved, lovely, and happy.

Undertake to keep the ten commandments, and you will soon find out that God is their Maker.

Let us live as though every day were our last.



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

## YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

Was there ever finer sport than tobogganing? The youngsters in our picture think not. How it makes the blood tingle to the finger-tips! How the snow sparkles like diamonds in the sunlight! How the hillside sweeps past us as we glide like lightning down its slope! How bright is the sunshine, how dazzling the snow! How blue the sky! This is the sport that makes sturdy Canadian boys and girls, and strong and healthy Canadian men and women. Hurrah for Canada, the best and dearest land beneath the sun!

## A NEW YEAR'S "THINK."

"O dear!" sighed little Mary. "Papa sent me up-stairs to think. I don't like to think, 'cause it makes me feel bad. I always 'member all the naughty things I've done. I would rather play and forget them. I wonder if big folks ever have to sit down and think of the things they've done that they didn't ought to do. I don't

s'pose they ever do naughty things, though, so they can't know how bad it feels to sit and think about them."

"What did papa tell me to think about? He said I was to turn over a new leaf, 'cause this is New Year's Day. He said my life from day to day was like a clean, fresh page in my writing book, and I could write in it just what I wanted to. He showed me my old writing book. It did look just awful. I was so 'shamed to have him see it, all blots and crooked lines, and places where I didn't care a bit how I wrote. O dear, how he did talk to me. It makes me cry just to 'member it. He didn't scold one bit, only looked so sorry. I'd rather he'd whipped me.

"What did he say? That big blot was like the blot on my life's book the day when I told a lie. Oh, I never, never will have such a blot again. That other was when I stayed all the afternoon with Grace, 'stead of coming home, when I knew mamma wanted me to carry a basket of things to old Granny Brown. That

don't-care place was one where I was naughty and hateful all day. Another was where I wouldn't look at my copy. That means I wouldn't read my Bible and pray."

In a few minutes little Mary ran down to her father, and said:

"I did think about all you said to me, and I will turn over a new leaf, papa dear."

And papa whispered, as he kissed her: "Ask Jesus to help you."

## BISHOP BROOKS AND THE BABY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A poor little pale-faced baby,  
Lost, and hungry, and cold,  
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet  
cheeks  
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people  
Were hurrying here and yon,  
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,  
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,  
But lifted pitiful eyes  
At the crowd of careless strangers,  
At the gray, indifferent skies.

Jostled, and pushed, and frightened,  
A tiny waif of the street,  
With the wintry darkness falling  
And the snowflakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great, kind giant—  
With swinging stride he came;  
E'en then the angels in heaven  
Wrote "Saint" before his name.

From the height of his splendid stature  
He stooped to the little maid,  
Lifted her up in tender arms,  
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,  
She clung like a soft spring flower  
That a breeze had caught and carried  
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick, warm coat he wrapped her,  
The little, shivering child,  
"I'll find your mother, baby,"  
The Bishop said, and smiled.

That smile, like a flash of the sunrise—  
'Tis but a memory dim,  
For the years are hastening onward,  
And we are mourning him.

The cold, white snows are drifting  
Where to-day he lies asleep;  
After his life's long warfare  
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,  
Of victories that he won,  
No sweeter tale is told than this,  
Of his grace to a little one.