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SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

By Mary F. Butts.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down
the land;
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine
smiled,
The wild-flowers bloomed for
the happy child,
Birds greeted her from every
tree;
But Selfish said, "No one
loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across
the land;
Miss Selfish met with trouble
and loss—
The weather was bad, the
folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said, when the
journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good
time before."

A BRAVE MOUSE.

The other day, on my
travels, I met a field mouse
that interested me. He was on
his travels also, and we met
in the middle of a mountain
lake. I was casting my fly
there, when I saw a delicate
V-shaped figure, the point of
which reached above the middle
of the lake, while the two
sides as they diverged faded
out toward the shore.

I drew near in my boat and
beheld a little mouse swim-
ming vigorously for the other
side. His little legs appeared
like swiftly revolving wheels
beneath him. As I came near,
he dived under the water to
escape me, but came up again
like a cork, and just as quick-
ly. It was laughable to see
him repeatedly duck beneath
the surface, and pop back
again in a twinkling.

He could not keep under
water more than a second or
two. Presently I reached him

my oar, and arranged his fur and warmed him-
self. He did not show the slightest
my hand, where he sat for some time
and ever shaken hands with a human
being. He was what we call a "mea-
dow mouse;" but he had doubtless



lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight!

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing; but it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally, he could brook the delay no longer, and plunged boldly overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—Little Nature Studies.

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WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber trees. About one hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk, of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, without thinking of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap.

Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees, the trees are planted to grow in

regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled, as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed into bags and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters.

The milk, or sap, of the rubber tree is white. Perhaps, if you have a rubber plant at home, you may have discovered this when a leaf has been broken.—Selected.

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The next time you eat a slice of nice white bread, do not swallow it whole and run away to play, but eat it slowly and think about it. Where did it come from?

A man threw some grains of wheat on a great prairie in the far West, perhaps, and it grew up with millions of others to make a hundred grains more. Then it was cut down by a great machine, beaten out and made ready for market by other machines, sent to a mill where it went through a great many queer ways—grinding, sifting, drying, bagging, etc.—until it was sent to your town, and sold to your mamma.

But there are countries where every family has its own wheat and corn growing in a nearby field, and they have no machines for cutting, thrashing, or grinding it. They beat the stalks after they are gathered and dry, and then the women grind their wheat, and afterward make it into bread. You would think it very coarse bread, but they would not like our fine soft bread.

A RICH BOY.

"Oh my!" said Ben. "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball and—O, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms—I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice (they tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit)—you would not part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dol-

lars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think for a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you would not sell them for as much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—

"legs, ten thousand; arms, ten; voice, ten; hearing, ten; good health, ten; and eyes, fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your play-mate laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are."—The Morning Star.

THE KING'S CHILDREN.

"Just a little story, grandma; we need not go to bed for a whole hour yet," and May's soft hand patted her cheek caressingly, while Paul brought his chair still closer to hers.

Grandma laid down her knitting, took off her glasses, and taking a hand of each of her "grand-twins," as she called them, commenced: "Once upon a time a good and great king sent two of his children to a gentleman and his wife to take care of, so when he sent for them to live at his court they would do him honor.

"He also sent a book, with directions in it how to train the children, and made a way by which they could talk to him whenever they wished, and he would hear, although so far away: for he was a great and powerful king.

"These good people were delighted with the children, and every day they would read something from the book, and they would talk to the king about them, and ask for all they needed."

"What were their names?" asked May, with increasing interest. "I will tell the other a girl. They are now about six years old, each has a book of the king's."

"That's just as old as we are, grandma," they both said.

Grandma smiled as she looked into their earnest faces and said, "Yes, they were just as old as you are, and looked like you, and were named Paul and May."

"Why, grandma, where do they live?" and May's blue eyes opened wide.

"She means us, May," said Paul, softly; "you know mamma has told us so many times that we belong to God, and He is a great King; that we were only lent to her and papa, and that He would send for us some day to live with Him."—Ex.

ONE LEFT.

The one babe lost is the one babe left ;
The others are grown and gone away ;
So cruel it seemed when first bereft,
Yet the lost is the only one left to-day !

I watched them grow out of my long-
ing arms,
While each in turn lost the baby face:
The years fled away with those win-
some charms,
And manhood and womanhood took
their place.

And now they've made them homes of
their own,
While I by the fireside rock and
dream :
And, oh, I should be so all alone,
Did not the past like the present
seem !

But, while I am rocking, my babe
again,
That I lost, far off in the dimming
years,
I clasp with the joy that is kin to pain,
And water my dusty heart with tears.
—Minot J. Savage.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 18.

JESUS BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

Matt. 26. 57-68. Memory verses, 67, 68.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men.
—Isa. 53. 3.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad picture is this of our Lord and Saviour standing a poor, pitiful prisoner before the high priest. After Judas betrayed him he was bound and driven through the streets to a council of the high priests and scribes and elders. They all hated him, for they knew he had power which they did not have. They were bound to have him killed, but they knew it was necessary to have some sort of trial. They tried to get false witnesses. At first they could not get any. At last two turned up. Of course, they said what was not true. Jesus bore it all silently. Finally the high priest made him answer that he was the Son of God. Then they said he blasphemed and must die. It was all so unfair, but Jesus was patient through it all.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus taken? Before the high priest.
2. Why? Because the law said he must have a trial.
3. Was it a fair one? No.
4. Who witnessed? Two false witnesses.

5. Of what did they accuse him? Of blasphemy.

6. Did they condemn him? Yes, to die.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 25.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Isa. 5. 11-23. Memory verse, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection.—1 Cor. 9. 2-7.

LESSON STORY.

Woe, woe, woe! always the same story where liquors are used. There are a few cases in which the people can use it ireely without being harmed, but they are so very few when you think of the millions who suffer woe from it. The good prophet Isaiah well knew its danger and warned the people of Israel against it. But in spite of his warning the sin of drunkenness was one of their greatest. It caused them to desert God and worship idols. It made judges receive bribes, so there was no true justice. In short, it was the cause of every sin and crime that could be committed.

So is it in our own day, and as sure as it brought woe to Israel, so will it bring woe to Canada, if we do not guard against the wicked liquor traffic.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Isaiah? A good prophet of the Israelites.
2. What did he warn them against? Drunkenness.
3. Was it a common sin in his day? Yes.
4. Did it bring woe to Israel? Yes, they were made captives.
5. What does calling "Evil good and good evil" mean? Calling by pleasant names amusements or practices that we know are evil.

A BIRD STORY.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific, a flock of small birds, about the size, shape, and color of paroquets, settled down in the rigging, and passed an hour or more resting.

The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailors.

At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared; but toward nightfall they came back, and passed the night in the rigging. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks.

That afternoon, an astonishing thing happened. The flock came swiftly flying toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled down on the deck.

The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about twenty minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard no one knows, but on reaching port two days later they learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea.

THE GENTLE SOUTH WIND.

"Now, Walter Harrison Aues, you bet right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there;" and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snap-dragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat so calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window, but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called snap-dragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her. A story was always a delight, and so the little changeable flower, almost a rose again, went instantly and seated herself on a little bench by his feet.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could and said in a gruff tone as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and just buttoned my coat as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon as I came home the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was so glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerfully, as she went up to her brother Walter and kissed and patted him and said: "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear."

Brother Walter did not say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses, and scampered off to play.



EIGHT O'CLOCK.

A LITTLE SONG FOR BEDTIME.

A little song for bedtime,
When robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the pretty dream flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy,
And the heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown:
A thousand boats for dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the lerrymen are calling,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Then the sleepy little children,
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to dreamland,
And the dipping of the oar
In the sea of sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me,
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea:
Take a kiss, and give one,
And then away you go,
A-sailing into Dreamland,
For the Slumber Islands, ho!

HOW TED LENT A HAND.

He is such a little boy, this Ted, and his legs are so short and his chubby fists are so very wee that you might think he would have to wait quite a long time before he could lend a hand that would be of any use; but he does not think so.

There was a fine shower the other night, and in the morning what should Ted see, right in front of his home, on prim, precise Cottage Street, but a mud-puddle? yes, a dirty, delightful mud-puddle! How he hurried through his breakfast so as not to lose a minute!

He had a baker's dozen of beautiful mud pies on the curb, and was admiring them for a moment while he rested,

upon those lovely pies, flattening them dreadfully.

He jumped up frowning, but when he saw the tired, sad face of the poor old washerwoman, Mrs. Connolly, the frown smoothed itself into a dimple smile; and he picked up that bundle, which had dropped off the tired arms which held several others, and carried it 'way to the avenue, which was as far as mamma let her little man explore the city, on account of the electric cars.

There he touched his hat and bowed, just as he had seen big brother Don do on the way to church when he met any of the college girls.

And Mrs. Connolly stood and smiled after him as he ran back to rebuild his pies. Such a happy little face! The solemn, slow-pacing professor whom he met brightened up and stepped off briskly and began to whistle!—actually whistle! Think of it! So you see Teddy lent, not only a hand, but two feet and a happy face, even if he was such a little boy.

THE BEST KIND OF RICHES

Hope Brandon was considered a very rich little girl because her papa had a great deal of money, and Hope was allowed to buy almost anything.

As she had no brothers or sisters with whom to share her pretty things, she grew very selfish. She thought she ought to have her own way in everything. Having our own way does not make us really happy, so you see she was only rich in money, and not in happiness, which is the best kind of riches.

In this she was very poor indeed.

But she did not stay poor always, for at church one Sunday the minister preached a beautiful sermon to the children, which made a great difference in Hope's life.

The minister chose for his text the words, "Even Christ pleased not himself."

He said, when it was hard to be unselfish Jesus was always ready to help if we only asked him to do so. Hope listened and longed to be like the loving, gentle Jesus. She felt a new love to him growing in her heart.

When she went home she went to her own room, and kneeling down, told Jesus that she loved him, and wanted to please him every day. She asked to be shown how she might help others.

She tried to be always on the lookout for something to do for others. Soon she learned to enjoy pleasing other people more than to please herself. Indeed she was so happy in her new life that she thanked God for it every day.