

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1905.

No. 6.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.

Most boys, at one time or another, have the fever for adventure. To seek his fortune in strange countries, to sail upon unknown seas and travel over unknown lands, is the dream of many a schoolboy. And it is such a haunting dream to some that nothing but the reality can satisfy them. The in-born love of adventure discovered a new world for us in the days of Christopher Columbus, and has opened a way for the Gospel to enter into many of the dark places of the earth; but it has not yet discovered the North-west Passage, in spite of the expeditions into the frozen regions of the Arctic Ocean.

It may yet, some day—who knows when? Meanwhile, thanks to the brave men who have risked their lives in these expeditions, we have found out a great deal of interesting knowledge, and learned what heroic and unselfish things men can do in times of trial. Our picture shows us an Arctic explorer in his bear-skin suit. The gun by his side was probably the trusty one with which he shot the polar bear who furnished him a dinner as well as a coat, and who would have dined upon our adventure, perhaps, if fortune had turned the other way.



ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

There are many exciting stories told about these great white bears, and some that are funny. Who would expect to see the savage creatures enjoy the schoolboy frolic of coasting down a snowslide? But Dr. Kane tells us of an ice-covered rock whose steep slope was worn smooth by bears sliding down on their haunches. These same bears had made free with the

carefully-hidden provisions of one of the exploring parties. An enclosure of rocks had been made with great labor; and barrels of bread and cases of food of various sorts had been packed away for future needs. Nobody counted upon the cunning of the bears, or their great strength. But when the owners of the treasure came to seek it, it was clear that the bears had

made a visit. The great rocks were tumbled apart, iron cases crushed open, tin cans torn up like paper, bread barrels smashed in and emptied—even the "flag of our Union" put up to mark the spot, was torn down and gnawed to bits!

The same party had an uninvited visitor one night. They had made a halt upon the ice, in one of their journeys; and, being tired after a hard day's travel, were sound asleep in their tent. About midnight, one of the men was awakened by something scratching in the snow close by, and presently saw a huge white bear push his head through the tent opening. The frightened men sprang up; but there were no guns in reach; they had been left outside upon the sledge. They snapped lucifer matches, and lighted torches of newspaper under his nose to frighten the beast; but he took no notice. A dead seal, shot the day before, lay inside the tent, and the bear began to make supper of it. This gave time for a man to crawl out under the tent, snatch a rifle, and shoot him before the bear had time to defend himself.

The seal is another animal of great value to Arctic explorers. It is not a fierce creature, being easily frightened. When they come up from the water to sun themselves on the ice-fields they are shot without difficulty.

Arthur Jones is a bright boy of seven years old. He goes to Sunday-school, and he loves his books. He studies the lessons, and he answers his teacher's questions nicely. I think Arthur will become a good and useful man.

AT SLEEPY-TIME.

What do little chickens say
When the sun goes down?
They say, "Peep, peep, peep!"
We're so glad to go asleep,
These fuzzy little balls of yellow down.

What do little birdies say
When the sun goes down?
They say, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
It's so good to go to sleep;
And they cuddle in their little beds so warm.

What does little Johnnie say
When the sun goes down?
Why, he cries, cries, cries,
And rubs his sleepy eyes;
And says he wishes bed-time wouldn't come.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1905.

"HOW AM I TO COME TO CHRIST?"

A Scotch shepherd, in a state of great anxiety of soul, asked a preacher if he could tell him what was meant by "coming to Christ." "I have been hearing," said he, "a most earnest discourse; we have been urged and entreated to come to Christ; and I felt as though I had been sitting on nettles all the time, for he had never told us how to come to him. Can you tell me?"

"Can you fly to him?"

"No, I cannot do that."

"Can you walk on your feet to Christ?" was the next question.

"No."

The preacher then told him that Christ though in heaven, was beside him on earth, loving him with a deep, strong, and tender

love, eagerly anxious to save him. He was shown that with his mind and heart, and not with body, he was to go to Jesus; in other words, he was to believe on Him who died that he might live.

"Is that it? Is it so simple? I see it now," he said, and went on rejoicing.

THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

(See last page.)

"Now I tell you, boys, this is nice!" exclaimed Sim Bartlett. "I just like this."

He was lying in his bunk when he said this. Above him was the roof of the old sugar camp which was built on one of the low-running slopes of Most Mountain. He heard the crackle of the fire on the broad open hearth at the foot of the camp-chimney. He caught the sound of the cold north-west wind echoing down from the rugged top of Most Mountain, and rejoiced in his shelter from the blast. The other occupants of this camp were Tim and Silas and John Borton, his cousins. In the sugar season, Farmer Borton and Farmer Bartlett came to the camp and worked by day, returning home at night. The boys loved to stay there both day and night.

Sim now continued his remarks: "I tell you what, fellows; it did look interesting when it was growing dark. I was back here in the camp and you could not see me. I looked out. There was Uncle Henry stirring the sap in the kettle. Father was sitting on a log. Our two hired men were coming up with big, bouncing pails of sap. You three boys were round, looking happy as kings."

"Were we?" asked a drowsy voice in the next bunk.

"Yes, get up there, Silas! Tim! John, wake up!"

"I am awake!" said a voice belonging to John.

"So am I awake!" exclaimed Tim.

"Well then, boys, keep awake!" urged Sim. "I have got some cider. Hold on! I'll get it."

Here Sim sprang out of his bunk, but quickly returned, holding out to Silas by the light of the still sparkling fire a mug of cider.

Silas rose up in his bunk, shook his head and said decidedly, "None for me, thank you!"

"Why not?"

"Strong enough to knock you down; know where you got it."

"At Ransome Groton's, out on the back road. He has got a cider-mill. It's all right, Silas."

"No, sir!"

"Well, Tim, then?"

"No, sir!"

"Now, John, you are not a fool?"

"Oh, no, of course not. I should be if I took that."

Amid the laugh that followed, Sim pettishly said, "There, boys! you are making

too much of it. I came out here to enjoy my liberty, and to have a good time and so on. Next month, I am going to Carlton Academy—"

It was known to be an honor to receive admission to Carlton Academy. The scholarship there was thorough; and only a limited number of students would Principal Spearhead receive. While graduation was an honor, so was admission. Sim had made application for admission. The principal had replied that the question was not decided fully, but "probably there would be an opening for Simon Bartlett."

Sim construed the word "probably" as "certainly," and now wished in this unworthy way to celebrate the event. He was compelled to be content with a personal celebration that night.

Who should appear, the next day, at the camp but Principal Spearhead himself!

"I have often wanted," he told Mr. Bartlett, "to see a sugar-orchard turned into a sugar-house, the trees giving sap, and you sugar-makers turning it into syrup and sugar."

"You are very welcome," said Mr. Bartlett, who felt that it was a high honor to entertain the principal of Carlton Academy. Sim was jubilant.

"Just the time," he said to the others, "to make sure of my admission to the Academy! I will improve the chance."

Sim certainly endeavored to improve his chance to secure Principal Spearhead's good opinion, and every one allowed that Sim made himself very agreeable.

The principal left the camp as the twilight shadows were falling, saying that as he had snow-shoes, he thought he would "just run to Sunset Ridge and get a look at the western sky."

One by one, the older members of the sugar-orchard party started for their homes, leaving the boys in supremacy of the camp.

"There," said Sim to his companions, "I have been on my good behavior about long enough. Entertaining that principal was dull music, though I doubt it has got me into the Academy. I knew what I was up to, I tell you. Now for a little treat."

He took an old blue mug out to a hiding-place where he kept his cider, filled his mug, and returned. He offered the mug to his companions, but an invariable "No, sir," met every proffer from Sim.

"He is getting too much," one said to another as they saw Sim drinking. "The stuff is strong."

Sim did stop, but his tongue was loosened and his talk was silly by this time. "Hush!" he said. "What's that noise outside? I'll go out."

He took the lantern in one hand, his empty blue cider mug in the other, and he went out. He was gone about fifteen minutes and then returned.

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"Where have you been, Sim?" asked Silas.

"Been?" he replied. "Oh, I went to the road with some old fool—"

"Who was it?" asked John.

"Couldn't say, John. Some old fool, and I intimated as much to him. You see I could not make him out, for he had on a long ulster, and the collar turned up and the rim of his hat turned down. I think he said he had lost his way."

"Lost his way?" said Tim. "Wonder who it could have been. Oh, I tell you, the man that carries the mail to Tyler-ville! He comes across the mountain-spur, as we call it, and folks have said it was foolhardy."

"Fact is—ha—ha!" said Sim, "I gave him to understand that it was about as silly a thing as he could do—his getting lost—yes, I told him. Then he said to me it was not so silly as getting lost through the old mug in my hand, for he said he thought it was a cider mug, judging by the smell—"

"He had you there!" cried Tim.

"He had me? I gave him a shot then," replied Sim.

"How?" asked Silas. "Fire the mug at him?"

"Gave him a piece of my mind, sir."

The conversation soon ceased, and the boys had supper.

It was about a week after this, when the boys were at home, that Sim and Silas chanced to meet. Silas remarked, "What makes you look so blue? Got your death sentence?"

"Yes," said Sim moodily. "Have just had a note from the Academy where I was going to attend, you know. Whom do you think I saw that night at the camp, that man who had lost his way?"

"Mail-carrier?"

"No, Principal Spearhead!"

"You don't say!"

"But I do say it, and all is lost through that old cider mug. You wanted to know, or somebody did, if I fired my mug at him. I am going to get it and fire it at something and never touch one of the kind again."

In a few minutes Farmer Bartlett, who was reading his paper in the kitchen of his comfortable home, looked up and said to his wife, "Huldah, what's that sound outside, of a sort of smashing?"

"I heard it, but don't know," said his wife.

Sim knew.

HOW UBECHÉ FOUND A FRIEND.

Ubeche lived away off in a village in Africa. There was a fence built around the village to keep off lions and tigers, and the little boys and girls played inside the fence. But one day Ubeche went out with his mother to gather berries. Some men came by on camels, and they carried

Ubeche off hundreds of miles, intending to sell him, for they were cruel slave-dealers. But one night they lost him.

The next day a good missionary lady was sitting by the bank of a river, when a poor ragged boy came up to her and asked her for something to eat. It was Ubeche. The missionary was so sorry for him that she took him home with her. Ubeche had never heard about the Good Shepherd, and the missionaries told him about Jesus, and taught him to read and write. He lived with the missionaries for many years, and when he died everybody remembered him as a noble Christian.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26.

REVIEW.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. C. the L. and L. of M. In him was—
2. The W. of J. the B. to J. Behold the—
3. J. W. H. F. D. Thou art—
4. The F. M. in C. Whatsoever—
5. J. and N. For God so—
6. J. at J. W. Whosoever—
7. The S. M. in C. The same—
8. J. at the P. of B. And a great—
9. The M. of the L. and F. I am the—
10. J. at the F. of T. Never man—
11. The S. of S. Whosoever—
12. H. of the M. B. B. I am the—

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—APRIL 2.

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10. 7-18. Memorize verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—John 10. 11.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. John 10. 7-18.
- Tues.* Read about the Shepherd's care of his sheep. John 10. 18-30.
- Wed.* Find what a prophet says about false shepherds. Ezek. 34. 1-10.
- Thur.* And what about deliverance? Ezek. 34. 11-19.
- Fri.* Read also about the one Shepherd. Ezek. 34. 20-31.
- Sat.* Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Sun.* Read the Shepherd Psalm. Psa. 23.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Jesus teaching? What did he see, perhaps? What kind of a lesson would this be? Who could alone explain

the picture? How do the sheep enter the fold? What does the sheepfold stand for? Who is the door? Is there any other way to enter? What shall we do to enter the true Church, which we cannot see? Go first to Christ, the door. Can you see the real Church? Why? What can you see? How are we saved? What does the Good Shepherd do for his sheep? What are you? The lambs of his flock. What would a hireling shepherd do? What has he promised to his people everywhere?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. There is a Good Shepherd—the Lord Jesus.
2. We are the lambs of his flock.
3. He will lay down his life to take care of us.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

There was a poor man in Ireland who listened for the first time to the story you know so well, of how the Lord Jesus came to save us, and of his exceeding great love. And, instead of waiting to hear it over and over again, as some of you do, he believed it at once, and said, "Glory be to God!" And then, with his ragged hat off, he went to the preacher and said, "Thank you, sir; you have taken the hunger off us to-day." You see it came true, what Jesus said so long ago—"He that cometh to me shall never hunger." And it will come true for you directly you come to him; he will "take the hunger off you."

You may thank God at once if he has made you "want Jesus" at all. For it is only the Holy Spirit that ever makes any one hungry for him. I never heard a sadder answer than a young lady gave me the other day. She said, "No, I don't want Jesus; at least not yet." She wanted all sorts of other things, but not Jesus. Are any of you saying that in your hearts? Oh, what will you do without him? What will you do when the day, not of wintry snow, but of fiery terror, is come? You will want him then, when "the great day of his wrath is come," but it will be too late. Will you not pray, "Lord Jesus, make me want thee now?"

Why should you do without him?

It is not yet too late;

He has not closed the day of grace,

He has not shut the gate,

He calls you! hush! he calls you!

He would not have you go

Another step without him,

Because he loves you so.

Why will you do without him?

He calls and calls again—

"Come unto me! Come unto me!"

Oh, shall he call in vain?

He wants to have you with him;

Do you not want him too?

You cannot do without him,

And he wants—even you.



THE OLD SUGAR CAMP.

SISTER SUSAN.

"My children are about the hamlet somewhere, except only Susan, she's sickly," said Mrs. Britt, with a sigh, as the new pastor stopped a moment by her machine as he was passing through the great mill in an endeavor to familiarize himself with the members of his flock.

"And where is Susan?"

"Oh, at home. She's seventeen, but she can't do anything. Any of the young ones hanging around will show you where we live."

So, later in the afternoon, Pastor Kemp presented himself at the open door of the small room where Sister Susan smiled up at him from her lounge, as he was announced by a small army of neglected children.

"Come in, please," said the young girl, timidly; and then, as the children all talking at once filled the doorway and the

open window, she began begging them to go away so as to be quiet.

"Will you see what you can do with them, Henry?" she said to the largest boy, who at once marshalled them all out of hearing.

"It was kind of you to come to see me," said the girl. "I am of no account."

"The Lord wants you to be of account. I think you can help me more than any one else in the hamlet, if you will."

"How could I help?"

"By teaching the children better manners to begin with."

"They are bad young ones."

"The worst I ever saw, I believe. When I asked where I could find you they took me to house after house in different parts of the village, but at length the lad called Henry happened to come along and spoiled their fun. Who is he?"

"My brother, a good boy, but he has no

chance. The mothers all work in the mill and the children run wild like weeds."

"No, like flowers that need training. All children are like flowers. You must train them."

"How can I do that when I never leave this room?"

"I have been told that you are a Christian. Your prayers and your influence can reach as far as if you were in a palace. You must begin with your brother—consider yourself a missionary—and when you have won him, make him your helper. He seems to be a leader among the children."

"Yes, they all like him and he is fond of me, so they are good to me, because he will have them so."

Sickly Susan, as every one called her, was pleased at the idea of being of use. Her brother was easily won, and began at once to prevail upon the children to be more civil and quiet. And he brought them for a little while every day to his sister's room, that she might teach them some simple truth.

Almost immediately her health began to improve, and soon the house nor the street could hold her. She was all over the hamlet looking for the children, who improved rapidly under her instruction. They went every Sunday to meeting and Sunday-school.

When, at the end of the year, the pastor was complimented on the great work that had been done among the young people and children, he said:

"I find such an excellent helper here in Sister Susan that I could not help accomplishing a great deal." And as he always spoke to her in that way her old name was forgotten, and as Sister Susan she is known to young and old.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING UP.

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,

How bright the sun shines overhead!
How good our breakfast tastes—and, O!
How happily to school we go!
And o'er the day what peace is shed—
When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed,

How dark the sky frowns overhead!
How dull our lessons, how cross our mothers,
How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!
(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)—
When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed!

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."