

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

No. 18.

## THE HUDSON.

The beautiful picture on this page is a view on the Hudson River near the Highlands. The Hudson is one of the most interesting and splendid rivers for natural scenery and historic and literary associations in the world. The upper picture on our last page is one of its most beautiful points, but does not do justice to the scene. Our lower cut on that page shows the wonderful bridge which has been flung across the East river, as it is called, at New York.

## ALWAYS EARLY.

Early to bed and early to rise; early at work, early at duty, early at school, early at church. People in the habit of being late lose time and trains and temper and opportunities. The early people catch their trains, save time, preserve their temper, and lay hold of opportunities. Be always early.

But the chief thing in which it is far more important to be early than any of these. It is to seek Jesus early, to seek him in early youth. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me;" and there is a special promise to those that seek God early, "They that seek me early shall find me." It is good to seek him early, because it preserves from a great many future evils and sins; it is good to seek him early, because nobody is truly happy till he finds Jesus; it is good to seek him early, because no one ever came to him but wished that he had come to him sooner.—*The King's Own.*

## NOT AN ACCEPTABLE PRAYER.

"Let me have a piece of fruit-cake, mamma—a big piece," coaxed Johnny, who had already been helped to a generous slice.

"No, indeed, little boy!" said his mother. "That cake is entirely too rich for you to eat much of it; it would make you sick."

Johnny pondered the situation soberly for a moment, and then with a bright thought said: "Give me the cake, mam-

## THE LITTLE DUMB BOY.

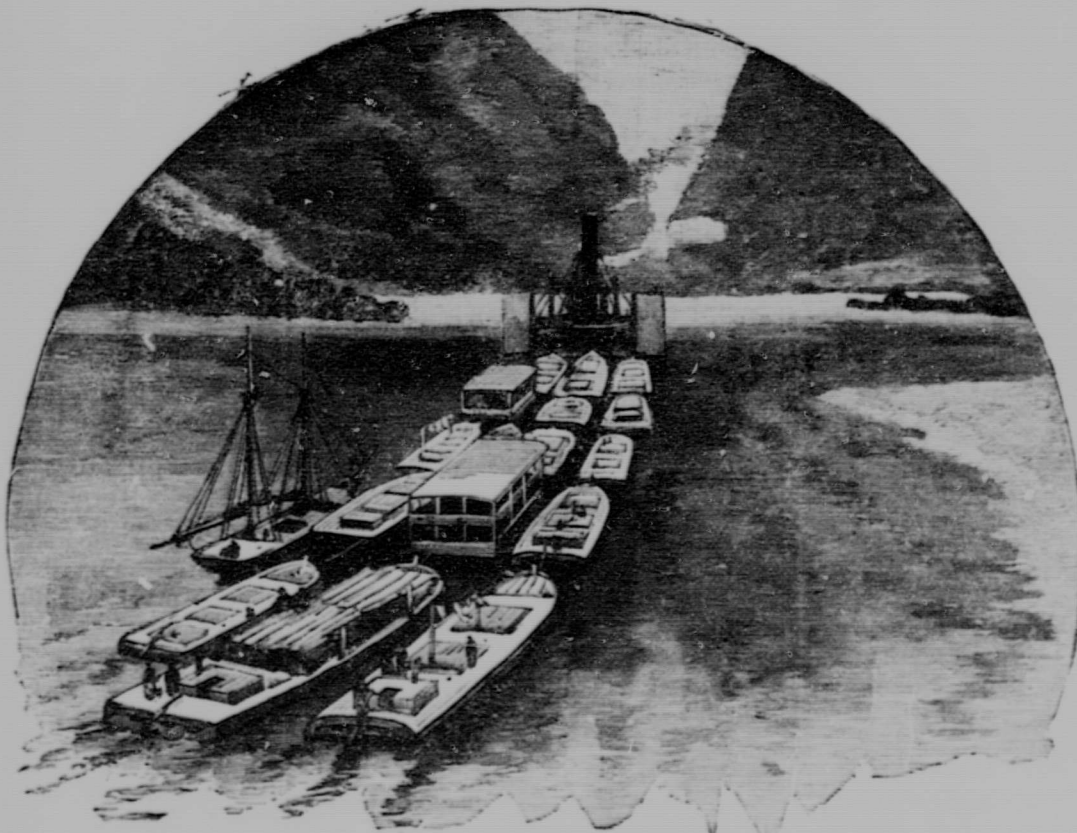
Why God allows so much suffering is one of the mysteries of this life that will never be fully explained till we reach heaven. Then all the strange things will be made clear to us. The lad who made the wise answer given below had come as near solving the question as he could: he left it with God, as we must.

Once a minister paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London for the purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of the divine truth. A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing "Who made the world?" The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Then the minister inquired in a similar manner: "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eyewitness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"—*Young Disciple.*



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON—STEAMER TOWING CANAL BOATS.

ma, and I'll pray God to keep me from being sick."

Many older people act on Johnny's plan: they follow their own pleasure, run needlessly into danger, and then pray, "Deliver us from evil!"—*Selected.*

We are not to be wasteful. Gather up the fragments. Save your time, your money, your strength, your affections, your thoughts for some good use. Do not let them run to waste.

### THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUEBIRD.

"Pretty little bluebird,  
Won't you tell me true  
Why you wear a brown vest  
With your suit of blue?"

"O little maiden, truly,  
While flying very low,  
I brushed against the brown earth  
Long and long ago.

"And once, my little maiden,  
While flying very high,  
My back and wings went brushing  
Against the summer sky."

Saucy little bluebird,  
Singing, off he flew,  
With his pretty brown vest  
And his suit of blue.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

### JESUS IN THE HOME.

"Mother, you'll have good times with us children now," little Tom cried out: "grandma's coming!" And sure enough when the dear, silver-haired old lady was fairly settled in the big easy-chair, with her knitting in her hands and her eyes not on it at all, but peeping with such a kindly look right over her spectacles at the dear children at play, anybody could see that Tom had known what he was talking about. Nobody could bear to be naughty, and make a grieved look come into those loving eyes. When grandma wanted a service done, it was who should do it for her? Yet there is a still dearer Guest comes to the children's homes. Jesus said to Zaccheus, the little man who climbed

the tree to watch him pass by, "To-day I must abide at thy house;" and he came down in haste, and received him joyfully. Another day (the day he rose from the dead) Jesus went in and sat at the evening meal with two disciples at Emmaus, because they asked him earnestly to come. He was glad and comforted to be at the supper that his friends at Bethany gave, because of the love in their hearts for him. Do you not want him in your home, and will he not come? With Jesus as Guest, can you be rude, or selfish, or unloving?

### LEARNING BY HEART.

Fred said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred," said Cousin Mary, "you surprise me."

Now, Fred liked to have Cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller as he replied, with a show of humility, "It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that—only ten verses."

"Oh, it was not the length of the lesson, but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, Cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If ye forgive not, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson which you say you know by heart; but I heard you say a few minutes ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it all in his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. Cousin Mary's way was better.

### DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship; I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on to two years."

"What have you not done?" answered the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman: "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."



### THE CHILD SENT OUT TO BEG.

Here is a poor Child out on the Street. He begs from those he meets, too, but it is not by his own Will. He is sent out to beg by those who should have no need to send him. But, you see, they want Drink, and their Child is no more to them than a slave to serve their will. If he does not bring coin to the Den he calls Home, as the Fruit of his day's toil in the Street, he will be met with kicks and cuffs. He is taught to tell lies to those he meets, so that they may give Alms, and it will be a rare chance if he does not turn out to be a Thief and a Rogue when he grows up. It is the curse of drink that has made those who should love and care for this poor Child worse than Brute Beasts, and so long as Drink is sold in Bars, this dire work of ruin will go on.—*Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."*

### MRS. WAGTAIL'S HOME.

There is a bird in England which has the funny name of "wagtail." One day two little wagtails went out to look for a good place to build their home. They found one that they liked, and there they built their nest. Where do you think it was? It was on one of the sleepers of a railway. It was near London, and more than a hundred trains passed each day. Though the wheels came within a few feet of the little nest, and though it shook every time a train passed, there Mother Wagtail laid her eggs, and raised a family of five little wagtails.

A little boy on his father's knee said: "Papa, is your soul insured?" "Why do you ask, my son?" "Because I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he did not believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Won't you get it insured right away?" It was all too true, and the father was led to seek the Divine guarantee of his soul's well-being.

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MY SHIP AND I.

Oh, it's I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,  
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;  
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;  
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out  
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,  
And the dolly I intend to come alive;  
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,  
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow,  
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

Oh, it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,  
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;  
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore;  
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,  
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XI. [Sept. 14.]

LOVING AND OBEYING GOD.

Deut. 30. 11-20. Memorize vs. 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments.—1 John 5. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where were the Israelites camped? On the plains of Moab. Where was this? Across Jordan from Jericho. How old was Moses? One hundred and twenty years old. What had he written for them? The law of the Lord. Where did he want to have it written? On their hearts. Could he do this? No. How can it ever be done? By doing the law of the Lord. What must first be in the heart? Love. Where did he say they need not go for the Lord's word? To heaven, or beyond the sea. Where were they to look for it? In their own hearts. What did he say was set before them? Life and death. What brings life? Good. And death? Evil. Whom did Moses make captain? Joshua.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Deut. 30. 11-20.  
Tues. Read about the man who obeys the law of the Lord. Psa. 1.

Wed. Read Paul's words about faith. Rom. 10. 6-9.  
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.  
Fri. Read the Lord's words to those who obey. Matt. 5. 1-12.  
Sat. Read the Lord's words to those who do not obey. Luke 6. 49.  
Sun. Read a beautiful chapter about the Lord's land. Isa. 35.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 21.]

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Deut. 34. 1-12. Memorize verses 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord spake unto Moses face to face.—Exod. 33. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Moses finish? The writing of the law. Where was it placed? In the side of the ark. Where was Moses going? Into the other world. Who had called him? God. What did he give the people? A song and a blessing. Where did he go? Up into Mount Nebo. What did God show him there? All the land of Canaan. What did God say? That Moses should see the land, but that he should not enter it. What became of Moses? God took him home. Where was his body buried? In a valley in the land of Moab. Who buried it? The Lord, by his angels. Did any man know just where? No man. Who took Moses' place? Joshua. How long did they mourn for Moses? Thirty days.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson chapter. Deut. 34.  
Tues. Read Moses' last talk to the people. Deut. 31.  
Wed. Read the song of Moses. Deut. 32.  
Thur. Read the blessing of the twelve tribes of Israel. Deut. 33.  
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.  
Sat. Learn a verse to remember all your life. Deut. 33. 27.  
Sun. Find what John's gospel says of Moses. John 1. 17.

SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day, on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.  
"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.  
"To keep other ships from running into us, miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old

Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully. Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head, and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, missie; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call these oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."

THE BOY WHO LAUGHS.

I know a funnny little boy,  
The funniest ever born;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan;  
But how he laughed! Do you suppose  
He struck his funny bone?

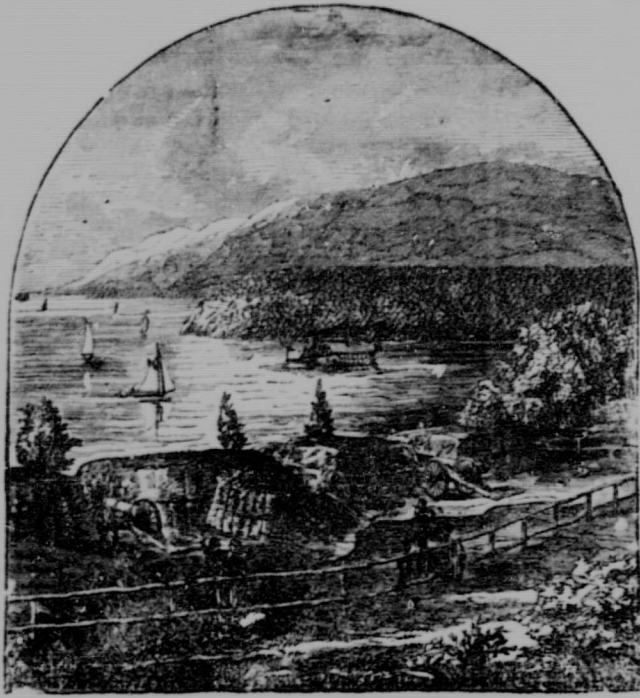
There's sunshine in each word he speaks;  
His laugh is something grand;  
Its ripples overrun his cheeks  
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done;  
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;  
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry;  
He's worth a dozen boys, I know,  
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—Wide Awake.

One does not need to try hard to be good. Simply do not in the least degree let yourselves be bad. That is sometimes hard to do, for there are a great many things that tempt children and grown people to do wrong. Then both grown people and children must ask God to fight the battle, and he will surely do it and win if they will stand "on the Lord's side."



THE HUDSON FROM WEST POINT—FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.

#### ONE TO CARRY.

I've learned to put together  
The figures on my slate;  
The teacher calls it "adding,"  
And I like it first-rate.  
There's one queer thing about it:  
Whenever you get ten,  
You have to "carry on," she says,  
And then begin again.  
That's what we do with pennies:  
When I have ten, you see,  
I "carry one" to Jesus,  
Who's done so much for me.

—Selected.

#### A LETTER FROM BERMUDA.

BY F. E. WILSON.

Allow me a space in your valuable little paper. The little folks will be glad to hear of another little garden added to God's vineyard. Let me tell them about Grace Church Sabbath-school, the youngest of the Wesleyan body in Bermuda. It is increasing fast; the average attendance of the children is over seventy. This school is two years old; it has stepped on the threshold of another year. Pastor, teachers, and superintendent seem so much in earnest about their work.

The Sabbath-school truly is a garden of the Lord; the children are the plants that we have to nourish and cherish. The pastor of this church and Sabbath-school, Rev. Mr. Porter, has taught them to sing very nicely. They are greatly improved; they all seem to be glad when school hour arrives by their happy countenances, both teachers and children. If we are spared to reach another milestone in our era, we will be able to tell the little folks more about this beautiful garden of the Lord, where we delight to work in.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER.

Once upon a time three Indians went a-hunting. They walked for three long days and nights, but could see neither game nor forests. They finally came to a tall tree, which one of them climbed to the top in order to look for a hunting ground. From the tree a path led to an Indian tepee which was in the clouds. Arriving there, they entered and found other Indians smoking their pipes. After eating they all went out to hunt. The reports of their guns were heard, and the Indians to-day believe that every time it thunders those Indians are hunting upon the happy hunting grounds. One of the Indians, coming home, told the story that offering up smoke to the

thunder as a sacrifice would stop the thunder.—Red Man.

#### TWO BABIES.

When Mamma Brown came home she brought a rag doll for Baby Grace, such a chubby rag baby, and as large as Baby Grace herself. She had soft golden hair, and her face was painted in a very rosy, natural way. Mamma thought the new doll much too cunning to be dressed in calico and a sunbonnet; so she made dainty clothes, just like Baby Grace's own, and named the rag doll Violet, because her eyes were blue. Baby Grace loved Violet dearly, and they were seen together every day. The rag baby looked so real in her pretty clothes that people were often puzzled to know which baby was alive.

When grandpa saw them coming in the carriage he hurried to put on his spectacles to see which was Grace; and one day Uncle Jack actually waved his hat and kissed his hand to the rag baby, who was sitting in the window as he went by. Papa and mamma laughed over these funny things. They wondered how any rag doll could be mistaken for their bright little daughter.

One day as papa entered the hall he caught sight of the white dress and baby shoe just at the top of the stairs. "My baby!" he cried, and rushed upstairs two steps at a time to save his darling child, who at any moment might turn and fall. Mamma, who had heard papa's cry of distress, hurried after him. They met at the head of the stairs, and saved—the rag baby. They laughed and cried too when they found the real baby safe in the nurse's lap, and they gave her a great many

loving kisses. Mamma, that very evening, made a calico dress and a sunbonnet for Violet. She and papa agreed that there must be some way to tell the babies apart.—Babyland.

#### HELPING THE HORSE.

That was a thoughtful little boy of whom I read the other day, and it would be a splendid thing if some men would learn to show the same spirit as that little boy.

It was cold, wintry weather, and the street had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Robbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I helped a horse pull a load of coal up the hill to-day."

"How did you do that?" inquired his father.

"Why, it was just this way," answered Robbie. "The hill was covered with ice, and the horse was slipping all around; but I went and got some ashes and sprinkled them under the horse's feet, and all the way to the top of the hill. The driver thanked me, too, and said that I had helped to pull that load of coal up the hill."

"Well, I think you did myself," was the reply, "and I'm very glad my little boy is ready to help in a case like that. Keep that up as long as you live, Robbie, for it's a noble thing to help even a poor, dumb animal."—Apples of Gold.

The untidy boy or girl wastes three times as many minutes every day hunting for things as it would take to keep each article always in place, yet the stock excuse always is: "I haven't time to put things in order."



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.