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FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

The picture on this page gives a very striking presentation of an occurrence which occasionally happens on the Ohio and other large rivers. At the breaking up of the ice and melting of the snow in the spring, it sometimes happens that the ice jams and the melting snow and rain produce a great flood. The rivers overflow their banks, wide areas of low-lying land are submerged, and people have to be rescued from their houses by boats or barges. Sometimes barns and houses, and their furniture, are swept down the stream, and great numbers of cattle are destroyed. One of the most curious effects is where a railway is slightly submerged. It is very odd looking to see a train ploughing through the water with no track visible, as in our cut. A similar flood took place on the Don, at Toronto, a few years ago.

THE MISSIONARY STARS.

In a certain Sunday-school a map hangs on a wall, and whenever money is contributed for missions a star is placed on the map, showing to what part of the world the money is to go. One star after another is added as the weeks pass on, when one Sunday a little girl exclaimed, "won't it be splendid when we get it all covered with stars!" The very missionary station in a heathen land



FLOOD ON THE OHIO.

shines in the eye of God like a star against a midnight sky. And the missionaries themselves, are they not star-bright, too? The Bible says, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

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WAITING FOR JESUS TO PASS BY.

Some time ago a little boy was run over in the streets of New York and seriously injured. He was carried to a hospital, where, on examination, it was found that his leg had been badly crushed and broken by the accident. An operation was performed, and every care taken to sustain his strength, but the poor little fellow appeared to sink under his load of pain. One day, while lying in his cot, he groaned and cried very much, and aroused all the sympathies of a little girl who lay near him.

She turned on her pillow and tried to comfort him.

"Little Willy," she said, "is your pain so bad that you moan so? Why don't you ask Jesus to take it away?"

"I don't know Jesus; who is he?" said the child.

"Why, he is our Saviour, Willy. Don't you know Jesus? When we suffer pain we tell Jesus, and he comes and takes it all away," said the dear little girl, whose name was Sarah.

"And will he come to me and take away my pain, Sarah?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Yes, Willy, I know he will if you ask him."

"But I am such a little fellow; don't

you think the Saviour may overlook me among so many here?"

"No, Willy; he cares for every little child." Then Sarah told him her little story about Jesus, and ended by saying "He loves little children; and when he lived on earth he took them up in his arms and blessed them."

"Then I will hold up my little hand," said Willy, "and when the Saviour passes by he will notice me."

The little trembling hand was raised, and he waited patiently for Jesus; but, being weak and weary from suffering, he dropped asleep.

How long he slept none knew, for when the nurse went to his bedside some time afterward, little Willy was dead. The Saviour passed by while he slept, and had taken him from all pain and suffering.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knight-hood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart. "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian, and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

NANCY'S LEAP.

One pleasant afternoon Julia and Caroline came to play with her friend, Nancy. "Let's play a game of hide-and-seek," said Julia, after they had visited the pigs and chickens; so away they ran to the barn. Just below the mow of sweet-smelling hay stood a covered barrel.

"Who dares jump from the hay to the barrel?" cried Caroline.

"I," said Nancy, eagerly; and she began to clamber up the ladder to the hay-mow. But at the top rung she stopped.

At the dinner table that day father had

said, "Nancy, I do not want you to jump from the hay." "But he didn't say I must not jump from the hay to the barrel," said the little girl to her troubled conscience.

"Nancy is afraid," called Julia from below.

"Wait and see," returned Nancy bravely, as she stepped from the ladder to the hay.

"One to begin!" shouted Caroline to Julia; but before they could say any more Nancy gave a bold jump. The barrel cover was old and weak, and broke, letting Nancy fall into the barrel.

"O!" cried the two little girls, and "O!" echoed Nancy, as she landed bruised and bleeding, in a confused little heap in the bottom of the barrel. Then they all screamed in concert, and came mother to see what could be the matter.

Nancy was indeed hurt. A sharp nail had made a cruel wound in her leg, and kind Dr. Gray had to be called to stop the bleeding.

It was a forlorn little girl that whispered to mother that night, "I will never be disobedient again." And she was not for a long time.

GOOD FRIENDS.

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis with a yawn.

"Good friends?" said his master, "when you've got ten. How many do you want?" "I'm sure I've not half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said the master.

Dennis looked down on his big, stroking hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not ten friends able to help you on in life. What those true friends can do before you go grumbling and fretting because you have none to help you."

A BOOK LOVER.

BY ANNIE WILLIS M'CUULOUGH.

"I do love books!" said Marjorie. One morning as she played; And so she did, as you can see, This literary maid.

The dictionary was her chair,
The atlas big her table;
The dolls sat up on other books
As straight as they were able.

And then they all partook of tea
And did as they were bid.
"I do love books!" said Marjorie.
Now don't you think she did?

LITTLE

Only a drop in the bucket would
But every drop
The bucket would
Without the dr

Only a poor little
It was all I had
But as pennies
It will help so

A few little bits
Some toys—the
But they made the
Which has ma

A word now and
That costs me
But the poor old
And it helped

LESSON

FOURTH

STUDIES IN THE O
ELIJAH

LESSON VIII

Neh. 1. 1-11.

GOLD

The effectual fer
cous man availeth t

QUESTIONS O

Who was Nehem
He had been taken
the king of Persia
made him his cup
Nehemiah love his
because it was the L
he hear one day?
Who brought him
named Hanani. W
Jerusalem? That
great trouble. W
down? The walls
been burned? Th
Why was this a sad
enemies could come
mish do when he
for sorrow and pray
he ask of the Lord
and build up the
feet? That the ki
go. What did he
the king willing.

DAILY

Mon. Read the pr
Neh. 1. 1
Tues. Read how
prayer.
Wed. Learn why
upon Jeru
Thur. Find out ho
destroyed.

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny.
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It will help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
Some toys—they were not new—
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

A word now and then of comfort,
That costs me nothing to say,
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 19.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James 5. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Nehemiah? A Jew. Where did he live? In Persia. Why was this? He had been taken captive. What did the king of Persia give him to do? He made him his cupbearer. Who was the king of Persia? Artaxerxes. Why did Nehemiah love his own country? Because it was the Lord's land. What did he hear one day? Bad news from home. Who brought him this news? A Jew named Hanani. What did he say about Jerusalem? That the people were in great trouble. What had been broken down? The walls of the city. What had been burned? The gates of the city. Why was this a sad thing? Because now enemies could come in. What did Nehemiah do when he heard this? He wept for sorrow and prayed to God. What did he ask of the Lord? That he might go and build up the walls. What did he fear? That the king would not let him go. What did he ask of God. To make the king willing.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the prayer Nehemiah made. Neh. 1. 1-11.
Tues. Read how God answered his prayer. Neh. 2. 1-8.
Wed. Learn why God had sent trouble upon Jerusalem. Dan. 9. 11.
Thur. Find out how Jerusalem had been destroyed. 2 Kings 25. 8-10.

Fri. See how Nehemiah was welcomed. Neh. 2. 18.

Sat. Does God always keep his promise? Deut. 7. 6-11.

Sun. Read about the Lord's house. Psa. 100.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. When in trouble pray to God.
2. When in trouble find if you have been wrong, and confess your sin.
3. When in trouble expect that if you do your part God will help you.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 26.

(World's Temperance Sunday.)

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.
1 Cor. 10. 23-33. Memorize verses 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was Paul? A great and good missionary. What did he sometimes do to help the churches he had started? He wrote letters to them. To what church was this letter written? To the one in Corinth. What had the Corinthians been before they knew Paul? What had he taught them? That there is but one God. What did some do after Paul went away? Ate meat offered to idols. Did this hurt the meat? What did Paul say would hurt them? To do what they felt was wrong. What did Paul say Christians ought to do? Deny themselves for the sake of others. What does not commend us to God? Our outward acts. What does he look to see? Can selfishness ever please God? Against whom do we sin when we sin against a weak one? Why should Christians refuse to drink wine?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn a verse which will help you to understand the lesson. Rom. 15. 1.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Cor. 10. 23-33.
Wed. Read more on the subject from Paul. 1 Cor. 8. 1-12.
Thur. Learn a solemn warning. Golden Text.
Fri. Find something better than good things to eat or drink. Rom. 14. 17.
Sat. Read about the true spirit of unselfishness. Phil. 2. 3-8.
Sun. Read and think about the "Love Chapter." 1 Cor. 13.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. We must deny self for the sake of others.
2. When our example harms another we hurt Christ.
3. True love seeks to help everybody.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

"I was so ashamed, Willie, when I had to remind you to thank Mrs. Foster for the book she gave you on your birthday," said Mother Thomas to her little son, Willie.

"Why, mother," was his reply, "you always said you wanted me to be honest and truthful. I don't like the book at all. It is too babyish for me."

"I do want you to be honest and truthful," said his mother, "but you can be so without being rude. Mrs. Foster hasn't any boys, and perhaps she doesn't know very well the kind of reading a boy likes; but the book is bound very prettily, and it certainly was kind of her to remember you and send you a present. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, mother," said Willie.

"Well, then, don't you see how you could honestly feel grateful to her for the gift just because it showed her kind feeling toward you, even though you don't care for the gift itself?"

"I see now," said Willie. "If I had thought of that I would have thanked her as soon as I had a chance. But I didn't know how I could be polite and honest too."

"I am glad you are trying to be truthful," said his mother, "but you must remember that although God says lying lips are an abomination to him, he also tells us to be courteous and to be kind one to another, speaking the truth in love."

"There is a little rhyme I would like you to learn, for it is a very good definition of true politeness:

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

THE HABIT OF DELAY.

Albert had just commenced to shell the corn which his father had told him to do when his eye fell on a reed which he often used. He dearly loved music, and down went the corn while Albert picked up the reed and began to run the scale. Then he tried some airs which he knew quite well, and then began to pick out a new tune which was quite puzzling. In this way a half-hour had soon passed and his father began to be impatient and called him. But the boy was so occupied with his reed that the call made no impression on him and he was only aroused when his father appeared in the door.

How much better if he had done his work first. It will be worth a great deal to boys and girls not to delay when anything is to be done. There will be time for pleasure when you have accomplished your task, and you will enjoy it a great deal better when duty has been well done. "Pretty soon," and "by and by" have caused a great deal of trouble. Have nothing to do with them.



CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS.

Travellers frequently visit the celebrated mountains in South America, and go up to their tops after the manner shown in the picture. Those mountains are so high that they are always covered with snow, and they are so steep and rugged that horses and waggons cannot climb them. The ignorant and poor people who live there fasten a kind of chair on their backs by means of stout straps. A traveller takes a seat in the chair, and the poor native lugs him up the mountain, over rocks, across ugly streams and gulches on logs, and through almost every kind of danger. It is a tiresome climb for the poor fellow who carries the load, but I have long thought I would as soon take his place as to risk my chances on his back in the chair. If his foot should slip as he crosses a gulch on a log, it would be Good-bye, Mr. Traveller. But I suppose a man would feel as safe riding in a chair on another man's back, after he gets used to it, as in a saddle on a horse's back. To those who were never on horseback it does not look at all safe to see a man go prancing over the country on a rollicking steed. But those who are accustomed to it never think of there being any danger in it.

THE LOST BABY.

Oh, dear, dear! What a fright we all had! Baby was lost. Our sweet, wee Baby Belle, with her pretty, yellow, short curls, her bright, brown eyes, and two rosy lips so sweet to kiss.

We all ran as fast as we could to look for her. Mamma opened all the closets, looked under the beds and sofas, and even in the big trunks.

Nell ran to the barn, and peeped into

every dark corner, and climbed the ladder up into the hay-loft. As if our Baby could climb a ladder, when she could only just creep up-stairs! But Nell never thought of that.

Will looked into the cellar, down the well, upon the roof, and into the trees, as if she had wings, and had flown into the robin's nest. Nora looked under the sink, and in the big oven. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy. I went out to the garden, and looked behind the rose bushes, and in every spot that

could hide a wee girlie. The gates were both shut, and Baby could not open them. By and by I saw a loose board in the fence at the end of the garden. Could she have crept through into the field? I saw something down in the tall grass. It moved. Yes, it was the lost baby! Naughty Baby Belle!

When I caught her she was standing in a big bunch of daisies and clover, and two butterflies were flying around her. She called to me. "See, auntie, me catch pitty f'yaways." And I said: "I have caught a pretty runaway."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Jane and Mary started out for a walk one Saturday afternoon. They were schoolmates and were often together, for their parents were old friends. The two children were very different in disposition, in spite of their intimacy, for Jane was inclined to be very haughty, while Mary was sweet and gentle.

The two little girls were walking along, wondering what they would buy with their pocket money, of which they had a generous allowance, as their fathers could afford to give it to them.

While they were walking they came to a poor little girl sitting upon the curbstone trying to sell dolls. Mary stopped to speak to her, she looked so pale and tired.

"Oh! come on, Mary," said Jane. "Don't waste your time over beggars;" but Mary would not go until she had found out where the little girl lived and something about her. Then she took her allowance from her pocket and gave it to her. The poor child could hardly thank her and wanted her to take her dolls, but Mary said: "No, I do not want the dolls,

sell them and buy something for yourself with the money I gave you."

"Well," said Jane, walking haughtily off, "you are very silly, Mary, to believe the story of every beggar you see, and besides you needn't have given all your money."

"I couldn't help it, Jane, she is so sick and needy," said Mary.

When Mary went home, she told her parents about the little girl and where she lived. Mamma went to see her and soon made her more comfortable.

Whom do you think was the happier, Jane, who bought something to please herself, or Mary?

YOU PROMISED.

A little boy, after having performed his allotted task, comes to his father for his promised reward. His father is busy and puts him off first with this excuse and then with that, and finally speaks in a way that almost silences his loved child. The little fellow, looking up to his father, the tears starting in his eyes, replies: "But father, you promised."

The father cannot refuse that plea. So our heavenly Father will hear his children if they will do his work and plead his promises.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged, and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick
You can make the sunshine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick!
Do something for somebody, quick!

The new pair of shoes came home to a little five-year old. He tried them on and, finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "Oh, my! They are so tight that I can't wink my toes."