

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, JULY 23, 1904.

No. 15

A LAKE IN THE ROCKIES.

Climbers in the higher regions of the Rockies and other lofty mountain ranges are often agreeably surprised to find a lake between the cliffs where they least expect it. The little lake shown in our picture is a typical one of the sort. After climbing up a long, steep, and rough path where huge precipices and wild mountains rise on every side, the blue waters of Lake Louise burst suddenly into view. From the great white snow-fields that we see on the further side, several streams are always seen flowing in the summer months; and very pretty water-falls dash themselves down the precipitous sides of the mountains into the lake. Sometimes there are other falls besides those of water. A rock, loosened by the heat

of the sun from its icy bed, will begin to topple over on one side, and then suddenly lose its balance altogether, and go plunging down the mountain side into the abyss below. But it does not go alone; for on its way it canons against others, which, in their turn, are hurled against others, and all join to form a tremendous rock avalanche. It is a grand sight to see these, bounding by gigantic leaps over the edge of the cliffs, and then whizzing silently



A LAKE IN THE ROCKIES.

through the air till they reach the water with a splendid splash. The noise of their fall wakes many an echo in the surrounding cliffs, and we are sorry for any

unhappy men or animals that may chance to be in their way.

"COME, FOLLOW ME."

A few weeks ago we watched a young girl and a lad somewhat older go down the aisle on Communion Sunday and stand before the people assembled in the church to say that they had resolved to follow faithfully, God helping them, the

same Jesus who long ago called to the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee, "Come, follow me." And we thought as they came back after the simple ceremony, their faces so bright and fresh and hopeful, how much better it was for them to give to Christ's service the beauty and freshness of their lives than to wait, as some young people think they must, till years have passed by—perhaps the best of their life. God wants, and we ought to give him, the very strongest and fairest and sweetest portion of our lives, and not the worn-out ends of them. If Christ loved us

enough to lay down his life for us, is our living service any too precious to offer him in return?

But boys and girls have such strange ideas of what following Christ means. Sometimes they seem to think that they must become very holy before they are fit to become his disciples. "Don't ask me to be a Christian now," said a bright boy the other day, "for I can't do it. I'm not good enough, and there are too many temptations in the way. When you're older it's different; but I don't believe it's ever so hard to be a Christian as it is when you're a boy." You see he thinks he must fight his way alone till the temptations which he feels are about him are overcome or have passed away, and then he will offer himself to Christ.

But don't you see how greatly mistaken he is? Temptations will not stop com-

ing after he is grown up, but will only grow stronger; and for those that come to him now he needs Christ's help, hour by hour, to conquer them. And when he has truly given himself to Christ, those very temptations will lose the greater part of their power over him; for temptation and sin come from Satan, and when Christ comes into the heart to reign, Satan and his evil works must go out, for there is no agreement between Christ and Satan.

Christ wants you now; you need Christ now. If you are to lead a life that will make the world better and nobler because you have been in it, it is time for you to begin. Won't you come to him to-day and ask his forgiveness for the past and his help for all your life to come?

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HIS WORK.

One time a man came to one of the men who worked for him, and gave him a big stone, and said:

"Now you cut in this stone the leaves just like the ones in this picture."

The stone did not look very pretty, and the man said:

"I will do just the very best I can, but I wish I could cut in this beautiful marble here." So he toiled away with his sharp tools, and after much work he finished the leaves according to the pattern.

When he finished this the master brought him another just like it, and told him to cut a branch in it. And so for weeks he worked on these big rough

stones; and he did not know what they were for.

One day, when he was walking down town, in the large city, he saw a beautiful building. He went over to look at it, and there, in front of that large building were all those big rough stones upon which he had been working for so long. But they were all put together now to form a most beautiful picture. The man looked at it a long time, and then said:

"Oh! how glad I am I did it well. Now I see what the master meant."

And so it should be with us. No matter what work is given you to do, be sure you do it well.—*Olive Plants.*

WHO GAVE THE MOST.

Three children brought gifts one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Williams brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. It had a lovely mane and a long tail, and there were beautiful reins and a comfortable saddle. Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!" and the matron thanked and praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys which she did not care for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a little plant; but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself, and he carried the little pot to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous, and ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.

BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD.

"When Bert says 'no' he means 'no,' and when he says 'yes' he means 'yes,'" said Ralph, speaking of his friend and playmate, Bert Carter.

"That's so," answered George Banks. "You can always depend upon Bert, for he says what he means, and means what he says, every time."

Bert did not hear what his friends were saying about him just as that moment, but he knew perfectly well that his friends always depended upon him to do what he had said he would do, for he tried always to be true to his word.—*Jewels.*

THE MAPLE'S LESSON.

Opposite the west window of our sitting-room, and near the river-bank, stands a thrifty young maple tree. It is a full foot in diameter now, though but a slender sapling twenty-five years ago, when transplanted from a forest knoll to its present site.

Yesterday a crew of log-drivers came up the river, dragging and floating the booms out from the shore, where they had been stored through the winter, and fastening them to the curbs and piers built for this purpose in the river.

To-day the river runs at a freshet pitch, surging along with so strong a current that it has snapped a boom, letting the logs, penned above, break loose and rush down stream, a total loss.

"Run a boom to the east shore, men," the foreman shouted, as a boat crew dragged the broken boom towards its pier. "An extra boom hung to the shore may hold the logs!"

Now, our pretty red maple is the largest tree on the bank at this point and in a moment the foreman of the drive was rapping at our door, begging permission to fasten a boom-chain about its trunk.

"Yes, if its bark is first well protected," was the answer, for we had confidence in its sturdy fibre, and shortly our maple looked something like a stout old lady with her waist swathed in bandages, petticoated to the feet, so that the great chain that circled it might not chafe its trunk.

Higher rose the river; swifter, stronger rushed its current. The great logs, churning and leaping as they came down stream, struck the boom, and then sullenly swung around, foiled, and stayed by its stout logs and chains.

"If that maple proves rotten-hearted, it must go, and with it our winter's work!" the foreman said, anxiously watching the tree, which trembled visibly under the terrific strain. But through the years the little maple had kept sound and grown evenly. No knot, or seam, or rotten, sappy heart was in it; and, the boom holding fast, the logs were saved.

Dear young people, I am thinking of you as I tell this story of our maple. Are you very sure, through the years of your growth, that you are keeping sound and pure in heart and growing evenly strong? Be very sure that there is no weak, imperfect point in the character you are building, for sooner or later, tests will come—searching, terrible tests and temptations—and, unless you are sound to the very core, you cannot successfully withstand them; and then, alas! you will fall, wrecking not only your life, but bringing sorrow and loss to all the other lives that are linked to your own.

THE RIDE

Listen, my darling
The sound of the
It is calling, calling
Through the tw
gray.

Fairy music its s
As it bids you aw

There's a good ste
bear

My little one whe
Mount it, my da
Through the sta

gray;
It will carry you
This trusty charr

Mount and away
Was ever so gent

It ambles softly w
A touch of your
To set it gallopin
Was ever a steed

We are half-way
The stars are out
And galloping, g
Till the Drowsy
and lo!

The gleam of th
see.

What steed so sw

The gates swing
What a host of li
Big ones and litt
They have com
everywhere

I wonder, darlin
If they all rode

LESSON

THIRD

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOM

LESSON

OMF

1 Kings 16. 23-

GO

Righteousness
s'n is a reproa
14. 34.

QUESTION

Who were the
Asa and Jehosh
kingdom of Isra
name the four
boam? Who di
king? How lo
city did he bui

THE RIDE TO DREAMTOWN.

Listen, my darling! Low and clear
The sound of the Sleepland bell I hear.
It is calling, calling, from far away,
Through the twilight falling, still and
gray.

Fairy music its sweet voice seems,
As it bids you away to the land of dreams.

There's a good steed waiting, my dear, to
bear

My little one where the dream-elves are.
Mount it, my darling, and ride away
Through the starry twilight, still and
gray;

It will carry you safely o'er hill and lea,
This trusty charger of manna's knee!

Mount and away, with a good-night kiss.
Was ever so gentle a steed as this?
It ambles softly where roads are rough;
A touch of your unspurred foot's enough
To set it galloping fast and free.
Was ever a steed like a mother's knee?

We are half-way over the road, my dear,
The stars are out, and the way is clear,
And galloping, galloping, on we go,
Till the Drowsy Plains we have crossed;
and lo!

The gleam of the Dreamtown lights we
see.
What steed so swift as a mother's knee?

The gates swing open and we ride through,
What a host of children ahead of you!
Big ones and little ones, dark and fair,
They have come to Dreamtown from
everywhere.

I wonder, darling—find out for me—
If they all rode over on mother's knee.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON V.—JULY 31.

OMRI AND AHAB.

1 Kings 16. 23-33. Memorize verses 30-
33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but
sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov.
14. 34.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who were the two good kings of Judah?
Asa and Jehoshaphat. What had the
kingdom of Israel been doing? Can you
name the four kings that followed Jero-
boam? Who did then Israel then make
king? How long did he reign? What
city did he build? Who reigned after

Omri? Was he a good king? Whom did
he take for a wife? What was her reli-
gion? What was her character? Did
the Lord try to help Ahab? How? Why
did Ahab still turn to idols? His heart
was not right. What did he make in
Samaria? Why did he so much for
Baal? To please his wife. Was he a help
to his people? No; he led them into sin.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read of the two kings who fol-
lowed Jeroboam. 1 Kings 15.
25-34.

Tues. Read of the two kings who fol-
lowed these. 1 Kings 16. 6-18.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings
16. 23-33.

Thur. Find the prophecy of Samuel
about kings. 1 Sam. 8. 11-18.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read the story of the captivity. 2
Chron. 36.

Sun. Read the song of those who came
back from captivity. Psa. 126.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. When God reigns in our hearts we have peace.
2. When we do not let him reign there we have trouble.
3. He wants to reign there because he loves us.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 7.

GOD TAKING CARE OF ELIJAH.

1 Kings 17. 1-16. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He careth for you.—1 Pet. 5. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How does God help his children when
they go astray? He sends them his word.
How? When Israel went astray whom
did the Lord send to them? What was
his name? What was he told to say to
Ahab? How was Elijah kept alive?
How was he fed? What happened to the
brook? Where was Elijah sent? Whom
did he meet? How was she able to take
care of the prophet? What did he promise
her? How did she dare give away all
she had? She trusted the God of Elijah.
How long did the oil and the meal last?
Can God fail to keep his promises? No.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your
Bible. 1 Kings 17. 1-16.

Tues. Find how the Lord warned against
idolatry. Josh. 24. 20.

Wed. Learn where our blessings come
from. James 1. 17.

Thur. Find words of comfort for hungry
people. Psa. 37. 3, 19.

Fri. Learn what Jesus said about trust-
ing God. Matt. 6. 31-33.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text, and a
trusting text. Psa. 34. 7.

Sun. Read a beautiful hymn of trust.
No. 642.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God loves his wilful children and tries to save them.
2. He loves his obedient children and takes care of them.
3. He is sure to keep his promise.

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father watches the sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a sweet little dream on
thee;

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The larger stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the fair moon is their shepherdess;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—From the German.

WHICH IS WORSE?

BY AMY LEONARD.

Mira came in one day with a smiling
face and showed me a box of candy she
had had given to her. After a few days
she told me she didn't like her candy,
for it had wine in it. Afterwards she
said the more she ate of it the better she
liked it; she wished she had some more.

"That is what makes so many drunk-
ards; a little poison always wants com-
pany."

"Well, I don't think I'll have any more
given me, and perhaps I won't eat them
if I do."

"I would not eat anything that had
poison in it."

"Is alcohol real poison?"

"What is poison?"

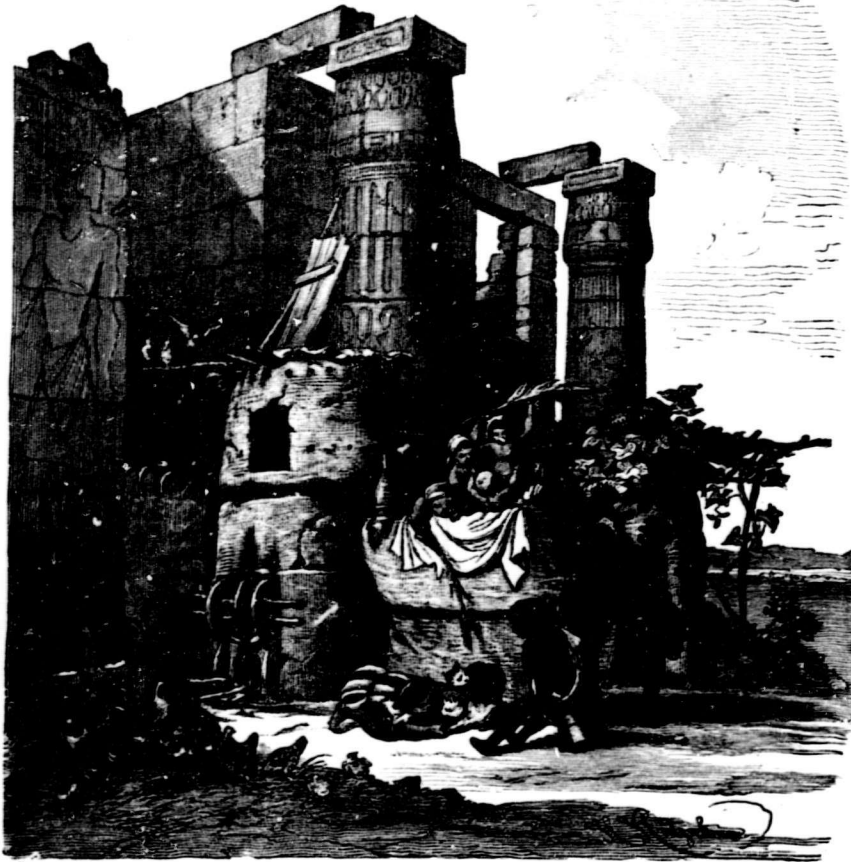
"Oh, those horrid things like arsenic
and Paris green that kill rats and bugs;
I would not touch them for anything."

"They kill rats and bugs; alcohol kills
men; which is the worst?"

"Do you think it kills many?"

"About one hundred thousand a year,
we are told; alcohol not only poisons the
body, but poisons the mind and poisons
the heart. How quick it makes one
crazy, how surely it hardens the heart.
No other poison does that. Don't you
think it best to keep clear of it?"

Do unto others as you would that they
should do unto you.



SCENE AT THE RUINS OF LUXOR, EGYPT.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till read to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you through good and through ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrificing care—
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere

That mother while here—
Some time you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother, just one,
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
When she has for you—
What have you for her ever done?

SCENE IN EGYPT.

This picture, with its large number of scantily-clothed children, reminds us of the rhyme about the old woman who lived in a shoe, "who had so many children that she didn't know what to do." It does not cost much for housekeeping in Egypt. The climate is so fine that they do not need much shelter, and food grows so plentifully—several crops in a year—that living is very cheap. And it is well that it is so, for the people are very poor. These children are crowded into an old earthen oven. Beside it stands another ready for use. The ruins in the background are the most ancient in the world. They are situated on an island in the Nile, where

are also the ancient temples of Karnak and Thebes—"Hundred-gated Thebes," of which Homer sings. They are the most ancient and most famous and grandest ruins in the world.

WHAT ANIMALS HAVE DONE.

In a recent address, Dr. Bergh, the friend of dumb animals, showed that the connection of animals with the affairs of mankind had been a remarkable one. He said: "The protest of Balaam's ass prevented the commission of the greatest crime against heaven, and the cackling of geese saved Rome. When the armies of James II. and William were confronting one another, the noise made by a wren picking up some crumbs from the top of a drum awoke the sleeping drummer, and thus saved the army of William. Scott tells us that the most splendid event in the history of Scotland, namely, the ascent of Bruce to the throne, was owing to a simple spider, and one of the greatest naval victories of England resulted from the crowing of a cock. A St. Bernard dog, named Barry, during twelve years of service on the mountains, saved the lives of forty travellers. Greyfriars Bobby lay upon the grave of his master nine years, and his unparalleled devotion has been perpetuated by a monument, erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A young man once rowed out into the middle of the river with a dog, and then threw him overboard. The faithful animal clung to the boat, but was driven off by his cruel master, until at length, during his efforts, he lost his own balance and fell into the stream. Did the dog desert him? No; he seized him by his clothes and held him above water till succour arrived. One of those cruel enthusiasts known as dissectors of living animals, being once in need of a subject, actually took his own dog, which had been for years in his family, confined him to a table, and ripped him up as though he had been a senseless object. The suffering creature groaned and howled in his agony, and just before dying raised his head and licked the hand of his savage tormentor."

An able lawyer of indolent habits was once ridiculing the activity of a possibly weaker brother, when the judge who was hearing the case coolly interposed the somewhat sarcastic remark, "An engine of one cat-power running all the time will do more work than an engine of forty horse-power standing still."

A German optician has discovered that glass can be drilled as easily as wood if the drills are kept in mercury before use.