

# SUNBEAM

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## HALLOWE'EN.

Hallow Eve, or, as it is called in Scotland, Hallowe'en, is the Vigil of all Hallows or All Saints' Day, October 31st. It has for many, many centuries been the occasion of certain popular usages in Christian countries, such as the performance of spells by young people, roasting and eating nuts, ducking for apples, and the like. Hallowe'en was supposed to be a night when witches, evil spirits, and other mischief-makers were abroad on their evil errands. Fairies, too, were said on that night to hold grand festivals. These old-world superstitions have had their influence in Canada, and Hallow Eve is observed in our own country, though the mischief-makers are no longer wicked spirits but mischief-loving boys who keep the evening by removing gates, carrying away signs, and making themselves quite as much of a nuisance generally as the evil spirits were once supposed to do. But the Hallowe'en pranks of the boys are becoming less and less frequent, and by and by they will be as unheard-of on that night as on any other night of the year. The boys in the picture before us have a bet-



HOLLOWE'EN.

ter way of enjoying the evening. They are roasting chestnuts by the open fire. The flames of the fire-light make the shadows play about the room, and they are eating the sweet roast chestnuts.

## LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME.

A few months ago, during one of the severe storms that visit Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window," which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone, she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more, for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home, lost when he had almost reached the haven of safety and rest. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home! in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have an open Bible, overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the sacred desk, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward; and yet they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.

## NOISELESS SPINNING WHEEL.

"Tell me, mamma, what is this  
Like web of finest lace?  
It swings across the window,  
Just here beside my face.

"You say a spider spun it;  
Where did she get the floss?  
How many others helped her  
To carry it across?

"It wasn't here when I got up—  
It hardly can be real;  
She must have spun for hours,  
And I never heard her wheel."

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## The Sunbeam.

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## THE RUNAWAY PUMPKINS.

By Lucretia Larkin.

When Miss Belinda planted her garden in the spring, she made her pumpkin bed beside her back fence. "It will be away from the boys there," she declared, and then she frowned. You see, Miss Belinda didn't like boys, and that was one reason why boys didn't like Miss Belinda. It was too bad she didn't know this, because everybody might have been happier.

Miss Belinda's garden was the best in town. Her roses were redder and sweeter than her neighbors'; her apples were juicier and rounder; her grapes hung thicker; and her pumpkins—never were there bigger or yellower or more wonderful pumpkins in all the world, if we can believe the stories which Teddy and Joe and Sammy Densmore told.

I can't tell just what Miss Belinda did to help grow such marvelous pumpkins, except that she kept the weeds away and gave them so much sun that they grew great green leaves to use as sunshades and waving fans to keep them cool.

When Miss Belinda chose her pumpkin

planting place, Jacky and Tess were away off in another state, and the little battered and blackened house next door was empty and forlorn. They came to live in it just as Miss Belinda's pumpkin vines were beginning to blossom, and three of the great yellow buds peeped through the fence to see what the new children were doing. Pumpkins, like people, are often curious and want to see.

It was a funny back yard that went with this battered and blackened house. Some burr bushes grew by the back door and a rhubarb plant made a great green blot on the rocky, unkept bit of dusty land. Then there was a long clothesline always full of clothes, two children and a furry kitten.

The pumpkins found this all very interesting, and one day two very, very naughty ones planned to run away. They were the same that were hiding in the yellow blossoms when they peeped through the fence. It was an easy matter to hide beneath the rhubarb plant, and Jacky and Tess never spied them until they had grown so round and yellow that the green leaves couldn't cover them any longer.

"O!" exclaimed Jacky.

"O!" whispered Tess. And they clapped their hands and danced a lively jig.

"We'll have a jack-o'-lantern with great holes for eyes, an' a candle to light him!" shouted Jacky.

"An' maybe pumpkin pies, an' two little saucer ones with what's left over, for you an' me?" Tess said rapturously.

Just then Miss Belinda came softly down her walk, and Jacky and Tess remembered.

"I 'spect we can't have even one of them," sobbed Tess.

"No," said Jacky, "we can't 'less we break the eighth commandment an' steal."

Tess shivered. "I 'spect," she said, and then she cried a real hard cry, it was all so disappointing.

Jacky just sat on the steps and kicked his heels together hard. His face was red and his eyes were bright.

"Why didn't Miss Belinda keep her old pumpkins!" he declared loudly. "She's a cross old thing an' only scowls at us every day. She has heaps of pumpkins an' I don't believe she makes one single jack-o'-lantern, an' if the vines ran away an' grew pumpkins in our yard, Tess, why aren't those pumpkins ours!"

But Tess shook her head and sobbed again. "They didn't grow their roots here," she said. "There never would have been any pumpkins in our yard 'less Miss Belinda had planted them!"

"We might find puly one," argued Jacky. "It's hard to see everything that grows. Besides, what would it matter, just one, when Miss Belinda's going to pick a whole shedful!"

Tess shook her head again sadly. "We must get the cart an' carry them home right now, 'less they'll be a

temptation, Jacky. We must do it right now," she said.

And by and by Miss Belinda heard a funny creak, creak coming up her walk. She opened her door and looked straight at Jacky.

"It's your pumpkins," he explained soberly. "They ran away an' grew under our rhubarb plant. That's why we didn't see them an' bring them to you before."

Miss Belinda smiled. She had a pleasant look in her wrinkled face when she did it. Jacky forgot that she frowned and was a "cross old thing." It always pays to be pleasant.

"I hope you'll make a jack-o'-lantern out of the biggest pumpkin," he suggested politely. "'cause it's 'specially good for that!"

"An' the other one," exclaimed Tess, "would make a bee-utiful pumpkin pie, with two little saucer ones made out of what's left over."

And then, I can't tell you just how it happened, but the little cart went creak, creak down Miss Belinda's walk and Miss Belinda's pumpkins went with it.

"She said," declared jubilant Jacky, "you children seem to know just what those pumpkins grew for."

"An' she said," exclaimed Tess with a smile. "If pumpkins grew to make children happy, I'm going to help them by sharing and being kind."

## "HE DIDN'T LAUGH AT ME."

"Mamma," said Edith the other day, "I don't like boys; I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?"

"Because they always tease little girls so, and make them cry, and then they laugh at them."

"Do all the little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shiver. I fell down at school the other day, and hurt my head; and they just laughed at me—all but Robbie, and he came and helped me up, and said he was very sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice of Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma; Robbie Shiver is the only boy that I really like, because he never laughs at me."

That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentle man, or gentleman. Little boys who are nice to their sisters or to other little girls, and who love to tease them and laugh at them, ought to think of this; and if they want to be gentlemen when they grow up, they ought to begin now by being gentle.

George was fond of watching the winged creatures of the air, and one day he had an idea. "I know why wasps never sit down, mother," he said; "they have pins in their coat-tails, and are afraid to."

A GENTLEMAN.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

I knew him for a gentleman  
By signs that never fail;  
His coat was rough and rather worn,  
His cheeks were thin and pale—  
A lad who had his way to make,  
With little time for play;  
I knew him for a gentleman  
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;  
Off came his little hat.  
My door was shut; he waited there  
Until I heard him rap.  
He took the bundle from my hand,  
And when I dropped my pen,  
He sprang to pick it up for me—  
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;  
His voice is gently pitched.  
He does not fling his books about  
As if he were bewitched.  
He stands aside to let you pass;  
He always shuts the door;  
He runs on errands willingly  
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,  
He serves you if he can;  
For, in whatever company,  
The manners make the man.  
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;  
The manner tells the tale,  
And I discern the gentleman  
By signs that never fail.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 4.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memory verses, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—  
1 Cor. 11. 24.

LESSON STORY.

What a sad last meal together this was. It was the Passover season, so it was the custom for the Jewish people to hold a feast in remembrance of the time God caused the angel of death to pass over their homes when they were in bondage in Egypt.

This Last Supper of Jesus was also to celebrate the Passover, but it was also for something more, for in the breaking of the bread and drinking of the wine it was to typify his body and blood.

When they were gathered around the table we may be sure Jesus was very sad, for he knew it was his last meal with his disciples. He loved them dearly, and felt badly at having to part with them. Especially as they were so little prepared to get along

without him. And alas! among them was one who would betray him and another who would deny him.

However, Jesus was willing to suffer all this and shed his precious blood for our sakes.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What was the Passover? A feast to celebrate the delivery of the children of Israel from death.
2. Where did it happen? When they were in bondage in Egypt.
3. Where did Jesus and his disciples keep the feast? In an upper room.
4. What did Jesus say? That there was one there who would betray him.
5. Who was that one? Judas.
6. What did Jesus say of the bread and wine? It was a symbol of his body and blood.
7. Why was his body bruised and his blood shed? For our sins, to blot them out.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 11.

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-50. Memory verses 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not my will, but thine be done.—  
Luke 22. 42.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! what a sad midnight hour was that Jesus and his disciples spent in the garden of Gethsemane. They had slowly wended their way there after the Last Supper.

Jesus was exceeding sorrowful. He knew all he had to go through, and it was a great struggle. With his human feelings he shrank from so hard a thing. He felt the need of prayer. So he asked his disciples to watch and pray with him while he advanced a little farther into the shadow of the garden. He returned to his disciples three times, and was grieved to find them sleeping each time. Then when he knew that the betrayers were at hand he told them they could sleep on now. The hour of prayer was over. He had entreated God to spare him this dreadful trial. But if not he would do his will. He entirely submitted. Then Judas, followed by a rough crowd, came and kissed his Lord, and in that way let the soldiers know which one he was. Then they took him prisoner.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus and his disciples go after the Last Supper? To the Garden of Gethsemane.
2. What hour was it? About midnight.
3. What did Jesus ask? He asked his disciples to watch and pray with him.
4. Where did he go? A little beyond them to be alone.
5. What did he find? His disciples asleep three times.
6. What did he then say? To sleep on, for his betrayer had come.

7. How did Judas betray him? With a kiss.

8. What did they then do to Jesus? Took him prisoner.

A TENDER HEARTED BEAR.

Auntie had come visiting, and she and Eddie were in the cosy sitting-room all by themselves. Auntie was young and jolly, and she liked little boys; and Eddie was always glad when she came.

By and by Eddie thought he would do something to amuse auntie; so he crawled behind a chair in one corner. Very soon auntie saw something coming out of the corner. It walked on four legs, like a bear, and it was growling horribly.

"O. O!" cried auntie, in a distressed voice. "It's a bear! What shall I do?" Then she hid her face in the cushions.

The strange creature suddenly stopped growling and lifted itself up on its hind legs, and one could then plainly see that it was just a little boy with neat curls and a dainty white dress. He looked troubled, although a smile of satisfaction lurked about the corners of his mouth.

Then a faltering little voice close to auntie's ear said: "You needn't be afraid. 'Tain't a bear; it's baby."

Auntie's head came quickly out of the cushions, and she laughed and kissed him, and he liked this better than being a bear.

Eddie was only a little boy, but he knew that fun stops being fun when it begins to make somebody unhappy.—  
Selected.

THE GLOWWORM'S CANDLE.

Sometimes children think they are too small to do any good; they must wait until they are grown.

Did you ever see a glowworm? Perhaps not; but it is a little worm about half an inch long, which shines in the dark with a little light, as fire flies do.

There had been a battle, and some of the soldiers were fleeing from the enemy. Pretty soon they lost their way. Now they had with them a little instrument called a "compass," which would have shown them the way, only it was so dark they could not see which way the needle pointed. They did not dare carry a light, for fear the enemy would see it and follow them. Just then one of the men noticed a little glowworm shining in the grass. He picked it up and put it on the compass, and there was just light enough to show, which way the needle pointed. Then the men knew which way their home was. They were very glad, and went on until they got home.

Don't you think these men thought a little glowworm could do good? And cannot a little child do as much as a glowworm? Bright smiles, pleasant words, and helpful deeds are a child's way of shining, and they make all the household happy.—The Parish Visitor.





STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

## STUDYING THE S. S. LESSON.

The pictures on this page show the great contrast between girls in Christian and in heathen lands. See what an intelligent, modest, thoughtful face the Christian girl has, and how nicely she is dressed, and how well she is employed in studying the Word of God. On the other hand, what a dull, heavy look the heathen girl has; what coarse, sullen features, what a large, uncomely mouth, and what a matted head of hair. Of course she is not to blame for this. It is the effect of generations of heathenism. Her dress is only a cloak of coarse grass, rudely woven, to keep out the rain—yet her barbaric taste is shown in the great ear pendants she wears. These ought, I think, to be left to pagans—yet I have seen Christian children wearing just such things. Of course this girl can't read, and never heard of Sunday School, or of the blessed Saviour, in her life. How glad we ought to be for the Christian advantages we enjoy, and how willing to send the Gospel to those who have it not, that they may share in our blessings.

## "GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of Nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served the man who

tells this story. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"'Do you want a boy?' I asked of the clerk.

"'Back office,' he said, exceedingly short.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and, pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was leaning over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a

trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately, and wondered why it had not been remedied.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk, in a gruff voice.

"'At home, sir.'

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"O," said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. 'Sit down,' he added. 'I'm busy.'

"I looked at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh?" he said, quickly. 'All right; go ahead!'

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all

right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned around, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"Mother went with me to see the man at the appointed time, and I was engaged to work.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going,  
Do not strive to catch them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;  
Let thy whole strength go to each.  
Let no future dreams elate thee;  
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
Joys are sent thee here below.  
Take them readily when given;  
Ready, too, to let them go.

Hours are golden links, God's token  
Reaching heaven; but by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken  
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



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