

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXIV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1903.

No. 24.

WILD DUCKS.

To see a waddling and swimming fowl, like the barnyard duck, spread a good-sized pair of wings and mount up into the air until it became a small speck in the sky, would be a remarkable sight; yet this is just what its cousin—the wild duck, who is a very “high flyer”—does continually. It can also swim and float, for, like its plainer relative, it belongs to the swan family, and must, therefore, be at home on the water.

These wild ducks are beautiful birds, and each family of them has its own peculiar style of dress. Thus, the summer or wood duck—which is the handsomest of all the species—appears in the most gorgeous colouring, with softly-shaded tints, and it moves so gracefully that it seems more like a swan than a duck. It is called the summer duck, because it is the only one of its tribe that is seen here during the summer months; and because its eggs are usually laid in a hollow tree or stump, it is also called the wood duck.

The mallard—although it looks more like the common duck—is nearly as handsome as the summer duck, and has a great variety of glowing and beautiful colours in its plumage: “The dark emerald of the head, the snowy-

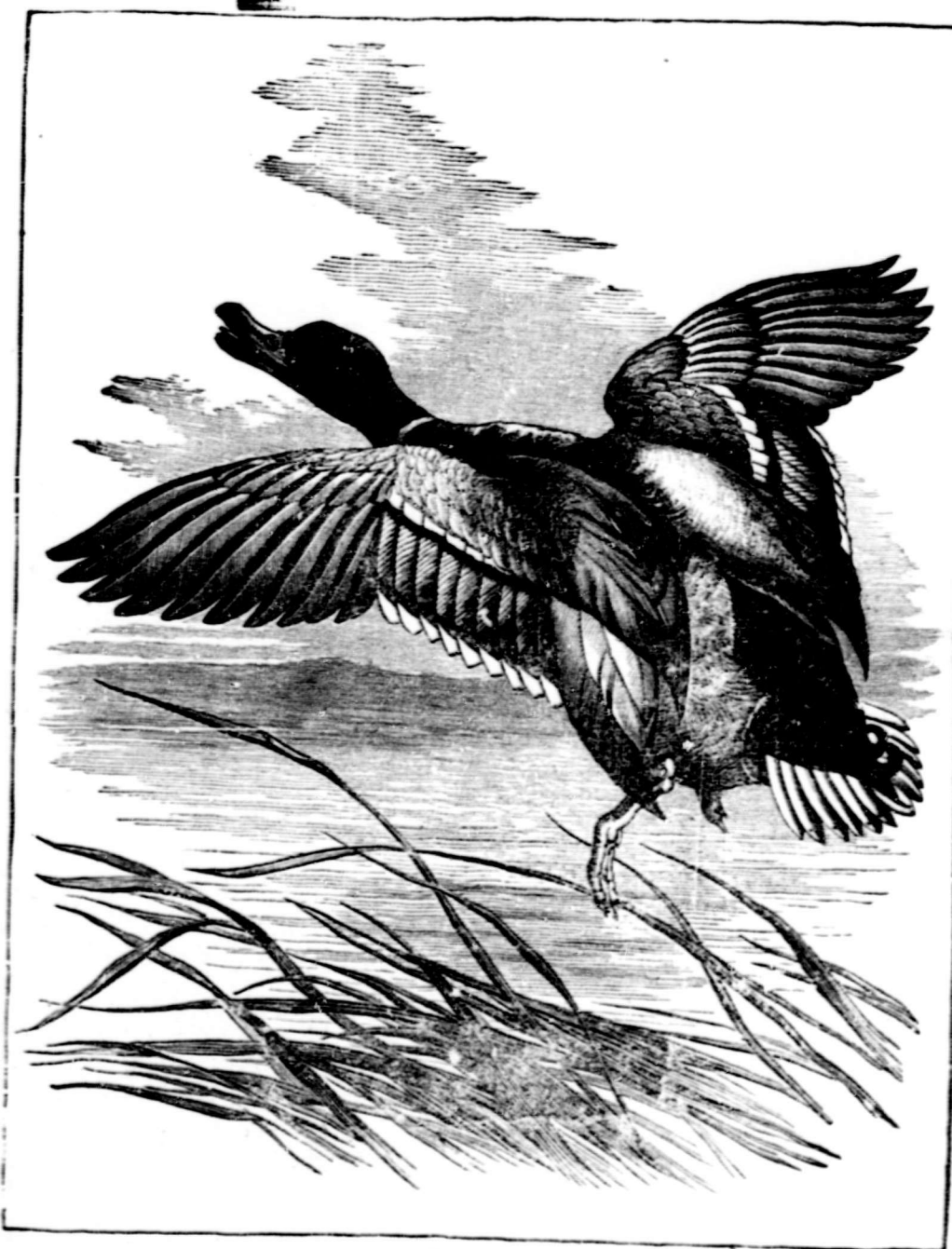
white line which encircles the neck, the brownish carmine of the chest, the gold and blue and crimson of the wings, the clear, flashing transparency of the

colouring, that it seems to have been laid on with a fine brush. The head is of emerald, streaked with chestnut; the wings of the freshest green, and the back is finely pencilled.

These ducks are all very much sought after for their tender, juicy flesh; but none are quite equal to the canvas-back. This delightful but rather stupid duck begins to arrive from the north early in October, and it always comes in great flocks and is slaughtered in countless numbers. It dearly loves the wild celery, for which it has to dive, as the root—the only part it cares for—grows under water; and the widgeon, another duck that likes celery, is sure to be the companion of the canvas-back.

This widgeon has been described as a “thorough rascal,” getting his living by stealing from others. He cannot dive as his companion can; but he is quite as fond of celery, so he waits patiently until his victim disappears in quest of food. “A violent commotion now goes on under the water. It is the struggle of the duck with the plant. Finally, the luckless canvas-back emerges, blinded

momentarily by the water. The widgeon ‘gibbles’ quickly forward, snatches the morsel, and is off ere the dupe has got the water out of his eyes.”



A WILD DUCK.

eye—are all beautiful features.” The blue-winged teal and the green-winged teal are both beautiful birds. The latter has such soft, beautiful shaded

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work ;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way ;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can ;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hand will guide
The future of our land ; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

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Sunbeam.

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LOYAL TO HIS MOTHER.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was a graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby that she was afraid he would be ashamed of her. He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she went. He met her at the station, and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation; and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house. To her great surprise he was the valedictorian of his class,

and carried everything before him. He won a prize; and when it was given to him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize; it is yours; I would not have had it if it had not been for you."—*Christian Standard.*

"WHAT AM I GOING TO BE?"

When a boy enters his "teens" the question begins to come up in his mind: "What am I going to be?" Sometimes it takes a long while to answer that question, because there are two points to be considered: first, to be something; secondly, what? A sensible man doesn't set a boat adrift when he wants to make a journey in her. He starts for some particular place, and rows toward it; and before he starts he decides to what place he wants to go. Then every stroke of the oar brings him nearer his journey's end. Like the man at the oars, make every stroke tell. God didn't send you into the world to drift aimlessly about, like a boat without oars or rudder. Take each duty, and do it faithfully as a preparation for something beyond; and, with all the rest, do not forget that a noble Christian manhood is the highest aim for which you can possibly strive.

PATTIE'S LESSON.

BY MARY SUTHERLAND.

I like to sweep and I like to sew,
I like to watch the fishes,
I like to rake and I like to hoe,
But oh! how I hate to wash dishes!

This was a verse that Pattie sometimes recited, and when she did so she spoke the truth. Dish-washing was her very particular dislike. Only this morning when mamma had tied on her big cap and apron, her chubby face had donned besides a very decided scowl.

"S'pose I'll have to do it," she muttered to herself, "but I'll do it as badly as I can, just for spite."

The first thing to do was to give the cat its breakfast.

"Puss, puss," she called, "where are you?"

"Meow," said pussy, "meow, purr-purr-r."

"Don't upset the milk," snapped Pattie, "why don't you drink if you're hungry? Where are you going now? Oh, you provoking creature."

She was just going to take the milk away when suddenly she understood.

Around the corner of the house was pussy's kitten. Now little kitty was so busy trying to catch her tail that she did not observe the milk plate until her attention was particularly attracted. Her

mother might have drunk up every drop herself, but that was not pussy's way.

Instead, she ran backwards and forwards, and would neither leave the milk alone, nor drink it, until at last Miss Kitty noticed her manœuvres and bounded over to discover the cause.

Pattie watched the furry couple contentedly supping their meal, and she began to look very thoughtful.

"Kitty," she said, "you've got a good mother. I've got a better one. We ought to do everything we can to give them pleasure."

An hour later the dishes were all washed, the crumbs swept up and the chairs dusted. Mamma was very much pleased, and Pattie said the cats had taught her a lesson.

THE FAGGOT-GATHERER.

James and Alice were looking over their scrap-album. This was not like other albums that I have seen, all pictures, or all stories or poems cut out and pasted in. It was not like any other I have ever seen. It was a large old account-book, with lines ruled on each page. There were a great many pictures, and under each picture a story about the picture, or a description of it written entirely by the two children. They spent many happy rainy days and long winter evenings over their scrap-book, and they were learning three very important things without knowing it: first, to learn all they could about things other people had seen or written about—that is, facts; and then to exercise their reasoning powers and imagination where they had not the facts to learn; and third, to express themselves well and accurately.

This evening they had a picture of a young faggot-gatherer. It was James' turn to write. After much talking and consulting of books, he wrote:

"Faggots are bundles of small pieces of wood, twigs, or branches of trees used for fuel.

"Why do people gather such stuff to burn? Because they are too poor to buy wood. They cannot live in cities, because it would not pay men, or even boys, to go far out where twigs and branches are plenty. And they could not bring enough to burn all winter, so these people must live in a wooded country where such fuel is easily found. They must live where coal is dear and hard to get, and so not near railroads and in mountainous districts. I did wonder why they did not chop down the trees, but Alice says they must live in countries where rich people own great tracts of woodland, and the poor people are not allowed to chop down a single tree. These rich people must be great lords in European countries, then—Germany, Spain, and other such monarchies. I am glad I am a Canadian."

TWO PENNIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two beautiful shining pennies,
Eright and yellow and new !
Don't tell me about the heathen ;
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,
A sword, and a gun that shoots ;
A candy cane and a trumpet,
A knife, and a pair of boots.

But then, what if I were a heathen,
With no precious Bible to tell
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,
Who loved little children so well !

For Jesus, you know, may be asking
This question of you and me ;
"Did you carry my love to your brothers
And sisters 'way over the sea ?"

I guess you may send my pennies :
Perhaps in some way they will grow ;
For little brooks grow to be rivers,
And pennies make dollars, you know.

I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,
I think, must be certainly true :
If little boys ought to give pennies,
Big men should give dollars, don't you ?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 6.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 4-15. Memorize verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning
of wisdom.—Prov. 9. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did David reign over his
people? Who was king in his place?
Was he a good king? Whom did he try
to be like? How was he different?
Where did David offer his sacrifices?
Why should Solomon have done so too?
(See Reading for Wednesday.) What
high place was the greatest? What were
set up there? What was said to Solomon
there? A vision. Who spoke to him?
What did he say? What did Solomon
ask? Did this please the Lord? What
did he tell Solomon? What did Solomon
gain? Three things more than he asked.
What did Solomon do when he came home
to Jerusalem? What should we seek
first? The kingdom of God.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings
3. 4-15.

Tues. Learn how Solomon sacrificed.
1 Kings 3. 2. 3.

Wed. Find why it was a mistake to go to
the high places. Deut. 12. 2-6.

Thur. Learn what we must have to be
wise. Golden Text.

Fri. Learn the promise which Solomon
proved. Matt. 5. 5.

Sat. Find who has a promise of long
life. Psa. 91. 16.

Sun. Learn the truth about wisdom.
Prov. 8. 11.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God has great gifts for his children.
2. That he longs to give them.
3. That he waits to find those who will use them wisely.

LESSON XI—DECEMBER 13

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

1 Kings 8. 1-11, 62. 63. Memorize verses
9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let
us go into the house of the Lord.—Psa.
122. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long was the temple in building?
How many men were at work? About
one hundred and eighty-five thousand men.
Where did many work? In the forests
of Lebanon. Where were others? In
the quarries and workshops. For whom
was the house prepared? What sign of
his presence was there? The ark of the
covenant. When did another sign of his
presence come into the temple? After
the ark came in. What was it? A
cloud. Who gave the house to God in a
prayer? Have we each a temple to give
to God? Have we given it to him? Who
blessed the people? What were offered
to God? What sacrifices can we offer?
What is better than sacrifice? Obedience.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read how the Lord showed his
presence. 1 Kings 8. 10-13.

Tues. Learn why we may expect God to
be in his house. Psa. 68. 16.

Wed. Read the lesson verses from your
Bible. 1 Kings 8. 1-11, 62, 63.

Thur. Learn a verse to say when you enter
church. Hab. 2. 20.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn how to treat the human
temple of God. 1 Cor. 3. 16,
17.

Sun. Ask, "Have I given my temple to
God?"

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God loves to live among his people.

2. That we each are a temple of his
Spirit.

3. That where he lives is great peace
and blessing.

IN A CHINESE NURSERY.

If you were to hear a Chinese mother
singing or repeating her "Mother Goose"
rhymes to her "wee ones," you would soon
understand that the same mother heart
beats beneath the curious clothes of the
Chinese parent, and that the Chinese
children are mischievous and lovable, just
as the home-land babies are.

Your little Chinese brother would not
put his "piggies" up for his mother to
count when his strange little shoe was re-
moved, but he would wiggle his toes, and
crow and laugh in just the same fashion
when his mother says:

"This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing
But just lie down all day."

The Chinese version of "Pat-a-cake,"
however, is not nearly so good as yours,
and I have had yours translated to teach
the Chinese child in the place of their
own. This is what theirs says:

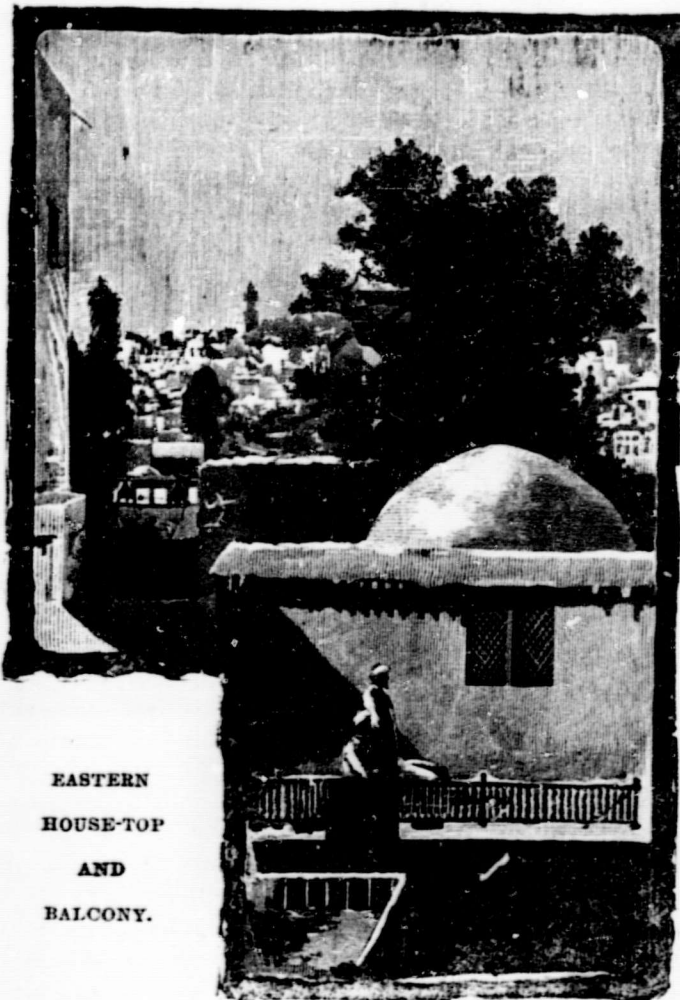
"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Little boy fair,
There's a priest in the temple
Without any hair.
You take a tile
And I'll take a brick
And we'll hit the priest
In the back of the neck."

You see that this is not very kind, and
we wish to teach these little children to
love and help other people, and never to
injure them. When the Chinese mother
cuddles her baby up in her arms, she calls
him her "siao pao-pei," which means her
"little precious." I am very sorry to tell
you that very many Chinese babies do not
get loved and petted, but some do, and I
had the pleasure of being in a home the
other day where a little girl was treated
just as tenderly as if her mother were a
foreign woman, but the reason for this was
that she had heard and believed the story
of Jesus, and was a Christian mother.—
Junior Builders.

A THANKFUL LITTLE BOY.

I'm grateful for most everything:
For flowers that bloom and birds that
sing;

For sweet, fresh air and sunshine bright
For stars that twinkle in the night;
For all my toys and every pet;
For parents dear, who ne'er forget
Their little boy; and, up above,
For Jesus watching me in love.



EASTERN
HOUSE-TOP
AND
BALCONY.

HOUSES IN THE EAST.

An interesting article on the subject of Oriental houses was lately contributed to *The Sunday-school Journal*, by Prof. James Strong. He says :

"Isolated residences are very rare, the houses being generally massed, for convenience, economy, and safety, in villages and towns, and in many cases surrounded by a wall, with guarded gates. To enter one of these dwellings, the visitor is ushered through a dark and narrow alley in the middle of the ground floor into an open court, with a corridor running on its four sides. The better class of houses are of two stories, often with a dome on the roof.

"The lower floor is for rough purposes, such as reception rooms, storage, kitchen, etc.; and the upper part for residence—the front for the men and the rear for the women.

"The house-top has a parapet around, according to the Mosaic injunction. In the villages the streets are so narrow, and the roof-beams project so far over the streets that one can readily run from end to end on the roofs. When our Lord said, 'Let him that is on the house-top not come down,' he meant let those who are on the house-top in time of attack upon the city, not try to come down into the city, but jump across from roof

to roof to the end of the town, and then escape into the country.

"Town-meetings are held on the house-tops, proclamations are made on the house-tops; the olives, figs, and grapes are here spread out to dry. Before the wheat is ground it is washed and spread on the house-top, and the children watch it while drying, to keep away the sparrows. Here the washed clothes are hung out; and here the women of the household meet and lean over the parapets, either to see what is passing in the street or to talk with the

neighbours. The Mohammedans pray on the house-tops, turning their faces toward Mecca.

"In the cities the roofs are made of cement, and in the mountain villages of earth, a foot thick. I once preached on a house-top to several hundred people, in a Lebanon village.

"Sometimes bonfires are built on the house-tops; and watchmen often watch the village vineyards, in fruit-time, sitting in booths on the highest house-tops in the village. An Oriental house-top is a great convenience; but, alas! these flat roofs too often leak, and sometimes—when covered with earth and soaked with rain—they fall in, and bury the whole family alive in the ruins."

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

Little Tommy Perkins, with some more of the boys at school, went out one day at noon upon the newly-formed ice. When two or three of them got close together the ice broke through, and little Tommy was immersed in the cold water. His big brother Jack, who was playing not far off, saw his danger and rushed with a couple of oars from the boat-house to his help. Little Tommy was none the worse for his adventure, but was very thankful for his timely rescue.

The time is approaching when the boys and girls will be playing on the ice. They should be particularly careful not to venture on it till some older and heavier person has tried it to see whether it will bear or not. If they do not they might incur the same danger as did little Tom, without the same providential rescue.

To-day is the only time we can call our own. Yesterday has passed by; to-morrow has not come.



SAVED FROM DROWNING.