

# SUNBEAM

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No. 23.

## A HIGH LEAP.

When Lady Brassey, the noted traveller, reached the Sandwich Islands, she and her party visited the volcano of Kilauea, where they spent Christmas Day. The crater is a lake of fire a mile across, boiling like Acheron. "Dashing against the cliffs with a noise like the roar of a stormy ocean, waves of blood-red fiery lava tossed their spray high in the air." Returning over the lava bed, she continues: "Once I slipped, and my foot sank through the thin crust. Sparks issued from the ground, and the stick on which I leaned caught fire before I could fairly recover myself." Soon after a river of lava overflowed the ground on which they had just walked. The natives of Hawaii seem almost amphibious. On a narrow board mere boys will ride upon the wildest surf or rapids; and, for the amusement of the tourists, two natives leaped from a cliff, a hundred feet high, into the sea at its base, as shown in the picture.



NATIVE HIGH LEAP AT HITO.

## A STORY OF STREET LIFE.

Boys and girls who believe that tender and sweet stories are only found between the covers of books of fiction will do well to read the following story, which was lived in the busy, crowded New York streets.

We give it as it is told in one of the New York papers:

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead,

and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry-goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were

quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a while no one dared play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck; kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning, after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt; the vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally, he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to

see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first, and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I

guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys—"

It was sad news that Jerry brought back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself; their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

"Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital, again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

**LITTLE JOE,**

Aged 14.

The Best Newsboy in New York.  
We all liked him.

There was no service, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead? He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

**A KINDLY EXAMPLE.**

One of our exchanges tells a pleasing story about two American boys travelling in Europe. They were playing in the streets of Copenhagen, and one boy tossed the other's hat into a tree. While the victim was trying to dislodge it there came along an old gentleman with an umbrella under his arm and his head buried in his book. "Please, sir," said the hatless boy, "will you get my hat?" The old gentleman tried with his umbrella for about five minutes, and failing to dislodge the hat, told the boy to mount his shoulders; and with the umbrella he finally captured the hat. As the boy dismounted and thanked the old gentleman, another gentleman came along, who saluted and called the one with the umbrella, "Your Majesty." The boys were astonished to find that they had in this unceremonious fashion made the acquaintance of the King of Denmark, and they think the king deserves his kingdom.

**THE FARMER BOY.**

He sees the world wake up from sleep,  
And the stars leave one by one;  
He hears at morn the singing lark,  
And greets the rising sun.

In the spring and fall he learns to plow,  
Makes a furrow straight and long  
Adown the fields and straight across,  
While he gaily sings his song.

The world is clean and pure to him,  
Who plows and tills the soil;  
The air is sweet, and the birds sing out,  
And his labor is not toil.

The hands are brown and the cheeks are  
tan,  
And the feet are bare and free;  
Oh, a farmer boy, on the broad, wild fields,  
Is the boy I'd like to be.

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

**THE MOTHER'S LOVING HAND.**

There is no instrument so efficient in producing the highest polish on wood or glass as to be compared with the human hand. Lenses, after every other appliance has exhausted its utility, receive their finishing polish from the hand. Piano frames, after having been "filled" and sand-papered and "floated" with varnish, receive their final polish from the hand.

In the family the mother's hand is the great polisher. It keeps little faces and hands clean; it keeps little dresses and knickerbockers clean; it closes holes over knees and toes; it fills hungry mouths with wholesome and palatable food; it tucks in the sleeping children at night and keeps

out the cold; it soothes weary limbs to rest, and presses aching heads gently till they forget to ache; it binds up cut and burned and bruised fingers; it holds the cooling draught to fevered lips; it gently closes the eyes that look upon the sun no more.

In a figure, the mother's hand polishes the minds and characters of her children. Her finger points out the letters on the blocks, in the primer, the page in history, the noble ideal to be attained, the far-off goal to be reached, the rocks to be shunned, the maelstroms to be avoided.

A youth during the war lay very sick in an hospital. His mother had been sent for and came at midnight. The lights were turned low, and she begged that she might take the nurse's place at his bedside, promising to keep perfectly quiet, as any excitement might be fatal to her son. He moved as in pain, and she laid her hand silently on his forehead to soothe him to rest. At that touch he started up and exclaimed, "Turn up the lights; let me see who this is; that hand must be my mother's!" Ah, how many a brave man in that terrible struggle longed, in vain, to feel his mother's hand laid on him as in childhood!

The gentle, loving hand of the mother, how it restrains and curbs and guides; and that restraint is felt not less but more when "the wrist is parted from the hand" that caressed and corrected the growing child. Said an old lady: "My mother influences me more now than ever as to my consciousness of her influence. As I go back and back over my life, all my remembrances of her in my childhood, girlhood, womanhood, and mature life, what she was comes out clearer and more clear, and I find myself growing into her likeness and image. I remember what she told me of her mother and her household ways, and as I go about my house attending to this thing and that thing, I say to myself: 'Thus did my mother; thus did my grandmother; thus must have done her mother;' and the couplet sings itself through my head,

'We are travelling home to God,  
In the way our mothers trod.'

Not long ago a Sunday-school teacher got together a class of boys from the street—'boo'-blacks, newsboys, etc.—such as are found only in large cities. One of the first questions he asked was: "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the reply came from one of the brightest of the lads, who pointed to a boy and said: "Yes, sir; that fellow down there."

Many a poor sinner in searching for his Master has found his Master also searching for him.

ON  
"One!" and the  
bank,  
The very first  
"I shall soon be  
"And my bar  
For all the pen  
Indeed, it wi

"A penny is no  
How it rattles  
It seems to say,  
In a deep and  
When I think of  
I wish that I

"I really believe  
I could shake  
Why, sure enough  
banks  
I should know  
And, whenever  
It would stay

"Well, I might  
top,  
Or the marble  
I just love taffy  
I wish this pe  
But it isn't, and  
And wait for

**LESS**

**FOUR**

STUDIES IN THE  
ELIJAH

**LESSON VI**

ISAIAH'S M

Isa. 1.1-9, 16-20.

GO

Cease to do ev

1. 16, 17.

QUESTION

Who was Isai

Judah did he see

have? Where wa

do? What call d

reply? What tre

people lost? Wh

ple? Why could

word of the Lor

lesson? Is the Lo

us all? He is th

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Judah? What ke

Sodom and Gom

them to do?

DA

Mon. Read abou

Chron.

Tues. Read the

16-20.

Wed. Find how

people.

ONE PENNY.

"One!" and the penny dropped into the bank,  
The very first penny of all.  
"I shall soon be rich," little Johnnie said,  
"And my bank will be much too small  
For all the pennies that I shall save.  
Indeed, it will be too small!"

"A penny is not very much to save.  
How it rattles around alone!  
It seems to say, 'Please take me out,'  
In a deep and hollow tone.  
When I think of all the things I want,  
I wish that I could, I own."

"I really believe, if the bank was tipped,  
I could shake the penny out.  
Why, sure enough! Well, if I made  
banks  
I should know what I was about;  
And, whenever a boy put a penny in,  
It would stay without a doubt."

"Well, I might as well go and buy that  
top,  
Or the marbles, or, let me see!  
I just love taffy. Oh! dear, oh dear!  
I wish this penny was three!  
But it isn't, and may as well go back  
And wait for two more, you see."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM  
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 20.

ISAIAH'S MESSAGE TO JUDAH.

Isa. 1.1-9, 16-20. Memorize verses 18-20.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isa.  
1. 16, 17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Isaiah? How many kings of Judah did he see? What vision did Isaiah have? Where was he? What did an angel do? What call did he hear? What did he reply? What troubled him? What had the people lost? What did he see in the temple? Why could he not bear evil? What word of the Lord does he bring in our lesson? Is the Lord still a tender father to us all? He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. What was the sickness of Judah? What kept them from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah? What does he tell them to do?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the reign of Uzziah. 2 Chron. 26.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 1. 1-9, 16-20.

Wed. Find how Isaiah helped to save his people. 2 Chron. 32. 1-22.

Thur. Find also how he helped to save his king. 2 Kings 20. 1-11.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Find how the Lord calls his prophets. Num. 12. 6.

Sun. Read Isaiah's prophecy of the Christ. Isa. 53.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. There is a disease—sin.
2. There is a cure—salvation.
3. God will receive those who cease to do evil and return to him.

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 27.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

Isa. 28. 1-13. Memorize verses 3, 4.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.—Isa. 28. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was the land of Ephraim? What country lay next to it? Who was the father of the two tribes? Who blessed Joseph and his children? Did Ephraim keep Jacob's blessing? What kind of a country did the tribe of Ephraim have? How did Isaiah see the people? Whom did he warn? What kind of priests and prophets had they? Could they lead the people? How did the men of Jerusalem receive Isaiah's warning? How did they answer him? How will God answer them? What punishment will God send upon them? Does God always punish sin? Is Ephraim alone meant here? No, it is for all.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the blessing of Ephraim. Gen. 48.

Tues. Find why Ephraim had a large country. Josh. 17. 17, 18.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 28. 1-13.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Learn a temperance life-motto. Prov. 4. 15.

Sat. Find what is written about drunkards. 1 Cor. 6. 10.

Sun. Learn what is better than wine.—Eph. 5. 18.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. All sin begins with the love of self.
2. It is the same in every age and nation.
3. The Lord is always and everywhere the cure.

God never fails to reward those who do their duty faithfully, nor to punish those who neglect it.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

BIRD SONGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I don't want to go to school to-day," said Susy. "I want to play out of doors and hear the birds sing."

On the one side of the house no doors opened, and there was a place where a corner jutted out. By standing close to the wall here Susie could keep out of sight, and there she hid herself.

"Susy, Susy!" called mother. Susy held herself closer against the wall.

"Susy!" again mother called. But the naughty little girl did not answer.

The trees were waving in the bright summer sunshine. And birds, plenty of them, were flying in the branches over her head.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!" that was what one of them said, as plainly as Susy could have said it herself.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!" came again. "I wonder if he means me," said Susy.

"All-white—all-white—all-white!" It came in a quick little note. Susy looked down at the clean white dress mother had put on her. A pink color came to her face.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!" right over her head.

"Pretty pretty, pretty!" — "sweet, sweet, sweet!" what could those birds be singing about? The air was full of their chirping.

"Oh, dear," said Susy. "I wonder if they do think I'm sweet and pretty. I guess they wouldn't if they knew I was hiding away from mother."

"All-white—all-white—all-white!" two little bright eyes blinked down at her through the leaves.

"Oh—I'm ashamed to have those little birdies think I'm good and sweet when I'm not."

Two or three little flowers near her feet seemed to be looking straight up in her face.

"They think I'm good, too. They are smiling at me. Oh—I'm going in to mother." And she marched up to the door and rang the bell bravely.

Fifteen minutes later a dear little lassie kissed mother and set out for school. As she again passed under the trees a perfect chorus arose.

"All-white — pretty pretty — sweet, sweet, white—all pretty—pretty—sweet—sweet—sweet!" it ran together so there was nothing left but music.

And Susy went on with a happy smile.

King John of Abyssinia was opposed to smoking, and ordered that the lips of his subjects who should be found smoking should be cut off.



CANADIAN BEAVERS.

## CANADIAN BEAVERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Every Canadian boy and girl should know all about the beaver, the emblem of their country—and a very good emblem it is; and a very good motto is "Busy as Beavers" for all Canadians, old or young. Certainly the beaver is a very industrious fellow, and we need not be ashamed of him upon our country's crest. For so small an animal he accomplishes very remarkable works.

The average beaver is about two feet six inches long, and its tail is about a foot longer. It will weigh from thirty to sixty pounds. Its fore legs are small, but the hind legs are large and strong, and its feet are webbed to the very claws. It is an awkward animal on land, but just let it dive into the water, and it is as active, as graceful, and as much at home as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea.

The most remarkable part of the beaver is its broad, flat, scale-covered tail. It is used as a paddle in swimming, as a trowel and hammer for building, as a support when its owner sits up, and it can strike such a violent blow as to be heard half a

mile off. In this way the old sentinel beaver, who is on guard, gives warning of the approach of an enemy, when splash! every tail disappears, and solitude reigns again. The tail is a great favorite with Indians and hunters, and, when it can be obtained, occupies an important place in their feasts.

The most remarkable constructions of the beaver are the dams and lodges which they build. They are made in order to secure a sufficient depth of water to be secure against freezing in winter. Having selected a spot for their village, or cluster of houses, they proceed to cut down the trees with which to build their dam. They always cut down those up the stream, so that they may float down with the current. They have no cutting instruments but their broad, flat, sharp teeth, but with these they will bite off great chips, and in a very short time cut down a tree, eight or even ten inches through.

They select trees that lean over the water, and having felled them, they trim off the branches, and cut them into lengths eight or ten feet long. These are floated to the site of the proposed dam, where they are built into their place with mud and

stones, till a broad and solid wall is made. Where the current is gentle, the dam is carried straight across; where it is swift, the dam is built with an angle or convex curve up the stream. The little architects exhibit as much science in their construction as could the most skilful civil engineer.

The beavers' houses are built of the same material, a chamber being left in the middle, the only entrance to which is by an opening under the water. The roof is made very thick to resist the attacks of the wolverine, or glutton, next to man the most deadly enemy of the beaver. The food of these hard-working mechanics consists of the bark of the aspen, willow, birch, poplar, and alder, of which it lays up in the summer a stack near its lodges.

The beaver once swarmed all over Canada and the northern United States, and the traces of the beaver dams and beaver meadows may still in many places be seen. But the implacable war of the trapper and fur trader has banished him to the remote regions of the north and north-west. For over 300 years this warfare has been waged, and the trade in beaver skins was one of the great inducements to the exploration of this continent. Tadousac, Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Frontenac, Fort Rouille (Toronto), and Detroit were the great fur-trading posts, of which Albany and New York were for many years the jealous rivals. Beaver skins were used instead of money—one skin being an equivalent for a two-dollar bill—rather an inconvenient sort of currency to carry in one's purse. The pelts, as they were called—hence the word peltries,—were used for making beaver hats—those fuzzy-looking things worn by Uncle Sam in the comic pictures—which used to be the favorite head-gear of the dandies of Paris and London. With the substitution of silk for the shiny black hats now worn, the beaver's occupation was gone, and he was allowed, for a time, to live a quiet life. Their fur has, of late, been in demand in Europe for trimming dresses, coats and gloves, and forthwith a war is renewed in the far wilds of Canada against the poor beaver. So is the world bound together by the ties of commerce.

The beavers are caught by steel spring traps, like huge rat traps, chained to a marked tree. An Indian or white trapper will visit fifty or sixty traps in a circuit of thirty or forty miles, and will catch one hundred or one hundred and fifty beavers in a season. In 1854-1856, the Hudson Bay Company sold in London 627,655 beaver skins. No wonder the beaver is getting scarce. Skins have varied from \$1 to \$8 apiece. At one time in the last century they were such a drug in the market that an immense stock was burned at Montreal to make the rest worth exportation. The beaver once flourished in Europe, but is now extinct.