

SUNBEAM

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No. 21.

BEFORE THE STORM.

All nature seems to know when a storm is about to burst, or is lurking somewhere in the atmosphere. There is a heavy, oppressive feeling in the air, which we all are aware of before the thunderstorm finally breaks out over the land. On one of these still days a careful observer will notice how the cows and horses approach the hedges, or any shelter they can find, and how the geese and ducks in the farm-yard begin to cackle and quack as if something unusual were about to happen. In the air a strange stillness reigns, only broken by the shrill voices of the birds which keep flying here and there in a state of visible alarm. In the picture the storm seems just on the point of beginning—the first gust of wind that heralds its approach has passed, and the birds, butterflies, and all the forms of animal life that may be about, are seeking shelter under the trees and up on the branches. These heavy thunderstorms do a very great deal of good, for they rid the atmosphere of the excessive amounts of electric fluid which cause them. The air is always sweet and fresh after such a storm, and all nature



BEFORE THE STORM.

seems to feel the change, which is certainly exhilarating and cheerful.

Little children, be good to one another.

THE BOY WE LIKE.

The boy we like has a merry, open face, fresh and ruddy with the combined effects of healthful exercise and soap and water. Although not pedantic, he always looks neat, and takes care of his clothes, and does not consider it "fun" to use his hat as a football. He prefers a brisk walk, or a football match, to moping over the fire on a winter's afternoon, and if there is skating to be had he does not think it an "awful nuisance" to take his sisters, but he puts on their skates for them without a murmur. He is fond of reading, but does not mind putting his book aside to join in a juvenile game with the younger members of the household. At school he is a painstaking scholar, and he is quite as earnest in the playground and cricket field, where, although he is an excellent "bat," he is always ready to take his share of "fielding." Though he has not a very musical voice he cheerfully joins the others around the piano, "chiming in," as he expresses it, in the hymns on Sunday evenings. Of course, he is his "mother's pet," but that is not his fault, and he does not encroach upon her kindness toward him.

He likes good, hearty, not foolish fun, and never frightens or teases his sisters by throwing spiders or frogs at them. He is kind to animals, and is very gentle with little children. He never minds "holding" the baby—in fact, rather likes it—and that "uncrowned king" is generally "very good" with him. He does wrong things sometimes, but is speedily very sorry, and quickly asks forgiveness. He is usually as readily forgiven as he readily forgives an injury. When asked what he would like to be, he does not quite know, but thinks, in a vague kind of way, that he would like to be a carpenter, or a railway guard. He makes boats and things, and is particularly handy in correcting a broken latch or fixing shelves. His great difficulty is getting up in the morning. He does not grumble if he cannot invite his companions home to tea more than three times a week. On Sunday he sits very attentively in the pew, does not look at his watch (a present from his mother) on an average of once a minute, eat sweets, or read the hymn-book during the sermon. Above all, though the boy we like is human and has his faults, he has a bright, happy faith in the power and love of his Saviour and Master. He tries earnestly to follow him, and endeavors to fulfil his behests in daily pursuits and pleasures. The boy we like is a good boy. His life is happy and useful, and is a foretaste of that still larger life that lies before him in his years of manhood.—*London Baptist.*

A PENNY, AND A PRAYER, TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandmother, as the children came in from Sunday-school; "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandmother; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandmother.

"Why, no, grandmother," said Susie, looking surprised; "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, grandmother."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do; a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in too that your penny may be blessed in its work, and do good service for God? Don't you think that if every penny carried a prayer with it the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out; some out across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandmother. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it were a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I am going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

"THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A little boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be; they are brothers."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel! God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

MR. LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them upon his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured: "Poor little creatures! Don't cry; you'll be taken good care of;" and, turning to Colonel Bowers, he said: "Colonel, I hope that you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk, and treated kindly."

Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and that they are well cared for."

Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general in chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrates the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the childlike simplicity which mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"

But the "right sort" of book will ensure a surprise.

Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears, And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;

By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear. Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"

Very weary of life and "tramping around."

But if there's a band or a circus in sight, He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him, some day, I fear.

For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."

But mention baseball, and he's cured very soon.

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems quite sincere;

But—isn't he queer?

The true soldier wins his victory before the battle. It is a victory in the heart. That won, no matter how his cause may fare, the soldier is bound to come off conqueror.

Each one should try to become better, and also help others to do so.

For health, rise early; to be happy, be honest.

THE LIT

Little builders
Builders for e
Children of th
Working with
Building temp
By the offerin
Living temple
Filled with lif

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FOUR

STUDIES IN TH
ELL.

LESSON

ELISH.

2 Kings 5. 1-14

Heal me, O
healed; save me
Jer. 17. 14.

QUESTION

Who was Na
What great na
"honorable" a
valor." What
Can leprosy be
miracle. Who
Whom did she
about Naaman's
king of Syria
did Naaman de
of Israel receive
afterward go?
meet Naaman?

THE LITTLE WORKERS.

Little builders all are we,
Builders for eternity;
Children of the Mission Bands,
Working with our hearts and hands
Building temples for our King.
By the offerings we bring
Living temples he doth raise,
Filled with life and light and praise.

One by one the stones we lay,
Building slowly every day;
Building by our love, are we,
In the lands beyond the sea.
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there;
Building in the Hindu land,
Where the idols are as sand.

Building in vast China, too,
Living temples rise to view;
Building in Japan as well.
Oh, what stories we could tell!
Building on dark Africa's shore,
That there may be slaves no more;
Building in the Turk's doomed land
For Armenia's scattered band.

On Mount Lebanon's fair heights
By our many-gathered mites,
Where the Nile's sweet waters pour;
Building all the wide world o'er;
And one day our eyes shall see,
In a glad eternity,
"Living stones," we helped to bring
For the palace of our King.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.

ELISHA AND NAAMAN.

2 Kings 5. 1-14. Memorize verses 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.—
Jer. 17. 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Naaman? A Syrian general. What great name had he? He was "honorable" and "a mighty man of valor." What great misfortune had he? Can leprosy be cured? No, except by a miracle. Who lived in Naaman's house? Whom did she serve? What did she say about Naaman's leprosy? What did the king of Syria say to Naaman? What did Naaman do? How did the king of Israel receive him? To whom did he afterward go? Did Elisha come out to meet Naaman? What message did he

send him? What did Naaman think? Was he a humble man? What did his servants urge him to do? Did he do it? What was the result?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 5. 1-14.

Tues. Learn a song of praise that all may sing. Psa. 103. 2, 3.

Wed. Learn a prayer we all may offer. Golden Text.

Thur. Find how God describes sin. Isa. 1. 5, 6.

Fri. Learn the only cleansing power. 1 John 7, 9.

Sat. Tell the story of Naaman to some one.

Sun. Learn the beautiful snow-prayer. Psa. 51. 7.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Leprosy of the body is like the sin of the heart.
2. God alone can cure it.
3. We may have it if we trust and obey.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

2 Kings 6. 8-23. Memorize verses 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the Syrian king always doing? Could he meet the king of Israel? What did he think? What did his people tell him? What did he then tell them to do? Where did he find that Elisha was? What did he send there? What did Elisha's servant see in the morning? Was he afraid? What did Elisha say? What did the servant soon see? What made them look like fire? What was brought upon the Syrians? Where did Elisha lead them? Were they still blind? What did the king of Israel wish to do? What did the prophet counsel him to do? What did the Syrians have? Where did they go? Did they trouble Israel after this?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find how Naaman showed that he was half-hearted. 2 Kings 5. 15-18.

Tues. Read the lesson verses carefully. 2 Kings 6. 8-23.

Wed. Learn something good to know when tempted. Psa. 27. 14.

Thur. Learn the comforting Golden Text.

Fri. Learn why we need not be afraid in the dark. Psa. 139. 12.

Sat. Read a beautiful psalm of trust. Psa. 27.

Sun. Read a hymn of trust.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Legions of angels protect God's children.
2. If our inner eyes were opened we could see them.
3. We may always trust when we cannot see.

A NAUGHTY BOOK.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

Christine was so busy writing with her new pencil in a big book that she did not hear Aunt Alice come into the room.

"What are you writing, Chris?" said auntie, looking at the big white pages, with queer uneven scribbles all over them, for the little fingers had been hard at work.

"I'm yiting how bad Tommy is," said Christine, very solemnly. "He dropped my dolly, and she tan't shut her eyes any more. Don't you fink Tommy is a naughty boy, Aunt Alice?"

"Perhaps he is sometimes," said auntie. "But I think Tommy is very good to his little sister, too. Didn't I see him giving you a ride on his sled yesterday? Did you write that down?"

Christine shook her head.

"And wasn't it Tommy that brought you a big red apple?" said Aunt Alice. "Have you put that down in your book?"

"There's only room for naughty fings in my book," said Christine, looking very wise.

"Don't you think it's a naughty book, then? I think you had better get a new one. Or suppose you turn over the next page, and you'll find plenty of room to write how good Tommy is to you every day."

So Christine turned over the page.

"I dess I fordot 'bout ridin' on Tommy's sled," she said. "But I'member now." And she found so many good things to write about Tommy that she has not found the room to write about another naughty one yet on the new page.

A little girl remarked: "When I make the bad thoughts go away, the hole fills up with more." One day when reproved for behaving badly she said: "It makes me feel bad inside unless I let the bad out."

A little one of four years, being teased because she had a pug nose, climbed up on a chair, and looked in the glass, saying, "I saw a lady at church whose nose was a great deal puggier than mine!"

Obedience always tends to strengthen faith.

Every scholar should be a student.



PORTRAIT OF BRAHMIN PRIEST.

PORTRAIT OF A BRAHMIN PRIEST.

Some of our young readers, as they look at the picture, will be ready to ask, "Is this a man or a woman? and what is that queer thing on the forehead and nose?"

This is a Brahmin priest, who thinks his face is greatly beautified by that ugly mark. He is a follower of the Hindu god Vishnu, and the mark like a trident tells everybody he meets that he is so. Every morning when he dresses himself, bathes and says his prayers, after he has washed his face he takes a paste made of yellow earth, and makes that middle mark just over his nose; then, with similar material, he puts a broad white line on each side, and joins them across his nose. To be without this mark he would consider worse than being without his clothes. A crowd of half-naked Brahmins, all marked like this, makes one think of that verse in the Book of Revelation, which speaks of the men who "worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in their forehead, or in their hand."—Rev. 14. 9.

GONE BACK TO GOD.

Hilda knew what death was. She had seen funerals in the cemetery where her father was gardener. Hilda always dropped rosebuds on the babies' graves, and said with her father, "Poor little things!"

Though Hilda knew about deaths outside, because her father let her play near him while he worked, yet she knew nothing of its real meaning. When she asked her father why people died, he said: "They get sick and can't get well." And her mother said: "Don't bother, child."

Hilda determined never to get sick herself. People were foolish to die, she thought. One day, however, her dear baby brother got sick. That he was very ill Hilda knew, because her mother's eyes were so bright and her cheeks so red.

"Oh!" thought Hilda, "if baby only knew better!"

But Hugh didn't know better, and his little soul fluttered back to God before it had known much of this world.

Hilda could not stay in the quiet house, and spent much time planting flowers on Hugh's grave. One day she noticed another tiny grave, and a lady standing beside it. She had a smile in her eyes.

"Is it your baby?" asked Hilda.

"Yes," said the lady. "He has gone back to God. God sends us here for a while. Some stay longer than others, but we all go back to God, who is our home."

"But Hugh got cold, and he couldn't hear or smile!"

"That was only his body, his house here. You know who Jesus is?"

Hilda nodded.

"He died just as Hugh did, and then came to show us that we would live, too, after our bodies died. Hugh lives with him—and my boy."

"I won't be sorry," said Hilda. "I'll be glad for Hugh."

WHAT A CHILD DID FOR JESUS.

A little girl died in Philadelphia a few years ago. When the doctor told her that she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and gave him her little savings-bank.

"Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for the poor people. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats to be free."

The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said, solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help."

When the child was dead he placed her

little bank on the pulpit, and told the story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering, and children and women came also and added their gifts.

And so from that dying wish of a little child a church has sprung, where the Gospel of Jesus is preached freely to the poor.

THE TWINS' JOURNEY.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

It was such a lovely morning that Jamie and Janie could not stay in the house. Mother told them they could play in the front yard, but they must not go outside the gate. So they played about under the trees, but after a while they grew tired of that. It looked so nice out in the road and down the street that Jamie said:

"Let's go see Aunt Laura."

Janie always did what Jamie did, so she followed him out of the gate, and they went down the street together. Jamie had a stick and felt very brave as he marched along, holding Janie by the hand.

But, dear me! when they got to Aunt Laura's door, they couldn't get in, for she was not at home. And then a big dog, that came down the street, jumped on them—just for play, but they didn't know that—and threw Janie down and broke the head off her wooden horse, and she cried; and Jamie forgot all about the stick and began to cry, too.

When the twins got home at last, all covered with dust and very unhappy, they found that grandfather had come to take them out for a drive, but had gone away when he found they were not at home. Oh, how sorry they were they had gone outside the gate!

Next time mother tells them to stay in the yard, you may be sure Jamie and Janie will not disobey her, for they have had enough of being naughty.

Katie was eating her breakfast one day. She had a spoonful of oatmeal, and was just about to raise it to her mouth when the sun shone across it, making it look yellow and warm. "Oh, mamma!" said Katie, "think what I have just swallowed!" "What was it, dear?" said her mother. "A whole spoonful of sunshine!"

"What are you doing?" asked auntie of little Mabel, who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall. "I am trying to walk softly," whispered Mabel, "because mother has the sick headache, and noise hurts her head." Now was not a soft step a very little thing? Yet it showed what a dear, thoughtful little girl mother had, didn't it?