

SUNBEAM

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No. 14.

AT THE ZOO.

Either the girl in the picture does not know of the attention this long-legged animal is giving her, or else has purposely placed her hat so that the creature can get at it; for she does not seem to care how much of her hat is destroyed. The animal is called a giraffe, and it has noticed the flowers on the girl's hat, which it seems to think are real ones. So it has stretched its long neck over the bars of its cage, and has curled its long tongue round the stalk, and is just going to pull the flower off altogether. The girl's companion is drawing her attention to this, but she is probably too late, for whatever happens, the giraffe is sure to have a good long pull at it before he leaves go again.

A NOBLE DOG.

Among the heroic deeds performed at the wreck of the "City of Chester," some years ago, there is one which should not go unrecorded:



AT THE ZOO.

Captain Wallace had a large, finely built Irish setter dog named Jerry. Amid the general confusion which reigned aboard the doomed vessel Jerry didn't get much attention. He ran up and down the deck among the frightened people, looking for his friends, and being unable to find them, remained on

board, and, according to the testimony of First Mate McCallum, was the last living being on the deck.

He was drawn under by the suction when the vessel sank, but came up again and began swimming about among the people in the water. He came to a woman floating about helpless and almost gone, and the noble animal caught her dress in his teeth and began swimming for the lifeboats.

When McCallum, the mate, was picked up by the "Oceanic," which came to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew, he directed the boat to the dog, and both woman and animal were taken into the boat and saved, though they

were well nigh exhausted. The dog found a friend in McCallum and remained with him, and when the mate went to the morgue to announce that he was not dead, Jerry followed at his heels as if he knew what a brave part he had played, and wanted to be seen in the company of the man who launched the first lifeboat.

MOTHER TUCKS ME IN.

When the sun calls home the day,
When the light has almost gone,
When there is an end of play,
And the birds to rest have flown,
Then my bed I climb within,
And dear mother tucks me in.

Oh, how sweet it is to see
Mother's face above my head!
Watch her loving look on me,
As she makes me snug in bed:
Ere the shades of light begin,
Gently thus she tucks me in.

Now I close my eyes to sleep,
Comfortable, happy too;
Safely, Lord, my spirit keep,
Make me loving, gentle, true;
May my prayers good blessings win
On mother dear who tucks me in.

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TORONTO, JULY 9, 1904.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching the boys. One day he called to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simonds, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, "how do you know he was?"

"I saw him," said I.
"You did! And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again. If we are watchful over our own conduct, we shall have little time to find fault with the conduct of others. There are some folk who only behave well when they are watched. Now, if they would only always watch themselves, they would be quite likely always to behave well. But whether we watch ourselves or not, there is always One whose eyes are upon us. He sees not only what we do, but what we think. He can look right into our souls and see our thoughts. We can never get where God is not, and if we love him we shall not want to do so."

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE PANSY.

BY MRS. NETTIE CLARK.

"Aw, now, I just don't want to play with girls. I am keeping livery stable. Girls can't be around livery stables."

Harry had been with the big boys all yesterday, and it had not improved him any.

Four-year-old Tena's eyes grew dark with big tears that began to gather.

"Come here, Tena!" called Aunt Jane, who saw the little scene. "Don't you want to help me make pies?"

How Tena ran for her little moulding-board and rolling-pin!

In five minutes Harry had forgotten that he did not like girls to play with, and was hanging, sheepishly, around the kitchen door.

The end of it all was that he helped Tena to roll out the pie-crust, and helped to lift it on the little round tin, put the slices of apples, the sugar, and nutmeg between the crusts. But the most of all, he helped to eat more than half of the pie.

But Tena liked it. Oh, yes, bless her! Tena enjoyed it more than if she had eaten the pie all alone.

Aunt Jane said nothing, but when twilight had come, and Tena was snuggled in her 'lan, while Harry decorated one arm of her rocking-chair, she told them a very old German fable, which seemed somehow to fit the case:

Once upon a time there was a large sunflower growing in a garden, where several other kinds of flowers grew.

The sunflower used to keep saying to all the other flowers. "Keep away from me. I am much larger than any of you. I am nearer the sun and stars, so I must be of more importance than all of you together." One of the pansies from a bed near by crept up near the sunflower to get in the shade. But the sunflower

sipped all the dew up, so that poor pansy died of thirst. After this the other pansies did not go near the sunflower.

One day an angel came to earth in search of the most modest thing that grows. He looked at the roses, poppies, sweet peas, sunflowers, and all the other plants that grow. Yet the angel kept searching.

By and by he found the pansy bed, and he gazed long and earnestly at them. The sunflower flaunted his head and tried to attract the angel's attention; but he kept looking at those pansies.

At last the angel stooped and kissed the pansy, and the German peasant to-day believes that the light spot in the centre of the pansy is where the angel kissed it.

In vain did the sunflower call for the angel to come and kiss him, but the angel said, "No, you are not modest, like the pansy; it does not drive all the other flowers away, and sip up all the dew. It loves to nod and play in the sunshine with the other flowers."

Aunt Jane paused. Tena's eyes were half closing, but she opened them with a sleepy smile, as Harry said: "Tena, I like to play with you, and to-morrow when I play livery-stable you shall be the lady who wants to hire a horse."

Then Aunt Jane kissed Harry and carried the little girl off to dreamland. Jeannette's Creek, Ont.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

Once when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee girlie! She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon; and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out: "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.

WANTED—A

Where have they go
With natural mann
Who love their dol
And talk of someth

Little old women in
Mature in manners
Little old flirts who
And vie with each

Little old belles, w
Are sick of pleasu
Weary of travel, o
And find no new th

Once, in the beaut
Some dear little ch
Girls who were me
And laughed and
day.

They thought not
their clothe
They never ima
"beaux"—

"Other girls' br
were they?
Splendid fellows t

Where have they g
One of them, any
I would give a me
To one of those de
With an innocent
Who knows not th
"style."

LESSON

THIRD

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOMO

LESSON

ASA'S

2 Chron. 14. 1-13

GOL
Help us, O Lo
on thee.—2 Chro

QUESTIONS

Who reigned
Judah? How lo
he a good king?
Was he like his
God give him th
years. What did
in the temple?
through Judah?
the people to do?
How long did pe
have done during
made war on As
army? How la
Where did the

WANTED—A LITTLE GIRL.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of travel, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know—
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of
their clothes,

They never imagined that boys were
"beaux"—

"Other girls' brothers" and "mates"
were they?

Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them, anywhere, send her to me,
I would give a medal of purest gold
To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or
"style."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON III.—JULY 17.

ASA'S GOOD REIGN.

2 Chron. 14. 1-12. Memorize verses 2-5.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Help us, O Lord our God; for we rest
on thee.—2 Chron. 14. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who reigned after Rehoboam in
Judah? How long did he reign? Was
he a good king? Who followed him?
Was he like his father? How long did
God give him the kingdom? Forty-one
years. What did he begin at once to do
in the temple? What did he do all
through Judah? What did he command
the people to do? Was there war or peace?
How long did peace last? What did Asa
have done during that time? Who first
made war on Asa? How large was his
army? How large was Asa's army?
Where did the armies meet before the

battle began. At Maresha, in the valley
of Zephathah. What did Asa first do?
Can you repeat only part of the prayer?
Who conquered?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read how Abijah reigned over
Judah. 2 Chron. 13. 1-19.

Tues. Find how Jeroboam died. 2
Chron. 13. 20.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron.
14. 1-12.

Thur. Learn the prayer in the Golden
Text.

Fri. Read about a revival in Judah.
2 Chron. 15.

Sat. Find how Asa died. 2 Chron. 16.
12-14.

Sun. Read of the home of Jesus in
heaven. Rev. 19. 16.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The truly wise are the good.
2. The good may have great troubles.
3. They also have great deliverances.

LESSON IV.—JULY 24.

JEHOSHAPHAT'S REFORM.

2 Chron. 19. 1-11. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Deal courageously, and the Lord shall
be with the good.—2 Chron. 19. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who followed Asa as king of Judah?
How had he been trained? Whom did he
acknowledge first of all? Did he prosper?
What mistake did he make at first? He
made a league with a wicked king of
Israel. Who reproved him? The Lord,
through a prophet. What did he then do?
What did he go among the people for?
What did he say to the judges? Whom
Whom did he appoint in every city? What
did he say to the judges? Whom did he ap-
point in Jerusalem? How did he coun-
sel them to judge? Who was set over
matters of the Lord? And who over the
king's business? What was his last word
of advice? Golden Text.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read of the coming of Jehosha-
phat to his kingdom. 2 Chron.
17. 1-6.

Tues. Find out how he worked and pros-
pered. 2 Chron. 17. 7-13.

Wed. Read of his league with Ahab.
2 Chron. 18.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron.
19. 1-11.

Fri. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.

Sat. Read how the Lord fought for
Jehoshaphat. 2 Chron. 20.
1-30.

Sun. Find how long he reigned. 2
Chron. 20. 31.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. It is a good and a right thing to
pray?
2. It is better to both pray and work.
3. To faith and works done courage-
ously comes very great blessing.

SCRAPS AND MARGUERITE.

Scraps was a young dog, with black
spots on his back, stubby tail, and saucy
ears. How those ears talked! They told
when he was sorry, glad, and cross. They
stood up pertly, as if he said, "I am
Scraps. Who are you?"

Scraps' family consisted of his old mas-
ter and mistress, and the cook and the
coachman. Every one petted him.

He got his name, because, when he was
so tiny his weak legs would hardly hold
him, he jealously fought every dog visitor.

One day Scraps noticed a strange com-
motion.

A new room was opened. It had two
white beds with shiny knobs. One was
small, just the place for him. He tried to
get in, but the scrubwoman put him out.

Much hurt, Scraps trotted downstairs
for sympathy. There he found the same
bustle.

His mistress was arranging flowers.
She almost fell over him, she was so busy.

Cook was making Scraps' favorite
jumbles. When he asked for one, she
said to him, "Go away, nuisance!"

Outside it was the same. His master
was starting in the carryall, without ask-
ing Scraps to go. He began to run beside
the horses, but remembered his dignity
and turned back.

Jones laughed. "Hello, Scraps! Your
fun's spoiled now, by a baby."

"O-ho! a child's coming," thought
Scraps. "I can manage it."

When he saw Marguerite, he was sure.

"A pink and white thing," he said,
scornfully. "Six times as big as I, and
she cries if she falls. Pooh!"

But Marguerite slept in the white crib;
Marguerite ate his jumbles; Marguerite
had the long country drives; Marguerite
was talked to when Scraps was forgotten.

It was a wholesome lesson for a selfish
dog. Soon Scraps did a wise thing. He
forgot his feelings and became devoted to
Marguerite, too.

When the visit was over grandma said,
"What makes Scraps look so droopy?"

"He misses Marguerite," said grand-
pa, and Scraps barked, "Yes."

Jesus loves to hear little children sing
hymns of praise to him.

True honor is not derived from others,
but originates only from ourselves.



A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

PENNIES OR PROMISES.

"If I had heaps of yellow corn
And fields of waving wheat,
I'd quickly send a cargo where
They've not enough to eat.
I'd load a ship myself, alone,
With grain of every kind,
And make my harvest offering
The best that I could find.
Or if I had just money, why
That too would do much good,
For it should go to India
To buy the children food."
'Twas little Rob who said these words,
So generous and so bold;
What he would do when he was rich,
He very often told.
But oh! this same dear little boy,
When dimes he had to spend,
Bought something for himself alone—
Had none to give or lend.
But I think that if Rob expects
To be a generous man,
He'd better practise when he's small
By giving what he can.

A STRANGE CARRIAGE.

This is a funny carriage for a little girl to ride in, but the little baby in the picture enjoys it just as well as if it had wheels. These little children live out in the country a long way, and do not have nice little waggons and velocipedes like you little children have. Their papa and mamma are very poor and cannot afford to buy them for their children, so baby's little brothers think she will like a ride on the switch and I can tell you she does. They will pull her up and down on the nice green grass, while baby laughs and enjoys it splendidly. The boys say that

by and by when they grow up big they will make enough money to buy her a nice little cart; I guess they forget she will be a big girl when they are big boys.

WATCH AND THE MINISTER.

The minister's pew was a large, square one, very near the pulpit, and exposed to a raking fire of eyes.

Mr. Tyler, the minister, owned a large dog named Watch; and Watch was bent on going to church with Mrs. Tyler. She, in her turn, was much opposed to his going, fearing that he might excite the mirth of the children.

Every Sunday, a series of manœuvres took place between the two, in which Watch often proved himself the keenest. Sometimes he slipped away very early; and Mrs. Tyler, after having searched for him to shut him up, would go to church and find Watch seated in the family pew, looking very grave and decorous, but evidently aware that it was too late now to turn him out.

Sometimes, he would hide himself until the family had all started for church, and would then follow the footsteps of some tardy worshipper who tiptoed in during prayers with creaking boots; and then didn't Watch know that Mrs. Tyler would open the pew door in haste to prevent his whining for admission?

When Mr. Tyler became earnest in his appeals, he often repeated the same word with a ringing emphasis and a blow on the desk cushion that startled the sleepers in the pews.

One day he thus shouted out, quoting the well-known text. "Watch! Watch! Watch, I say!" When rustle, rustle, bounce, came his big dog almost into his very arms.

You may be sure the boys all took occasion to relieve their pent-up restlessness by one uproarious laugh before their astonished parents had time to frown them into silence.

Honest Watch had been sitting with his eyes fixed, as usual, on the minister. At the first mention of his name, up went his ears, and his eyes kindled; at the second, he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over pew rail and pulpit door, with leaps that did equal honour to his muscular powers and his desire to obey. After such a strict interpretation of the letter rather than the spirit, Watch was effectually forbidden church-going.

A DOG THAT WAS FOND OF GOODIES.

Last summer Katherine Weaver was at Ocean City, and one day she was playing on the pier with some other little girls when she slipped and tumbled off into the water. The next minute a big dog that had been watching the little girls plunged into the water after her, caught her by the dress, and brought her back to the beach. She was dripping wet of course, but not a bit hurt. While she ran home to change her clothes, all the other little girls crowded around the big curly dog and hugged and petted him. Then they took him to the candy store and fairly stuffed him with candy and cake.

The dog seemed to enjoy this very much, and the next day when the children came to the pier again to play the big dog was there too.

He walked around and wagged his tail, and sniffed for candy and cake. But no one treated him. So what did he do but quietly slip up behind a little girl and deliberately push her off the pier. She had scarcely touched the water before he had her out again, and then he stood wagging his tail and looking around at the children, expecting to be treated to cake and candy as he was the day before.

He didn't get any petting this time, however, nor any cake or candy either, but instead he got a whipping from the little girl's father.

George, a bright little man of four years, who does not like to acknowledge ignorance upon any subject, sometimes astonishes his elders by his quaint remarks. One evening his mother called him to her, and, pointing out the crescent moon, said:

"See the new moon, George—just like a cradle in the sky."

"Oh, yes, mamma," he replied. "I know all about it. God rocks the little stars to sleep in it every night."