

# SUNBEAM

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## THE PUNTING POLE.

Eric Tims was a clever, industrious boy of thirteen. He was handy with saw, axe, and plane; and during the long evenings he spent many hours in "making things." He used to say he liked making things all by himself. Many a time he delighted his mother with his work, and he used to surprise his little brother and sis. by the nice things he made for them.

But he is now preparing for the boating season. His father's house stood in grounds that sloped down to the Thames, and in the boat-house were a four-oared rowing boat, a canoe, and a punt. Punting was Eric's favourite amusement, and in the summer days he had rare times in punting and fishing. Eric trimmed and polished a punting pole, a regular beauty, light and tough, for his own use.

Unfortunately, Eric's father and brothers did their hardest day's work on the Thames on Sundays. Friends would join them; the lads donned their flannels, and the girls put on their boating costumes; the hamper was got ready, and away they went for all day on Sunday—till they often



THE PICTURE BOOK.

holidays Eric invited him to spend a day with him. In fact, when Eric went home, he felt quite dull without his companion. They sometimes disagreed, occasionally quarrelled; but they always made it up again, and were good friends. Eric's mother was pleased with her son's friend, and she told him if his parents would consent he might come on the following Sunday and go with them up the river. It was only natural that this should delight any boy, and Eric's friend would have been as glad as any other boy to enjoy a day in such company and in such a way.

But it was Sunday. So Eric's companion said: "I do not think mother will allow me to come on a Sunday; but she would, I am sure, allow me to come any other day." Eric's mother was rather annoyed at the answer, and said: "Oh, yes! I quite understand, there are some narrow-minded people who object to such things on Sundays; but as for that, five hundred boats

came home on Sunday night tired and irritable.

Now, Eric had a school companion whom he dearly loved, and during the

passed through Maidenhead lock before four o'clock last Sunday; but if your mother objects, there's an end of it. Come some other day."

Eric's companion happily believed in his own dear mother's ways, and in going with her to the house of God. His Sundays, during his holidays, were his very happiest days, and though he loved Eric very much, he loved his mother still more. The boys were true friends, and when Eric invited him he did not argue the matter, but used to say: "Any day for boating but Sunday."

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## Sunbeam.

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### JESUS' LAMBS.

Mary and May were walking across a field from school one day, when they saw some sheep with red letters painted on their fleeces. "Oh, see, May!" said Mary; "those sheep have some marks on them." "I wonder what they are for." "That's the mark the farmer knows his lambs by. Don't you know what teacher told us about Jesus having marks for his sheep?" "Yes; but Jesus doesn't have marks like that on his lambs." "No, Jesus puts his mark in us, on our souls, not on our bodies." Mary was right.

But Jesus isn't the only one who puts marks on people's souls. Satan loves to put great ugly black stains even on little children's souls. The marks that Jesus puts on are beautiful ones, and by and by will make all the life and even the face beautiful too; but Satan's marks are ugly ones, with nothing beautiful about them. Let Jesus put his dear mark on you, and then Satan cannot put his on you. To obtain his mark you must give him your heart.

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.

### A NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW.

The French Huguenots often talked to their children of the glory of holding fast to their faith, and enduring persecution nobly. One day a troop of soldiers came to a village to arrest all the Huguenots. The father and mother determined to escape. They loaded their one little donkey with vegetables, hiding their little son among the cabbage, and charging him to keep silent no matter what happened. The mother, with a basket of carrots, walked ahead. So they started off. They were soon discovered by the soldiers, one of whom asked their destination. "To market," answered the father. The soldier plunged his sword into the basket, "to see if the cabbage are tender," he said. Not a sound was heard, and with a hearty "*bon voyage*" the soldiers galloped off. After they had disappeared from sight, the parents hastened to open the basket. They found that their son had been stabbed through the thigh. He was suffering terribly, and yet the brave boy had not uttered a sound.

### FOOLHARDINESS.

Several lads were one day amusing themselves by walking on the top rail of a bridge which crossed a swift flowing stream. At first they only ventured on that portion of the bridge which was built above the river's bank. Presently one of them challenged the others to walk its entire length.

"You dare not do it yourself, Mr. Tom!" cried several voices.

"Don't I! I'll show you that I dare to do what all you fellows are afraid to attempt!" responded Tom.

After this foolish speech the lad sprang upon the railing and proceeded to walk along the narrow rail. But when he was half-way across, he looked down on the rushing water, became dizzy, toppled over, and fell with a great splash into the stream. His companions stood terror-stricken, expecting that he would surely be drowned. Fortunately, however, two men in a boat were crossing the river at a point just below, where its movement was less rapid, and they, after much effort, caught poor Tom, and lifted him out of the water half-dead. Talking of Tom's mishap, shortly after, one of the lads exclaimed: "What a courageous fellow Tom is!"

Does my reader see any real courage in Tom's conduct? If he does, I do not. He was daring, he was rash, he was foolhardy; but he was not courageous, for courage is a thoughtful virtue, which only confronts danger because of some good it seeks to accomplish. But Tom's silly vanity, his vain desire to be thought brave, moved him to risk his life for no good reason. Of all such rash young fellows, Butler, an old poet, says truly enough:

"If any yet be so foolhardy  
To expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
If they come off wounded and lame,  
No honour's got by such a maim."

### TED AND THE GARDENER.

"I s'pose," said Ted, sitting down easily on the wheelbarrow, and resting his elbow on his knees and his chin in his hands, "I s'pose you see a good many nice things outdoors first and last."

The gardener was mending his hoe, which had a fashion of losing its head when it hit a hard weed. "Yes, I s'pose I do," he answered. "I never get tired of watching honey bees, for one thing; they're the knowingest lot of critters you ever see—like folks considerable."

"O, tell me about them," said Ted, who was always hungry for stories; "I've never been very near ours, 'cause mamma's afraid I'll get stung."

"Wall, you might, till you get acquainted with 'em like. I was noticing of 'em not long since with a strange bee. They pestered it to get its honey. You see, they didn't want to kill it, 'cause then they couldn't get it; but they hectored it till it dropped its load out of its pockets and flew off."

"Pockets? What kind, like mine?" said Ted, putting his hands in them.

"No, not quite; but hairy places on their sides. The hairs hold the honey-comb in, you see."

"O, yes, but do go on, please," said Ted.

"Wall, they get a load, and put it into their pockets, first one side and then the other, till they're full. It's funny to see them run up a stalk of timothy and get dusty all over from it. They dust themselves off with their feet, and put the dust into their pockets. When they are loader they take a bee line for home."

"Oh, what is that?" asked Ted.

"Straight as they can go. If you move the hive a little ways, they'll bump up ag'in it, and they fly off and try it ag'in till they hit the opening."

"O, go on," said Ted, who was afraid the hoe would be finished before the bee story.

"They air out the hive hot days by gittin' round the open places and then fluttering their wings like all possessed. I put a piece of paper in the top of the hive one day, and it blew round as if it was in a little whirlwind."

"Oh, isn't it funny!" said Ted (he meant queer). "I mean to get acquainted with 'em myself. I do think outdoors is a great deal more interesting than school," he added, with a sigh.

"Wall, you see, folks that can't go to school have to use their eyes; but it's nice when you can do both."

"Yes, I s'pose so," said Ted, doubtfully.

—Churchman.

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny, worn and old,  
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;  
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,  
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,  
A little less candy just for one day;  
A young heart awakened for life, mayhap,  
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's  
swift wings;  
It carried the message by Jesus sent;  
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant  
light.  
Wherever the prayer and the message  
went.

And who can tell the joy it brought  
To the souls of the heathen far away,  
When the darkness fled like the wavering  
mists  
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel  
day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came  
To the little child when Christ looked  
down;  
Or how the penny, worn and o'd,  
In heaven will change to a golden  
crown?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS IN THE LIVES OF THE  
PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VII [August 18.

ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION.

Gen. 18. 23-32. Memory verses, 23-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The effectual fervent prayer of a right-  
eous man availeth much.—James 5. 16.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

To what did the Lord change Abram's  
name? To "Abraham." What did this  
name mean? "The father of a great  
multitude." Who came to visit Abraham  
one day? Three strangers. How did he  
receive them? With great kindness.  
What did he soon see? That they were  
sent by God. Where were they going?  
To the cities of the plain. What did  
Abraham fear? That Lot would be de-  
stroyed in wicked Sodom. What was the  
only thing Abraham could do? Pray.  
What did he ask the Lord to do? To  
spare Sodom if fifty good people were  
there. What did he keep on asking?  
What did the Lord promise at last?  
Whose prayers will the Lord always hear?  
The prayers of a sincere soul.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read of the angels' visit. Gen. 18. 1-8.
- Tues. Find why it was not safe to live in Sodom. Gen. 13. 13.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses slowly. Gen. 18. 23-32.
- Thur. Learn a good thing to know. Golden Text.
- Fri. Learn who pleads with God for us. 1 John 2. 1.
- Sat. Find an important question. Gen. 18. 25.
- Sun. See what will follow if we love God. 1 John 4. 21.

LESSON VIII. [August 25.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

Gen. 22. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith Abraham, when he was tried,  
offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11. 17.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who promised Abraham a son? How  
old was he when Isaac was born? A hun-  
dred years old. Why do we call Isaac a  
child of promise? What did Abraham  
have? Great faith? What did God send  
to him? A trial of his faith. What was it?  
He told him to offer Isaac as a burnt offer-  
ing. What did Abraham know? That God  
would do just right. What did he do?  
He took Isaac and went to Mount Moriah.  
Who went with them? How long a jour-  
ney was it? What did Isaac ask his  
father? "Where is the lamb for a burnt  
offering?" What did Abraham get ready  
to do? To offer Isaac upon the altar.  
Who stopped him? What did the Lord  
see? That Abraham's faith was perfect.  
What will real faith always do? Obey  
God.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read again God's promise to Abra-  
ham. Gen. 17. 15-21.
- Tues. Find how he kept it. Gen. 21. 1-8.
- Wed. Read of the trial of Abraham's  
faith. Gen. 22. 1-12.
- Thur. Read the beautiful lesson hymn.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text and more.  
Heb. 11. 17-19.
- Sat. Read of the lamb provided for us.  
John 1. 29.
- Sun. Learn how we may have faith.  
Eph. 2. 8.

ADVICE OF A MILLIONAIRE.

The following story is told of a Phila-  
delphia millionaire, who has been dead  
some years:

A young man came to him one day and  
asked pecuniary aid to start him in busi-  
ness.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.  
"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then  
come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at

once, and at the end of the year came to  
see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful  
man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then  
come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke  
away from the habit. It took him some  
time, but finally he worried through the  
year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthro-  
pist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then  
come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he  
never came back again. When asked by  
his anxious friends why he never called on  
the millionaire again, he replied that he  
knew exactly what the man was driving at.  
"He'd have told me that now that I had  
stopped drinking and smoking and chew-  
ing I must have saved enough to start my-  
self in business, and I have."

A QUEER PET.

In the early part of this century a well-  
known nobleman, whose hospitality was  
famous, kept a tame lion as a household  
pet, rather to the discomfiture of his  
friends.

On a certain occasion, when a special  
supper was being given, just before the  
arrival of the guests, the lion, who had his  
accustomed quarters in the library, strolled  
into the dining-room, and, unperceived by  
the servants, curled himself under the mas-  
sive table. At the appointed hour the host  
and his friends seated themselves at the  
festive board. As the wine circulated  
freely, and the dainty dishes began to dis-  
appear, the company became hilarious, and  
the mirth evolved from wine-cups awoke  
the sleeping king of the forest.

He endeavoured to stand up, but in rising  
found the table in his way. With a growl  
he exerted his strength, and in a moment  
the well-spread board rose in the air and  
toppled over with a great crash. Amid  
breaking of chinaware and glass arose an  
indignant roar from the lion, which was  
echoed by the cries of the revellers. The  
silver candelabra had tumbled over with  
the other things, and, the lights having  
gone out, chaos reigned for some minutes,  
while a lion and a dozen fine gentlemen  
were indiscriminately mixed with table  
linen and broken dishes and eatables, in a  
mad struggle to escape with their lives.

Fortunately, the lion harmed no one, but  
it took some time for the guests to recover  
from the shock they had received.

Kindness to dumb animals is a credit-  
able expression in any boy. He who is  
kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule,  
for kindness towards his boy or girl com-  
panions.



FLIGHT FROM SODOM.—[SEE LESSON.]

## A STRANGE MISTAKE.

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

Said the old speckled hen  
To her little ones ten  
(And there wasn't a happier mother in town),  
"Pray be careful and look  
Should you go near the brook,  
For if you fall in you will certainly  
drown."

Now, the very next day,  
As they trooped out to play,  
They caught in the distance a silvery  
gleam,  
And away they all went,  
As by common consent,  
Till the whole half a score had been  
plunged in the stream.

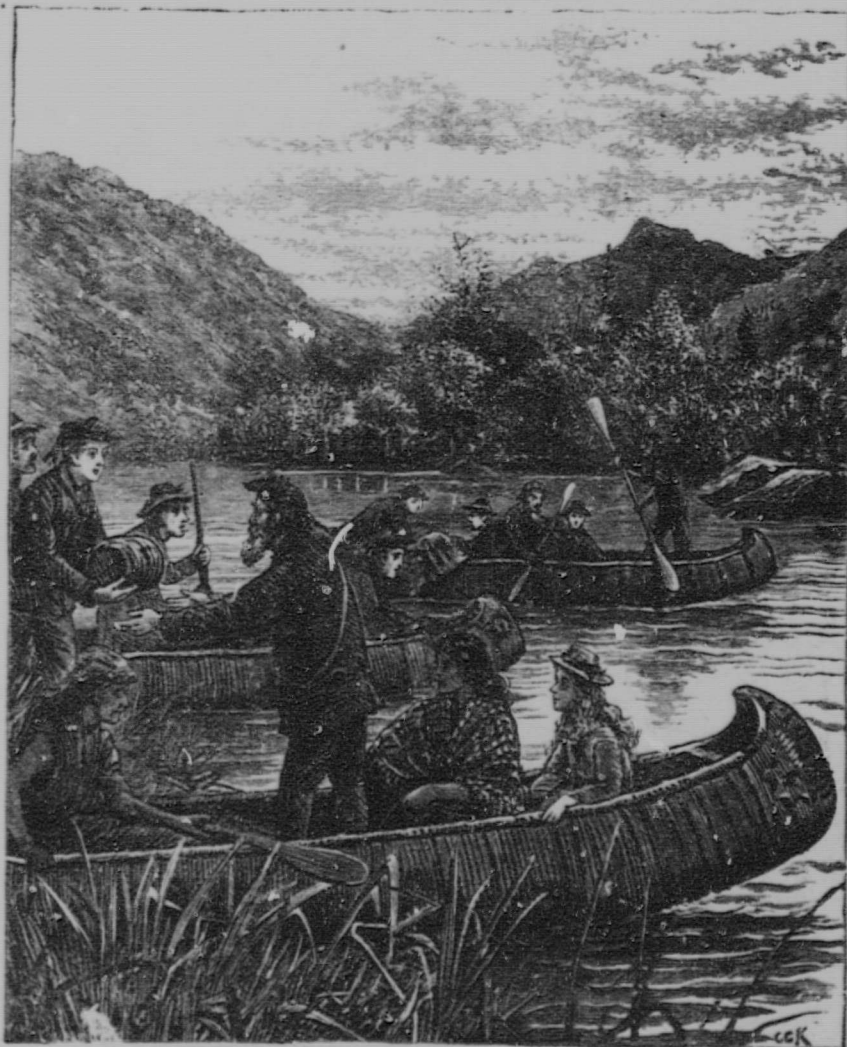
Oh, the cackling and cries!  
Oh, the mother's surprise!  
Don't you think 'tis a pity she couldn't  
have known  
That the farmer's lad, Jake,  
Had made a mistake,  
And given her duck's eggs in place of her  
own?

## CANOEING.

There is, perhaps, no mode of locomotion so delightful as gliding over the water in a canoe. At first the position seems a little awkward, and it is not easy to balance one's self without feeling some effort in doing so. But with a little experience, it is possible to move around freely in these narrow boats without danger of upsetting. Then you may paddle about through narrow creeks, between floating logs and among the water-lilies and tangled rushes, pushing them out of your way with the paddle, where, with any other kind of boat, it would be impossible to go.

For this wild, beautiful country of ours, the canoe is the most appropriate and use-

ful of boats. Our numerous little rivers, studded with islands, their rocky banks towering high on either side, with drooping trees casting their shadows over the water's edge, would often be impassable in a row-boat, but the little canoe carries you safely along without even interrupting the



CANOEING.

impressive silence, except with the paddle's gentle, "drip, drip" that seems to blend with the occasional cry of a bird, or the noise of the busy woodpecker echoing across the water. The party in our picture are being paddled by dusky-looking Indians, the first builders of the light birch canoe. The Indian himself will make his canoe, but he is not fond of the exercise of paddling, and when out hunting and fishing in their canoes it is always the squaw's work to do the paddling.

## WHITE LIES.

What ever are white lies? Can lies be anything but black and evil? No, never. Every falsehood is dark and shameful, and there never can be anything white and stainless about deceit.

"Johnnie, did you break the vase?"

"No, mother." But the dog that Johnnie was teasing broke it.

"Mary, why are you so late home from school to-day?"

"I went round to borrow a book from Jane Peters, mother." But Mary does not add she was kept in half an hour for bad behaviour. John and Mary comfort themselves with the notion that these are white lies, though their consciences give them a sharp little pinch, now and then.