

SUNBEAM

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THE RESCUE.

Hawks and eagles are very fierce and daring birds. Their hooked beak and talons enable them to seize and carry off their prey as the one in our picture has done, but here the companions of the stolen bird come to his rescue, and seem likely to deprive the marauder of his stolen meal.

"WHOSOEVER."

BY PANSY.

It had been a rainy afternoon and Marian, who had a cold, had spent it in the house with her mother. She had played with her dolls and sewed on her bureau, and painted a flag with her water-colours, and at last she brought her Bible to read a story to her mother. It was about a serpent made of brass, that Moses had set up high so that the people who had been bitten with real serpents might look at it, and every one who looked was cured.

"Mother," said Marian, "how could looking at a brass serpent possibly cure anybody?"

"It was God who cured them," said her mother; "but he gave them something to do about it. Their part was to obey. He had the brass serpent set up and told them to look at it. If they wanted to be cured badly enough to obey, they were cured. But if there were any who said: 'Looking



THE RESCUE.

at that brass serpent can't do any good: I'm not going to do it,' you may be sure they didn't get the cure. The only way to be helped was in God's way."

"Mother," said Marian, "why do you suppose God chose that way to cure them?"

"Can't you think of a reason?" asked her mother.

"No, I can't, not a single reason."

"Bring me your Bible, and I will show you what Jesus said about it."

She found the place, and Marian read: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."

"Do you see, little girl, that it was to help them to learn that Jesus was coming to die on the cross for them and save them from the bite of sin?"

Marian was still for a few minutes, then she said: "Mother, I 'most wish it was so now. I mean I wish that sin was like a bite, and that when we had it we could just look at something and be cured. Or, I'll tell you, mother, what I do truly wish: I wish that my name was in the Bible. If it said, 'Marian Stuart is going to heaven,' why I would be sure of it."

"How could you, dear?" I have known three 'Marian Stuarts' in our own family, and I suppose through the years there have been dozens, perhaps hundreds of them; how could you be sure the name meant you?"

"That is so!" said Marian, sorrowfully.

"My name is in the Bible," said her mother.

"Mother! you don't mean that 'Mrs. Stuart' is truly in the Bible, do you?"

"No, but it is there in God's way; and I like his way better than any other I can think of."

"How do you mean, mother? Where is it?"

"In the verse you just read," said her mother; and Marian read it again and studied each word. "There is no name in it but 'Moses,'" she said.

"Oh, yes, there is. That long word 'Whosoever' is the one. There can't be any mistake about that, you see. If I believe him and trust him, I'm counted in that promise."

Marian was still then for quite a while. At last she said softly, "I mean to be counted, too, mother."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1903.

YOUR WORK.

God does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives every one of us work to do, and expects us to do it. Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed Gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we cannot all be missionaries. If, however, those who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see we must be up and doing in the missionary cause though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

What a sweet but simple answer! I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older. For the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

BY D. WISE.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it difficult to solve his problems in algebra? or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, and who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher of elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of The Sunbeam, try it, not by a short-lived spurt,

but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

CHILDHOOD.

BY LILY TYLER.

There's many a pain and many a joy
In the life of every girl and boy;
There's many a smile and many a tear,
Many a sorrow for mother to cheer.

There's many a foe and many a friend,
Many a toy to borrow and lend;
There's many a laugh and many a cry,
Many a thread for mother to tie.

Yes, childhood has its joy and pain,
Its sunshine and its chilling rain.
A cloud will come, and then it's flown;
Anger is gone, love stays alone.

MOLLY AND PUSSY.

Mr. Barnes has a fine library in his house. It contains many choice volumes, and he takes a great deal of pleasure in reading them.

The other day Mr. Barnes came into his library and found that he was not the only one who enjoyed reading his books, for there on the floor was Molly, with a large book stretched out before her, and by her side was Puss, Molly's favourite pet and her almost constant companion.

They both looked very wise, and seemed to be reading the book together. Mr. Barnes could not help laughing, however, for he knew that the book they had was not written in English, and so Molly could not possibly understand a word of what it said.

"When you've finished with that book, I'll choose one for you to read," he said to Molly.

"O, I guess I've finished with this now," replied Molly, anxious to see the book her papa would give her.

"Here's one I think you'll like," said Mr. Barnes, handing her another, quite as large as the one she had had.

"O, what a beauty!" exclaimed Molly, as she turned the leaves and saw page after page with the prettiest pictures that you can imagine.

"I guess I know what little girls like," said Mr. Barnes. "Next time you want a book out of my library, let me choose it for you."

"We surely will, won't we, Puss?" answered Molly; and Puss, still looking very wise, gravely blinked her eye and purred as if to say, "That's right."

A BATTLE FOR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Hold it back, tie it down,
Bind it fast and tight,
Set your lips together close:
Which will win the fight.

Let it go wild and free,
Running reckless riot;
Surely that will quickly be
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know
Find it hard to do,
If you try your very best,
Victory for you.

Try it hard, bring to it
Firm determination;
If you rule it well and good,
You can rule a nation.

To all the heroes who have been
Tried and told and sung,
Let us add the sturdy boy
Who can hold his tongue.

—*Youth's Companion.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 8.

DAVID'S GRIEF OVER ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Memorize verses 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A foolish son is a grief to his father.—
Prov. 17. 25.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How had Absalom talked to the people? What did they think? What did they do when he sent for them? Was this right? No. What did David do when he heard about it? Where did he go? To Mahanaim. How did he go? What were David's men and the men with Absalom doing? Which gained the victory? Where were Absalom and his men driven? What happened to Absalom? Who killed Absalom? Joab. Where was David waiting? What did he say to the messenger? What did he do when he heard the news? What did he say?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how David felt about leaving Jerusalem. 2 Sam. 15. 30.
- Tues. Read how David was treated. 2 Sam. 16. 13.
- Wed. See how David loved Absalom. 2 Sam. 18. 5.
- Thur. Read the story of the battle. 2 Sam. 18. 6-16.
- Fri. Read the lesson verses. 2 Sam. 18. 24-33.

Sat. Learn why Absalom had not a long life. Golden Text.

Sun. Find who David was like in his great sorrow. Isa. 53. 3.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That the sins of children grieve the parents.
2. That God is on the side of right.
3. That we should be on God's side.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 15.

DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD.

Psalms 23. Memorize verses 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.—Psalm 23. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What is the twenty-third psalm sometimes called? Which name do you like best? What did King David play upon? When did he begin to do it? What did he sing? Where did he keep his father's flocks? Near Bethlehem. What did he afterward make? How many hymns are in his book? One hundred and fifty. When did he write the twenty-third psalm? What did he remember? What did it make him think of? Can you repeat the first three verses? What other place did he think of? Can you repeat the fourth verse? What state of his life did he think of last? Can you repeat the fifth and sixth verses?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find something about David the shepherd boy. 1 Sam. 16. 11, 12.
- Tues. Read how David played the harp. 1 Sam. 16. 17-23.
- Wed. Read what David the king said. Psa. 33. 1-3.
- Thur. Read the twenty-third psalm.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read David's call to the Good Shepherd. Psa. 80. 1.
- Sun. Read a song of praise upon the harp. Psa. 71. 22-24.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That David belonged to the Good Shepherd when young.
2. That he always followed him.
3. That we have the same Shepherd.

HOW SPOTTY WAS RESCUED.

"Rescue the perishing," sang mother, mending away at a pair of small stockings.

"What is 'rescue the perishing'?" asked Jessie, looking up from her blocks.

"Why," said mother, with a smile,

"I'll tell you a story so you'll understand. Did you ever hear about Aunt Carrie and Spotty?"

Jessie said, "No."

"Well, one day, a long while ago, Aunt Carrie looked out of the kitchen window, and lying close up to the high fence was a poor little baby dog. He was very thin, and his tongue hung out of his mouth, for he was just perishing with hunger."

"Poor doggie!" said Jessie.

"Yes, it was certainly very sad. But," mother went on, "Aunt Carrie took a saucer of milk to him, and he drank it, oh, so fast. Then she put him very gently into a soft basket, and brought him into the woodshed out of the hot sun. Every day she gave him plenty of milk. After a while, Spotty began to get strong, and she gave him a little meat, cut fine, and he grew to be the fattest, jolliest dog you ever saw."

"Now you understand what it means to rescue the perishing. The little dog was perishing with hunger, and Aunt Carrie rescued him."

"But when we sing that hymn, 'Rescue the Perishing,' we are singing about perishing people—poor people who haven't comfortable clothes and food, and people who don't know about Jesus. They need to be rescued even more than the little dog needed to be."

A VOICE FROM THE CAMEL.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

Almost every one has heard about a camel's three stomachs, and the water cells in them, but all people cannot remember that in an Arabian camel like myself, the cells will hold a whole gallon and a half of water. Sometimes it is very unfortunate for us to have such stomachs, for on long marches across the desert, the Arabs, when without water, will occasionally kill some camels to get at their cells.

But, besides our queer stomachs, our noses are made in a strange way. You know it is very unpleasant indeed to have sand blown up your nose. Now I am going to relate a most singular fact. We camels are so made that when the sand-blasts come, we can shut up our noses with some little valves inside. Our feet are made so they are just right too, for we have very thick soles, so that the hot sand of the desert cannot burn us. Altogether I think we camels ought to be very thankful that we are made so beautifully. Some of the old Jewish rabbis did not think we were very thankful though, for they had a saying, "The camel desired horns, and his ears were taken from him." I think, though, that the rabbis made up that saying to tell people who were grumbling, and who ought to have remembered how much worse off they would have been if the good they had were taken away from them. Most people are not nearly thankful enough for their good things. It is so much easier to grumble than to be thankful.



MR. GLADSTONE.

THE SMILE BASKET.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

I dreamed of a little child
With a basket in his hand,
To and fro he went,
Up and down the land.

Sad-hearted folk he met,
And won them by his wiles:
For he carried—what do you think?
A basketful of smiles.

MR. GLADSTONE.

One of the most famous British statesmen was the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, who for a long time was "Premier," or prime minister, of England, and really governed the country. His whole life, from boyhood upwards, was remarkably interesting, and blessed to the good of his countrymen and the world.

Mr. Gladstone was born in Liverpool, in 1809. He was the son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., an eminent merchant of that city. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, where he graduated in 1831. Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament the following year, and quickly

distinguished himself by his splendid oratorical powers.

After the death of Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became the leader of the House of Commons, retaining the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in Earl Russell's second administration. On the retirement of the Lord Derby cabinet, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone succeeded to the helm of state as first minister of the crown. In the same year he introduced a measure before Parliament for the dissolution of the establishment of the Irish Church, which passed into a law after a prolonged and obstinate resistance on the side of the Conservative party.

Mr. Gladstone acquired no mean celebrity as an author while forging his way to the van of modern statesmen. His contributions to the literature of his time are characterized by all the ripeness of scholarship, originality of thought and vigour of expression which have given him so high a rank in oratory and diplomacy.

In his private capacity, also, Mr. Gladstone was highly esteemed; and perhaps the most lovable phase of his life was that exhibited in his occasional reticacy at Hawarden. His neighbours and friends always welcomed the great man thither,

and speak with true affection of his gentle, unaristocratic intercourse with them, and of his active Christian labours in their parish church.

Mr. Gladstone's devout habits of thought and life are familiar to all. But what is possibly less known is the fact that, in his Oxford days, under the full stress of the Tractarian movement, Mr. Gladstone earnestly desired to be a clergyman, and only yielded to parental pressure in abandoning a clerical for a political career. Had the young Tractarian persevered in his intention of taking holy orders, there would probably have been some day another "Life of an Archbishop of Canterbury," which would have exceeded in interest any of Dean Hook's celebrated volumes. — *Sunday-school Visitor*.

A PROMISE TO A MOTHER.

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of Congress, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as reason for the reproof, "There is certainly no danger for a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use."

"I meant no disrespect, John," answered Mr. Lincoln; "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it."

"There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement," insisted the friend.

"But a promise is a promise for ever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding," replied Mr. Lincoln. — *Westminster Quarterly*.

HOW THE TOAD CHANGED CLOTHES.

There was a toad living in the garden which Lloyd called his own, and he fed it with crumbs every day. He liked to watch it as it hopped about among the plants, darting out its bright red tongue to catch any small insects which came in its way.

One day Lloyd ran to his mother in the greatest excitement.

"My toad is trying to get his skin off!" he cried.

It was true; and when Lloyd and his mother reached the toad they saw him pulling his skin over his head in much the way that a little girl would take off her high-necked, long-sleeved apron, only it was harder work for him to do it. But he tugged bravely away with his fore feet until he was free, and then what a bright new coat he displayed! And he looked so proud of it! — *Our Little Ones*.