

A large, stylized sunburst graphic with a central white circle and radiating lines, set against a background of horizontal lines and a landscape. The title 'SUNBEAM' is superimposed on this graphic.

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1904

No. 22



THE RABBIT AND THE DOG--SEE NEXT PAGE

A BIRTHDAY BALANCE.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

A birthday is a day to be  
Better as well as bigger,  
When height and head and heart, all three,  
Should show new gain and vigor.

For birthdays come to jog our mind  
That time is surely moving;  
To bid us leave the bad behind  
And cling to what is loving.

Be sure to find in each new start,  
Your birthday ledger showing  
The balancing of head and heart  
And height that is good growing.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50	
Sunday school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0.60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly under 5 copies	0.60	
5 copies and over	0.50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.20	
Less than 20 copies	0.25	
Over 20 copies	0.24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Best Buds, weekly	0.08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.03	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 29 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 217 1/2 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUSTON, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 29, 1904.

THE LOST PETS

"What do you think is in here, Alice?" said Mr. Mackall, as he drove up with a box in front of his buggy.

It was a big wooden box with a wire netting over the top, but Ethel and Alice were too excited and curious even to try to guess, as he fastened his horse and began to take the box down.

"O mother! mother! are they brown cats?" asked Alice.

"But what great ears you have!" said Ethel.

"The better to hear with, my dear," laughed mother, thinking of the Wolf and Red Riding Hood.

"No, not cats, little girls. They are hares—Belgian hares—and I've brought them for your very own."

There were five of them—the father hare, the mother hare, and three baby hares—a whole family of them!

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said the little ones dancing about excitedly. Then they ran and got them some clover, so they could watch them nibble it.

So father had Steve make them a fine yard of wire netting sunk deep in the ground, so they could not burrow under. Then he made a cunning little house in one end for rainy weather and to sleep in, and a mound of earth to burrow in; for they love to make their own homes deep in the ground by scratching out the earth. When they get the burrow as deep as they want it, the mother hare makes a soft nest for the babies by pulling out her long, soft fur.

They lived very happily there for some time; but one morning, when the girls went to feed them some fresh radish and turnip tops, there were only two little hares there, and they were lying very still and stiff.

Steve said that the dog, who was trained to catch rabbits, had somehow climbed over the fence and killed the whole family.

The girls felt very bad at the loss of their pets; but Steve dried the skins, and some day they will have a pretty little cap or collar made to remember their little pets by.

THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS AT EVERYTHING

BY NELLIE L. M'CLUNG.

"Edith Gibbons is a fine girl; bright and intelligent, but she wears on me," said Mrs. Smith to her friend, Mrs. Burns.

"In what way?" Mrs. Burns asked.

"Well, she laughs at everything. She told me yesterday that her sister's children have the whooping-cough, and she laughed all the time she was telling me. Then I asked her about her mother's sprained ankle, and she had spasms of merriment over that. It isn't heartlessness by any means, for she is a most sympathetic girl. It is just a foolish habit."

"Yes, I know," rejoined Mrs. Burns. "Edith does giggle dreadfully. What a pity some one does not tell her!"

Then they talked about something else.

There are many girls like Edith, who giggle on in blissful ignorance, while their friends deplore it to each other. Telling people of their faults is not a pleasant thing to do, but it is sometimes the mark of a true friend nevertheless.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another." Above all, have the love of Jesus within, and you cannot fail to be loved, lovely, and happy.

THE WISE CHARGER.

Men are not the only heroes in history. Sometimes the man's own horse is a hero. During the retreat of the French from Russia, in 1812, a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, rather than lose his brave charger, who had carried him safely through so many terrible battles, strayed to one side, that until a certain danger had passed, he might be safe. But when he turned to rejoin the army he found he had lost the way. The snow was falling in blinding drifts, the roads were covered; there seemed no hope. And now, as if all this were not enough, the poor horse stumbled and the soldier was thrown upon a sharp rock, injuring his knee so terribly that he could not rise. Again and again he tried, but each time he fell back groaning with pain.

The charger looked at his master long and thoughtfully. At last it seemed to come to him that his master must be helped.

And so, moving close up to him, the faithful animal bent his forelegs, letting himself down as low as possible. Then stretching out his hind legs, he let his body down flat upon the ground.

"Good old fellow!" moaned his master, patting the charger upon his head. "I will try. Yes, yes, I will try."

It was a long time before the soldier could reach the saddle; but he succeeded at last, and the loving horse carried him safely out of the mountain path on to the road, and in time both reached the detachment of soldiers from which they had strayed.

THE RABBIT AND THE DOG.

The well-known rabbit is rather smaller than the hare, but closely resembles it in form. In its natural state it lives in the ground. This little animal has several deadly enemies. The ferret goes into the hole and sucks the blood of the rabbit without mercy. The dog also loves to kill rabbits, but he often leaves them dead upon the ground.

The rabbit in our picture is called a jack rabbit. He is larger than the little fellows you can see in the woods on a pleasant day, and larger than the pets you have kept in your own door-yard. This species of rabbit can run faster than a dog, but he sooner becomes tired. He runs in a circle, and the dog runs straight across the circle and thus catches him by strategy.

The study of natural history is very interesting and instructive. It seems as though one who sees the wonderful creatures God has made, would be led to admire and love One who formed them. We should not only love and serve God, but we should be kind and merciful to every creature he has made.

THE CLO

BY ADELBERT

Summer or winter,  
Dry or rainy, cloud  
Going for years in  
Never a frov'n on i  
The little clock say  
Over and over to y  
"Tick! tick! tick  
know:—  
"Don't—go—too—  
Go—where—you're  
nay!  
Do—your—du—ty

Busy the hands of  
Never stopping to j  
Telling the time w  
For the jump-out  
night kiss!  
"Tick! tick! tick  
tone—  
Not for me nor yo  
The "Tick! tick!  
one:—  
"There's—time—f  
for—fun!  
To—be—happy?  
Do—your—du—ty

LESSO

FOURTH

STUDIES IN THE C  
ELIJAH

LESSON VI.

JOASH, T

2 Kings 11. 1-16.

GOLD

When the righte  
people rejoice.—I

QUESTIONS

Whom did the I  
Judah? How old  
father? Ahaziah.  
other sons of Ahazi  
woman. How was  
She was their gran  
little prince saved  
den? Where? Wh  
true God? Jehoiada  
was then reigning  
Jehoiada do when  
old? Whom did h  
What plan did he  
was done to Joash  
What did the que  
with her? Why was  
had slain others.

DAI

Mon. Find how t

2 Kings

Tues. Read the les

1-16.

THE CLOCK'S SONG.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

Summer or winter, day or night,  
 Dry or rainy, cloudy or bright.  
 Going for years in just one place,  
 Never a frown on its honest face,  
 The little clock says contentedly,  
 Over and over to you and me:—  
 "Tick! tick! tick!" But it means I  
 know:—  
 "Don't—go—too—fast—nor—too—slow;  
 Go—where—you're—put—grumble?—  
 nay!  
 Do—your—du—ty—ev—'ry—day!"

Busy the hands of the little clock,  
 Never stopping to joke or talk;  
 Telling the time with never a miss,  
 For the jump-out-of-bed and the good-  
 night kiss!  
 "Tick! tick! tick!" Hear the warning  
 tone—  
 Not for me nor you alone;  
 The "Tick! tick! tick!" says to every  
 one:—  
 "There's—time—for—play—and—time  
 for—fun!  
 To—be—happy? But—one—way:  
 Do—your—du—ty—ev—'ry—day!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM  
 ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

JOASH, THE BOY KING.

2 Kings 11. 1-16. Memorize verses 10-12.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

When the righteous are in authority, the  
 people rejoice.—Prov. 29. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did the Lord send to reign over  
 Judah? How old was he? Who was his  
 father? Ahaziah. Who destroyed all the  
 other sons of Ahaziah? Athaliah, a wicked  
 woman. How was she related to them?  
 She was their grandmother. How was the  
 little prince saved? How long was he hid-  
 den? Where? Who taught him about the  
 true God? Jehoiada, the high priest. Who  
 was then reigning? Athaliah. What did  
 Jehoiada do when Joash was seven years  
 old? Whom did he show to the officers?  
 What plan did he make with them? What  
 was done to Joash? Was there rejoicing?  
 What did the queen do? What was done  
 with her? Why was she slain? Because she  
 had slain others.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find how the king of Judah died.  
 2 Kings 9. 27, 28.  
 Tues. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 11.  
 1-16.

Wed. Find who Athaliah was. 2 Kings 8.  
 26.  
 Thur. Learn the Golden Text  
 Fri. Read how the young king was made  
 welcome. 2 Kings 11. 17-21.  
 Sat. Find a picture of a good king.  
 Prov. 29. 8.  
 Sun. Tell the story of little Joash to an-  
 other child.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
 1. The house of the Lord is a good place  
 for a child.  
 2. He may learn there how to rule him-  
 self.  
 3. And then he will be ready to rule  
 others.

LESSON VII.—NOVEMBER 13.

JOASH REPAIRS THE TEMPLE.

2 Kings 12:4-15. Memorize verses 9-12.  
 GOLDEN TEXT.

We will not forsake the house of our  
 God.—Neh. 10. 39.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who built the golden temple in Jerusa-  
 lem? How long was it in building? Seven  
 years. How old was it when Joash was  
 king? What did Joash wish to do? What  
 did he say to the priests? Did they do what  
 he wished them to? Whom did the king  
 speak to then? What did Jehoiada do?  
 What did he make? Where was it set?  
 Who counted the money after it had been  
 given? Who paid the workmen? The over-  
 seers. Did anyone reckon with the over-  
 seers? Why not? What made them faith-  
 ful? Love to the Lord and his house.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the beginning of the  
 temple. 1 Kings 6.  
 Tues. Find how it was finished. 1 Kings  
 8. 54-56.  
 Wed. Find how God blessed it. 2 Chron.  
 5. 13, 14.  
 Thur. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 12.  
 4-15.  
 Fri. Learn the Golden Text  
 Sat. Read what David said about the  
 Lord's house. Psa. 122.  
 Sun. Read a song written for the temple  
 choir. Psa. 148.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
 1. If we love God we shall love his house.  
 2. We shall suffer if we see it fall into  
 decay.  
 3. We should do all we can to build or  
 repair it.

The little one made a beautiful answer  
 without knowing it. "What! kiss such a  
 homely man as papa!" said the mother in  
 fun. "O, but papa is real pretty in his  
 heart," was the reply.

MISSIONARY GOLD.

Dr. E. R. Young tells the story of a con-  
 verted Indian named John Sunday, who  
 at a missionary meeting made an address  
 which he closed as follows:

"There is a gentleman I suppose now in  
 this house. He is a very fine old gentle-  
 man, but he is very, very modest. He  
 does not like to show himself. I do not  
 know how long it is now since I saw him,  
 he comes out so little. I am very much  
 afraid he sleeps a great deal of his time  
 when he ought to be about doing good. His  
 name is Mr. Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here  
 to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron  
 chest? Come out, Mr. Gold! Come out  
 and help us to do this great work, to preach  
 the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr.  
 Gold, you ought to be ashamed of yourself  
 to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look  
 at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does  
 a great deal of good in the world while  
 you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold!  
 just think of your active brother, Mr.  
 Copper. Why, he is everywhere. He is  
 flying about doing all the good he can. Be  
 active like him! Come out, Mr. Gold! Do  
 come and help us in this good work, and if  
 you really cannot come yourself, well, do  
 the next best thing you can—that is, send  
 us a bank note."

THE STORY OF WHISKERS.

My name is Whiskers. I am a mission-  
 ary cat. I think you could tell that just  
 by looking at me. I wouldn't hold my head  
 up so if I wasn't. No; I'd hold it down  
 and be ashamed. I learned to be a mission-  
 ary cat from hearing the young people at  
 our house say so much about it. I can tell  
 you they are good missionaries, and are  
 always talking about those boxes that stand  
 on the mantel. Nearly every day they  
 drop a penny or nickel, or perhaps a dime  
 into them that they made or saved.

Fred—he is our biggest missionary boy  
 —taught me to stand right up on my hind  
 legs, and to nod my head as though I were  
 bowing. The other day one of his uncles  
 came. Fred said: "Uncle, I have the  
 smartest cat you ever saw. You just lay a  
 nickel down in front of him, and he'll  
 stand straight up." His uncle laughed,  
 and laid down not a nickel, but a dime. Of  
 course I didn't understand about the  
 money, but at the sign from Fred I stood  
 straight up. Then Fred said: "Here's a  
 dime, Whiskers. Do you want it to go  
 into the missionary box?" Of course I  
 bowed my head as he had taught me. How  
 his uncle laughed when I did that! Then  
 Fred sang out: "Ten cents for the Little  
 Workers' Special, from Whiskers, the mis-  
 sionary cat! Hurrah for you, Whiskers!  
 and into the blue box went the dime. Of  
 course I felt proud, and I am waiting for  
 some more dimes. Won't you come up to  
 my house and see me stand up for some?"





THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

## THE MAGIC WORD.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

When Johnny was a little boy,  
He learned a magic word,  
'Twas not a strange or foreign one,  
Whose sound is seldom heard.

The secret lay in saying it  
Just at the proper minute,  
And gaining thus, in fullest power,  
The charm that lay within it.

Johnny, at first, its magic tried  
In little things, and found  
A small Bad Habit vanish quite  
By its repeated sound.

Then, as temptation came his way  
With all its ugly crew,  
The charmed word revealed its might  
And sent them packing, too.

Through all of Johnny's boyhood days  
He practiced o'er and o'er  
The magic word, and he has learned  
Its powers more and more:

Till now, a man, Evil and Wrong  
He meets, and routs the foe.  
Would you, too, win this talisman?  
'Tis in two letters: "No!"

## THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

In tropical countries, plants and trees grow in great luxuriance, and often take on quaint forms. In Madagascar, and some parts of the West Indies, a curious fan-shaped tree is found that bears the name of the Traveller's Tree. Long stalks grow on either side of the stem, and these stalks store up water for a considerable period. In the driest weather the precious liquid—which is said to be pure and pleasant—can be had by piercing a

stalk, about a quart being yielded by each. Travellers often resort to this very useful tree for the means of quenching thirst, and hence the name it bears.

## A SPELLING BEE.

"I'm going to have a spelling bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,' Uncle John? Why, there only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it awhile." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean?" asked Bob.

"I think that it's a joke," said Harry, thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me, I'm going to say, 'Why, m-a-n, of course.'"

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Joe; and he leaned his head on his hand, and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate runner peeping out of his greatcoat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something that Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that got to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John turned to Bob: "Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Joe's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Joe, he——"

"I think that this is Joe's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought that the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Joe's knee. "The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Joe has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered, gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you that there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."