

SUNBEAM

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THE CRIPPLE.

Poor girl! While others are running about at pleasure—jumping and romping, as if life was made up of fun and frolic—she has to sit still, or hobble slowly and painfully about on crutches! We feel sorry for her. What a meek and gentle expression in her face! You can also see signs of suffering—the marks of pain in the placid, quiet countenance. We hope everybody is kind to her, and that all her young friends are desirous of doing all they possibly can to make her happy.

AN INTERESTING COUNTRY.

If you should sail far away over the ocean you would at last come to a land called Norway and Sweden. The larger part is Norway and the smaller part is Sweden. The same kind rules over both.

The winters are dark and cold, and much snow falls. If you should go there, you could skate all you want, for the people even skate over the snow on snow-shoes.

The summers are short and warm. In some parts of Norway the sun does not even go to bed at night, but keeps on shining. If their parents would let them,

In these countries there are many mountains and hills, many lakes and waterfalls. The water from the ocean comes up into the land, and makes pretty bays, or fiords, as they are called.

The people have fair hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks. They are very polite, and so honest that you need hardly lock your door at night if you lived there. They work very hard, too. Some are farmers, many are fishermen, some work in the mines, and others go into the woods and cut down the tall trees, out of which they make all kinds of lumber.

A SMART BIRD.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, what do you think he does? He finds a worm's hole and stamps the ground by the side of it just as boys do when they want to get worms for fishing. After doing this for a little while, the bird waits for the worm to come out of its hole. It is sure to come. The lapwing is all ready to receive it, and that is the last of the worm.



THE CRIPPLE.

The nest of the lapwing is built of a few stems or twigs put in a hollow place; and because of the colour of the eggs it is seldom seen. But if you should go in that direction, the mother lapwing will spy you out even at a great distance. She will rise up and fly about in great excitement. All at once it appears as if she had suddenly become lame. She runs limping along, and it seems the easiest thing in the world to catch her. She will let you come very near, and entice you to a safe distance from her nest; then she will spring up and fly away, with no signs of lameness.

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Sunbeam.

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ONLY TEN MINUTES.

BY FATHER LATIMER.

There was once a handsome, bright little prince who had a beautiful mother. How she loved her only boy, and tried to teach him to be good and brave and noble! He loved his beautiful mother very dearly, and wanted to please her; only he was never in a hurry to do as she asked him, but wanted to take his own time. When he was only a little boy, if she wanted him to rise in the morning, he would say: "Yes, in ten minutes." If his teacher told him that it was time to study, he would say: "I'll be ready in ten minutes." At night, when his mother begged him to go to bed, he answered, "I will in ten minutes;" and if he felt too sleepy to talk, he would hold up five fingers on each dimpled hand as a sign for his usual waiting time. It was such a fixed habit of his growing life, day after day, that his mother laughingly called him "Little Mr. Ten Minutes."

Alas! she did not know, and the son never realized the danger of that habit of never being on time, wasting the precious, God-given minutes sacred to truth and well-doing.

When the little prince was grown he was a soldier in the army, and his company in Africa was ordered to a fort in Zululand which seemed deserted. "Let us return," said an officer; "the Zulus may be upon us." "No danger," said the young prince; "let us have a cup of coffee, and start in ten minutes." In less than ten minutes a band of fierce Zulus rushed upon them, and the young prince was the first to die by the sword.

The habit of delaying, of procrastinating even ten minutes, when one should be "on time," may become as firmly fixed and as dangerous to any of us as it was disastrous to the young Prince Imperial of France.—*On Timers Tribe.*

ONE BOY WHO KEPT THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Almost a century ago a boy went to the city of New York to carve out his own fortune. He had learned the printing trade in the country town in which he was brought up, and that knowledge was his only aid to fame and fortune, except a thorough training in a simple Christian home.

He found work in one of the largest offices in the city. One Saturday afternoon he was given a long "take" of copy, which he could not possibly "set" without working on Sunday. He gave it a glance, and then said: "I will work on this till twelve o'clock to-night, and finish what I can; but I will not work to-morrow."

"Then you'll lose your place," said the foreman.

The boy took the copy to his employer, told him that he had been taught to reverence the Sabbath, and that he would resign his situation rather than violate his conscience.

His employer could not but respect such a spirit, and he never again required him to work on Sunday.

That boy was John Harper, the principal founder of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, a house that has issued some of the best literature in the land, and exerted an influence felt throughout the world.—*S. S. Advocate.*

ONE GIRL'S SECRET.

Mother, may I go out visiting this afternoon?" asked little Agnes Mayhew.

"Yes, you may. You may go to see Ella or to see Louie, whichever you like."

"I'd rather go to Louie's," said Agnes quickly.

"Why?" said Aunt Esther, who was sewing by the window. "Hasn't Ella a great many dolls and beautiful toys? And then there is her pony cart."

"I know," said Agnes. "But it doesn't matter how many nice things she has; just as soon as we begin to play she begins to wish she had something different, and it unsettles my mind so much. But when I play with Louie, if we want anything that we haven't got, she can generally think of something else that will do as well, or else she says that we can do without it very nicely. She's lots cheerfuller about doing without things than Ella is, and it's much more fun to play with her."

Aunt Esther looked across Agnes at her mother and smiled. "The same old truth," she said; "it's the spirit within that makes the world without fair or dark."

"What is spirit, mother?" asked Agnes presently.

Her mother thought a minute. "Well, dear, it's the way we think in our hearts. If we have happy, thankful thoughts, they give us a contented spirit, and that makes the world bright for us. Nothing else can."

Agnes nodded her head very wisely. "Yes, mother, I believe that's just the truth. Louie's got a contented spirit, and she enjoys it a great deal more than Ella does all her dolls and her pony cart and everything. Besides, it makes her just lovely company for us other girls to play with."—*Wellspring.*

TWO EVENING TRAINS.

The first train leaves at 6 p.m.

For the land where the sleep flower blows,
And mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p.m. the next train starts,
For the pleasant land afar;
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a loving kiss—
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who the children took
On his knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the train each day
That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And have special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."

SUPPOSE.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, was broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine indoors
When there is none without?

Your task, my little schoolboy,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON IV. [Oct. 27.]

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 45. 1-11. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How long had Joseph now been in Egypt? What was in Egypt, as well as in other lands? Why was it not so bad in Egypt as in other places? Where did Joseph's father and brothers still live? What did they suppose? That Joseph was dead. What did Jacob send his ten sons to Egypt to get? Which son stayed at home? Benjamin. Why? Gen. 42. 4.) How did Joseph treat his brothers? Was he angry with them? No: but he wanted to see if they were still cruel in heart. How did they feel when they knew this great man was Joseph? What did they remember? The way they had treated him. How did he show his love for them? Whom did he resemble in this? Our Lord Jesus Christ.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read again how Joseph was treated. Gen. 37. 23-28.
Tues. Read how Joseph treated his brothers. Gen. 45. 1-11.
Wed. Learn who directed all Joseph's life. Gen. 45. 8.

Thur. Find how Jesus made himself known. John 20. 19-29.
Fri. Find where Jesus calls us brethren. Matt. 12. 49.
Sat. Learn how Joseph "paid back." Matt. 5. 44.
Sun. Learn a lesson from this story. Golden Text.

LESSON V. [Nov. 3.]

DEATH OF JOSEPH.

Gen. 50. 15-26. Memory verses, 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psa. 90. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where did Jacob live during his last years? In Egypt. Who took care of him and his great family? Joseph. When Jacob died, where was he buried? In Canaan, his old home. Why did the king of Egypt honour Jacob? For Joseph's sake. Why were Joseph's brothers afraid now? They thought he had only been kind to them for their father's sake. Why did this grieve Joseph? Because he really loved them. What did they offer to become? His servants. What did he show to them? Real love and forgiveness. What did Joseph see in all his life? God's guiding hand. How old was Joseph when he died? What does his life teach us? To obey God and love one another.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Jacob's last days. Gen. 47. 28-31.
Tues. Find what kind of a life his was. Prov. 4. 18.
Wed. Read of Joseph's last days. Gen. 50. 15-26.
Thur. Find how God tells us to treat enemies. Rom. 12. 20, 21.
Fri. Learn how God rules all things. Gen. 50. 20.
Sat. Find why Jacob and Joseph were strong. Heb. 11. 21, 22.
Sun. Tell some one the story of Joseph.

A PROMISE.

Nellie had a habit of saying: "Promise me." One day she had asked mamma if she might have a birthday party. When mamma said yes, Nellie said: "Please promise me, mamma."

"Why, Nellie," said mamma, "'yes' is a promise."

"I know," said Nellie; "but when you say 'I promise' it makes me feel so sure."

Do any of our little folks know a promise of Jesus which begins, "Verily"? Ask some one what that means, and see how many promises you can find which begin in this way. Never forget that a promise is a very solemn thing, and when you make one, be sure that you keep it.

ONLY HIS MOTHER.

BY PANSY.

"Charles Holland, at your service?" A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you will like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him," is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post-office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," said the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie. But I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh, no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office."

And as he received the letter his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister as the window closes. "Always so obliging; he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower, and let me whisper a secret into your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him:

"Charlie, can't you run up-stairs and get that letter on my bureau, and mail it for me?" And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead and a pucker on each side of his mouth, said:

"O mamma! I don't see how I can. I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well then, he need not mind, for she did not want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind, but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go up-stairs. Of course it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and by making an extra rush he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his handsome head, and say:

"I guess I do love my mother. She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh, I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you; I am only introducing him. You are to study him for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?



JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD GOING TO EGYPT.

JACOB AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

This picture is a graphic illustration of a caravan in the desert. Jacob's whole household as they crossed the desert numbered seventy souls. What a contrast between this little band that went down and the great multitude that came out from Egypt, numbering about 3,000,000 souls. Surely the promise made to Jacob was fulfilled, "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation; I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will surely bring thee up again." They set out "with their cattle and their goods which they had gotten in the land of Canaan," that they might dwell in Egypt with Joseph, the man next to the king.

THE GERTRUDE BIRD.

BY EVALENA I. FRYER.

It was bitterly cold. The wind blew a hurricane, whirling and moaning around a little house that stood by itself at the edge of a wood. The snow had covered the trees, the fences, the wood pile, and the cow-shed with a thick white blanket. As the daylight faded and twilight came on, a little old woman in a red cap, who had been watching the storm from the window, turned to the hearth and began to get ready for her supper. She mixed some coarse meal with water, rolled out a cake, and was just putting it to bake when the outer door opened and a stranger entered, bidding her good evening. He was an old man, with long,

flowing beard and piercing eyes. His cloak was powdered with the snowflakes, and he shivered with the cold. He came up to the fire shivering, and begged that he might share her evening meal. Old Gertrude took from the coals the cake she had just made. "'Tis too large to give away," she muttered to herself. She laid it on the shelf, and, turning to her dough, she made a smaller cake; but this too, when baked, seemed too large to give to a stranger, and it was laid on the shelf. Then she took a tiny scrap of dough, rolled it thin as a wafer, and baked it. "My cakes seem small when I eat them myself," she said as she looked at it, "yet they're every one too large to give away." And even this tiny scrap of a cake was placed on the shelf.

Now the stranger grew angry, for he was hungry and faint. "Woman," he said, "you are too selfish to dwell in human form! You deserve not food, nor shelter, nor fire to keep you warm! Henceforth you shall seek your food as the birds do!" With a wave of the stranger's hand the little old woman flew up the chimney and came out at the top a woodpecker; and ever since that day she and her descendants have been flying from tree to tree, boring and boring for their scanty food. You may see her any day, with the little red cap still on her head, although the rest of her clothes were burned black by the flames of the chimney.

Away over in cold Norway, in the long evenings when the children gather around the blazing fires, this is one of the stories

the good old grandmothers tell; and next day, when the boys and girls on their way to school see a woodpecker hopping about the trunk of a tree, boring with its long beak for a worm, they say: "See! there's the Gertrude bird, the stingy old woman who refused a bit of cake to a stranger!"—*Little Folks.*

THE ROADS TO WRINKLE TOWN.

BY IRVIN C. LAMBERT.

Have you ever heard of the many roads
That lead to Wrinkle Town?
Or talked with the people who every day
Travel them up or down?
There are numberless roads, and
wise folk tell
Of some, nor glad nor fair,
Like wearisome paths to the moun-
tain top—
Storm-blighted, cold and bare.

Now, some of these roads are winding,
'tis said,
Some broad, like great highways;
While others are steep and abruptly end
Like showers on April days;
And journeying over these desert
tracks
Throng thousands, old and
young,
The lowly of earth, the wealthy,
the great,
Are found the crowds among.

Name anger and scoffing and cruel hate,
Name naughty, boastful pride,
And count the self-seeking and eager
greed
Of avarice, beside;
'Then reckon the malice and envy
and fret,
That linger through the days—
And you will know how to reach
Wrinkle Town,
For these are constant ways.

But why should you follow these roads so
drear
That lead where sadness broods,
When others are open whose ends invite
To gladsome, happy moods?
Now ponder this truth—be the
willing steps
However cast or led—
The face will discover and show
their trend—
Reflect the paths we tread.

The children of India regard the black-haired dolls with much more favour than the blondes. They look with surprise at the flaxen-haired beauties which excite the admiration of little Americans, and exclaim: "How *old* it must be to have such white hair!"

Let us choose to do right, and fear to do wrong.