

SUNBEAM

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No. 14.



SKIN WATER BOTTLES. — SEE SECOND PAGE.

THE SLEEPY TIME.

With the night there comes bedtime for girls and for boys;
Mamma draws the curtains and puts away the toys.
We've had such good times, now we thank God and pray
To be kept safe all night, and awake well next day.
We nestle in bed, then the clothes are tucked in,
And perhaps mamma sings till our slumbers begin.

Earth and trees have their bedtime one part of the year;
The fogs and short days tell them when it is near,
For after Thanksgiving, when squirrels and bears,
Toads, chipmunks, and dormice have all said their prayers,
Good nurse snugly covers with leaves and with snow,
And sings them a lullaby whilst the winds blow.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

A LITTLE TALK ON GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are simply good ways of doing things. Sometimes we hear people speak as if it made very little difference whether we have good or bad manners, but this is a sad mistake. Our manners are of great importance, both to ourselves and to others, and we should try to have good manners as long as we live. The time to learn good manners is when we are young. No boy or girl is too

small to be polite, and if we learn how to treat others nicely while we are young, when we become older it will be the most natural thing in the world for us to be gentle and courteous to those about us.

The best manners are those which come from a kind heart. If we are polite to others and yet cherish unkind or hateful feelings toward them in our hearts, we are like wolves going about in sheep's clothing.

Good manners are among the signs that should mark every Christian man and woman. Every true lady and every true gentleman will show by the way they treat others the spirit of Jesus Christ, our divine Master, whom some one has described as the "first true gentleman that ever breathed." The secret of good manners is to be thoughtful for others. In other words, it means to be unselfish, and surely Jesus showed us the greatest example of unselfishness that was ever seen here upon the earth. So let us try to show the same unselfish spirit, forgetting ourselves and trying always to make others comfortable in every possible way.

BOTTLES.

(See first page.)

"Why, I thought bottles were always made of glass," exclaims some little Bright-eyes, who is looking at this picture.

No; long ago, in olden times, bottles were always made of the skins of animals, which were properly dressed for the purpose. The openings of the skin were all closed except at the neck of the animal, and this was fastened with a string like the top of a bag, except when people wanted to fill it or empty out some of the contents.

These bottles were made of quite as many different sizes and shapes as the glass bottles we use in these times, for sometimes the skin of a small animal, such as a kid or goat, was used, and sometimes a much larger one, such as the skin of an ox.

A traveller tells us of a bottle that he saw in Arabia, made of an ox-skin, which would hold sixty gallons. Was not that a large bottle?

Missionaries in Eastern countries often speak of the water-bottles made of goat-skins in which they carry water for their journey. When the roads are very rough and the bottles will be likely to strike against each other, they take the strongest, toughest material that can be used.

The bottles in which new wine was kept were made of the freshest, most flexible skins, so that they would not burst when the wine began to ferment.

All the drinking-water used in Egypt is brought from the river Nile by Arab

water-carriers, like those shown in the picture, who bring it in skin bottles, from which they transfer it to stone jars or other receptacles.

Ought we not to be thankful that we live in a land where there is an abundance of water, and where even the poorest can freely supply his needs? But we have a still greater cause for gratitude in our knowledge of the water of life which is freely offered to all who thirst, and of which whosoever will may drink.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will;
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.

A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway near Prague. His lever was in his hand, for a train was just coming. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, saw his little boy playing on the lines of the rail the train was to pass over. To leave his own post would be a neglect of duty, and would endanger the lives of perhaps a hundred passengers; so, like a true hero, the man stood by his lever, shouting to his child, "Lie down at once!" The train passed along on its way safely, and the frantic father rushed forward, expecting to take up an injured, most likely a fearful mangled and lifeless body; but great was his joy in finding that the boy had at once obeyed the command of his father. He had lain down between the rails, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. If the boy had not promptly obeyed, he would probably have been killed. When the king of Prussia heard of the man's courage he sent for him, and gave him a medal for bravery.

WHO KNOWS ?

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

I wonder why, I wonder why,
Though a little boy may try,
He can never keep his look
Fixed on any lesson book
While other boys without
Run and romp and laugh and shout,
And the sun is never still
On the school-room window-sill,
And the sky just sparkles blue—
I wonder why he can't, don't you?

I wonder how—it's stranger yet—
Though a little girl may get
All her lessons learned, nor stir,
Looking straight ahead of her,
Turning neither left nor right,
Those great eyes, so clear and bright,
She can just as plainly see
Through that window there as he,
Watch the games, and frolic too—
I wonder how she can, don't you?

—St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

REVIEW.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.
—Psa. 27. 1.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. I. A. for a K. . Prepare your—
2. S. C. K. The Lord is—
3. S. F. A. Only fear the—
4. S. R. as K. To obey is—
5. S. A. D. Man looketh on—
6. D. and G. If God be for—
7. S. T. to K. D. . God is our—
8. D. and J. There is a—
9. D. S. S. Love your—
10. D. of S. and J. There is a—
11. D. B. K. Behold, how—
12. A. from E. . . . Be not—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 4.

DAVID BRING UP THE ARK.

2 Sam. 6. 1-12. Memorize verses 11,12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.
—Psa. 84. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the ark of the covenant? The sign of God's presence. Where was it made? In the wilderness. When was it

carried by the priests? What happened to it in the days of Eli, the high priest? Why did not the Philistines keep the ark? They thought it brought them misfortune. What did they do with the ark? Where did it stay for a long time? What was now to be done with it? What was it placed on? What went before the ark? Who guided the cart? What did Uzzah do? What had he been taught? Who only could touch the ark? What came to Uzzah? Where was the ark then carried? Why? Because David was afraid. Was Obed-edom afraid? No. What did the ark bring him? How long was it there? Then what was done with it?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Find the trouble the Philistines had with the ark.—1 Sam. 5. 1-4.
- Tues.* Learn where the ark was taken. 1 Sam. 7. 1.
- Wed.* Read what David did when he was made king. 2 Sam. 6. 1-12.
- Thur.* Learn the danger of disobedience. 2 Sam. 6. 7.
- Fri.* Learn why it is well to have the presence of God. 2 Sam. 6. 11.
- Sat.* Read another story about David and the ark. 1 Chron. 12. 1-14.
- Sun.* Learn the Golden Text.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That we cannot live without God's presence.
2. That we must remember to be reverent.
3. That we must remember to be obedient.

"I WONDER."

Wonder who's moving in? Wonder if they've got boys? Wonder what kind of a fellow that new boy is?" Bob stood by the window and watched for two rainy days. Then he went out to play; so did the new boy. Bob's ball rolled Frank's way. He tossed it back, and the play began.

"I think that he's a good kind of a boy for me to play with, mamma," Bob said at bedtime. "He plays fair, and he laughs when things happen, 'stead of saying words or getting cross."

"I wonder if you are a good kind of a boy to play with him?" mamma queried, with her arm around Bob. "For my boy doesn't always laugh, and I thought that it looked as though things had to be done Bob's way pretty often."

"I wonder what he is saying to his mother 'bout me?" Bob said slowly. "I didn't mean to be selfish. If it isn't good to-night, it shall be to-morrow, mamma."
—*Little Ones.*

DOING OUR BEST.

"I wish people weren't telling me all the time to do my best," said Willie one day to Aunt Peace.

"Who tells you to do your best?" asked Aunt Peace, as she laid down her sewing for a moment, and looked straight into Willie's clear blue eyes. Aunt Peace was one of those dear, loving people who are always ready to try and smooth out rough places, and it was quite plain that Willie had come to one of these rough places in life.

"Why, everybody seems to be telling me that all the time. There is papa and mamma and my Sunday-school teacher and Miss Smith (she's my day-school teacher) and our minister—and you, too, Aunt Peace. I like to do my best sometimes, but it's pretty hard to be trying to do it all the time."

"Don't you think that it is worth while to do your best all the time?" asked Aunt Peace quietly.

Willie hesitated. Then he said, "I suppose it is; but it's tiresome to be reminded of it all the time."

"Let us think about it for a moment," said Aunt Peace. "Every one of those you have mentioned thinks a great deal of you, do they not?"

"Yes, they do," was the answer.

"Then why do you suppose they keep on reminding you to do your best? I'll tell you why it is. They all know that you will be a more successful man, and a good deal happier one, too, if you learn 'to do with your might what your hands find to do,' that is, if you do your best every time. It is not that any of us want to bother you all the time, but we want you to realize that the kind of man you are going to be depends very much upon the kind of boy you are now. If you do your best with all your lessons now, when you are a grown man you will find it easier to do your best with the work that you will have to do."

"You have a splendid way of explaining things," said Willie. "I don't think I shall mind it any more when people tell me to do my best."

"I am glad to hear you say that," said Aunt Peace. "We all love you, and when we see you doing things in a careless, slipshod way, it makes us sorry to think of what such habits lead to; but if you will honestly try to do your best all the time, no one can tell how great and how useful a man you may become."

With these words Aunt Peace took up her sewing, and Willie knew that their talk was ended for that time, but as he skipped out of the room he whistled a merry tune, and Aunt Peace knew in her heart that one rough place in Willie's life had been made smooth.



INDIAN WIDOWS RESCUED FROM SUTTEISM BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

KATHIE'S DREAM.

She dreamed about a raven,
Oh, very black was he!
And his name was Naughty Temper,
And he sat upon a tree.

But she shot a golden arrow
And a smile at that bad bird,
And he spread his wings and flew away
Without another word!

—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

The King's British Empire of India has of late been attracting a great deal of attention from the dreadful famine and pestilence that have prevailed there. The sympathy of all nations has been aroused, and from Britain's forty colonies generous tributes have been sent. One newspaper alone, the Montreal Star, collected and forwarded over \$50,000. From the United States large sums have also been forwarded to India, and even from Russia,

notwithstanding its supposed jealousy of the British in India, generous contributions have been given.

The universal testimony is that the British Government has greatly benefited the people of India. Indeed, the very fact of its protecting life has caused a great growth of population, which has pressed heavily on the means of subsistence. In former years, wars, famines, and plagues swept away the people like flies. By means of facilities for averting the consequence of drought and transporting grain—railways and irrigation—it is believed that such disasters will never again occur.

Our picture on this page shows an intelligent and interesting group of Indian widows who have been rescued by the British Government from the dreadful death of burning on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands. It used to be thought the duty of an Indian widow to be so burned, and often without a murmur they have gone to their fate and endured the agonies of death by fire. The Govern-

ment has prevented all this throughout the length and breadth of India.

A large proportion of the King's subjects in India are Mohammedans, and have erected magnificent mosques, or temples. The just rule of Great Britain has been a boon of incalculable benefit to British India.

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

If every little boy and girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song,
If each one did his level best
To help the world along?

The wrong things then would soon be
right;
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word;
Begin this very day.

—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

A LONG SLEEP.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in this winter-sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. The warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their hiding-places.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter, but it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as ever.

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. The tree adds a ring every year, and the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad!