

# SUNBEAM

XXVI.

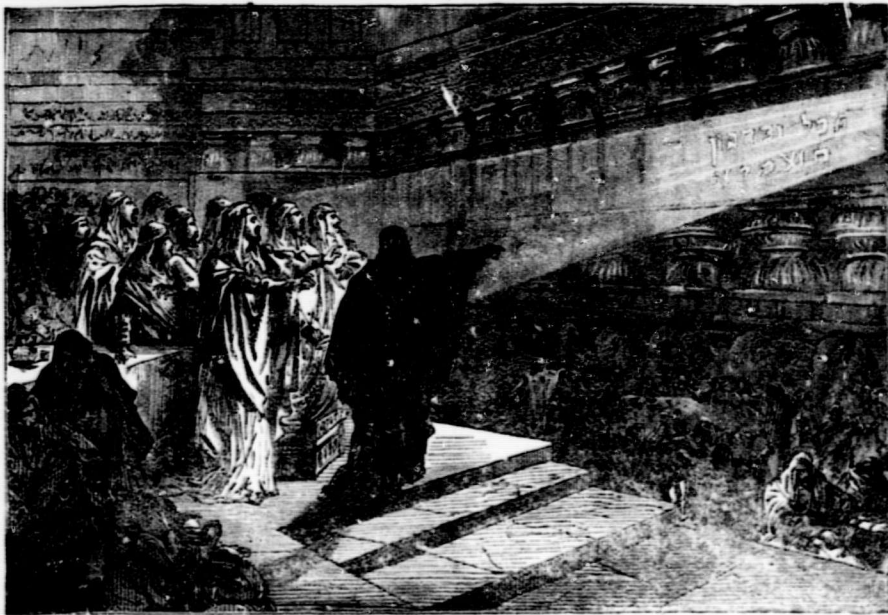
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

No. 19.

## DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast for a thousand of his lords, and drank wine for the thousand. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. At the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the wall the king's palace; and the king saw the light of the hand that write. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his joints troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees

were sore against one another. Then came in the king's men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof. Then was Daniel brought before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou able to read this? Daniel answered and said, My lord, I can. Then said the king unto Daniel, What is the interpretation of this? Daniel answered and said, The writing is written on the wall. Then said the king unto Daniel, What is the interpretation of this? Daniel answered and said, The writing is written on the wall. Then said the king unto Daniel, What is the interpretation of this? Daniel answered and said, The writing is written on the wall. Then said the king unto Daniel, What is the interpretation of this? Daniel answered and said, The writing is written on the wall.



DANIEL IN BABYLON.

of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee. Then Daniel answered and said before the king. Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation. And this is the writing that was written, Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. This is the interpretation of the thing: Mene: God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel: thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Peres: Thy king-

dom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

## THE DOLLS' ARBOR DAY.

When Gertie and Sadie went into the woods on Arbor Day they got some tiny evergreen trees. Mother gave them a part of her garden and here they planted the trees in two short rows, one row for each little girl.

"I am going to name the trees in my row for my dolls," said Gertie. "This is Dinah, and this is Janet Ann."

up in bed and plant them with my own hands."

Mother brought the box of earth and Lottie planted the trees. These play woods stood on the stand by her bedside a long, long time. Many a picnic her dollies had there. And when Christmas came all these trees were Christmas trees and hung with presents for Lottie's dolls.

## WHAT IS IT?

The twins, Frank and Fannie, were all alone in the nursery. Nurse was out that afternoon, and mamma had been called downstairs a few moments.

"What's that thing on the floor a-crawling?" asked Fannie of Frank.

"I think it is a fairy," said Fannie.

"Humph, it ain't, neither. Fairies are little bits of girls with wings on."

"Well, then, what is it, if it isn't a fairy?"

"I guess it's a biter. Let's kill it. Here's the tongs and poker."

Frankie tried to catch it, but

it crawled away too fast. At last it raised its wings and flew across the room.

"O Frankie, it is a fairy! It is! it is! I saw its wings. It's a fairy in a waterproof."

Just then mamma came in, and the excited twins told her all about it. When she saw the fairy in a waterproof, she laughed and laughed.

"It's only a beetle," she said, and the twins were dreadfully disappointed.

Little children, a good word is easy, and not to speak ill requires only silence.

"And I'll name my trees for my dolls, too," said Sadie. "and let the dolls play water them every day with my little tin sprinkler. But let's take these trees we haven't any room for 'over to Lottie's dollies. Poor Lottie is sick all the time."

"All right," answered Gertie. So the two little sisters hurried with the trees to Lottie's sick-room.

"We've brought Arbor Day to you and your dollies," cried Sadie.

"O what darling trees," exclaimed the pale-faced Lottie. "Please get a wooden box, mother, full of earth, and let me sit

## WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?

The north wind, Freddy, and the snow,  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?

The south wind, Katy; the corn will  
grow,  
And peaches redden for you to eat,  
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?

The east wind, Arty; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?

The west wind, Bessy; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the west begins to blow.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

## WHAT THE OLD GARDENER SAID TO THE BOYS.

The old gardener was tired spading, and the boys were tired playing.

"What makes you work so hard all the time?" said Arthur, as they walked past the garden gate.

"I have to work hard," answered the kind old man, "to keep the weeds from getting ahead of me."

"Weeds?" said Carl. "Where are the weeds? I don't see a single one in all your garden."

"That's what comes of hard work and plenty of it. All I have to do is to keep out of my garden for a few days, and the weeds would soon begin to show their heads. Weeds grow faster than flowers

and vegetables by far," said the gardener, as he plucked one of his nicest roses for each of the boys. "And there are other weeds than those that grow in garden beds," he went on, after the boys had kindly thanked him for the roses. "I saw some boys playing in the field south of my garden one day, and I am afraid from some words that came to my ears that there are some ugly weeds growing up in their hearts. I would never have thought so, either, to look at the boys with their natty suits and their clean faces. They looked nigh as nice as my garden does after a warm shower, but the words I heard taught me that the weeds are there as certain as they are in my garden. They only need to be let alone, and they'll show their ugly heads pretty quick."

Arthur and Carl hung their heads, for they knew too well who the boys were who had been playing in the field south of the garden, and what some of the words were which the old gardener had heard. They had become angry at each other while they played, and used some very naughty words while they were in that temper. They both said, as they went away, that they would try to keep the weeds from growing in their gardens.

## SALLY'S SURPRISE.

Sally Brown's mamma was very busy, for she had a houseful of table boarders to look after. True, she had a good stout woman to help her, and Sally set the table almost every evening; but then there was Davy. Davy was five years old, with black eyes like Sally's, and a mop of curly hair. He liked to romp and climb, and he was just the kind of boy who tore his clothes nearly every day.

One morning Sally's mamma said, "I don't know what I shall do, Sally, for the doctor says that I must not sew after dark. How I am going to keep Davy's clothes mended I don't know."

Sally could not answer the question, for her mamma seldom had time to mend clothes during the day. But that evening Sally said: "Mamma, would you mind if I were to take lessons in something and not tell you what it was till I knew how to do it?"

Her mother looked surprised, and said it would be very nice. "But who will pay for the lessons, dear?" she asked.

"I am going to pay for them myself," said Sally. "Uncle Joe gave me two dollars."

"Two dollars will not pay for music lessons," thought Mrs. Brown. "I wonder what the child is going to study?"

When Davy heard what the doctor had said about his mother's eyes, he felt very badly indeed, for a little boy.

"Maybe mamma's eyes would never have got sore if I hadn't torn my clothes," he said to himself. But when the little

boy said he did not want any dinner, and his mother took him on her lap, he sobbed out: "If I don't climb trees and play hounds, I ain't hungry, but I don't want you to have to mend my clothes any more."

"Dear heart," said mamma, "I want you to romp and play all you like, and I am sure I will soon be able to sew at night."

"Mamma, you must never sew at night," said Sally, fondly, and mamma gave a tender little laugh.

One Saturday morning, about a month after Sally had asked leave to take lessons in something, Mrs. Brown came into the sitting-room and discovered her little girl sitting by the table. On the table was a small work-basket, and Sally was actually mending a pair of Davy's trousers.

"Darling," cried her mother, "can you do it?"

Sally raised her work for mamma to see that it was neatly done; then she jumped off her chair and reached up her arms to mamma's neck.

"I've been taking sewing lessons," she said, "and now you'll never have to work after dark again."

"Me and Sally won't have it," said Davy, running in just then.

And mamma stooped and kissed them both at once.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart. Out of the heart come all the issues of life.

## WHICH WAS WORSE?

Little Dorothy came very early to her mother one morning, saying:

"Which is worse, mother, to tell a lie or steal?"

Her mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said Dorothy, "I have been wondering a good deal about it and I think it's worse to lie than to steal, mother. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in her little face, "a lie is for ever."

## DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Do what you can,  
Not what you cannot;  
Not what you think ought to be done,  
Not what you would like to do;  
Not what you would do if you had more time,  
Not what somebody else thinks you ought to do,  
But do what you can.

THE  
Oh, Ella!  
With her  
She walked  
She held  
Admired it  
And love  
Dear Ella!  
Such a wee  
One day up  
I met her  
She looked,  
The most  
Why, Ella  
Where's you  
Said I; "t  
hair!  
Just see y  
And what is  
A broom,  
Oh, Ella!  
With her fi  
She looked  
The rain-  
I have it b  
Because,  
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The Lord  
Titles and  
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L. ....  
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S. S. ...  
G. I. ...  
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the C. of J.  
take it back, 'less you've eaten it; if  
the L.-G. S.  
if you've eaten it you can pay for it.  
S. B. ...  
FOU  
RIDGES IN  
IS.  
LESS  
DANIE  
5. 17-3  
The face o  
do evil.

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

Oh, Ella!  
 With her first umbrella!  
 She walked abroad like any queen.  
 She held it proudly for display,  
 Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,  
 And lever little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!  
 Such a wee umbrella!  
 One day upon a market-place  
 I met her; dripping were her curls  
 She looked, despite her sunny face,  
 The most forlorn of little girls.

Why, Ella!  
 Where's your new umbrella?  
 Said I; "the storm has drenched your  
 hair!"  
 Just see your frock! just see your hat!  
 And what is this you hug with care?—  
 A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?

Oh, Ella!  
 With her first umbrella!  
 She looked at me and shyly spoke,  
 The rain-drops pelting on her yet:  
 I have it here beneath my cloak,  
 Because, you see, it might get wet!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STORIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 24.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Psa. 121. 5.  
 Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-  
 oughly studied.

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
I. ....	With us is the—
P. ....	God is our—
S. S. ....	The Lord hath—
G. L. ....	Seek ye the—
S. and R. ....	Righteousness—
G. R. ....	Remember—
and the B. of L. ....	I will not—
B. the W. of G. ....	Amend your—
in the D. ....	Blessed are—
C. of J. ....	Be sure your—
L. G. S. ....	Whosoever will—
S. B. ....	Daniel purposed—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STORIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1.

DANIEL AND BELSHAZZAR.

5. 17-30. Memorize verses 29, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them  
 do evil.—Psa. 34. 16.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find out what kind of a man  
 Belshazzar was. Dan. 5. 1-4.
- Tues. Read about the temple vessels.  
 Jer. 52. 12-19.
- Wed. Read what a prophet said about  
 Babylon. Jer. 51. 47-58.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 5.  
 17-31.
- Fri. Learn the truth about evil doers.  
 Golden Text.
- Sat. Find out the secret of Daniel's  
 courage. Dan. 6. 10, 11.
- Sun. Learn who rules men and nations.  
 Psa. 75. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was the new king of Babylon?  
 Whose son was he? What kind of a  
 feast did he make? How many were  
 invited to the feast? Why was it foolish  
 to hold this feast at this time? Because  
 a great army was just outside the gates.  
 What appeared on the wall to Bel-  
 shazzar? Who was sent for to read this  
 writing? Where did Daniel get his wis-  
 dom? From God. What reward was  
 offered to the one who read the writing?  
 Did Daniel read it to get the reward?  
 No. Who had weighed Belshazzar in his  
 balances? God. What happened that  
 night to Belshazzar? He was slain, and  
 his kingdom was taken away. What did  
 Daniel now become? A ruler in the new  
 kingdom.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
 1. God is greater than any king.  
 2. He brings down a proud heart.  
 3. The humble and obedient are hon-  
 ored by him.

SILK CULTURE.

How few people, as they finger the soft  
 silks, the lustrous satins and the exquisite  
 velvets in their daily shopping tours, think  
 of the millions of tiny creatures whose  
 lives were given to gratify their love for  
 the beautiful.

"Ugh, a horrid worm!" a certain  
 dainty lady says as she hastily brushes  
 from her silken gown a crawling bit of  
 life that has ventured too near.

"Come with me," one says to her, "and  
 see what a horrid worm can do," and to-  
 gether we wend our way under the low  
 hanging branches of the mulberry trees to  
 a small building near by. We enter and  
 find ourselves in a small but cheerful  
 room which is dignified by the name of  
 "The Cocooery." On all sides are trays  
 and shelves holding an army of large,  
 greyish-white worms that pay no atten-  
 tion to us whatever, but continue to eat  
 voraciously of the leaves that are spread  
 about on the trays, making a noise like  
 the pattering of rain upon the roof. These  
 are silkworms.

The silkworm is the caterpillar of the  
 silkworm moth, and a native of China and  
 India, but is now raised in many parts of  
 the world. In China silkworms are some-  
 times raised on the mulberry trees in the  
 open air, but usually a special house or  
 room is set apart for them. The eggs of  
 the silkworm moth, which are no larger  
 than the head of a pin, are laid in the  
 latter part of the summer, and kept in a  
 cool place until the following spring. As  
 soon as the leaves of the osage orange  
 or mulberry tree appear, the eggs  
 are brought into a warm room, and  
 in a few days the worms are hatched  
 and ready for their food. They are  
 then placed upon trays covered with  
 mosquito netting, with plenty of tender  
 mulberry leaves, when they at once begin  
 eating and never appear to rest, except at  
 the moulting season, until spinning time.  
 Every two or three hours another netting  
 with fresh leaves is placed over them,  
 when they will immediately leave the old  
 food and crawl up through the netting to  
 the new food. In two weeks they will  
 have grown so large that paper with large  
 perforations will be found necessary, and  
 at the last, when they will be three inches  
 long, frames with slats across are used.  
 They are about thirty days in the cater-  
 pillar stage, during which they moult or  
 cast their skin four times. At the end of  
 the month they for the first time show a  
 desire to leave their food, and begin to  
 crawl about, waving their heads to and  
 fro. Twigs must be placed near by for  
 them to spin upon, or cones of paper may  
 be laid over them, when they will at once  
 send out from the little spinnerets on each  
 side of the mouth a fluid which hardens  
 into silky threads. After attaching them-  
 selves by means of these threads to what-  
 ever is near them, they begin winding  
 themselves up in a silken shroud until all  
 one can see is a silky cocoon about the  
 size of a pigeon's egg, and something the  
 shape of a peanut suspended from a twig.  
 The spinning is accomplished in three  
 days; and in eight days the cocoons are  
 ready to gather. In a fortnight the silk  
 moth will force its way out; but as this  
 breaks and discolors the silk, it is neces-  
 sary that the chrysalis be stifled, which is  
 done by steam or exposure to great heat,  
 the finest being reserved for laying; the  
 others, after having the loose silk removed,  
 are "reeled."

A very simple method is to throw them  
 into warm water, which dissolves the  
 gummy substance, uniting the threads.  
 The threads are then made into hanks of  
 raw silk, which has still to go through  
 several processes before it is ready for the  
 manufacturer.

If all Christians would keep wide  
 awake, no sinner could sleep.



### A CHINESE DANDY.

Heigho! now doesn't this old fellow look like a regular guy? Well, that is just what he is. Isn't he gotten up in style, though? I dare say he thinks there was never such style before.

You didn't know they had dandies in China, did you? But you see they have. Well, when we compare the style with that affected by some of our own dudes, it isn't so bad after all, is it? Really, if this fellow didn't have that fan and parasol, he'd be right respectable in comparison.

The Chinese are very fond of dressing, as people are elsewhere, for that matter. On festival days, especially, they may be seen on the streets arrayed in the most gorgeous attire they can procure. The mothers begin early with the children, and one of the first desires of a Chinese boy's heart is to have a coat with as many colors as can be gotten into it. The shoes, caps, and collars of the babies are decorated, too, with all manner of gay-colored embroidery.

### WASHING DISHES.

BY SARAH E. GANNETT.

"Come, Madge, leave your book now, dear, and wash the breakfast dishes."

Madge rose unwillingly, put the plates together with a clash, and piled the cups with reckless disregard of their slender handles.

"O mother, I hate to do housework," she fretted. "I'm going to get married just as soon as I can so I'll not have to wash dishes."

"That would be a queer way to get rid of it," laughed her mother. "Don't I do it every day?"

"Oh, well, I shan't. I will say to the man, when he asks me to marry him, 'Do you s'pect me to wash dishes?' and if he says, 'Yes,' I'll say, 'No, I thank you, sir,'" and Madge threw the spoons into the dish-pan with such a clatter that the water splashed up into her face.

"Madge," called Aunt Ida from the sitting-room, "don't you want to go to walk with me?"

"Can't," answered Madge crossly. "I have all these dishes to wash."

"Oh, well, I'll help you."

In a short time the two started on their walk.

"Where are you going, Aunt Ida?" said Madge as they turned down a narrow street.

"I'm going to call on a little friend of mine who never washes dishes."

Madge looked up quickly. "I wonder if Aunt Ida heard me scolding this morning," she thought.

At one of the houses on this street Aunt Ida stopped and knocked at the door.

"Come in!" called a cheerful voice.

Inside, in an old reclining chair, sat a girl about Madge's age with a thin, white face and big blue eyes looking up at them out of the pillows that supported her. A book lay in her lap and three children hung about her eagerly looking at the pictures and listening to the stories she was telling.

"O Miss Sherman!" she exclaimed as she saw her visitors. "How glad I am to see you! But mother is out washing to-day."

"Then we will visit the rest of you," answered Aunt Ida. "This is my niece, Madge Fairfield, Anna; and, Madge, this is Anna Dean."

"And how go the lessons, Anna?" continued Miss Sherman after a chat with the little ones.

"Rather slowly, I am afraid. You see, when mother is out I cannot study much because I must look after the little tots; and I teach Nellie, too, you know; so at night I am too tired to study. But I'm glad to do this for mother," she added quickly. "It is the only way in which I can help. I wish I could sew or wash the dishes for her, but my hands are too weak," and she glanced sadly at the little wasted hands lying in her lap.

"Anna once had a dreadful fall," said Aunt Ida to Madge, "which injured her spine, and she has never since been able to hold up her head. I don't know what her mother would do without her, though," she added. "With Nellie's help she takes care of the two babies; and, since Nellie cannot be spared to go to school, Anna teaches her. But you look tired, Anna dear. I'm afraid Madge and I are too much for you."

"Oh, no, indeed, dear Miss Sherman! You always rest me. I am tired because I did not sleep much last night, my back ached so."

"Does it ache now?"

"Yes, it aches 'most all the time lately. But please don't tell mother. It only would trouble her. I ought not to have told you, but somehow it seems as if I could bear the pain better if I could tell some one who cares for me," and her lips quivered and tears stood in her blue eyes.

"You are a dear, brave little girl!" said Aunt Ida, kissing her. "I'm glad you told me, and I'll try to help you to bear it. We will not tell mother unless it is necessary. But now, if you will invite us, Madge and I are going to lunch with you. I've brought a basket of things with me to help out."

"Goody! goody!" exclaimed Nellie with sparkling eyes; and for a few minutes every one was busy setting the table, and ranging on it the dainty food from Aunt Ida's basket and bringing bread, butter, and milk from the closet. Even Anna did her part, unwrapping the boiled eggs and arranging the little cakes on a plate. For the next hour there was a very merry party in the dingy room.

"Mother," said Madge that night when she finished her account of the visit to Anna, "I'm glad I can wash dishes and do housework! I'm never going to scold about it any more. Just suppose I was like Anna Dean! I don't see how she bears it so well! She is just lovely, mother."

### GOOD RULES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

The rules of Elizabeth Fry, the benevolent, are equally appropriate for young people. They are as follows:

1. Never lose time. I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement, recreation every day; but be always the habit of being employed.
  2. Never err the least in truth.
  3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
  4. Never be irritable or unkind to anybody.
  5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary.
- Do all things with consideration, and when thy path to act right is difficult, have confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thine own powers as far as they go.

"Well," said little Frances indignantly, after a long search for her school book strap, "I've hunted every single place where it could possibly be. Now I'm going to hunt where it can't possibly be, and I suppose I shall find it." Then she proceeded to do, with great success.