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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1887.

[No. 11.

## MADE OVER.

It was a very pretty Sunday dress mother had prepared for Lucia, but there was one objection to it in the little girl's mind. It was a "made over" dress.

"Neely King said, mother, that she never wore a made-over dress in her life," said Lucia.

"I think I can show you that Neely was mistaken," answered mother, smiling. "Indeed, I think she has been wearing made-over dresses all her life."

Lucia was curious to know how her mother made it out; for Miss Cornelia's father had been the rich manufacturer of the place for a great many years.

"Neely's handsome blue cashmere was worn by a sheep before she had it, and so was her woolen coat. A seal dived into the water and sunned himself on the bank in that very jacket and cap she wears. It had, of course, to be made over to fit her. I don't know that she would draw on those six-button gloves if she knew they were really once worn by a rat as he prowled about in a barn or cellar. You see, we can't get away from these facts about made-over clothing; and, indeed, the very bodies we call ours have been

made over and over, out of materials as old as the world, perhaps. It is said that God created no new particles of matter since the world was made, though all have changed forms thousands of times probably. No one knows what changes have gone on to make the crumb of bread we eat, nor how far the atoms have been brought to make the soil in which the wheat grew nor where the seed came from to season it. God is



THE LITTLE SINGER.

making over all the time, and I do not think it any disgrace to bear a part in a similar work. Indeed, it is a great pleasure to me to take something that has grown old and useless, and make it over into a new and attractive form. How little this snug, warm carpet on our floor resembles the barrel of rags and odds and ends of which it was made! Yet, what a daily comfort it is to us! And so, as you open

your eyes to see in how many different forms the same matter re-appears, you will perceive that there is nothing new.

"Never worry, dear, over the honourable fact that a dress is made over. God regards it just as favourably as if it were cut out of a new web of cloth. You cannot have clothes first-hand no matter how rich you may be."—*Child's World*.

## A LETTER AT A TIME.

"I CAN never learn to read, papa," said a little girl, as she sat upon her father's knee, and listlessly followed the pencil with her eyes, as he pointed to the lesson.

"Yes, darling, you can," replied the patient teacher, looking smilingly into his child's clouded face; "it is only a letter at a time."

"Only a letter at a time!" Ay, and there are older children shrinking from the great lessons of life that their Father teaches them, and saying, "I can never learn this lesson." Yet in all these things is the life of our spirits; and if we do but yield our wills to his, he will teach us, letter after letter, line upon line, precept upon precept, here

a little and there a little, and thus we will learn to read the book of his will, even if "only a letter at a time."

God has kept us through the night;  
He, too, sends us morning light,  
Keep us, Lord, another day:  
Thy commands help us obey,  
Bless us, sleeping or awake;  
This we ask for Jesus' sake.

## CONFESS YOUR FAULTS.

HAVE you something naughty done,  
Little one?  
Run and tell it right away;  
Do not stay!

Have you said what is not true  
Because you  
Were afraid of someone by?  
Own the lie!

Satan says, "Nobody'll know."  
'Tis not so:  
God can see your heart within,  
Every sin.

If you will your sins confess,  
He will bless,  
And will help you do what's right  
In his sight.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1887.

## EARNING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

IN a Sabbath-school, not long since, it was proposed that the children should earn the missionary money that they brought, and that each child should enclose the money in a slip of paper, telling how it had been earned. On one of the papers was written, "ten cents for reading to mother," on another, "I earned this money by white-washing our spring-house;" on a third, "ten cents for making bread and keeping house;" on a fourth, "I earned this taking care of sister Maud;" on a fifth, "for keeping mother's room in order;" a sixth has, "twenty cents for improvement in music;" a seventh, "ten cents for not crying when I fell down stairs;" an eighth, "ten cents for carrying a telegram to the office;" a ninth had "made twenty cents by doing what I was told without asking why;" a tenth had been "for keeping mother's yard in order;"

an eleventh had "earned five cents by waiting on grandma;" and so on showing that they had done what they could.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## THE EVENING PRAYER.

"COME, darling, you have played long enough, kneel down and say your prayers," said mamma to little Kate.

So the little girl in a clean, white "nighty" kneeled down and folded her hands on mamma's lap, while she said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

As Kate rose from her knees she climbed up in her mamma's lap, and curling up her toes under her nighty, she said:

"Mamma, how can God hear all the little girls say their prayers?"

"Because, darling, he is so wise and good; he even knows what you think before you say anything."

"I should think, mamma, that he would have so many big people to listen to that he would not pay any attention to the children."

"Do you remember when the mothers brought their little children to Jesus, and when his disciples said not to trouble him, he was displeased, and said: 'Let the children come unto me,' and then, 'He took them up into his arms and blessed them?' A great many things in the Bible show us that God does love little children very much, and he listens to their prayers. So, little one, never for a moment think that he has not time to hear you pray. And now good night, precious one." And with a goodnight kiss little Kate was tucked away in bed.

## "BY HEART."

FRED said he knew his Sunday-school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred!" said cousin Mary, quietly, "you surprise me!"

Now, Fred liked to have cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller, as he replied, with a show of humility,

"It seems as if anybody might learn a short lesson as that! only ten verses!"

"Oh, it was not the length of the lesson but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my dear boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If you do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson you say you know by heart; but I

heard you declare a few moments ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he had it in his head, and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was cousin Mary right? Do we ever really know a thing until we do it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive," by just forgiving Ralph in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that the words of Jesus were meant to be done and not said merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart," to put it into practice! We don't always do that when we learn a lesson by heart.

Jesus must have meant something very practical when he said,

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—*Selected.*

## BRAGGING BOYS AND DOING BOYS.

"HAVE you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

"Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now—we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and then we will compute your future for you.

"Make an effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief."—*Well Spring.*

## WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

I CAN tell others of Jesus' love. I can praise God for all the good things that I have or do. I can be careful to always speak the truth. I can keep from saying cross things. I can help others in trouble. I can be kind when others are angry. I can listen and obey when Jesus speaks to my heart. I can remember that God sees me. I can find something to do for Jesus. I can trust him for strength to do it. I can listen to the voice of conscience.

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THE HEART OF A CHILD.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a step to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the eldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all at once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of children, and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"O! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten years."—*Golden Days.*

WHEN Lottie was a wee bit of a girl she came running in to her mother one day with a handful of roses, and asked, "Ma, how did God make the roses?" But before her mother could reply, she said, "I know; God said, 'Let there be roses,' and there was roses."

LITTLE THINGS.

WHAT are you doing, my love?" asked a grandmother of a little girl who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall.

"I am trying to walk softly," she replied in a low voice, "for my mother has the sick headache, and the least noise, she says, will make her worse."

Now, was not a soft step a very little thing? And yet, little as it was, it made a suffering mother more comfortable and increased her love for the good child.



AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin  
Till Eve, our mother, learned to sin.

When first she put the covering on  
Her robe of innocence was gone;  
And yet her children vainly boast  
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to show  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,  
When the poor sheep and silkworms wore  
That very clothing long before!

The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I;  
Let me be dressed fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath,  
but grievous words stir up anger.

SAFE LITTLE EFFIE.

SUE came bounding down the steps, ready for school. "Come across," called her little friend, Johnnie Bates. "I'll wait for you." Right in front of her were two prancing horses. "I can't come across the street," said Effie, "till the horses pass." "O pooh!" said Johnnie, "slip across. You'll have time; the horses are standing still. They don't mean to go on yet. 'Fore I'd be such a coward!" Down sat Effie plump on the stone step. "I can't come across till the horses go by, not if they don't go in a week," she said. "My mamma said never to cross the street alone if there is a horse to be seen; and I'm not going to." Just then the horses, that a man was trying to manage, became frightened at a kite some boys were playing with, and broke from him. Away they went, right over the very crossing that Effie would have taken. Effie's mamma ran to the door, pale and trembling. She had seen those dreadful horses fly past. "O my darling," she said, putting her arms around Effie, "what danger you have been in!" "Why, mamma!" Effie said, "I don't think I was in a speck of danger. You told me not to cross the street when I saw horses, and, of course, I wouldn't. So how could they hurt me?"

ALWAYS MIND MAMMA.

When I was a very little girl, I was one day sitting on a chair and rocking toward the stove. Mamma told me not to rock any more, for fear I would fall against the stove and burn myself. But I thought I could surely rock one more time without falling, and so I tried it. Now, this was just once too often, for I fell and burned my wrists very badly, and had to have them bound up in long white strips. My hands were sore for many days, and now I have five large scars on the backs of them, which often make me think of the time I did not mind my mamma. Little boys and girls, always do as mother tells you. She knows best.

AND now I rise and see the light,  
I pray the Lord to lead me right;  
In all I do, and think, and say,  
I pray the Lord to guide my way.

## THE BEST BEAUTY.

I KNOW a little fellow  
Whose face is fair to see;  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me;  
For he's rude and cross and selfish  
If he cannot have his way,  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is plain to see;  
But that we never think of  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him,  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features  
That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty  
If its owner's kind and true;  
And that's the kind of beauty,  
My girl and boy for you.

—Golden Days

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO  
MATTHEW.

B.C. 4.] LESSON II. [July 10.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2. 13-23. Commit to mem. vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He delivered me, because he delighted in me. Psa. 18. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. From Bethlehem to Egypt.
2. From Egypt to Nazareth.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who appeared to Joseph when the wise men had gone? An angel of the Lord.

What did he tell Joseph? That Herod would try to kill Jesus.

Where must he take Jesus and Mary his mother? To Egypt.

How long must he stay? Until he had word from God.

What did Joseph do? All that the angel commanded him.

How did Herod feel when he found the wise men did not return to him? He was very angry.

What did he do? He ordered all the boy-babies in Bethlehem to be killed.

Why did he want to kill them all? So as to make sure of killing Jesus.

Why was he determined to kill Jesus? He was afraid that he would become king and rule over his kingdom.

Where was Jesus at this time? Safe in Egypt.

When did the angel appear to Joseph again? When Herod was dead.

What word did he bring? To go back to Judea with Jesus and his mother.

Where did Joseph go? To Nazareth.

Why did he not go to Bethlehem? For fear Herod's son, who was king, might harm them.

Why did God deliver Jesus from the hands of his enemies? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

In whom does God delight now? In all who obey him.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Satan seeks your life more cruelly than Herod sought the life of Jesus.

He seeks to kill your soul and bring upon you eternal death.

You can only escape him by fleeing to God.

"The Lord is my refuge."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's watchful care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Did their sin hurt any besides themselves? Yes: their sin hurt all mankind.

How did it hurt them? By causing them to be born in sin, so that they also suffer pain and death.

A.D. 26.] LESSON III. [July 17.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matt. 3. 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. Matt. 3. S.

OUTLINE.

1. The Man.
2. His Ministry.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who came before Jesus to prepare the way for him? John the Baptist.

Was he rich and powerful? No; he wore coarse clothes and ate plain food.

Who came to hear him preach? Great crowds of people.

What did he tell them? "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

What did this mean? That Christ was coming to reign over the hearts of the people.

How must they prepare for his coming? By repenting of their sins?

Why must they repent? Because they could not receive Jesus and love their sins.

Who believed John's words? Many of the people.

Whom did John baptize in the river Jordan? All who repented and confessed their sins.

Of what was this a sign? That they wanted their hearts washed from sin.

How did this prepare the way for the Saviour? When people hate sin they are ready to love the Saviour from sin.

What would Jesus do that John could not? Forgive and wash away sin.

How would he do this? With the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Who came to hear John? The Pharisees and Sadducees.

What kind of men were they? Proud and sinful men.

What did John tell them? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

How did John speak to them of Jesus? He said he was not worthy even to untie Jesus' shoes.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Jesus has come to you? Did he find the way made ready for him?

To make ready for Jesus is to repent and turn away from your sins.

To repent is to feel sorry for sin, and not for the punishment of sin.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Repentance.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What do you mean by being born in sin? We are all born self-willed, and, but for the grace of God, inclined only to evil.

## A LITTLE COMFORTER.

A LADY who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became, on one occasion, perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head upon a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole quietly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said:

"Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

"If e'er you meet with trials  
Or troubles on the way,  
Then cast your cares on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by having her become her blessed teacher.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, God hath ordained praise."