

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1902.

No. 7.

WHAT CAME OF NOT ACTING A LIE.

Ever since Charley had seen the picture of a happy family of guinea-pigs, and his father had told him what pretty pets these little creatures made, his heart had been set on having a pair; and so sure was he that his desire would some time be fulfilled, that he made a little hut out of a tomato crate, and placed it beneath a great tree in the yard.

"I'll tell you what I will do," the minister said one day—Charley's father was the minister—"I'll give you some money now, instead of waiting for your birthday, and you can get a pair from Farmer Gray; I know he has some, for I saw them the other day, when I was there."

Then, turning to his wife he said, with a little sigh:

"I wish I could get that man to come to church; though he's very polite to me, he won't listen to anything I say on that subject."

You may be sure that Charley accepted the offer, and the very next Saturday morning you might have seen him bounding along the road which lay between Farmer Gray's and the village, the happiest boy to be anywhere found.

Farmer Gray was at the house, but he directed Charley to the barn, telling him that he could go and make his choice, and he would come out in a few moments.

"But no! on second thought you had better wait for me; there is a glass frame near the barn door that you might knock over, and I couldn't afford to have it broken."

"Oh! please let me go," cried Charley; "I will be very careful."

"Very well, then, off with you; but Tray, you stay here; you almost knocked it over once, already, this morning."

So Charley bounded off toward the barn, and as soon as the farmer's back was turned, naughty Tray dashed after him. But alas for Charley! In his eagerness

he had come in a stall near by. Oh! why had he not been more careful? What would Farmer Gray say? Tray had reached the barn before him, and when the frame fell, ran quickly out again with his tail between his legs, frightened by the noise. But Charley had not noticed him, till he heard the farmer's voice the next moment.

"You bad dog," he cried; "so it was you knocked over my frame? Didn't I tell you to stay at the house?" And then poor Tray gave a sharp cry, as though he had been struck.

"Let him think that it was the dog!" The words seemed spoken in Charley's ear, and before he hardly realized what they meant, Farmer Gray came in and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, young man," he said, "I came pretty near blaming you for the crash that I heard as I crossed the yard, but I see it was that disobedient dog of mine; if ever a creature looked his guilt he did. Well, which pair do you like the best?"

Such a chance for escape! But Charley lifted up his head, and, looking the farmer straight in the eyes, said:

"It was not Tray, sir; I broke the frame; I am very sorry I was so careless. Please take this money; will it be enough to pay for it?"

"Just about," answered the farmer; but he looked down into the pale face, and not at the bill which the boy had laid in his hand.

"Tell me one thing," said the farmer; "why didn't you let me think it was the dog?"

"Father says that acting a lie is as bad as telling one; and that would be a shameful thing, you know. Good-bye, sir! I am



THE PICTURE CHARLEY LOOKED AT.

he quite forgot the frame, and running through the barn door gave it a little push, and the next moment stood still, horrified by the sound of a fall and breaking glass; and the same instant his eyes fell upon the pretty little creatures for whom

very sorry;" and with that Charley fairly ran out of the barn and down the road. But not home; he turned off into the woods, and it was a full hour before he reached the village.

Sadly and slowly Charley walked around the house, and finally passed before the little hutch which was to have held his pets. But what was it that made him start back, rub his eyes, and look again? Yes, there was no mistake; there, in the hutch, were the prettiest pair from Farmer Gray's barn; and on a bit of paper thrust between the bars were these words: "For Charley, with Farmer Gray's respects." Nor was that all. The next day, to everybody's surprise, who should walk into church but Farmer Gray himself.

And when the minister came and welcomed him after the service, he said:

"I kinder thought I'd like to know what your preaching was like to turn out a boy like that one of yours; and I guess I like it well enough to come again."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 5, 1902.

JACK'S BOOMERANG.

Aunt Flora was making some walnut creams that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shells were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the coal-hod.

"O, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with to-morrow. Aunt Flo, I'll stick 'em together, and he'll think they're regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flora. "He is such a little boy, and he will be so disappointed: I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells

enough to make three walnuts; then he got the glue bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag, and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts until he came home from school next day at noon. Aunt Flora had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining-room closet, in a paper bag," said she.

Jack's face had a sober look. He thought, perhaps, Aunt Flora didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take 'em out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled to-day, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flora did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining-room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" he said, "have some nuts?"

"O, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At this Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little bit ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright new dime! It didn't take long to crack the other two, you may be sure; and there were thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"O! O!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but, looking up, he saw Aunt Flora smiling in the doorway, and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

"I guess I'm like the story you told about the man that threw the boomerang. Aunt Flo, and it came back and hit him," said he. "But I'm glad of it, just the same."—*Youth's Companion.*

USE YOUR BEST VOICE AT HOME.

You often hear the boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often

speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tones than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would have the best cakes and pies for guests and all sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys: Use your best voice at home.—*Anon.*

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL.

It was the first of April's days,
But still the wind would flow;
The sun with all its sharpest rays
Had barely slain the snow.
A yellow crocus raised its head—
It thought to find a row;
But shivering by itself it said,
"Alas! how can I grow?
Though March went out so like a lamb,
The air is strangely cool;
Alas! I am, indeed I am,
A little April fool!"

Maid Bessie down the doorsteps skips,
And quick the flower she sees,
And through the little yard she trips
With merry words like these:
"Twould serve you right, you silly elf,
If I should let you freeze;
You think you'll stay all by yourself,
And do just as you please;
But no! you little shiny star,
I'll take you straight to school;
You'll find you are—oh yes, you are—
A little April fool!"

With dancing eyes brimful of tricks
Wee Bessie took her way
Where all the kindergarten chicks
Were met for work and play.
"Teacher," she said, while struck the
hour,
"What would you truly say
If in my yard one little flower
Bloomed just for you to-day?"
The teacher looked too keen by half—
She'd learned it keeping school;
"I'd say," she answered with a laugh,
"I'm not an April fool!"

Then slowly from its hiding-place
The crocus came in sight,
But Bessie wore a puzzled face
That wondered what was right;
To call the teacher names—mayhap
It would not be polite.
She dropped it in her teacher's lap—
The golden blossom bright;
She looked the gravest little maid
That ever kept a rule,
And very, very shyly said,
"Who is an April fool?"

—*Well Spring.*

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THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I am only a cat;
But mothers, you see,
Are fond of their children,
Whatever they be.
And I really must say,
Though only a cat,
My anxiety sends
My heart pit-a-pat.

Those dear little kitties,
So fluffy and round,
Are all I possess, for
The others were drowned.
Alas! who can wonder
I tremble with fright,
Whenever my babies
Are out of my sight?

Oh! it's simply absurd
Of people to say
That poor pussy mothers
Don't suffer that way;
For I firmly declare
Most solemnly that
A mother's a mother,
If queen or a cat!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON II. [April 13.]

PETER, AENEAS, AND DORCAS.

Acts 9. 32-43. Memorize verses 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9. 34.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Peter? One of the apostles. Where did he once go to preach? To Lydda. Whom did he find there? A sick man named Aeneas. What was his disease? Palsy. How long had he been sick? Eight years. What did Peter tell him? That Jesus Christ made him well. What did he tell him to do? To rise and make his bed. What did that mean? To roll up the rug on which he lay. What followed? Aeneas rose up and was well. What did Peter do at Joppa? He raised Tabitha from death. Who was Tabitha or Dorcas? A good woman who helped the poor. Who asked Peter to go to Tabitha? Some disciples of Jesus. Where did they take him? Into the upper room where the body was lying. Who were in the room weeping? Many poor people whom she had helped. What came from this miracle? Many believed in Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find what followed Saul's conversion. Acts 9. 31.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 9. 32-43.
Wed. Learn Golden Text.

Thur. Find how Peter could heal Aeneas. Acts 3. 16.
Fri. Find Lydda and Joppa on the map.
Sat. Learn a verse about helping others. Prov. 3. 27.
Sun. Learn about the power of Jesus. Matt. 28. 18.

LESSON III. [April 20.]

PETER AND CORNELIUS.

Acts 10. 34-44. Memorize verses 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10. 34.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who were Gentiles? All who were not Jews. What did the Jews think of themselves? That they were God's chosen people. What did God teach Peter? That he loved all alike. How did he teach him? By a vision. What Gentile also had a vision? Cornelius. Who was he? A captain in the Roman army. What was he told to do? To send for Peter. Who went to Caesarea with Peter? Six friends. What did Peter do? He taught the Gospel of Jesus to Cornelius and his friends. What followed? Cornelius and all his friends were baptized with water and with the Holy Spirit. What is the Gospel Peter taught the Gentiles? The good news that God loves everybody. Is this true to-day? Yes, for it is God's truth, and cannot change. What does this lesson teach us is our duty to the heathen? To send them the Gospel.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the story of Cornelius' vision. Acts 10. 1-6.
Tues. Read the story of Peter's vision. Acts 10. 9-16.
Wed. What lesson did Peter learn from this? Verse 28.
Thur. Learn that God hears all true prayer. Dan. 10. 12.
Fri. Find how we should listen and speak for God. Deut. 5. 27.
Sat. Read the lesson again. Acts 10. 34-44.
Sun. Learn the Golden Text.

TRUTHFULNESS.

A gentleman once asked a boy who was deaf and dumb the question, "What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy then answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest; you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and

may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road led to a city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took the wrong road. That boy lied with his head. Lies may be told with the fingers, and many other ways. Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity of character that will tend to elevate and ennoble the life.

WHICH WAS WHICH?

BY HOPE B. STRONG.

Do you know two little sisters who each have brown eyes, brown hair and red cheeks, who are just the same height and the same weight, and have a birthday together? And do you have very hard work to tell them apart?

If so, you will know just how I felt when I went, not long ago, to visit a friend. Her two little girls came in fresh from school, in their red gowns and red reefers, and on each little brown head a red Tam O'Shanter cap with a black quill sticking up in the side.

Their mamma said, "Here are my little girlies, Bertha and Bessie."

But I hadn't the slightest idea which was Bertha and which Bessie. And the longer I stayed the worse I grew.

I would say, "Good morning, Bertha," when my answer would be, "Good morning, but I'm Bessie."

After a few days I began to notice that if their mamma should say, "Bertha, please come and stay with baby a little while," the answer would be, "O mamma! I don't want to."

But almost immediately the other little girl would speak up, "I'll do it, mamma."

And when mamma said, "Will one of my girlies please run downstairs and get me that magazine I left on the end of the library table?" only one little girl made a start.

And it was, "Thank you, Bessie," instead of "Thank you, Bertha."

So when one of them brought me my letters, a glass of water, or flowers, I, too, learned to say, "Thank you, Bessie," and I found I was not mistaken.

One day Bertha said, "Auntie, how do you tell Bessie and me apart?"

"Because Bessie is always thinking of some one beside herself; and is so kind and obliging," I answered.

The little face grew very sober. Then Bertha said, "Maybe next time you come I'll be ready to wait on folks, too. Then what will you do?"

And would you believe it? At my next visit both little girls were anxious to run all the errands. Now, what shall I do to tell Bessie from Bertha?



LITTLE MISS CONSEQUENCE.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS SON.

Among the honest fisher folk of our north-country village no man was more respected than George Collier. He was a fisherman, the son of a fisherman, grandson of two fishermen, the brother and brother-in-law of a dozen fishermen. He knew the whole coast well. He knew how to ply his trade as successfully as any in the village, and he was a very interesting man to talk with. Many a tale he could tell of adventures on the deep in storms; and right pleasant was it for some of us boys of the village, when he would allow us to go with him and his son in their boat for a few hours' fishing. It is pleasant to remember some of his stories yet, and the boys—all men now—will never forget some of the good and homely lessons he taught them, in his own quiet and quaint way.

His son, young Willie Collier, grew up to be a man, as much respected as his father; and he says he owes all he is to his father's teaching. They were returning home one day after fishing, bringing in baskets the fish they had caught. They were talking about their success.

"We've done very well to-day, father!" said Willie.

"Ay, boy, ay! let us be thankful to Him who made the fishes. Do you mind what

the preacher said at chapel last Sunday, Willie?"

"To be sure I do. Did not mother tell me never to forget it?"

"Ay, boy, ay! that preacher does not know everything about fishing, maybe, like we fisher-folks do; but he told us what never struck me before, though I've had some wonderful thoughts in quiet hours on the water; but it was a new idea to me that just as God sent a fish with a piece of money in his mouth to the apostle he sends fish worth money to our nets to pay our taxes and feed our mouths. It makes one feel more like praising God and taking interest in one's work."

"Yes; our teacher in the Sunday-school said, in the afternoon, that it was a good thing, now and then, to hear preachers preach about our work if they only understood it; but I was thinking that sometimes they tell us lots of things that they have been thinking about, that even fisher-folk would never think about themselves. You see, father, with so many of the disciples being fishermen, it makes good people look kindly on us."

"Ay, boy, ay! but do you remember what the preacher said when he made the collection?"

"Oh! that I do, father; it made me give an extra penny—the only one I had

left. He said that after the Saviour had taught the people out of a boat, he told the owners to launch out into the deep for a draught, and then he gave them a great catch of fish, and he said, 'The lesson my friends, is, lend the Lord your boats, and he will fill your nets with fishes.' I remember his very words, and how he looked when he said them."

"Ay, boy, ay! that's right. And so you gave an extra penny, did you? Well, mind you always try to lend the Lord your boat; give him what he asks of you, and serve him, and you'll be a happy lad, and no loser. We have had a good catch to-day, boy, and if it sells well, as I think it will, I will give you a silver sixpence for yourself. I like to hear about your extra penny, Willy; it does me good."

HOW I ENLISTED.

Our Sunday-school lessons had been very solemn for several weeks. Our teacher had often urged us to be followers of Jesus, She had spoken to us as a class, and to each one alone; but still I did not feel ready. I meant to be a Christian some time, but not then.

One Sabbath, after a solemn lesson, our teacher talked with us very tenderly and solemnly, and then said: "Boys, I want to be a recruiting officer for the Lord Jesus. He wants soldiers for his army. He wants you, and he has told me to ask you." She then took from her Bible a paper, on which was written: "I will choose Jesus for my Master." She read these words slowly, and then said: "Can I have any recruits to-day for my Master?"

There was a deep silence. I could hear my heart beat.

At length she asked: "Shall I not have one name?"

A boy at the end of the class quickly answered: "You may put down my name."

These words went all over me, for he was the last one from whom we should have expected to hear them.

Soon another and another said: "I will enlist."

I was the last one invited, but I was not ready. I shook my head, and said: "It would do no good."

As I walked home I did some deep thinking. I said to myself: "If Warren and Hill have enlisted, it is time for me to do so too. I thought that I was far nearer being a Christian than Warren, but perhaps he has started first. His 'I will' decides me."

So the next Sabbath I enlisted as a soldier in the army of the Lord; and although I have not been as brave as I meant to be, I've always been glad that I enlisted.

It was a beautiful thought of the little boy who said: "I know why flowers grow. They want to get out of the dirt."