

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1901.

No. 2.

FROZEN OUT.

These poor little birds seem almost frozen to death, don't they? See how languidly they peep out of their half-closed eyes. The very severe winter weather is sometimes fatal to the dear little fellows. Just outside of my window a number come to pick the berries of the Virginia creeper. But when these and everything else are frozen hard, I hope my young readers will scatter some grain or bread-crumbs for these little feathered friends of ours—they will be very grateful, I assure you. Remember—

"He prayeth best
who loveth
best
All things both
great and
small;
For the dear God
who loveth
us,
He made and
loveth all."

A BROKEN ARM.

Carrie and her friends were having a pleasant time playing hide-and-peek.

"I know a splendid place," said Mary.

"Oh, where?" asked Carrie.

"Right under mamma's window," replied Mary; "there's a big lilac tree there with branches down to the ground. Jump

out of the window quick, Carrie—here they come!"

But in trying to be quick poor Carrie fell. She was badly hurt, and when the doctor examined her he found she had broken her arm. Carrie tried to be

dear to him are those who follow his example.

Don't quarrel with the clouds. They have often brought refreshing showers into your life.



FROZEN OUT.

brave while it was being set, but she had to lie in bed several days afterwards, and for many weeks was obliged to carry her arm in a splint.

The girls were all very sorry for her. Mary sent her a beautiful bunch of golden-rod, which Carrie kept near the bed, and the others brought her some books which her mamma read aloud to her.

Carrie had never thought much about sick children before, but now that her arm is well again she goes every week to take something to the children's ward in the hospital. When they smile and put out their thin little hands to take the flowers or fruit from her she feels repaid for coming. One of the blessings of suffering ourselves is that it gives us a compassionate heart for all who are in distress.

Do you ever think how much Jesus suffered, and how loving he is to those who are in pain or sorrow? Very

BABY KISSED HER.

"Say, pretty lady, who are you?
Why don't you look at me?
What makes you keep your eyes so shut?
Please open them, and see!

"My papa's very fond of you,
He will not let me touch
Even your nose, or your curly hair!
I couldn't hurt you much!

"I'll give you just one little kiss—
Yes, I can reach over,—sc!
Dear me! what very funny lips!
They're not like mamma's—oh!"

Crash! went the "pretty lady" then,
Right down upon the floor!
And Baby could not kiss her lips,
Oh, never, any more.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 26, 1901.

FALSE SHAME.

Boys, rid yourself of that false shame that makes you shrink away when there is a book to be picked up, a door to be opened, some one to be assisted.

I recently saw a young woman, laden with a number of packages, returning from a shopping expedition. Suddenly she tripped, and one of her purchases fell to the ground. Behold her in a most awkward predicament, when a bell rang, and on the instant a bevy of boys rushed from a schoolhouse near by!

Their bright eyes grasped the situation at a glance—the young woman standing helplessly, arms and hands encumbered; the little brown parcel lying at her feet. Their kind hearts told them what to do; but shame, fear, a sort of cowardly timidity, held them back. With one accord they stopped, looked at one another, and passed

silently on. There was not a lad in that crowd whose fingers did not actually itch to pick up that bundle, yet not one dared to do it.

Boys, I beg of you, let your hands, your feet, your voice be the willing agents of that great master of politeness, the heart.

You see an aged person trying to mount the steps of a car. Your heart whispers, "Help." Obey its impulse; go offer your strong young arm. Your teacher drops a pencil; quick as a flash return it to her. Your very willingness will make her feel stronger and better.

The truly polite boy is a good son, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect which he owes to his parents. He is a grateful brother to his sisters, always returning a pleasant "Thank you" for any kindness received at their hands.

This world would be better and brighter if our boys would obey as readily as they feel the charitable impulses that rise in their hearts to assist the helpless and lend their strength to the weak. It is this prompt courtesy that will transform the awkward, boorish lad into the polished, ever graceful gentleman.

ROVER.

Rover was a fine, big Newfoundland dog, the pride of his little master's heart. When but a puppy he had been sent to Roy Clark by his uncle as a birthday present.

Papa had told Roy that dogs could be trained by kindness to perform many amusing tricks, and Roy coaxed James the gardener to help him teach Rover some of the tricks James had seen trained dogs do.

Rover was very good-natured and seldom got into scrapes with the neighbours' dogs. He would roll Miss Grey's little terrier over and over and gambol and play very gently with him. Roy and James soon taught Rover to let the little fellow ride on his back, and very comical they looked as they went round the carriage drive. Then Rover learned to put up his right paw when he met an acquaintance, and also to walk on two legs.

So well did Roy succeed in his training that papa was surprised and pleased one night when Rover bounded over the lawn to meet him, and held up his paw, which Mr. Clark shook cordially. Then Rover raised himself and walked beside Mr. Clark to the veranda, where Roy waited with some cake for him.

One summer some new neighbours came to live in the next house, and brought with them a snarling, disagreeable little cur which delighted in growling and snapping at everything that passed the house.

One morning, just after a shower, Mr. Clark and Roy were passing down the street with Rover walking a few yards ahead. Out ran the little dog and began to bark loudly at Rover, who just glanced at him and then walked quietly on. Finding no notice was taken, the other dog ran closer and bit Rover's leg.

As soon as Rover felt his teeth he wheeled quickly, and seizing him by the neck carried him, as a cat a kitten, to a large mud-puddle, into which he lanced him and then shook him vigorously until he was completely covered with the soft mud. When he had finished he threw him out on the grass and walked away without as much as a backward glance at the howling, frightened dog that was making for home as fast as possible.

Mr. Clark and Roy laughed heartily and Mr. Clark said, "Just the right sort of punishment for such fellows, Rover."

A SEA MONSTER.

The great Green Sea Turtle is the largest of all the turtle family. If you have never seen a turtle, and can find a little swamp or brook turtle or tortoise you can get a very good idea of all the family. The turtle is covered with a shell which is so large that the animal can draw its head and feet into this covering, and shut itself up as in a box. The shell is not made of one piece, but of many small plates fastened together, like the little blocks in patchwork. This shell is not a hard shell like that of the clam or conch; it is rather a very thick, tough, hard skin as hard as horn. A turtle has four legs and a short pointed tail. In the green turtle, as in others that live in the sea, the front legs and feet are changed to broad flat flippers for swimming.

Some green turtles are so large that they weigh three or even five hundred pounds. Two hundred is a more common weight. These green turtles live only in warm seas and they are most numerous in the West Indies. In the spring nights the mother turtle crawls up the beach above tide-mark, digs a deep hole in the sand, and in this hole she lays her eggs. She lays many eggs, they are large and covered with a tough skin instead of a brittle shell.

When she has placed all her eggs in the hole she covers them up with sand and leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The mother turtle pays no more attention to her eggs. As soon as the little turtles are hatched they scuttle off to the water, dive in and are able to take care of themselves. Turtles will live for a long time without food or drink. They feed on sea-weed, and their flesh is much used for food, chiefly for making a rich soup. The green turtle has a small head and a dark green shell.

Two men were walking beside a railway line, one of them being very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and it rounded a curve the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce the very heavens. A snail broke over the deaf man's face. "Hark!" he said, "there's the first cuckoo I heard this year!"

A little boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said, "Tommy have you eaten the pear?" "Yes, mother, all but the pip."

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Matt, 25

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GONE TO SCHOOL.

Where is our merry-hearted baby?
How strange the silence seems!
Where is he—in the land of mischief,
Or in the land of dreams?
Tying the reins on patient Rover?
Coaxing puss with a spool?
Ah, me! how slowly we remember,
Baby has gone to school.

Here at home he began his letters,
Finished with x, y, z,
And conquered the multiplication table
As far as "three times three."
Then papa laughed and suggested slyly,
"Mamma forgets one rule;
Babies must learn to be more than babies
And so they must go to school."

Well we recall the September morning
When our sturdy little man
Kissed good-bye in the pleasant sunshine,
And the growing-up began.
Looking back he cheerfully shouted,—
As we watched 'neath the elm shade
cool:
"Good-bye, folkses, I'll come and see you,
By'm'by, after school."

Many a tale he finds to tell us,
Mingled with smiles and tears;
Bravely his heart goes out to the future,
Untouched by doubts and fears.
Yet we know life holds harder lessons
Than those from book or tool.
Ah! time! deal gently with us and baby,
Till we are all home from school.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V. [Feb. 3.]

PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.

Matt. 25. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch therefore; for ye know neither
the day nor the hour wherein the Son of
man cometh.—Matt. 25. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What is a parable? To what did Jesus
 liken the kingdom of heaven? What did
 the virgins take when they went to meet
 the bridegroom? What did the wise
 virgins have in their lamps? How did
 the others show themselves foolish? By
 forgetting to take oil. When did the
 bridegroom come? At midnight. What
 did they do while waiting for him? They
 fell asleep. What did they do when they
 heard the bridegroom coming? They rose
 and trimmed their lamps. Did all the
 lamps burn? No, only those which had
 oil in them. What did the foolish virgins
 do? They hurried away to get oil.
 What happened while they were gone?

"The door was shut." Who will go into
 the kingdom of heaven? Those who are
 ready. Upon whom will the door be
 shut? Upon the careless ones.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the story verses. Matt. 25. 1-13.
- Tues. Learn a short memory text. Matt. 24. 44.
- Wed. Learn the Golden Text. Matt. 25. 13.
- Thurs. Get mother to read to you Gen. 7. 1-16.
- Fri. Learn who has light for us. John. 8. 12.
- Sat. Find who may enter heaven. Matt. 7. 21.
- Sun. Learn the necessity of watching. Mark 13. 34-37.

LESSON VI. [Feb. 10.]

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Matt. 25. 14-30. Memory verses, 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So then every one of us shall give account
 of himself to God.—Rom. 14. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What is this parable about? What is
 meant by talents in this lesson? Pieces
 of money. What did the man going on a
 journey give to his servants? Talents, or
 money to use for him. Did he give to all
 alike? No; he gave to each what he was
 able to use? What did the one with the five
 talents do? He earned five more, by
 trading with his money. What did the
 man with the two talents do? Just as
 well as the first; he doubled his money.
 What did the one talent man do? He hid
 his master's money. What did the master
 think of this? He was displeased and
 took the talent away. What more did he
 do? He sent the careless servant away
 from him. What should we do with the
 gifts of God to us? Use them for him.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the story of the talents. Matt. 25. 14-30.
- Tues. Read the story of the pounds. Luke 19. 12-26.
- Wed. Learn a truth which concerns you. Golden Text.
- Thurs. Find the reward of the faithful servant. Gen. 41. 39-43.
- Fri. Learn a beautiful promise. Rev. 2. 10.
- Sat. Read about faithful servants. Rev. 3. 12.
- Sun. Read something about fruit bearing. John 15. 1-8.

MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

Probably there are none of our readers,
 or at any rate very few, who would wilfully
 lay the blame for their own misdeeds on
 the shoulders of others. There are many
 who are doing it unconsciously, however.
 You ask in what way. Let this story
 answer.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mis-
 chievous boy in school. He did not mean
 to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about
 as he liked, without seeming to care how
 much he troubled others by it. He had a
 seat-mate who was quite unlike him, in
 that he was careful to try to please his
 teachers.

One day Tom heard his teachers talking
 about some of their pupils. He heard his
 own name mentioned, and then that of his
 seat-mate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I
 think," said one; "for he is always so
 polite and agreeable, and tries very hard
 to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother
 is a good woman," said another, "but I
 don't see how it is that she has such an
 unpleasant boy. I think he has a gener-
 ous nature, and when he likes he can show
 fine manners. It is my opinion that his
 mother tries to teach him just what is
 right, but he will not listen to her teach-
 ing. You know there is many a boy that
 will go on to destruction in spite of his
 mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him
 miserable for the rest of the day, and he
 had not put conscience away so far but
 that he could hear a whisper: "You've
 been a mean boy and they laid it all to
 your mother."

Now he did really love his mother, and
 could not bear the thought that he had
 brought discredit upon her. After school
 that night he lingered until the others had
 passed out, and going up to his teacher, he
 said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how
 to say it: "I want to tell you—that—that
 mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it
 to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

Tom did not think at all of what a
 brave thing he was doing; he thought of
 nothing but the wish to defend his mother.
 But when the teacher took his hand and
 said, "Your mother must be a brave lady,
 Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave
 to-night, and I shall expect good things
 from him in the future," he thought: "I
 wonder if the other boys know that all
 they do, good or bad, is laid to their
 mothers."

CHEERFULNESS.

Remember, when the desolate, aching
 void enters your heart and casts a gloom
 over your face—remember that it is a
 comfort to others to see a cheerful spirit,
 a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even
 temper. Look upon the bright side of all
 things. Believe that the best offering you
 can make to God is to enjoy to the full
 what he sends of good, and bear what he
 allows of evil—like a child, who, when
 once it thoroughly believes in its father,
 believes in all his dealings with it, whether
 it understands them or not.

The whole world is preserved in being
 for the sake of the righteous men in it.
 One good Christian may save a whole
 neighbourhood, and ten may redeem a city.



WHAT AN ELEPHANT CAN DO.

WHAT AN ELEPHANT CAN DO.

What a queer sight! An elephant dragging a plough! The elephant is put to many uses. If he cannot thread a needle he can pick up one from the ground with his trunk. His sense of touch is very delicate.

An elephant was once left to take care of a baby boy. This he did with wonderful care and gentleness. If the baby strayed off too far, the elephant would stretch out his long trunk and bring the little wanderer back.

In the year 1868 an elephant was employed at a station in India to pile up heavy logs, a work which these animals will do with great neatness and speed. The superintendent suspected the keeper of stealing the rice given for the animal's food.

The keeper of course denied the charge; but the elephant, who was standing by, laid hold of a large wrapper which the man wore round his waist, and tearing it open, let out some quarts of rice which the fellow had stowed away under the folds.

Mr. Jesse, the keeper of an elephant in London, was once giving him some potatoes, when one fell on the floor just beyond the sweep of the creature's trunk. There was a wall a few inches behind the potato; and blowing strongly the sagacious animal sent it so against the wall that the potato rebounded, and on the recoil came back near enough for the elephant to seize it.

The elephant likes music, easily learns to mark the time, and to move in step to the sound of drums. His smell is very keen, and he likes perfumes of all kinds, and, above all, fragrant flowers; he chooses them, picks them one by one, makes bouquets of them, and, after having relished the smell, carries them to his mouth, and seems to taste them.

THE PARTY.

"I'm going to have a party, and you're to come," said Rosy Graham to her best friend, Ethel Ray.

"When? What for? Is it your birthday?" asked Ethel, excitedly.

"No, it isn't. My birthday comes in March, as you might remember, because you gave me a present. I couldn't have a party then; I had sore throat, and there was a buzzard or something."

"A blizzard you mean, Rosie. Yes, I do remember now. Well, you didn't tell me when it was to be."

"Why, yes, I did, didn't I? No? Well, that's funny! I thought I told you that first thing. It's to be to-morrow afternoon. Now I've got to go and ask Nellie Grant, and Sadie Somers, and Helen Rogers, and Lulu Bertram. Come with me, that's a sweetheart, because you are my very best friend, you know. That's why I asked you first."

Off the two little girls started together on their pleasant errand. When they came back, and Ethel walked to Rosie's gate with her they said one to the other a half-dozen times at least, "Oh, I do hope it won't rain to-morrow."

It didn't. The day was perfect, the little girls looked lovely in their white dresses and bright sashes and ribbons, the table was beautifully dressed with ferns and flowers, and was set out under the great linden tree. After a number of games the children set down to the table and had their supper, while Rosie's mamma played on the banjo for them, and sang sweet and funny songs.

"We've had a perfectly lovely time," said each little girl as they bade Rosie and her mamma good-bye.

FOLLOWING JESUS IN THE DARK.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark."

Her mother did not say a word, but just went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little, and said: "Come, dear; it is your bedtime. Take hold of my hand, and I will lead you upstairs."

So Bessie put her little fat hand in her mother's, and trotted bravely upstairs in the dark. After she had said her prayers, and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said: "You were not afraid coming up, were you, my darling?"

"I couldn't be, mamma, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well, then," said her mother, "you need not be afraid of death, for Jesus is holding out his hand to you, and you have only to put your hand in his, and he will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of his hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day and praying to him to help you. He loves little children so well that they need not be afraid to follow him anywhere."

"I suppose that he'll take me upstairs to heaven some day," said Bessie. "I won't be afraid any more; would you, mamma?"

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?

What would you think if the birds and the flowers

Should say that the dew and the sweet summer showers

Were not what they wanted to bathe in and drink:

They'd like something stronger.
Now, what would you think?

And what would you think, some pleasant spring day,

If the robin and wren and pretty blue jay
Should go reeling and falling because of strong drink

(Just like men and boys);
Now what would you think?

And what would you think if you picked a bouquet,

And found that the flowers acted just the same way;

And all of them tipsy because of a drink
(How queer it would be!)

But what would you think?

Well, if it is silly and foolish for them,
Don't you think it is worse for the boys and the men,

Who lose both their bodies and souls, to through drink;

Now, what would you think?

AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

A poor woman used to give to an elephant who often passed her stall in the market a handful of greens. One day a great rage he broke away from the keeper, and came tearing down the market-place. Every one hurried out of the way, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her baby. But the furious elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up with his trunk and laid it on one side.

Don't you think the woman was glad she had given the elephant the greens, when he went by?

True Christians are not like marble tombs—beautiful without, but inclosed decayed bones. "The King's daughter was all glorious within." They are better substance than in show.