

# SUNBEAM

L. XXV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

No. 4.

## BALLAD OF THE BABY.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

ks that are dimpled and pink,  
rin roses abloom on a spray;  
lips full of love to the brink;  
ft glances that, pen-  
sive or gay,  
world of sweet mean-  
ings convey;  
fingers that flutter  
and cling  
snowdrift of crum-  
pled array—  
is the Baby, the  
King!

t though he tips over  
my ink,  
ad drives my five wits  
all astray?  
I I grumble indeed,  
do you think,  
because, in his innocent  
way,  
e wakes me long  
hours before day  
wants me to walk  
and to sing?  
hy not, if it pleases  
him, pray?  
is the Baby, the  
King?

fortunes they rise  
and they sink,  
e let the world wag  
as it may;  
lines narrow down to  
the chink  
at encircles his Maj-  
esty. Nay,  
ar lives and our for-  
tunes we lay  
is feet, with his rattle  
and ring  
ntent to adore him  
and say,  
is the Baby, the  
King!

ce, you may boast of your sway,  
is but an ephemeral thing!  
Empire of hearts is for aye,  
is the Baby, the King.  
—Harper's Young People.

## A LUMP OF SUGAR.

One bitter cold morning as I was stand-  
ing with my little Charlie at the front  
parlour window, I saw a horse coming  
down the street, drawing a light waggon

The young man began whipping the  
horse. At last, when he found the horse  
would not go, he sent to the stable for the  
hostler, who came hurrying down. To-  
gether they whipped the horse, but to no

purpose.

At last I was worried,  
and said to my little boy:  
"Charlie, go down to the  
cook and tell her mamma  
wants her to give you a  
large lump of sugar, and  
take it out to the man  
and ask him to give it to  
the horse."

Charlie was pleased;  
and going quickly to the  
cook, got the sugar and  
carried it out.

"Mister, mister," I  
heard him say, "here is  
a lump of sugar to give  
the horse to make it go."

The driver gave him  
the sugar. Then the men  
waited until the horse  
had finished it; then the  
driver got into the wag-  
gon, pulled the reins, said,  
"Get up!" and the horse  
went on without further  
difficulty.

Charlie came in de-  
lighted. "If I were that  
man," said he, "I would  
carry a lump of sugar in  
my pocket when I had to  
drive that horse. And  
now," continued he,  
"please give me a lump  
of sugar too."

## MAKE THE PAPER SPEAK.

Moshesh was an Afri-  
can chief. He sent for a  
missionary, and among the  
wonders that were taught  
by him was the art of  
writing. At first the  
natives said it was ridiculous to hope that  
a black could ever be clever enough to  
make the paper speak. But they did  
learn to read writing and to write.

The old father of Moshesh said, "I will



HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

and driven by a young man. They came  
on until they were just in front of our  
house, when the horse stopped, backed the  
waggon up to the curbstone, and refused  
to go any further.

never believe that a word can be made visible."

"We will prove it to you," said the son.

Then he told one of the best readers to go some distance away.

"Now," said he to his father, "think of something to be said to the man who has gone away, and say it to the missionary; he will listen to what you say and will make some marks on this robe."

The words were written, the man was recalled and read to the old chief what he had just said. The old man was stupefied with wonder.

This made him willing to hear the missionary's words. And he believed the truths of the gospel and was saved.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

LOST NELLY AND HER GUIDE.

A little girl one day had wandered far from her home in thoughtless play, and when the sun was getting low, she could not tell which way to turn. As is very common in such a case, she took exactly the wrong course. The sun went down, and the stars came out, and oh! how the little girl sobbed when she thought of her mother. How she would reach out her arms in anguish, and call again and again for mother to come; but there was no voice to answer. Oh, how the mother's heart would have rejoiced if she could only have heard that cry. How she would have flown to gather her darling into her bosom. But deeper grew the evening shades, and poor lost Nelly felt she must spend the night in the wilds alone, alone. How dreary and full of dread was the thought. But presently a familiar sound

broke on her ear. It was the bleating of a little lamb, like her belated and away from its mother's side. It was a very pleasant sound to her, and gave her fresh hope. It did not seem afraid or lost. It seemed to know which way it should go. So Nelly turned about and resolved to follow it. She must run fast to keep up with the bounding footsteps of her little guide. But fear gave her wings. The lamb did not stop until he reached a fold where all the flock were sheltered, and then Nelly looked about, and saw her own home. Oh, such a glad little girl she was as she bounded up the steps, and rushed to her mother's arms, and was folded to her anxious heart.

The dear lamb was her guide, and brought her safely home.

Remember the Lamb that was slain, children, to bring you safe home to the heavenly fold. But if you do not follow that guide, all he has done will not avail you. Are you following in his footsteps? Are you drawing nearer to his heavenly home?

THE HARDEST THING OF ALL.

Teddie had learned to spell a word in a way that was not the right way, and every time that he came to it in his writing lesson he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first.

"It's pretty hard to know all these things, isn't it, Teddie?" said his aunt.

"But it's a good deal harder to un-know 'em after you once get 'em crooked," said Teddie.

He was right. It is very hard to "un-know" the wrong things that we have learned.—*Olive Plants.*

THE CRAB THAT STEALS A HOUSE.

The body of the crab has a famous armour to cover it. His legs are encased in armour, and furnished with claws, so that he is able to take good care of himself. But there is a family of crabs that nature seems to have neglected. The fore part of the body is armed and has claws. But the hind part has no covering at all. It ends in a soft tail.

This poor creature cannot swim, like the rest of his tribe, and he cannot run, so that he is very helpless indeed. He seems to know that he is helpless, for he looks about to find some place of shelter. There are a great many shells on the beach. He picks out one that will do, and thrusts his tail into it. This serves him for armour.

At first he takes empty shells, but as he grows older, he gets more daring.

If he sees a shell to his mind he will not care whether it is empty or not. Indeed, he wishes for food as well as shelter.

As he prowls about he will catch a of a snail that has just put out its feet.

It draws them back in a hurry the moment it sees the crab, and tries to get its house again. But the crab seizes with his sharp claws and drags it out, eats it. Then he marches into the snail house and takes it for his own. When the crab outgrows his house he casts aside, and sets about looking for another.

What is the name of this crab? He is called the hermit crab. I think he had better have been called the robber.

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"Oh! not I," said the owl, And he gave a great scowl, And he wiped his eye, And fluffed his jowl, "Tu whoo!"

Said the dog: "I bark Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"

Said the cat: "Mi-ew! I'll scratch any one who Dares say that I do

Feel afraid, Mi-ew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse, "Of dark in the house!

Hear me scatter, Whatever's the matter, Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole, And the bug in the ground,

They both shook their heads, And passed the word round;

And the bird in the tree, The fish, and the bee,

They declared all three That you never did see

One of them afraid In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.

THE BEE'S STING.

I have always thought that the sting was just to sting with. Have you been thinking that too? Well, it is the bee's weapon for keeping folks away from his honey store, but it seems that it is not only use. Mr. Clarke, a Canadian student, says that its sting is a well-little trowel by which, after the wax are filled to the brim, the bee caps over, the sting at the same time adds a little acid to the honey to make it keep. If that is so, it is the bee's sting that makes it possible for us to have our tables this sweetmeat that the tiny creatures make. When mother punishes does it not seem like the bee's sting, all agreeable? But it is not; it is worth out something very precious—a right sweet character. And when our hearts send us sorrow, it too works out good for us.



CHILDREN

Children, g How he How, that Suffered

Tell the gu While th While they And reje

Tell them e Purchase How that th Jesus left

Tell them l To prepa Where th

LESSONS

FIR SIX MONTHS W

LESSON HEAREES AN Matt. 7. 21-29

Be ye doers only.—James

QUESTIO To what low

go? In what Can you descri there? What twelve men to great sermon d what does it be what did Jesu talk less and are spoken of i the wise man bu



CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

**CHILDREN, GO AND TELL OF JESUS.**

Children, go and tell of Jesus,  
How he died to save our souls;  
How, that he from sin might free us,  
Suffered agonies untold.

Tell the guilty of their danger,  
While they wander far from God;  
While they live to Christ a stranger,  
And reject his precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of heaven,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
How that they might be forgiven,  
Jesus left his home above.

Tell them how he hath ascended  
To prepare a home on high;  
Where all sorrows shall be ended,  
Where the good shall never die.

the foolish man build his house? What came afterward? Did it harm the house of the wise man? What became of the house of the foolish man? What did he mean to teach us by this?

DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read the Beatitudes. Matt. 5. 1-12.

*Tues.* Read Jesus' law of love. Matt. 5. 43-48.

*Wed.* Find what Jesus taught about giving and praying. Matt. 6. 1-13.

*Thur.* Read his words about daily living. Matt. 6. 25-34.

*Fri.* Read the lesson verses.

*Sat.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Sun.* Learn the Golden Rule. Matt. 7. 12.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. We must choose how to build our lives.
2. To build with God is to build on the rock.
3. To build with self is to build on the sand.

LESSON X.—MARCH 6.

JESUS CALMS THE STORM.

Mark 4. 35-41. Memorize verses 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.—Psa. 107. 29.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus teach one day? Who listened to him? What kind of a pulpit did he have? What did he talk about? What season of the year was it? Autumn. What were men doing in the fields? What is a parable? A story with an inner meaning. Did he talk in any other way? What did he say when evening came? What came over the lake as they sailed? Where was Jesus? What did the disciples say to him? Was he afraid of the storm?

What did he say to the winds and the waves? What did they do? What did Jesus think of the disciples? What did they think of him?

DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read Mark 6. 47-56.

*Tues.* Read about storm and calm. Psa. 107. 23-31.

*Wed.* Find verses for the fearful. Isa. 41. 8-14.

*Thur.* Read the lesson verses.

*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Sat.* Read about winds and waters. Psa. 104. 1-13.

*Sun.* Find how God holds the waters. Gen. 9. 12-16.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Jesus has all power.
2. That he can still the storms on the sea.
3. And he can still the storms in the heart.

CHINESE GIRL AND BOY.

Children in China are just as fond of fun as they are anywhere. While the majority of the people are very poor, yet parents are very fond of their children, and do a great deal to make them happy. The boys and girls are very fond of flying kites, of which they have a great variety, and of setting off fire-crackers. Both men and boys are very fond of this amusement, and on certain holidays notably on the New Year's Day, everybody seems engaged in this sport. It is very sad to think of these millions of boys and girls growing up without any knowledge of God or Jesus Christ.

WILLIE I WON'T PLAY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Wilful Willie I Won't Play,  
Always wants to have his way,  
With him it is I or me,  
Whatsoe'er the sport may be,  
Prisoner's goal or pull away,  
Wilful Willie I Won't Play.

If another faster run,  
Though the game be just begun,  
Then he'll pout and sulk and scowl,  
Gloomy as a day-caught owl;  
Spoil the whole glad holiday,  
Wilful Willie I Won't Play.

Where's the boy would be like him,  
Stout of arm and strong of limb,  
Hearty as a sailor, yet  
Ever in a selfish pet?  
Shame upon his head, I say,  
Wilful Willie I Won't Play.

Evil pursueth sinners; but to the righteous good shall be repaid.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 28.

HEARERS AND DOERS OF THE WORD.

Matt. 7. 21-29. Memorize verses 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.—James 1. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

To what low mountain did Jesus often go? In what part of Palestine was it? Can you describe it? Who followed Jesus there? What choice did he make there? Twelve men to preach the Gospel. What great sermon did he preach there? With what does it begin? How does it end? What did Jesus want the people to do? Talk less and do more. What two men are spoken of in the parable? Where did the wise man build his house? Where did



A JAPANESE FAMILY.

## A WONDERFUL CRAFT.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

There came to port last Sunday night,  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on!  
I looked and looked and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the unknown water,  
And moor herself right in my room,  
My daughter, O, my daughter.

She has no manifest but this,  
No flag floats o'er the water,  
She's too new for the British Lloyds—  
My daughter, O, my daughter.

Ring out, wild bells, and tamed ones too!  
Ring out the lover's moon!  
Ring in the little worsted socks!  
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the nurse, ring in the nurse!  
Ring in the milk and water!  
Away with paper, pen and ink—  
My daughter, O, my daughter.

## HONEST DOGS.

It is related by Prof. Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this kind are numerous, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged to

their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The drover found the farmer's dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds, "Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by his father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the door. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside and went to sleep.

## JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Our little girl of six years was much broken up at parting with her uncle as he was leaving us one evening to take a train for his distant home after a short visit of a few days, and went to bed weeping over her trial. When her mother came to her she said: "Mamma, I want to see my prayers to-night." "Why to-night?" asked her mother tenderly. "O, because I am not happy, and I thought if I could talk to God for a second I would feel better." She was asked if that was the way people generally did when they were unhappy. She answered: "I don't know about other people; it is the way I do."

## SHOPS IN A STRANGE LAND.

The shops in Arabia are not very large and they have no place for customers except outside. Sometimes there is a sort of raised seat or bench, on which the purchaser sits when he bargains for something, but generally you have to stand outside, while the crowds push and the traffic goes on.