

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1906.

No. 12.

## THE RIGHT THING.

To be able to keep our mind about us in times of calamity, and in acting do the thing that is best to be done, often proves of untold worth. Not many years ago a fire broke out in a village of Switzerland, and in a few hours the quaint little houses were entirely destroyed. Among the poor peasants who were weeping and wringing their hands at their loss was one man seemingly in deeper trouble than the rest. Not only were his home and cows gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages. Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"O my son! my son!" he cried. "Are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the little boy said: "Oh, no. A hero is one who does some wonderful deed.

I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah," cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."

He that deviseth to do evil shall be called a mischievous person.



A SUMMER SONG.

## A SUMMER SONG.

Come, dear children, one and all,  
Here the birds are singing,  
Here the sound of summer joy  
Through the air is ringing!  
Butterflies on wings of gold  
Kiss the fragrant flowers;  
Bees go humming gaily by,  
All the sunny hours.

## AN UNHAPPY FAMILY.

One day Puss found the door of Jimmy Wren's room open. (You see it wasn't Jenny Wren this time.) Puss liked to get into that room! She was almost sure of finding something for her supper. For Jimmy was very fond of pets. Birds and squirrels and ground-mice and bugs and beetles, all were to be found in his room at some time. Just now Jimmy was training a whole family of black-and-white rats and mice.

Careless boy, to leave the door open! He forgot that mamma said the next time Puss caught any of his pets she would have to say that he could not tame any more in the house. She said this to make Jimmy more careful.

Well, Puss walked in at the open door, and then there was trouble.

The happy family felt very unhappy right away, and so did Jimmy, for he remembered too late what his mother had said.

"I shouldn't think you'd care so much about rats!" said Jimmy.

"Perhaps not," said mamma, very reluctantly; "but I do care about my learning to look after his pets."

## HE LOVES ME SO.

I love to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell,  
How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.  
I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because he loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones may be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because he loves me so.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	3 00	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 054	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 08	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

## THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
22 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
2176 St. Catherine Street,  
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUERTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1906.

## GOD'S DAY.

When Daisy comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than general on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is, mother," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is always so much more happier on Sundays than on week-days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely: "You see, father, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

## THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE IDOL.

In a heathen home, away on the other side of the world; there lives a little girl who has been going to a mission school. One day one of the idols in her home was missing. Her father and mother hunted

for it, and after awhile it was found in the little girl's bed.

She had heard at school that idols were only pieces of wood, and she thought she would find out if this were true, so she took down the idol to sleep with her, to see if it would know enough to get up in the morning.

Her strange act and the reason why she did it made her father and mother think a good deal, and the next Sunday the whole family went to church.

## WEBSTER'S READY WIT.

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician



MARJORY AND DOROTHY EMBERSON.

made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will.

Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live  
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the court and audience with laughter.

## A FIRE IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. R. EMBERSON, B.A.

Last night at one o'clock we were alarmed by the sound of the fire-bell and cries of "Fire, fire!" On looking out we discovered the house in the next lot in flames. It was a very large house, in fact a mansion, built by the last Shogun, Prince Tokugawa, and was surrounded by four smaller houses. During the past year all these buildings have been used as barracks for one hundred and fifty Russian prisoners. When we observed the fire the prisoners were beginning to rush from the buildings carrying their belongings to a place of safety.

So rapid was the fire that in one hour the five buildings were one heap of smouldering ruins. The nearest of the buildings stood about one hundred feet from the mission house, and in part of the intervening space an evergreen grove is growing. Our property was not injured in the least, for which we feel devoutly thankful. The night was calm, and the space between our house and the fire was sufficient to place it just beyond the danger line. Several thousands of citizens were soon on the spot, and as the military guards would not let them in where the prisoners were, they crowded into the mission lot, waiting for the word to hurl our furniture out of the house.

But I did not say the word, I only kept the doors locked lest in a fit of excitement they should begin the work of destruction before there was need. After goods are hauled out in the street at a Japanese fire they are not worth much. Everybody was marvelously kind, and even though a strong wind had been blowing, thousands of willing hands were waiting to beat back the flames from our property. Several gentlemen came to me saying, "I have brought all my servants to help you." The poor prisoners had to sleep on the open ground till morning, and to-day are seeking hither and thither in the city for lodgings. They expect to return to Russia in a week or so.

This is a picture of Mr. Emberson's children. They must have been very much alarmed by the fire.

Christ is come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us: and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to stand in the strength of faith in him.—  
McLaren.

DR  
BY

When the sweet  
by one  
Above, in the  
And the birdies  
to sleep,  
And the flow  
dew.

I will tell you  
A land when  
White, white li  
Where rivule

Where we find  
we've so  
And longed  
Castles and fai  
They are eve

In that land th  
Which every  
The very wind  
notes  
As it passes

But, hush! I  
heart.  
You shall se  
For with keel  
The dream-s

LES

SECC

WORDS AND W  
11

LESSO

THE

Luke 9. 28-36

This is my  
Luke 9. 35.

What a wo  
been for Peter  
the transfigur  
taken these th  
the mountain  
tom to go the  
time of his  
felt the need

Suddenly  
around Jesus  
glistened lik  
dazzling. A  
sleepy and d  
wards they b  
Elias and Mo  
ciples were e  
they might b  
and his heav  
Just then  
saying, "Th  
him."

## DREAMLAND.

BY VERA REDING.

When the sweet stars are lighting up one  
by one  
Above, in the darkening blue,  
And the birdies have sung themselves off  
to sleep,  
And the flowers go to rest 'neath the  
dew.

I will tell you about a wonderful land,  
A land where the dream-flowers grow,  
White, white lilies and swaying ferns,  
Where rivulets crystal flow.

Where we find all the beautiful things  
we've sought  
And longed for, for many a year:  
Castles and fairies and peerless knights—  
They are every one of them there.

In that land there are exquisite melodies  
Which every one learns to sing;  
The very wind murmurs their haunting  
notes  
As it passes on fragrant wing.

But, hush! I need tell you no more, dear  
heart.  
You shall see for yourself if it's true:  
For with keel all of silver and pearly sails,  
The dream-ship is waiting for you.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.LESSON XII.—JUNE 17.  
THE TRANSFIGURATION.Luke 9. 28-36. Memory verses, 30, 31.  
GOLDEN TEXT.This is my beloved Son: hear him.—  
Luke 9. 35.

## LESSON STORY.

What a wonderful sight it must have been for Peter and John and James to see the transfiguration of Jesus. He had taken these three faithful disciples up into the mountain with him. It was his custom to go there to pray, and now that the time of his death was drawing near he felt the need of much prayer with God. Suddenly a great brightness shone around Jesus, and his long white cloak glistened like silver and was almost dazzling. At first the disciples were sleepy and did not see him. But afterwards they beheld him in his glory with Elias and Moses on either side. The disciples were entranced and asked Jesus if they might build three tabernacles for him and his heavenly companions. Just then a voice came out of a cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus go? Up the mountain side.
2. What did he go for? To pray.
3. Who went with him? Peter, John and James.
4. What happened? A great light shone about Jesus and his clothing glittered.
5. Who appeared with him? Elias and Moses.
6. What did a voice in a cloud say? "This is my beloved Son: hear him."

## LESSON XIII.—JUNE 24.

## REVIEW.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Never man spake like this man.—John  
7. 46.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the first lesson about? The two foundations.
2. What is the lesson for me? Be a doer of the Word, and not a hearer only.
3. What is the second lesson about? Jesus and the Sabbath.
4. What is the lesson for me? Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.
5. What is the third lesson about? Jesus' power over disease and death.
6. What is the lesson for me? Have faith in Jesus.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? Jesus the sinner's friend.
8. What is the lesson for me? Do some service for Jesus each day.
9. What is the fifth lesson about? The parable of the sower.
10. What is the lesson for me? See that our heart is "good ground."
11. What is the sixth lesson about? Parable of the Tares.
12. What is the lesson for me? Do not let tares be sown in our hearts.
13. What is the seventh lesson about? A fierce demoniac healed.
14. What is the lesson for me? Jesus can take all sin from our hearts.
15. What is the eighth lesson about? Death of John the Baptist.
16. What is the lesson for me? Never touch liquor and it cannot do us harm.
17. What is the ninth lesson about? Feeding the five thousand.
18. What is the lesson for me? Jesus feeds us with the true bread of Heaven.
19. What is the tenth lesson about? The Gentile woman's faith.
20. What is the lesson for me? Be humble and willing.
21. What is the eleventh lesson about? Peter's great confession.
22. What is the lesson for me? Give up for Christ's sake.
23. What is the twelfth lesson about? The transfiguration.
24. What is the lesson for me? Listen to the voice of Jesus.

## WINDING UP TIME.

A wee brown maid on the doorstep sat,  
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed  
hat;  
A broken clock on her baby knee  
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.

"What are you doing, my pretty one?  
Playing with Time?" I asked in fun,  
Large and wise were the soft dark eyes  
Lifted to mine in grave surprise.

"I's windin' him up to make him go,  
For he's so drefful poky and slow."  
Winding up Time? Ah, baby mine,  
How crawl these lengthened moments of  
thine!

How sadly goes the staid old man!  
But he has not changed since the work  
began.  
He does not change; but in after years,  
When he mingles our cup of joy with  
tears,

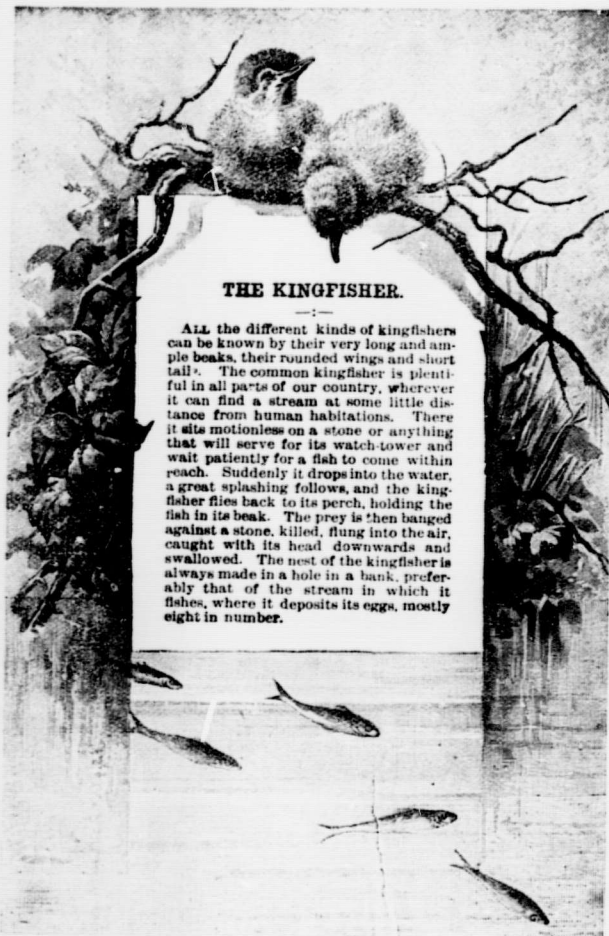
And duties are many and pleasures fleet,  
And the way grows rough 'neath our tired  
feet:  
When the day is too short for its crowd of  
cares,  
And night surprises us unawares,

We do not wish to hurry his feet,  
But find his going all too fleet,  
Ah, baby mine, some future day  
You will throw that rusty key away.

One of the easiest things in the world is to find fault with other people; but how difficult it is to see our own faults, to understand our weak points, and to remember that as we see faults in others they see faults in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the great artist who painted a picture of his monarch, upon whose brow there was a scar. He placed the king with elbow resting on a table and his head supported by his hand, but with finger covering the scar. Let us endeavor to place the finger of charity over the scars of our brethren.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, study, play—whatever it is—take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between.

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, you understand the difference between ancestors and descendants, do you not? The one comes before and the other after us." Johnny: "Yeth'em. My ma ith a dethendant." Teacher: "Not at all. You've got it just wrong." Johnny: "No'me. She'th alwayth coming after me."



### THE KINGFISHER.

ALL the different kinds of kingfishers can be known by their very long and ample beaks, their rounded wings and short tail. The common kingfisher is plentiful in all parts of our country, wherever it can find a stream at some little distance from human habitations. There it sits motionless on a stone or anything that will serve for its watch-tower and wait patiently for a fish to come within reach. Suddenly it drops into the water, a great splashing follows, and the kingfisher flies back to its perch, holding the fish in its beak. The prey is then banged against a stone, killed, flung into the air, caught with its head downwards and swallowed. The nest of the kingfisher is always made in a hole in a bank, preferably that of the stream in which it fishes, where it deposits its eggs, mostly eight in number.

### HOW TO MAKE UP.

Two little people who couldn't agree  
Were having a tiff, and were "mad as  
could be";  
They looked at each other in silence  
awhile,  
Then a sudden glad thought made one of  
them smile.  
She said, "Say, you aren't very mad, are  
you, Bessie?"  
"Well, no," said the other; "nor you, are  
you, Jessie?"  
"Then let us make up," little Jessie sug-  
gested.  
"Well, you be the one to begin," Bess  
requested.  
But that didn't suit; so the tiff lingered  
still,  
While the small-sized disputants were  
claiming their will.  
When, what do you think brought about  
sunny weather?  
Just this: they agreed to begin both to-  
gether.

Did you ever see a peanut pig? Take a  
long peanut, stick in four pins for legs,  
put a little peanut on one end for a head,  
a very little one on the other end for a  
tail, and there he is.

### HARRY'S BIRTHDAY.

Nannie was spending a week at her uncle's. The day she got there was her cousin Harry's birthday; he was twelve years old. One of his presents was a new Bible with the story of Jesus' visit to Jerusalem marked in blue ink. Harry read it to Nannie.

"Oh!" said Nannie, "he was just your age."

"Yes," said Harry, "and what a lot he knew! Just think! he was smart enough to talk with all those wise men and astonish them. I wish I could do something like that — something that would surprise everybody."

"You could mind your father and mother," said Nannie: "that would be doing like Jesus, you know."

Harry looked sharply at his cousin for a minute and wondered if she could have found out that only the day before he had disobeyed his mother.

"How do you know he minded them?" he asked in a tone that was almost cross.

"'Cause it says in the story: 'And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.' Grandma says that means he minded them. She told us all about it, and we learned the verse. I'm going to begin before I am twelve years to be like Jesus and mind every word my mother and father say. Grandma says he did; she says he minded all the time. But you could begin now, Harry, on your birthday."

"Who says I don't mind them?" Harry asked, and this time his voice was cross. He went away from Nannie and was gone for almost an hour. When he came back, he was very pleasant. He let himself be harnessed for a pony and driven by Nannie all about the grounds. At the big gate they saw Ben Stuart going out with a pail of milk. "Halloo, Ben," called Harry. "you tell your brother that I can't go skating; father thinks the ice is not safe."

Nobody but Harry and Jesus knew how near he came to disobeying his father.

### TWO SIDES.

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes; the other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better to-day"; the other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will n'take mud"; another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two children looked through colored glasses. One said, "The world is blue"; and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, and the other got stung. The first called it a honeybee; the other, a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man; "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse"; "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our evil is mixed with good"; another says, "Our good is mixed with evil."

### A RUSSIAN BABY.

A traveller from Russia says that Russian babies in Siberia are not very attractive.

He says that one day he noticed in one of the houses a curious bundle on a shelf; another hung from a peg in the wall, and a third hung by a rope from the rafters; this one the mother was swinging. The traveller discovered that each curious bundle was a child; the one in the swinging bundle was the youngest.

The traveller looked at the little baby, and found it so dirty that he exclaimed in disgust:

"Why do you not wash it?"

The mother looked horror-stricken, and ejaculated:

"Wash it! Wash the baby! Why, it would kill it!"

What a happy country Russia would be for some boys! Never to hear, "Wash your face and hands," nor "Have you brushed your hair?"

### WRONG SIDE OUT.

She didn't like the morning,  
And she knew that it would rain;  
She didn't like her breakfast,  
And pushed it back again.

At noon 'twas worse than ever,  
And she cried for cake and pie;  
She wouldn't eat her dinner,  
And she would sit still and cry.

She pouted till the evening  
Of this very horrid day,  
And all because, so early,  
She got up the wrong way!