

# SUNBEAM

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No. 3.



THE CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT.—GREAT FUN.

## "SWEETENING" MARY.

"Go to the kitchen. Mary will give you a drink."

"I don't want to," baby demurred.

"Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked mamma, in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby re-

luctantly acknowledged. "Then if you have done something to make her cross, you would better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested mamma.

Baby thought it over a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." She stopped her work and stooped,

and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back, smiling, mamma asked, "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

**HOLY OFFERINGS.**

Holy offerings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On his altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,  
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,  
Dreams of what we yet might be  
Could we cling more close to thee,  
Which, despite of faults and failings,  
Help thy grace in its prevailings—  
On thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Offerings of imperfect praise,  
Yet, with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!  
On thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4 1905.

**EARNING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.**

Miss Maynard's six little girls promised her they would do something to earn money for their mission circle during their vacation. The bright days soon passed away, and the first Sunday in September the children gathered in Sunday-school. Katie, Mollie, Jennie, Susie, Annie, and Fannie were all there.

One by one the short stories were told. Katie came first. She said: "Grandma

gave me ten cents a week for getting eggs for her, so I have earned sixty cents." Mollie's blue eyes shone as she gave her silver dollar. "I got it," she said, "for not saying 'My gracious' for a month." Then Jennie said in her sweet voice: "A blind old lady gave me a gold dollar for reading the Bible to her every Sunday." When Susie's turn came she grew as rosy as her grandpa's Baldwin apples, as she said: "I earned fifty cents for feeding the chickens and fifty for wiping dishes when grandma's girl was away." Annie, the youngest, handed her offering slowly, as she said: "I got twenty-five cents for keeping from scowling." Fannie came last with her seventy-five cents, which she had earned by selling "missionary sun-flowers," as she called her small garden of them.

So these little girls began their fall work by putting four dollars and sixty cents into the treasury, the result of a missionary vacation.

**MENLA.**

Nothing suited Louisa the other morning. The potatoes were not fried right, there was mutton instead of beef on the table, and she didn't like tomatoes. Aunt Rachel sat near Louisa trying to read the morning paper while her niece was finding fault.

At length Aunt Rachel laid down her paper and asked, "Did you ever hear of Menla?"

"No, auntie. Who is she?"

"She is, or was, a dear little girl living in India."

"A returned missionary from India said he had occasion to cross a rice-field one morning, when he saw a little girl gathering up the scattered rice in a cup she held in her hand. She couldn't get much. He asked her what she was doing it for, and she told him her parents were very poor, and she never remembered having as much as she wanted to eat in all her life. They lived on the poorest of the rice she could gather, boiled with pulse. 'But I always save some of the best of it,' said Menla, 'to sell, so that I can have some money to buy Bibles for those who do not know about Jesus.'"

"He asked her why she did not eat the rice when she was so hungry."

"Oh," said she, "I do not think you know how bad it is not to know about God. My folks used to beat me so before they knew about him; that was worse than being hungry; and I want the rest to know so they won't beat their children."

"Why, auntie," said Louisa, "I didn't know anybody lived in that way—never to have enough to eat and not to know about God."

"My child, there are thousands in our

land who seldom have enough to eat and who never hear of God."

Louisa sat still for a few minutes thinking. Then she said, "I am not going to be so selfish any more, auntie; Menla has taught me a lesson."

**A JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.**

Once upon a time there was a kind old couple that kept a pet dog. One day the old man dug where the dog scratched and unexpectedly found a quantity of gold. Now, there was a bad-hearted couple, their neighbours, who envied them their good fortune, and asked them to lend them their dog. As they would take no refusal, they got the dog; but when they took him along the road he would not scratch the ground. Therefore, they made him scratch, and then dug where he scratched; but instead of finding gold they only found a lot of filthy stuff. Then they got angry and killed the dog, and buried him under a small pine-tree by the way-side.

The pine-tree suddenly grew to a great size, and the kind old man cut it down and made a mortar out of the wood. When he pounded barley in that mortar the barley would flow up out of the bottom and overflow without end. His neighbor again envied him, and borrowed his mortar to pound his barley in. But when he did so his barley all turned out cracked and worm-eaten. Then he became still more enraged, and broke the mortar in pieces and used it for firewood.

The kind old man then took some of the ashes of the mortar and scattered them on dead trees, and made them blossom. He was plentifully rewarded for this with gold, silver and pieces of silk by the prince of the country; and so he came to be called "the old man who made dead trees blossom." Again his neighbor envied him, and attempted to make dead trees blossom with ashes. But when he took a handful and sprinkled it on the limbs of a dead tree, the tree did not blossom, but the ashes blew into the eyes of the prince of the country. The retainers of the prince roared out, "That's a nice state of things!" and seized the old man and gave him a beating. With his head bruised and bloody, he barely escaped. In this condition his wife saw him returning in the distance. And she said, "My husband, too, I see, has been rewarded by the prince with purple garments," but while she was thus rejoicing he came near, when she looked more closely and saw that her husband, instead of being clothed in purple, was stained with blood. As to the man, he then took to his bed sick, and at last died.

God alone knoweth the future. Only he who holds the key may unlock the portals of the dim unseen. Is not our future safe with him?

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DOROTHY'S PARTY.

BY JULIA M. COLTON.

Little Dorothy D. gave a party one day;  
Would you like to know who were invited?  
When I tell you their names, I am sure  
you will say  
They are friends who should never be  
slighted.

The first guest to arrive was Miss Ought-  
to-Obey;  
She had walked hand-in-hand with Miss  
Cheerful.  
Bright Miss Happy came skipping along  
the same way,  
Passing by in the street poor Miss Tear-  
ful.

Miss Polite and Miss Kind came in one  
large coupe;  
Dear Miss Gentle was waiting to meet  
them:  
And Miss Thankful—who sometimes for-  
gets what to say—  
With the sweetest of smiles went to  
greet them.

Close at Dorothy's side two dear friends  
ever stay—  
Calm Miss Truthful, whom nothing con-  
fuses,  
And that sweet little peacemaker, Love,  
who each day  
Takes the pain out of somebody's  
bruises.

Oh, so merry they were! Dotty often  
declared,  
Even though she should live to be forty,  
If with these lovely friends every day  
could be shared,  
She felt sure she would never be  
naughty!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12.

THE SECOND MIRACLE IN CANA.

John 4. 42-54. Memorize verses 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The same works that I do bear witness  
of me, that the Father hath sent me.—  
John 5. 36.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did Jesus stay in Samaria?  
Where did he then go? What had he once  
done in Cana? Who met him? What  
was his rank? He was a king's officer.  
Who was sick? Where was he? What  
was the name of the lake? Gennesaret,  
sometimes called the Sea of Galilee. What

did the nobleman ask? What did Jesus  
say to him? How did the nobleman reply?  
What did Jesus see? That he had faith in  
him. What did he say? Did the man  
believe his word? What did he find out  
from his servants? When did his son  
begin to get better? Can Jesus heal our  
sicknesses now? Yes.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson story. John 4.  
43-54.  
Tues. Read another story of Cana. John  
2. 1-12.  
Wed. Find how Jesus felt toward the  
sick. Mark 1. 40-43.  
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.  
Fri. Read about a woman of great faith.  
Mark 7. 24-30.  
Sat. Learn a verse about asking. John  
15. 7.  
Sun. Tell the story of the nobleman to  
some one.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
1. Sickness is earthly.  
2. Health is heavenly.  
3. The Lord always offers us health and  
cure.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 19.

JESUS AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

John 5. 1-15. Memorize verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And a great multitude followed him,  
because they saw his miracles.—John 6. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

After the miracle at Cana where did  
Jesus go? Did he need to go to this feast?  
What was he always seeking? Where did  
he look for them? Where did he find a  
great many one day? Can you describe  
this place? What kind of people were  
waiting here? What did they watch for?  
Have you ever heard of a spring like this?  
What are these springs called? Inter-  
mittent springs. What did these people  
believe about it? How long had one man  
been waiting? What did Jesus say to  
him? What did the man reply? Did  
Jesus help him into the pool? What day  
was it? Who found fault with the man?  
Where did Jesus meet him afterward?  
What did he say to him?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson story. John 5.  
1-15.  
Tues. Find what feast of the Jews Jesus  
went to. John 2. 13.  
Wed. Find about the building of the  
sheep gate. Neh. 3. 1.  
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.  
Fri. Read about another lame man who  
was healed. Acts 3. 1-11.  
Sat. Learn the true way to keep the Sab-  
bath. Isa. 58. 13, 14.  
Sun. Read about the Good Shepherd.  
John 10. 11-18.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
1. Without Christ we can do nothing.  
2. With him we can do all things.  
3. It is best to let him help us.

BUILDING A TEMPLE.

North of Peking, in China, there is a  
celebrated pagoda and temple visited by a  
great number of worshippers. And how  
was that fine structure built? There were  
no great gifts for it. No emperor or rich  
man poured out of his treasures, but every  
worshipper coming to the place was asked  
to bring a single brick. There was hardly  
anyone so poor that he could not bring as  
much as a brick, and in time the pile grew  
and it became a great mass of material  
sufficient to build this spacious temple.  
Every one brought something, and their  
gifts together made a great monument.  
We can all do something to send the  
Gospel to others.

OUR LITTLE LIGHT

"On the Ganges one night," writes a  
missionary, "I saw a Hindu pushing a  
number of little bamboo boats out on the  
water, each with a little light in it, and I  
asked him what they were for.

"Oh," he replied, "they are each for a  
relative who has died, that he may have  
some light in that dark world that he has  
gone to. This one is my light. We have  
all got to go, and so we push these lights  
out on the river, that we may have a little  
light beyond."

God has given each of us a little light,  
and he means that we shall put it out in  
our little earthen vessels, all over the sea  
of life, to show others the path that leads  
to him.

Little worker, is your light shining  
brightly?

AGES OF ANIMALS.

The rabbit lives from six to seven years.  
The squirrel from seven to eight years.  
The fox from fourteen to fifteen years.  
The cat from fifteen to seventeen years.  
The dog from sixteen to eighteen years.  
The bear and wolf from eighteen to  
twenty years.  
The rhinoceros from twenty to twenty-  
two years.  
The horse from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.  
The hen from twenty-five to twenty-  
eight years.  
The porpoise from twenty-eight to thirty  
years.  
The camel and crow one hundred years.  
The tortoise one hundred and twenty  
years.  
The eagle one hundred and twenty  
years.  
The elephant four hundred years.  
The whale one thousand years.





MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

## MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

"I don't want to go to church," said little Amy, looking discontentedly at the fur-trimmed coat and cap and the little dog-skin gloves. "I want to stay at home and play wif Dora Cora Waterpine."

Mamma looked sad. Of course Amy must go to church, but she did not want to make her go unwillingly; it seemed strange and ungrateful for anybody to go to the house of the Lord with a lagging step and an unwilling heart.

"I am sorry you don't want to go," said mamma; "I had a little story to tell you on the way."

"Oh, have you, mamma?" cried Amy; "well, I believe I do want to go," and on went the snug wrap and cap, while ten little fingers wriggled themselves quickly into the ten places made for them.

The church was in the village, half a mile away, so mamma had time for quite a story while they walked across the snowy fields. I didn't hear the story, so I can't tell you all the things that happened to the heroine, but I know she was one of a large family, and lived in a beautiful house, and had a dear, kind Father, who loved her devotedly and gave her everything that it was safe or good for her to have; indeed, he gave her more than some of his other children, and far more than she deserved to have.

"But why didn't she deserve to have it, mamma?" interrupted Amy; "wasn't she a good little girl?"

"I hope so," said mamma, doubtfully; "but I have one very strange thing to tell you about her: when the other children gathered round the Father to thank him for the new gifts he was constantly giving them, this little one wanted to go off and amuse herself, and not thank him at all!"

Amy looked startled. "Do you mean—" she began to ask, but they were at the door of the church, and mamma only smiled silently at her as they went in.

The meaning must have come to Amy

while Mr. Frost was preaching his sermon, for she asked no more questions, but, giving mamma's hand a squeeze on the way home, said, "I thanked him too, mamma."

## PASSING THROUGH THE FIRE.

In China is observed the festival of fire that celebrates the reputed birthday of the Taou gods, and is observed by the devotees running barefoot through or over a heap of burning charcoal and wood. A missionary writes about it as follows:

"When the preliminary rites have been performed the officiating priests rush wildly through the fire, followed by the others, while the deafening sounds of gongs, tom-toms, and horns drown the shrieks and groans of the suffering. Some reel and stagger, especially the old and feeble, and sometimes fall helpless in the fire and are burned to death."

## TINY, THE FLOWER-SELLER.

Fanchette and grandmother and Tiny lived away over in Italy, where the skies are so blue and the sun is so warm. Grandmother tended the house and Fanchette sold flowers. Tiny went with Fanchette and sat by her feet and watched everything around him with his sharp black eyes. Tiny was only a dog, but he was a very smart dog.

One day Fanchette was sick. Her head ached so badly that she could not get up. Who would sell her flowers? Fanchette did not know what to do.

After a while she thought of a plan. She managed to get up and dress, although the poor head still ached. She took her basket and went to the next house, where the florist lived, and got her usual supply of flowers. Then she went home and called Tiny.

She tied the basket around his neck, kissed him good-bye, and pointed to the door and said, "Go sell my flowers, Tiny." Then she had to lie down on the bed again.

Tiny trotted off to the corner where his mistress always stood. I think Fanchette's customers understood the case, for they picked out their posies and dropped the money into the basket. When the flowers were all sold, Tiny trotted home. The headache was gone. Fanchette was watching at the door for him, and she found more money in the basket than she had ever made before.

The next day Fanchette's customers found the little red-checked girl in her old place, and they told her what a good flower-seller Tiny was.

## WILLIE'S ANSWER.

"One afternoon," writes a teacher, "just after school had closed, as I was locking my desk, little Willie stole softly to my neck, and putting his arms around my neck, kissed me. 'I love 'oo, teacher,' he said.

"Does Willie know what love is?" I asked.

"It's what makes us dood to folks," he replied."

Was not that a good answer, and as true as it was good? It was our Lord's love that made him so good to us in living and dying for our sake. Let us all try to get a great deal of the love that makes us good to folks.

## CHRISTIAN, DOST THOU SEE THEM?

Christian, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the powers of darkness  
Rage thy steps around?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
In the strength that cometh  
By the holy cross.

Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
Christian, answer boldly,  
"While I breathe I pray."  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know the trouble,  
O my servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary, too;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near my throne."

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard, scratching. In an indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mr. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."