SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII. TORONTO, JULY 12, 1902. No. 14.

FISHING.

What happy days those were when our brother let us go fishing with him and did not scold us because the fish could hear under the water and our restless movements frightened them! The shadow of the drooping willows reflected on the smooth blue water, the soft pearly sky overhead, the sweet chirping of the birds and the mysterious woodland whispers around us, how beautiful it all was! The cool water on our feet was very pleasant after our long walk over the dusty road. The light dipping sound made by a rising fish and the far-away murmur of the river as it hurried down a hill, over the stones, made us feel that the river, too, had a language of its own. Perhaps when we were big and had grown very wise we would know what the river and the trees and the nodding river grass were telling each other. We knew it was something very beautiful and very grand, and we grew quiet and did not care to move or splash the water with our feet any more.

We could not put the worm on the hook, so our brother did that for us, saying for our comfort that it did not hurt the worm, worms had no feeling. He always told us in a most awful whisper when it was time for us to draw in our line, for somehow to have to look after the long rod and line and pull in the fish seemed to us the only thing that marred the great happiness of fishing. But it seemed to be necessary, and we did not complain; we were so anxious to be taken out again the next time our brother had a holiday. Those were days of perfect contentment. Life was to us as it must have been to the little lambs we could see gambolling on the hills beyond the river.

Haste is the key of sorrow.

THE BITTER LESSON.

Leonine Bridges was a very wild girl. Her father often said that she was more of a boy than any boy of the family, and there were four brothers, three older and one younger than she.

If any one was wanted to bring up the cows or tend the sheep, Leonine was more often chosen than any of the boys. In addition to this boys' work, she tried boys' play, and had a great many wild schemes of her own for amusing herself. We are grieved to say that stealing eggs from birds' nests was one of her wicked ways of amusement. It was while yielding to this temptation that the misfortune that changed the whole current of her life happened to her.

One summer day she climbed nearly to the top of a tall tree, and crept from a larger branch to the outer end of a smaller one, hoping thus to reach an oriole's nest

that was swinging from it. Just as she had drawn near enough to touch it the branch broke, and Leonine fell thirty feet to the ground.

One arm and one leg were broken, the leg with a compound fracture that the doctor says will never be so well that Leonine can walk again without a crutch.

Poor child! How we pity her when we look forward to the dreary years of perpetual pain and partial helplessness!

She is no longer the wild girl of other days. From this time forward her lot is suffering, and the effort of all her days must be to patiently learn the lesson of endurance.

How much better would it have been could she have been a gentle child at first, and thus have saved the misery of the after years!

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 12, 1902.

"ME PRAY, TOO."

Little Grace's papa believed that every member of the family should take part in the family altar; but Baby Grace, about three years old, sitting in mamma's lap, was thought to be too young to understand anything about praying. One morning at worship, after papa had reverently read a chapter from the Bible, he asked mamma to pray; "then George, who was the eldest and the only boy; then Mary, then Amanda, and closed the service by offering a prayer himself. As they arose from their knees they were astonished to hear Grace burst into a passionate fit of crying. Thinking that something must be hurting her, mamma took her up in her arms, and said: "Why, Grace, what's the matter?" Between her sobs the little one said in her baby prattle: "Me pray too." So they all dropped again, and gave her an opportunity to offer up her little prayer, and we believe that the Father and all the angels stopped to listen.—*The Open Door.*

SELFISHNESS.

BY ADA RUSSELL.

Mattie and Floyd were brother and sister. Mattie was ten years old, and Floyd six. There being but one day's difference in the dates of their birthdays, Mattie's falling on the twelfth, and Floyd's on the thirteenth of December, they celebrated them together.

Floyd had always been delicate, and was consequently somewhat spoiled, and to papa's and mamma's sorrow, very selfish. Vainly had they tried to cure him of this trait, which sadly marred an otherwise lovely character, and often caused them pain and mortification. But at this very birthday which they were to celebrate so happily, he would ever select the largest cake in the pile, or the finest apple in the basket. He would even show very decided anger if he were not preferred to Mattie in all things.

Mattie, a loving little sister, was very ready to yield to him in everything, "For, you see," she once said to Aunt Anne, "he is not very strong."

"Well," her auntie had replied, rather dryly, "he is strong in one respect."

"What is that, auntie?" said Mattie innocently.

"He is strongly selfish,"—which reply offended Mattie not a little.

But on this particular birthday he was taught the folly of always choosing the largest or of desiring to be first in all things.

A few little friends had been invited to share the birthday feast. At desert the little gifts were presented, as was the custom, in honour of their joint birthdays. The parcels had all been opened and their merits discussed, except the one that had last arrived by express at eleven o'clock that very day. Neither papa nor mamma knew the contents of the parcels sent by Aunt Anne. They were directed by letter to make a choice, and each must keep the one he or she selected.

As usual, papa asked, "Who chooses first?"

Floyd, with red cheeks and bright eyes, actually grew pale, he was so afraid that Mattie, by virtue of her seniority, would be allowed to choose first.

But, with a glance at Floyd, she said, "Oh, let brother choose."

Floyd instantly selected the largest bundle, while papa very gravely handed the smaller one to Mattie. They opened them with trembling fingers. An exclamation from Floyd caused all eyes to glance at him, and he was nearly crying from vexation.

Mattie, meanwhile, had opened hers, and, with a little scream she held it up. Yes, just what Floyd had long wished for,—a handsome little silver watch and chain. Poor Floyd, he was hugging a large dictionary.

Papa and mamma repressed a smile: but Mattie said, "Never mind, Floyd; you may have the watch. I can use the dictionary in my school work."

"No," said papa, very decidedly; "Aunt Anne would be displeased. Floyd is justly rewarded; and I am glad he is learning the fact that precious articles are often concealed in small bundles."

OUR SUMMER SONG.

The summer days are telling
Sweet stories as they pass;
We hear them as the breezes
So lightly touch the grass.
And as the birds' gay carols
Sing out upon the air,
While flitting in the sunshine,
Without a thought of care.

Sing, children, sing, the Lord is king;
The birds lift up their voice;
The God of love now reigns above;
Sing, children, sing, the Lord is King;
Let all the earth rejoice.

The little streamlets murmur
The same glad message still,
While gliding through the valley,
Or leaping down the hill.
God tells us of a fountain
That springs beyond the sky;
Come ye and drink its waters;
Your soul shall never die.

Then let the birds and breezes,
The grasses and the flowers,
The sparkling morning sunbeams,
The tinkling summer showers,
Repeat again the story,
Until with one accord,
We break into thanksgiving,
And bless and praise the Lord.

THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

"Go away from me, Stanley. Don't you see I'm playing and can't be bothered with you?" little Robbie said crossly to his baby brother.

Stanley looked for a moment at Robbie, then a pitiful quiver took possession of his pretty lips. He was not used to having cross words spoken to him.

"See, Robbie!" said his mother, "Stanley is hurt. Speak kindly to him; he does not like you to use such a cross voice."

And what a wonderful difference it made in the baby brother's face when Robbie said softly:

"I'm sorry, Stanley. Kiss me, and I won't speak to you like that again."

Stanley did not understand the meaning of the words. But he did understand that it was a kind and not a cross voice speaking to him.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

What sort of a house has birdie,
  My birdie with russet vest?
Oh, she has a house of sun-dried clay,
Bound together with bark and hay,
Hair lined within in a curious way,
  For a warm and cosy nest.

And what sort of eggs has birdie,
  My birdie of russet hue?
Four days did she count them, one by one,
Count and think, then she added one;
Till one fair morning the sum was done,
  With four eggs of lovely blue.

Soon birdie will see her babies,
  With little brown jackets on;
Then grubs and worms, the very best,
Make them plump till they fill the nest,
  And to-morrow they'll all be gone.

Oh, happy and brave, and patient
  Are robins, red-breasted birds;
They build and they brood, and wait so long,
Work and watch with their love so strong,
Then their full hearts o'erflow with song,
  Giving thanks, though not in words.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON III. [July 20.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES TO MEN.

Exod. 20. 12-17. Memorize verses 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Matt. 19. 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What were the first four commandments about? Our duties to God. What are the last six about? Our duties to man. What are they for? For us to live by. What if all should keep them? Earth would become heaven. How would children act towards their parents? They would honour them. Would there be any war? No. How would people think? Purely and kindly. Would we need to lock our doors? No. Could we trust every one to tell the truth? Yes. How should we love our neighbour? As ourselves. How do we show that we love ourselves? By excusing our faults, and by putting the blame on others when we have done wrong. Where shall we find God's law? In his holy Word. How can we understand it? By letting the Holy Spirit into our hearts to make it plain to us.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ex. 20. 12-17.
Tues. Read the ten Blessings. Matt. 5. 1-12.
Wed. What does Jesus teach about love to the neighbour? Matt. 5. 43-48.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Learn how you can keep God's love. Rom. 13. 10.
Sat. Read what Paul says of the law of love. 1 Cor. 13.
Sun. Read a hymn of love. No. 712, Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON IV. [July 27.

WORSHIPPING THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exod. 32. 1-6, 30-35. Memorize v. 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Exod. 20. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long was Moses on the Mount? Forty days and forty nights. What were the people doing below? Waiting for him. What did they think? That he had left them without a leader. To whom did they take their complaints? To Moses' brother, Aaron. What did they want? A god like those of the Egyptians. Could Aaron make them do right? No. What did he do? Made them a golden calf. What was it made from? Their jewels. What did they do with it? They worshipped it. What did God tell Moses? To go down and speak to them. Was Moses troubled? Yes, so that he broke the tablets of stone. What did he do? Begged the Lord to forgive them. Did he do so? Yes.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read how quickly Israel forgot God. Exod. 32. 1-8.
Tues. Find what Moses saw when he came? Exod. 32. 15-19.
Wed. Read about Aaron's poor excuse. Exod. 32. 21-24.
Thur. See how Moses pleaded for the people. Exod. 32. 30-35.
Fri. Find how useless are idols. Psa. 115. 2-8.
Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
Sun. Think: Do I worship God alone?

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

Ray knocked at the half-open door, and, pushing it quite open, he saw Mrs. Lane sitting in the rocking-chair, her head laid back upon a pillow, her eyes closed, and the baby on the floor, crying to be taken up. "What is it, Mrs. Lane? are you ill?" "Oh, it's just one of my dreadful headaches; I was up with the baby half the night, he was so fretful." Ray said: "Is there anything I can get for you?" "No; nothing but sleep and rest will help me." Ray looked down at the white face a moment, and then said: "Go and lie down right away; I will stay with the baby." He helped her to her room, dropped the shades, closed the door, and returned to the crying baby, whom he amused until he was quiet. He then cleared up the room and put things to rights, and fed the baby with bread and milk which he found in the pantry. So he spent the whole bright summer day doing what he could to help the tired, sick mother, who thanked him with grateful tears in her eyes. Ray told his mother that he had had a very happy day. Doing good to others always brings happiness.

THE WONDERFUL BEAR.

Jerry and Ida and the rest were sitting on the piazza of the cottage in the mountains when they heard a sing-song which sounded a little like this: "Rum, tarry, rum, tarry, rum, tarry, rum, tum-rum, tarry, rum, tarry, rum, tarry-*rum!*" The children followed the sound, and up the road, in front of the hotel, a black bear was doing tricks. His master, a dark-skinned Italian, was singing while the bear danced on his hind legs. "Blackie" was fastened to a rope and walked around and around the Italian.

"Taka da gun on-a da shoulder!" commanded the Italian, and the bear obeyed, with a few growls, to be sure, catching very neatly the broomstick thrown to him. Jerry spoke up very loudly to the Italian, saying, "Please, sir, do you ever ride upon the bear's back?" "No," answered the smiling man, "you want-a try, aha?"

"Well—I don't know," stammered Jerry, a little scared at the thought, but anxious to have a ride on the funny bear. At last he thought that he would not mind, and, while every one clapped and cheered, he was lifted on "Blackie's" back, and had a comfortable though rolling journey. "It's like sitting on our bearskin rug at home," he told the children. The last trick which the bear did was to climb a pole. The pole was not very thick, and the children all thought the roly-poly bear a wonderful athlete to be able to climb a slippery pole. His long claws were of great help to him. "Blackie" rested his paws on the top of the pole, panting but proud. I know two little boys who have been trying for over a week to climb a flagpole, but so far they have not been further up than six feet. So the bear was a clever fellow, and deserved a big dinner for his trouble.

It was a very hot day, and grandpa made repeated visits to the piazza to note the state of the thermometer. Little Helen always trudged along with him, and listened very attentively when grandpa explained to her about the thermometer. Late in the afternoon grandpa said: "Well, it has gone down; it is a little cooler." A few minutes later Helen said to grandma: "It's surprising, grandma, how cool it is since that fermometer went down."

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIMENT, JAN. 17, 1706.

FRANKLIN AND THE LIGHTNING.

BY HELEN T. WILDER.

Cecil stood by the big window in the hotel at St. Augustine, holding tightly his papa's hand and watching the black clouds pour down their torrents and give out their flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. He gave papa's hand a harder squeeze as an especially bright flash made him wink.

"Do you see those metal rods over there, Cecil?" asked papa, pointing to a roof not far away.

"Yes, papa, those are lightning rods."

"Do you know anything about the man who invented them?"

"Why, no, papa; I've never thought anything about it."

"Well, he is a man every boy and girl should know about, for he did a great deal for us in some ways. I do not think you would make a Benjamin Franklin, for I do not believe he ever hid his face at a bright flash. Perhaps his sixteen brothers and sisters did, though."

"His sixteen brothers and sisters," repeated Cecil, looking at papa.

"Yes, there were seventeen little Franklins. Benjamin was the youngest boy, and the only one we remember much about. It is just about two hundred years since he was born, and he lived to a good old age. But he was a young man when he became interested in the clouds and thunder storms. After watching the lightning flash from one cloud to another many times, during storms, he began to think he would like to try to get it to come down to earth and see what it was like. He lived in Philadelphia then. So, after making his preparations for things we might not understand, one day the shower he was waiting for came along. We do know that he had made a wonderful kite; and he felt that if he could get that up in the clouds, which were full of lightning, or electricity, as we call it now, some of it might come down the long cord, and into the key which he had tied to the very end, for he knew electricity liked metal. And, sure enough, as he stood out in the storm, with his kite high up in the cloud, the storm all about him, the thunder and lightning rolling and playing all around, he touched the key with his finger, and the sparks flew out, and he felt what we call a shock! The lightning had come down from the clouds into the kite, through the long cord and into the metal key. This was just a beginning of wisdom for this very wise Benjamin Franklin. And other men got interested and made experiments; and so our knowledge of electricity grew, until now the lightning rods, which Franklin afterwards invented, and electric lights, and telephones, and telegraphs, and electric cars, do not surprise us."

"But just think, papa," exclaimed Cecil, "what Benjamin Franklin would say if he could see them!"

THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him.
Now the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees:
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said;
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed.
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird;
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

—*Good Words.*

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

BREAKING THE TABLES.—SEE EXODUS 32. 15-24.