

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1901.

No. 6.

## MAKING A CALL.

These little would-be "big folks," as the picture itself so prettily suggests, are imitating their mamma in the interesting role of making a social visit. They have doubtless had a pleasant "little chat" (which too often, however, in the instance of the elders, is anything but "pleasant" in some of its qualities), and now they have come to the exciting finale of leave-taking. The excellences of the respective babies having been duly discussed, the little make-believe mothers are making their affecting adieux to the "sweet creatures" in orthodox fashion. To be sure, the baby dolls are just as good as they are represented to be, but is this always so of the live little ones, past baby-hood, too, that real mothers often boast about? We are afraid not. Certainly boys and girls ought not to see themselves outdone in good behaviour by only pretended children, but should always try to behave properly.

### CONTENTMENT.

"I don't want my oatmeal. It hasn't enough sugar on it," whined Mildred, one morning.

"I have already put more sugar on it than is good for you, so eat it or go without," answered mamma.

Later in the day, Mildred threw her dolls in the corner, and whined, "I don't like my dolls. None of them can talk, and Nellie Bates has one that does."

"Go and play with your pets,

Mildred," suggested mamma.

"Oh, I'm tired of the stupid things. I want something new," she pouted.

By and by mamma came to dress her for a drive. But nothing suited Mildred. Her dress wasn't handsome enough; her sash not fresh enough; her shoes were not quite new; her hat was a perfect fright, and so on, until mamma's patience was quite exhausted.

Toward the end of the drive mamma stopped at her washerwoman's to give some instructions about some work, and she brought Mildred in with her.

There were two children in the backyard who were playing with some rabbits, a cat, and a duck. The children were very coarsely dressed, and one had on no shoes and stockings, but they were so happy that Mildred could not help asking them what pleased them so.

"Why, we have these darling pets, and the apple-tree is so pretty, and mother is so good to us, we could not help being happy," they answered.

"Have you any dolls, or pretty clothes like mine, or birds, or parrots, or toys?"

Their mother smiled and said to Mildred, "They have a grateful heart. Contentment is better than riches."

Mildred saw how very ungrateful she had been, and she determined to cultivate contentment.



MAKING A CALL.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I come to-night with loving thanks  
For father and for mother;  
But most of all, dear Lord, for him  
We call our Elder Brother.

I come to-night with loving thanks  
For those who are to me so kind;  
For pleasant schoolmates, happy days,  
For health and strength and mind.

I come to-night with loving thanks,  
Dear Lord; for I would show  
That gratitude within my heart  
Doth sweetly spring and grow.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1901.

## MARY, THE HINDU CHRISTIAN.

When Mary was a little girl six years old she was married to an old Brahman priest. When she was eleven she had to go and live with her cruel old husband as his wife. All her happy childish days were now over for ever. She was shut up in a big dark room with three other wives of the old Brahman, without books or toys or sewing.

One day a missionary lady came to the house and asked if she might teach this poor little girl to read. The old man said, "You might as well try to teach my cow."

But in a few months he was astonished to hear little Mary read. All this time Mary was learning about Jesus and how he had died for her, and she told her husband she could not worship idols any more.

When the old Brahman heard that he took Mary and beat her cruelly, and sent the missionary away. But down in a dark corner Mary had hidden a Testament and a hymn-book, and every moment she could get she spent in reading them.

One day her husband found her with

the Testament and took it away and tore it up and then beat her again. But still Jesus kept his little lamb and said, "No one shall be able to snatch her out of my hand."

One day her husband found her hymn-book. In a rage he tore up the little girl's last treasure, and then dragged Mary to the fire and with red-hot iron burned away the palm of her hand. But even this was not enough. He gave her another cruel beating and kicked her into the street half dead. The Lord Jesus sent one of his missionaries along, and she was carried safely to the missionary's house, where she was loved and cared for.

Mary is now a happy Christian in a mission school, and to-day she is singing from her Bengali hymn-book, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." She loves her Bible, she loves to pray, and loves to work for Jesus, and every day she is growing to be more like him.

## HARRY AND THE SQUIRRELS.

Harry had gone with his mother to market, and had spent the only three pennies he had in the world in buying peanuts for the squirrels in the grounds of the State house.

As Harry and his mother entered the grounds, an old woman with a big basket full of provisions on her arm brushed past them. She had gone only a little way when she stopped to look at the little creatures.

The moment she stood still, the squirrels ran toward her from every direction, thinking she wanted to feed them. Not understanding this, and being terribly frightened, the old woman screamed, and, dropping the basket, ran off as hard as she could go.

The old woman was very glad when Harry carried her basket to her, and very much surprised to see him stand still and let the squirrels run all over his collar and his little red mittens.

"If I were your mother, you shouldn't do that," she said, as she walked away.

Harry laughed. "I'm glad I have a mother who isn't afraid of squirrels," he said.

## THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the poor button were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said her mamma. "The next time look out for the wrong button, then you'll keep the rest all right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. Look out that the first button does not go wrong.

THE BABIES MRS. BIDDY FOUND  
BY HELLÉ SPARR LUCKETT.

In one corner of Mrs. Hart's woodshed is a box. In the box is a nest. The nest is made of hay. It is just the nicest and cosiest nest you ever saw.

Mrs. Biddy, the old yellow hen, made up her mind that a family of chicks would be a nice thing to have when there was such a snug home to keep them in. So she clucked and clucked from morning until night, and sat on the nest without a single egg to sit on, and would not even come to her meals, until she grew quite thin.

Mrs. Hart did not want a family of chicks to scratch up her garden, and she told Mrs. Biddy so very plainly, and every she went out to the woodshed and pulled Mrs. Biddy off the nest by her tail.

Ah! but that did make Mrs. Biddy flap up her feathers and scold like an old lady in a bad humour.

One day, when Mrs. Hart went into the woodshed, there sat Mrs. Biddy looking proud and happy as could be. As Mrs. Hart came near the hen uttered a loud warning cry, as if she screamed:

"Hands off! Hands off!" Just the a little soft head peeped out from under her wings, but it was not the head of a chick.

Mrs. Hart lifted Biddy up quickly, even though she pecked at her sharply, as there in the nest lay four little blue kittens. They began rubbing their little noses against each other, and screaming the top of their voices. Mrs. Biddy, with all her feathers turned wrong side out, clucked and scolded by turns.

Just then a lean old mother cat that had doubtless heard the hungry cries of the babies, came running into the shed. In sight of the cat the hen flew into a great rage, and ran at her savagely. They had a pitched battle for a while, puss spitting and striking with her paws, and the hen flying at her with her sharp beak. Had it would have ended no one can tell. Mrs. Hart had not caught Mrs. Biddy the tail, and put her out, and shut the door, leaving Mrs. Puss in peace with the family.

Next morning Mrs. Hart was up at daylight and out in the woodshed. There she found Mrs. Biddy and Mrs. Puss with the babies all sleeping peacefully in the nest. The tabs were cuddled away snugly under Biddy's wings, excepting one white and yellow ball of a kit that was rolled up sound asleep on Mrs. Biddy's back.

Mrs. Puss did not seem to feel entirely safe in Biddy's house, so she soon carried her kitten's into Mrs. Hart's kitchen, and hid them away in a corner, where she was sure Mrs. Biddy could never find them. Poor old lady! She was lonely indeed after that. She clucked and clucked lovingly all day long, as if trying to call the kittens back again; but as they did not come she gave it up, and went back to her nest in the woodshed, hoping, perhaps, to find another family of babies, some to love and care for.—S.S. Times.

BIDDY FOUND  
LUCKETT.

Hart's woodshed  
is a nest. The  
It is just the  
you ever saw.  
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S.S. Times.

THE FIRST EASTER.

BY JESSIE W. H. AMES.

It was at the first gray peep of dawn,  
Ere yet the sun in glory dight  
Rose, clothed in splendour like a king,  
To give once more the dark world light.

The dew lay glistening on the grass,  
The wind was not yet waked from rest;  
Silent and still the blue sea lay,  
Silent the bird upon her nest.

Silent the whole fair garden slept,  
Not yet awake from night's repose;  
The still, blue air was fresh and sweet  
With mist that from the dewdrops rose.

But one poor woman waited there,  
Weeping beside a tomb's darl. door;  
Deep were the sobs that shook her frame.  
And eyes were dim, and heart was sore.

Unbraided flowed the golden hair  
That once the Saviour's feet had  
pressed;  
And deepest sable was the robe  
That rested on her throbbing breast.

Once, twice, into the empty tomb  
She looked, with tear-stained, anxious  
eyes,  
Hoping to see him her soul loved  
Out of its dim, damp darkness rise.

A bird, up in its lofty nest,  
Sang—oh, how gay and full of glee!  
A faint breeze swept across the land,  
And woke the ripples on the sea.

A soft blush deepened in the sky,  
The coming of the dawn was near,  
And, one by one, on every side  
The signs of life once more appear.

Into the garden's sacred walk  
A man has come with footsteps slow;  
Careless his soft eyes wander round,  
Then rest upon this form of woe.

And she, the poor heart-broken one,  
Hears the footfall, and lifts her head;  
"Tis but the gardener" who comes  
To tend this "city of the dead."

Beside the mourner's bended form  
He stops; again she lifts her head:  
As in low tones, "Why weepest thou?  
Whom seekest thou, sad one?" he said.

"Oh, they have borne away my Lord!  
Good sir, thus far give me thy aid—  
If it is thou who bore him hence,  
Tell me, I pray, where he is laid.

"I came with spices, rich and rare,  
Long, long before the rise of dawn;  
Within this tomb I saw him laid;  
I sought him, and I found him gone."

The soft light deepened in his eye,  
A happy smile passed o'er his face,  
A wind that seemed to sigh with joy,  
Made music in the sacred place.

A thrill of joy passed through her breast,  
A veil seemed lifted from her eyes;  
Fair as a lily kissed with dew  
She saw her Lord before her rise.

Once more his voice, so heavenly sweet,  
Did music to her ears afford;  
"Mary!" She turned herself, and said:  
"Rabboni, Master, risen Lord!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is despised and rejected of men—  
Isa. 53. 3.

Titles and Golden Texts should be  
thoroughly learned.

1. J. A. at B. - - - She hath done—
2. The T. E. - - - Blessed is he that—
3. G. S. J. - - - - We would see—
4. C. S. the P. - - - What think ye—
5. P. of the T. V. - Watch therefore; for
6. P. of the T. - - - So then every one—
7. The L's S. - - - This do in—
8. J. in G. - - - - Not my will,—
9. J. B. - - - - - The Son of man is—
10. J. and C. - - - - Thou art the Christ,
11. J. and P. - - - - I find no—
12. J. C. and B. - - - Christ died for—

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I. [April 7.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

Luke 24. 1-12. Memory verses, 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—  
1 Cor. 15. 20.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What had Jesus told the disciples?  
That on the third day he should rise  
again. What did the Jews do? They put  
soldiers to watch the tomb. Who came to  
the tomb early Sunday morning? Why  
did they bring sweet spices? What sur-  
prised them? To find the stone rolled  
away. What grieved them? That the  
body of Jesus was gone. Whom did they  
see at the tomb? What did the angels  
tell them? What were they told to do?  
What does the resurrection mean to us?  
That we, too, shall rise some day.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson story. Luke  
24. 1-12.
- Tues. Read what Mark says about it.  
Mark 16. 1-8.
- Wed. Find what Mary said to the angels.  
John 20. 13.
- Thur. Learn how the tomb was opened.  
Matt. 28. 1-4.

- Fri. Learn the glad truth of the Golden  
Text.
- Sat. Read what Jesus said to Mary.  
John 20. 15, 16.
- Sun. Find who know the voice of Jesus.  
John 10. 1-6.

FALSE SHAME.

Willie was ashamed. He hung his head  
and blushed. A rude boy had laughed  
at him and said, "Oh, you're a church  
member!"

At night Willie's mother told him some  
stories about Paul, and he said—  
"I like him; he was brave."

Then his mother opened the Bible and  
read what Paul wrote about not being  
ashamed of the Gospel.

"I am sorry I was ashamed," said  
Willie. "I will hold up my head next  
time as bravely as Paul did."

THE WORM IN THE TREE.

There was once a beautiful garden in  
which stood a tall tree. This tree was  
also beautiful, as it was full of leaves,  
which hung gracefully.

One day the gardener spied a worm not  
more than an inch or two long, crawling  
upon its trunk and pecking away at the  
bark.

A gentleman near by told him that if  
he did not kill that little worm it would  
kill the tree. But the gardener did not  
really believe that a worm so small could  
hurt so great a tree, and took no pains to  
destroy him, and the worm kept at work.

So time went on. The next year it was  
noticed that the leaves of the tree com-  
menced to die very early at the top, and  
all the leaves fell off much earlier than  
those of the other trees. And at the end  
of the next season the tree was dead.  
That great tree was killed by that little  
worm. He bored straight into the heart  
of that tree, and kept at it until the life  
was all gone. That only illustrates what  
sin does for people. The leaves became  
dead and dropped off because there was a  
worm in the heart of the tree.

When you see people do what they  
ought not it is because sin, like a worm,  
is in the heart. I saw two boys quarrel-  
ling, and one struck the other a hard blow.  
He did not strike him because the hand  
that struck him was bad, but because the  
heart had sin in it. Sin in the heart  
makes people do bad things. I heard a  
boy say a bad word to his mother. He  
did not say it because his tongue was bad,  
but because sin in his heart made his  
tongue say the bad word. The bad word  
came out just as the leaves fall off the  
tree.

Unless the worm could be got out of  
the tree there was no hope for the tree. It  
must die. And unless sin be taken from  
the heart it will kill us. With it in the  
heart we can never go to heaven to live  
with God and holy angels.

Only God can destroy sin in the heart.  
If we go to him and ask him in faith he  
will destroy sin, and thus we may be kept  
from doing wrong.



SIMON BEARING THE CROSS OF JESUS.

## SIMON THE CYRENIAN.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Along the dusty thoroughfare of life,  
Upon his daily errands walking free,  
Came a brave, honest man, untouched by  
pain,  
Unchilled by sight or thought of misery.

But lo! a crowd: he stops; with curious  
eye  
A fainting form all pressed to earth he  
sees;  
The hard, rough burden of the bitter cross  
Hath bowed the drooping head and feeble  
knees.

"Ho! lay the cross upon yon stranger  
there,  
For he hath breadth of chest and strength  
of limb."  
Straight it is done, and heavy laden thus,  
With Jesus' cross he turns and follows him.

Unmurmuring, patient, cheerful, pitiful,  
Prompt with the holy Sufferer to endure,  
Forsaking all to follow the dear Lord,  
Thus did he make his glorious calling sure,

Oh soul, whoe'er thou art, walking life's  
way,  
As yet from touch of deadly sorrow free,  
Learn from this story to forecast the day  
When Jesus and his cross shall come to thee.

Oh, in that fearful, that decisive hour  
Rebel not, shrink not, seek not thence to  
flee:

But, humbling bending, take thy heavy  
load,  
And bear it after Jesus patiently.

His cross is thine. If thou and he be one,  
Some portion of his pain must still be  
thine;  
Thus only mayst thou share his glorious  
crown,  
And reign with him in majesty divine.

Master in sorrow! I accept my share  
In the great anguish of life's mystery.  
No more alone I sink beneath my load,  
But bear my cross, O Jesus, after thee.

## WHAT DOES EASTER MEAN?

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Hi, sis. See what I've brought you."  
Nellie, sitting quietly knitting by the  
window, screamed with delight.

"Oh, you darling Jack! Where did you  
find it? And I was just thinking of  
Easter. They're trimming the church so  
pretty, Aunt Emma says, but the flowers  
all grew in the greenhouse, and this is a  
wild one. Oh, how sweet it is!"

"Why do they make such a fuss over  
Easter, Nell? What is it, anyway?"

"Why, Jack, it's everything. It means  
Christ is risen. He died for us, you know,  
but the tomb couldn't hold him. He rose  
from the dead. Oh, I love him! don't  
you?"

"Yes, I do, Nell, but the flowers?"

"He gives 'em to us, Jack, 'cause he  
loves us. They ain't of much use only to  
make us happy."

"I saw lots of lilies at the florist's. I  
wished I could buy one for you."

"Did you? How nice of you! They  
use lilies at Easter because they are so  
pure and sweet you know. Don't you  
remember what auntie read the other day,  
'Oh, make me pure as the lilies are'?"

"Oh, yes, and last Easter teacher told  
us to remember this verse: 'The pure in  
heart shall see God.' Say, Nell, it's awful  
good of God to give us the flowers, isn't  
it? I wish I could give him something."

"You can give him your heart, Jack.  
That is what he most wants. I've given  
him mine."

"He shall have mine, too!" said Jack.

Boys and girls, have you given yours?

## "YOU CAN'T SCOOT."

She was a child of the slums; a ragged,  
unkempt, forlorn little girl of about ten  
years of age. Some one had given her a  
penny, and she had hurried away to the  
penny store, and had there purchased a  
long stick of striped red-and-white candy.  
She was running along the street, proud  
and happy in her new and rare possession,  
when I saw her. Suddenly another little  
girl, equally ragged and forlorn-looking,  
came limping out of the dark hallway of  
a dilapidated old rookery of a tenement  
house. She was very lame, and had  
evidently suffered much in her short life.  
Her face had a drawn and prematurely  
old look, such as one is always sorry to see  
in the faces of children. The two girls  
met, and the one with the candy held it  
aloft, exclaiming: "See what I've got!  
just you see what I've got!"

"Where'd you git it, Janie!"

"Bought it."

"Where'd you git the money?"

"A man gave it to me for scooting after  
his hat when the wind blowed it off."

"Gimme some of it, won't you, Janie!  
Please do!"

There was a wistful, eager, hungry  
look in the drawn little face. Janie hesi-  
tated. Evidently sticks of candy  
came rarely to her. She looked long-  
ingly at the candy, and then at the little  
girl. Suddenly she rushed forward, say-  
ing eagerly, joyously: "You take it all;  
Maggie! you take it 'all! You can't  
scoot after gentlemen's hats and earn  
pennies, and I can. So you take it all;  
and if I get a chance to earn another  
penny, I'll give it to you to buy anything  
you want to with it."

Generous little heart, in which love of  
self had not yet found an abiding-place!  
What a lesson it taught to the grasping  
and the self-centred, who care not for the  
wants, the weakness, nor the woes of  
others.