

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

No. 3.

A DONKEY-BOY'S STORY.

Hafid had already had an unusually eventful history for an Egyptian boy, and now he was many hundred miles from the sunny land of his birth.

Few Egyptian boys ever travel as far from their homes as Hafid had, but then he was an unusually bright boy, and by his obliging and quick-witted ways had won for himself his advantages.

Hafid was once our donkey-boy in Egypt, and we always think of him as we first remembered him—his dark, intelligent face and bright smile peering from under his gay turban.

A few words of English he had already picked up from the travellers who had patronized him, and we soon found that he was always eager to learn more. Had he been lazy or indifferent, like many donkey-boys, he would not have found the same good friends who would help him to study. As it was, our party brought Hafid with them on their return to our own country, and he is now in a Christian school, making his way to be a famous man.

A CAT OF PRINCIPLE.

This cat story, given by an exchange, goes directly against the common belief that a cat *will* kill birds, and it is of no use to try and prevent her. It is not an uncommon thing for puss to show signs of a guilty conscience when she has just finished eating a nice bird, but this cat had a conscience beforehand.



AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOY.

In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nest under the eaves of an old farm-house, and there they reared a small and interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs, the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was danger-

ous to fool with the wrens, and let them alone.

When the baby wrens grew larger, one of them fell out of the nest one day, and being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident, and ran rapidly to seize the bird: but seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing she only touched it daintily with her paw, and then lay down and watched it. Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake had not expected, but it was hungry, and darting forward, attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just at the

back of the head, and killed it with one bite.

When the farmer happened along in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet

away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.

THE HARVEST.

A few little seeds by the wayside
Were sown with loving care;
A few little seeds by the wayside
Drooped with a silent prayer.

Though I may not see the springing
Where in other hearts 'tis sown,
Yet, O what a golden harvest
I've gathered within my own.

So a little work for the Master,
Though love's reward be dim,
Yet the world is purer and better
For a single thought of him.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1906.

FOR MOTHER.

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged, and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side, but this little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder, as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled, but the eyes were his only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come, and then turned his face away again, too shy or too much astonished to speak. But from that time

on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear, he looked at it, and at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his dirty blouse.

"Why don't ye eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for me mother?"

The tone made further speech unnecessary. Whatever else Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned a most beautiful lesson, he held another dearer than himself, and knew the joy of sacrifice.

MILDRED'S PICNIC.

It was a very happy and excited little face uplifted to mamma for a good-bye kiss.

Such a beautiful day it promised to be! The sun shining so brightly, with not a speck of a cloud in sight over all the blue sky! Oh wasn't it lovely?

Mildred had counted the days for two weeks—ever since Miss Gertrude had said to all the class that in "two weeks from Wednesday, if it is a nice day, we will have our picnic at Snyder's Woods." All should meet at the chapel at half-past eight, and take the trolley to the woods.

Mamma gave her a dainty lunch in a pretty basket, and, with it on her arm, Mildred hurried along.

As she neared the chapel she could hear the merry voices of the children; but suddenly she thought she heard some one near crying, and, looking to one side of the road she saw Molly Peters sitting beside a clump of bushes, crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, Molly! What is the matter?"

"O, that bad Bob Stone grabbed my basket and ran off with it!"

"Well, why don't you go home and get some more dinner?"

"I can't! I pulled weeds for Mrs. Brown and earned ten cents; five I spent for little cakes, and the other five was for car fare, and it was all in the basket. Oh, oh! and I never was to a picnic before!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said Mildred; "but I must"—and half started to go; but as she looked at poor, sad Molly, she remembered her mother's last words to her: "Try to do something to-day, dear, that will please Jesus." "Come, Molly, I have two nickels, and enough dinner for both. Let us hurry or they will start."

All day Mildred tried to give Molly the best time possible, and she was so glad she had, as she saw Molly's delight and enjoyment of everything. "I never had such a lovely day before," she said to Mildred; "and it was all because of you."

When mamma heard all about it in the evening, she took the little rosy cheeks in both hands, and, kissing her, said: "I do not know which is happier, Mildred or mamma."

A CAPTIVE BIRD.

One day, when Carl was out in the orchard, he heard a bird peeping as if in distress. It was in May, and the birds were busy building their nests. Most of them were singing merrily as they flitted to and fro with strings, bits of cotton, and hair to weave into their little homes.

But house-building seemed to be going wrong with this little bird, and Carl set about finding out the cause of its uneasiness. After hunting around for some time he finally saw the bird that seemed to be making the outcry, halfway up in an apple tree. The bird was facing him, and by the button on its breast he saw that it was a little song sparrow. It seemed to be tugging at something.

Carl quickly climbed the tree and saw that the bird was held fast by a string, so that when it tried to fly away as Carl approached, it could do nothing but spread its wings and flutter about.

The string was fastened tightly around the bird's leg, and the other end was tied to the limb of the tree upon which was its unfinished nest. In a final struggle to escape as Carl reached out his hand to free it, the bird swung off from the limb and hung in the air. Its cries were pitiful to hear.

Carl at last succeeded in releasing the frightened bird by untying the string from its leg. This took quite a while to do, for every time the sparrow tried to untangle itself it only gave the string another and a firmer twist.

"You probably saved the bird's life," Carl's father said, when he told him what he had done. "The wind must have blown one of the strings that the sparrow was weaving into its nest around the limb of the tree and fastened it there, at the same time the eager little worker had given the other end a twist around its leg, thus holding it a prisoner. Whenever you hear an outcry among the birds in nesting time it is always well to look around for the cause, as you did. Accidents happen to nest-builders as well as to house-builders; and to save a bird's life is to save a very useful member of God's kingdom."

It is never worth while to be cross. Do you know why? For one thing, it makes you a coward. If you have a trouble and are cross, it shows you are not bold enough to meet it. If you are cross with those who love you, it proves that you do not appreciate their kindness. So it goes on; it is never worth while to be cross, no matter what happens.

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THE "GOODEST" MOTHER.

Evening was falling, cold and dark,
And people hurried along the way,
As if they were longing soon to mark
Their own home candle's cheering ray.

Before me toiled in the whirling wind,
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy,
With rosy cheeks and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering, full of joy;
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the goodest mother that ever was,"

A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause

To utter the sweet and lovely words.

Oh, once in a while just stop and say,
In task or play, for a moment's pause,
To mamma, in a sweet and winning way,
"You're the goodest mother that ever was."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 11.

JESUS CALLING FISHERMEN.

Luke 5. 1-11. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children.—Eph. 5. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus was on the shore of the beautiful blue Sea of Galilee, and around him had gathered a crowd. They had heard of some of the wonderful things he had done. How he had turned water into wine, and had healed the sick, and they were anxious to have him teach them. As they pressed upon him so closely he had to move out from shore a little bit in a boat so that all could hear him.

After Jesus had finished speaking to the people he turned to the owner of the boat, Simon Peter, and told him to sail out into the lake, and let down his nets. He replied that he and his companions had fished all night but had caught nothing, but if Jesus wished it, he would try again. What was their joy to find the nets full to overflowing, and they knew it was Jesus' power that had filled their nets.

Then was it Jesus told them that he would make them fishers of men, if they would be willing to do what he wished them to.

They were to give up their boats and nets, and all they had, and devote themselves to the grand work of saving men from their sins.

It was their entire faith in Jesus enabled them to do this.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who surrounded Jesus? Great crowds.
2. Why did they gather? Because they had heard of his wonderful works.
3. What were some of these? Turning water into wine and healing the sick.
4. Why did he remove to a boat? So all could hear better.
5. After he had taught the crowd to whom did he turn? To Simon Peter.
6. What did he tell him to do? To sail out to the deep and cast down his nets.
7. What happened? The nets were full of fish.
8. What did Jesus then say? He would make them fishers of men.
9. What were they to do? Leave all and follow him.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18.

A DAY OF MIRACLES IN CAPERNAUM.

Mark 1. 21-34. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He healed many that were sick.—Mark 1. 34.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Jesus had spent the whole week preaching to the people on the shores of Lake Galilee, and helping them in body and soul, on the Sabbath day he went to the city of Capernaum. As was his habit he went to the synagogue or church, and there he again preached to the people. They were astonished at his teachings, and felt that his words were as if God had given him power. There was present a poor man with an unclean spirit, who cried out: "Let us alone." "Thou art come to destroy us; Thou art the Holy One of God." Sure enough Jesus was, and he had come to destroy the wickedness in man. So he bade the evil spirit to leave the man.

Later in the day Jesus went to Simon Peter's house, where he found Simon's wife's mother ill of a fever. But when Jesus took her by the hand all the fever left her, and in her joy and thankfulness she turned and ministered to him. At eventide many poor sick and helpless ones were brought to Jesus, and he did them all good. How beautiful are these stories of our dear Lord's love and sympathy for the people. He never spared himself, and was often worn out attending to the care of others.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus go on Sunday? To the synagogue.
2. How did he astonish the people? With the power of his words.

3. What called out to him? An evil spirit.

4. What did it say? "Thou art the Holy One of God."

5. How did Jesus answer it? By proving that he was, and commanding it to come out.

6. Whom did he next heal? Simon's wife's mother, who had a fever.

7. In the evening who came to him? All who were diseased or were sinful, and Jesus helped them all.

THE TEMPTATION.

She was only a wee bit of a girlie, but she was fighting a hard battle.

She was very fond of cherries, as every little girl or boy is, and there was a whole basketful of them upon the kitchen table. No one was in the kitchen but herself.

How much she did want some of those cherries! She climbed upon a chair and leaned way over upon the table. She could reach them as well as not, and they did look so good. But mamma had said only that morning, "I am sorry, Gracie, but you cannot have even one cherry. You have been sick, you know, and doctor-papa said when he saw I was going to can cherries, 'Better water, Grace. She mustn't have even one cherry;' but I shall not watch you, little sweetheart. I am going to trust you. You know I would give them to you if you were quite well, and I am very sorry you must not now eat any."

Mamma trusted Gracie, and yet here she was almost upon the table. Would she yield to the temptation? Mamma was looking at her through the crack of the door, and she was saying to herself, "She is such a baby! Will she be able to resist the temptation?"

Gracie reached out her hand, and then drew it quickly back. "My! I almost took one. I dess I'd better run away quick, and not look aden."

Off she slid from the chair and ran out into the croquet ground; and she never once came to the kitchen again until the cherries were all done and in their glass jars upon the closet shelf.

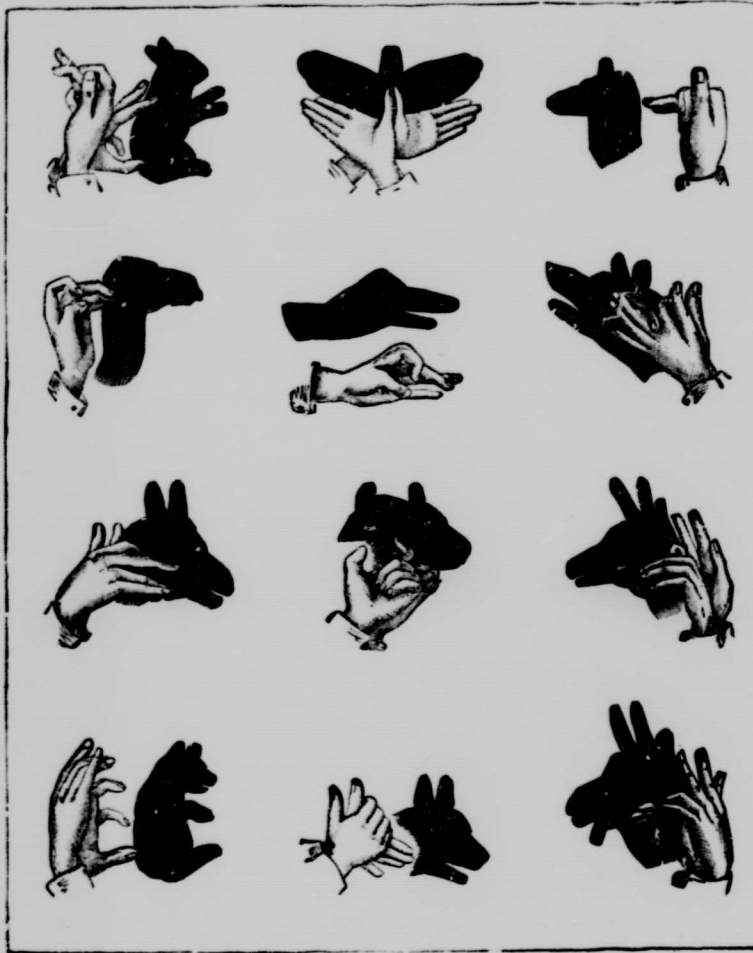
"My brave little Gracie," said mamma, that night. "So I can trust her."

"Yes!" said Gracie, "but I had to run away."

Not every little girl would have run away from temptation.

THE BIBLE ON THE CHAIR.

A boat's crew from a ship wrecked off one of the Fiji islands were afraid for their lives. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a cottage, and crept into it, and as they lay there wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called to his friend, "All right, Jack, there is a Bible on the chair! no fear now!"



SHADOW PICTURES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

THE TIP-TOP TREE.

George Lunt came running into his grandfather's sitting-room in quite an excited way.

"I don't mean to have anything to do with that Toby Flint!" he said.

"Let me see," spoke grandpa slowly, "he is the boy who has lately come to the place, isn't he?"

"Yes, last week. But I don't like him?"

"It's chilly to-day, isn't it?" asked grandpa as he listened to the wind in the trees.

"Oh, no, it's real warm, and I'd like to play out of doors all day, if Toby was a real nice boy."

"Well, if it's warm, I guess we'll go out in the garden and see how the fruit is ripening."

George was ready in a moment, for he knew what pleasant times he used to have in the garden before his parents had moved away from the town.

"It's strange how this pear-tree looks," said grandpa as they went along. "Here are these lower branches so poor and mean, without any fruit on them."

"I wouldn't have it here," cried George, "see how withered that pear looks!"

"Well, well, it don't look very nice, George. But let us go on up this little hill. I'll walk slowly, and you can pick all the currants that you want."

Grandpa's face was quite cheery, and George's had brightened up, too, when he had picked many handfuls of the fine currants.

"Tired, grandfather?" he asked as he came panting to his side.

"Just a little, and I always like to sit here. Your grandmother liked it, too. We have a fine view of the town from here."

"Yes, yes," said George, still eating currants as fast as he could.

"And oh, grandpa!" he cried, "just see how full of fruit is that tree down yonder."

"By the gate?" asked the old man as he slowly rubbed his "glasses."

"Oh, yes," he said as he looked down where the boy was pointing. "That's what I call my 'tip-top tree,' it bears such fine fruit. And down there you will find a long pole leaning against the garden

fence. With it you can pull the pears without bruising them. I had the pole made so on purpose. I think so much of my tip-top tree. Your grandmother and I used to think they tasted best up here."

Grandpa said much more, but the lad didn't hear it, he was off with such a rush to get him some fruit.

But he looked quite sober as he came up the hill with his load.

"The pole didn't slip and hurt you, did it?" asked the old man with his eyes twinkling behind his "glasses."

"No," said George. "No, but a man over in the street hurt me; and, grandpa, I'm afraid I hurt your feelings by the way I talked about Toby Flint."

"But what about the man?" asked grandpa as he slipped his arm around "his little boy," as he often called him. "I hope that he didn't throw stones at you, or anything like that."

"No, he didn't. He only said, 'Toby Flint is a fine lad. He's a little, quiet, sober fellow. But he's helped Widow Lane and ever so many people here. Like Grandpa Lunt's pear-tree, he looks plain—but he's 'tip-top.' And then I saw that you sent me to the very pear-tree that looked so mean, as we just looked at the lower branches!"

And George blushed as he glanced down at one of the large, fine pears which he had gathered.

"But I shouldn't have let you go to it if I hadn't thought you'd put off your quick way of judging, and be a 'tip-top' boy."

And grandpa patted the curly head before him.

"There's Toby coming in at the gate," cried the boy as he thanked the old man for his lesson. "I saw him over in the lane and whistled for him, when I got the pears gathered."

It is doubtful if grandpa ever enjoyed pears more than those which he ate with the two happy lads.

There was a little boy, whose heart was touched by the sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask: "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come in,' and I think he has come in."

"They must have good parents," was the remark concerning certain children who attracted the attention of some strangers by their becoming deportment. So we glorify our Father in heaven by Christian living.