

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1902.

No. 6.

AN EASTER LESSON.

Here are two pots of earth. One is crowned with a beautiful Easter lily, pure, and white, and beautiful, rising out of its green leaves. The other is all black and ugly. But what is this? A bulb, an Easter lily bulb. See! I will plant it in the black earth, and now both flower-pots are alike, are they not? They both contain an Easter lily.

What, you think they are different: To be sure, one is beautiful and the other is still ugly and black; but I am going to water the last and make it grow, until it is just as lovely as the other one.

Now, do you know why Christ came to earth? It was for many reasons, but this was one of the chief: Christ came to tell

us of a country as much more lovely and bright and happy than this world as it is brighter and better than the black ground beneath our feet; so that we can fairly call ourselves buried while we live here, and can think about that next world as our time of rising and blooming.

Have you ever seen the husk that the seed or the bulb leaves behind it when it springs up into the beautiful flower? I will show you one. And now you know what a dead body is. When you die, your body will lie all still and lifeless as this cast-off husk, but you will be gone; you will be in a lovely new world, and with a lovely new body, as much more beautiful than your old one as this lovely lily is more beautiful than this shrivelled

husk. Now are you not glad that Christ lived down here, and died, and rose again, to prove to us all these wonderful things?

Our choicest offerings we bring
To thee, this day, O Christ our King,
And lay them at thy feet.
Our hands hold lilies fair, to grace
The altars of the holy place,
Fair lilies, pure and sweet.

Any one in the world can be brought up without strong drink; but there's nothing like plenty of it for bringing a man down in the world.

God puts little packs on little backs.



AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

AN EASTER BONNET.

Little Miss Violet, blooming and sweet,
Has her new Easter bonnet all trimmed
and complete;
The brim is rich purple, with hair-lines of
black,
It flares at the front and fits close at the
back,
There's a bow-knot of yellow, and strings
of pale green—
A prettier bonnet has never been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful, and keeps it
well hid
In her underground bandbox, and holds
fast the lid;
If Easter is early, and March winds are
cold,
You'll not have a glimpse of the purple and
gold,
But when Easter comes late, you will see
the whole place
Grow bright with Miss Violet's beauty and
grace.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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., 8v., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 10v., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 40v., 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
How Times, weekly	0 08
How Times, weekly	0 20
How Times, quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
How Times, monthly	0 06
How Times, quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per box. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per box.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 5 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 215 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1902.

SIX EASTER EGGS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Harry had been lying on a lounge for three weeks, for he had broken his leg.

It was very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day; but it gave him a very good chance to show a patient and sweet-tempered spirit.

Harry's mamma and all his friends were doing whatever they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him and told him stories. They brought him pictures and flowers, and fruits and nuts.

"What have you got for me?" he asked

one day, in a fretful voice. His mamma had just come in. She showed him something in a little box.

"What are they?" asked Harry.

"Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!"

They were lovely. Each one was coloured all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

"They are for you and your little sister," said his mother. "I will let you have your choice, because you have to keep still. Which do you like best?"

"I want them all," said Harry, putting up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Harry was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed the more people tried to be kind to him the more cross and selfish he seemed to become.

"Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?" asked his mamma.

"No-o-o-o," whined Harry.

"See!" said his mamma, taking up one of the eggs. "Do you remember when

you went to find wild flowers last spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made everything beautiful for little children, and he loves them all and wishes them to love one another."

"I'll give Jessie two," said Harry, in a very unwilling voice, "and I'll have four."

"Very well," said mamma; "which will you keep?"

She felt sorry at seeing what pains he took to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the dullest and plainest for his sister.

Soon after he woke up next morning he heard tripping steps near his door, and soon a cheery voice cried, "Good morning, brother!" and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving kiss.

"See!" she said, "mamma has given me two Easter eggs. I'll give one to you, Harry—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Harry!"

O how ashamed Harry felt as his dear little sister offered him the prettiest of the two he had picked out for her because they were the ugliest, chatting away all the time!

"Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And he loved little children, and he wants them to love one another."

"O Jessie!" said Harry, "I'll take your eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them."

She had to, for Harry would have it so. She ran out in the garden to find a few snowdrops to put beside his breakfast, and carried them to him, singing like a bird: "Little children, love one another."

THE EASTER HEN.

O children, have you ever seen
The little Easter hen,
Who comes to lay her pretty eggs,
Then runs away again?

She only comes on Easter Day,
And when that day is o'er,
Till next year brings it round again.
You ne'er will see her more.

Her eggs are not like common eggs,
But all of colours bright—
Blue, purple, red, with spots and stripes,
And scarcely one that's white.

She lays them in no special place,
On this side and on that;
And last year—only think!—she laid
One right in Johnny's hat.

But naughty boys and girls get none;
So, children, don't forget,
But be as good as good can be,
It is not Easter yet.

—The Household.

HOW A TOOTH WAS PULLED.

"Now, little daughter, that tooth must come out. Can't you sit still, little girl?"

But Frances shook her head, with her mouth shut tight. She did not want to be brave.

"Well, let me put this thread around it, and I'll tell you a story."

"About when you were a little girl, and had a tooth pulled?" asked Frances, slyly.

"Yes," smiled mamma, "about when I was a little girl and had a tooth pulled."

"My mamma got a thread, just as I am doing now, and fixed a little loop in it just like this—see? Then she put it over my tooth this way—there! it didn't stay. Well, that's just the way it acted when I was a little girl. Then my mamma tried again. She made a loop a little smaller, and this time she put it over my tooth just as careful as could be, and took a pin—here's one—and tucked the thread down all round—so. Then she drew the thread up tight—this way—and tied a hard knot, then gave a little jerk like this—"

"My!" said Frances. "There's my tooth! it didn't hurt a bit, either. Let me show grandmamma."

Mamma laughed. "But you haven't heard the rest of the story."

"Oh! was there any more to it?"

"Yes, my tooth came out just the same as yours did, and my mamma held it up for me to see, and then—"

"Then what, mamma?"

"Grandma will tell you."

Grandmamma put down her knitting and adjusted her glasses for a look at the little white tooth.

"That's just like the first tooth I pulled for your mamma," she said.

"What did mamma do?" asked Frances.

"She ran and showed it to her grandmamma, just as you did."—*Little Men and Women.*

Sing, chil

bring

In the jo

are l

And as th

off h

So may v

etern

So may w

and

So may v

licio

Sweet ar

look

Without a

fut

Sing, sing

voice

That dea

all th

L

STUDIE

John 20.

Jesus s

tion and

qu

What

out of de

death no

do some



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

EASTER CAROL.

Sing, children, sing! The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning, for hopes are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's eternal spring;
So may we find release at last from sorrow and from pain,
So may we find our childhood's calm, delicious dawn again.

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that look with smiling grace,
Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the future's face!
Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful voices tell
That death is life, and God is good, and all things shall be well.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XIII. [March 30.]
EASTER LESSON.

John 20. 6-18. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What does resurrection mean? Life out of death. What life is rising out of death now? Plant life. What shall we do some day? Rise into another life.

Who has shown us the way? Our Saviour, Jesus Christ. When did he rise from the tomb? On a spring morning. What day was it? The first day of the week. Who first saw him? Mary Magdalene. What did she first see? An empty tomb. Who also came to see it? Peter and John. What did Mary do? She wept. Whom did she see? Angels. Who came and called her Mary? The Lord himself. What news did she take to the disciples. That she had seen the Lord.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses John 20. 1-18.
- Tues. Read about the burial of Christ. Luke 23. 50-53.
- Wed. Learn the whole of the Golden Text verse. John 11. 25.
- Thur. See why Mary was not afraid. 1 John 4. 18.
- Fri. Find comfort for sad hearts. 1 Thess. 4. 14.
- Sat. Find a plant in your garden that has had a resurrection.
- Sun. Read a resurrection hymn. 242 in Hymnal.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I. [April 6.]

SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.

Acts 9. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.—Acts 3. 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who persecuted the disciples of Jesus? Saul. Where did he go on this business?

To Damascus. What did he take with him? Letters from the high priest. What did they give him? Power to arrest people. What happened as they came near the city? Saul saw a great light. What followed? Saul fell to the ground. Who spoke to him? The Lord Jesus. What did Saul ask? What the Lord would have him do. Where did the Lord send him? Into the city. Why did the men lead him? He was blind. Who came to him after three days? Ananias. What did he receive? His sight. What else did he receive? The Holy Spirit. What did he begin to do? To preach. Who are blind in these days? Those who deny Jesus. Who wants to give sight to all blind souls? The Lord Jesus Christ. What does he say of himself? "I am the light of life."

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson carefully. Acts 9. 1-12.
- Tues. Find what Paul says about it. Acts 26. 9-16.
- Wed. Learn what Paul found true. Golden Text.
- Thur. Find a good thing to say to the Lord in verse 6.
- Fri. Learn to what Paul was called. Acts 26. 16.
- Sat. Find whom Paul saw when he was blind. 1 Cor. 15. 8.
- Sun. Read another story of Paul's conversion. Acts 22. 6-16.

EASTER.

When the snow was deep, we said:
'Tis a coverlet, gently spread—
Spread and folded tenderly
Where the sleeping lilies lie;
Fold on fold of fleecy white,
Cold to touch and pure to sight,
Wrapped about the deep repose
Of the violet and the rose.
Softly speak and lightly tread,
Death is guarding life, we said.

When the spring was late, we said:
While the storm-wind blew o'erhead,
God's dear springtime doth but wait;
Come it soon or come it late,
Come it slow or come it fast,
It shall surely come at last.
Frosts may bite and buds be few;
Still the promise standeth true.
Though the earth seem sore bestead,
God doth not forget, we said.

When our souls were dark, we said:
Courage, soul, be comforted!
Every life some hardness knows,
Winter time and heavy snows;
Every heart must learn to wait,
Though the spring be cold and late;
Prayers in time shall change to praise,
Easter crown the Lenten days;
Christ is risen from the dead;
Christ shall raise us, too, we said.



THE CHILDREN CRYING HOSANNA.

THE CHILDREN CRYING HOSANNA.

This picture represents Jesus riding into Jerusalem in triumph. We are told in Matthew's account that there were children among those who cried "Hosanna."

Perhaps some of them had felt Jesus' tender hand laid on their head when he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How glad they must have been to show their love for him.

If you try to serve Jesus you will one day behold him in far greater glory than that in which he rode into Jerusalem. What will you then have to offer him? Not earthly palms, which these children waved in expression of their love and admiration. He will look for that beauty of character which results from obedience to his precepts and love of his words.

THE PRAYING BOY.

A little boy in New York, who attended a prayer-meeting, was convicted of sin, went home, and began to pray aloud in his room. His father, a wicked man, heard him, and told him he must stop that or leave his house. The boy thought it over, and decided that, as much as he loved his father

and mother, he loved Jesus better. He gathered and tied up a few things in his handkerchief, and then went to say good-bye. His mother, surprised, asked him where he was going. He replied: "I don't know. Father says I can't stay here if I pray; and I can't stop praying." The father said that if this was his religion he wanted it too. The boy prayed with both parents, and soon all three were serving God together.

"No music," says Seeker, "could ever equal the heaven-born cries of newborn babes. When the snowdrops of youth appear in the garden of the Church, it evinces that there is a glorious summer approaching."

EASTER THOUGHTS FOR OUR WEE WORKERS.

Jesus died that we might live.

This is the day our Saviour arose from the dead.

Let us learn a sweet lesson from the flowers. In the winter they die, but in the spring they come again. So Christ will raise our bodies from the grave unto life eternal.

Sing your joyous songs to-day, little workers, for Christ our Lord has conquered our last enemy, death, and gone to prepare a beautiful home for us in heaven.

EASTER.

BY ARTHUR CLEVELAND COX.

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Out of his prison,
Forth from his portal!
Christ is not sleeping,
Seek him no longer,
Strong was his keeping,
Jesus was stronger!

Christ is arisen,
Seek him not here.
Lonely his prison,
Empty his bier.
Vain his entombing,
Spices and lawn,
Vain the perfuming,
Jesus is gone!

Christ is arisen,
Joy to thee, mortal!
Empty his prison,
Broken its portal.
Rising he giveth
His shroud to the sod;
Rising he liveth
And liveth to God.

A tiny traveller, looking from a car window at a foaming waterfall, called out: "O, mother, see the soda water running down the mountain!"

