

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXIV.

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1903.

No. 5.

IN THE NURSERY.

Dolly is having a bath, but we hope her little nurse will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle-ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated—yes, Christian, homes. Why this is so seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young reader, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.

BE TRUTHFUL.

"Harry," said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, won't you tell me what this means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry, "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-

morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"O dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

"All right! Of course I have time," cried Harry. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening;" and within five minutes this little boy, who had so much to do, was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy that afternoon?

THE NEW KITTEN.

Our dear old doggie's name is Jack. He is the best-tempered old doggie you ever saw. He lets us pull him about just as we like; and he'll run after sticks for us, and carry parcels, and do all sorts of things. But once I saw him—well, if not exactly in a bad temper, very, very sulky, and I think that he really was nearly cross. I'll tell you all about it.

Auntie gave us a little kitten; such a dear little thing! It was only six weeks old; and it would run after its tail and play about, so that it set us all laughing. When Jack saw it he did not like it at all. I suppose that he was just a little bit jealous. Father said that his nose was out of joint, but I couldn't see any difference; it looked just the same as ever. Well, we gave kitty some milk; and it was in Jack's saucer, too. Jack did not say anything; but he looked, and he looked, and seemed so miserable that I felt quite sorry for him. But



DOLLY'S BATH.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going to Mr. Jones' woods for flowers. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

same as ever. Well, we gave kitty some milk; and it was in Jack's saucer, too. Jack did not say anything; but he looked, and he looked, and seemed so miserable that I felt quite sorry for him. But

Robert only laughed. He said that it was all right, and that Jack would soon get good-tempered again. And so he did, for before long Jack and kitty were as friendly as friendly. And I dare say, that if I were to go and look in Jack's house this very minute I should find kitty curled up in the corner on the straw, and Jack looking as if he would say: "I should like to see any one touch her!"—*Early Days.*

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 7, 1903.

LOVING BACK.

Little Alice was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. When her mother had finished the writing, she told Alice that she might come and sit on her lap, and Alice said:

"I'm so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad that my little girl loves me so, but I fancy that you were not very lonely while I was writing; you and Dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma, we were; but after a while I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, just because she never loves me back."

"And is that why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, nor the best."

"And what is the first and the best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess? It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

That was a very good reason, and even mamma herself could not have given a

better one. That is one reason, also, why we should love the dear Lord: because he first loved us, and died to redeem us from our sins.

BARKIS.

Leslie brought him home one day. He had jumped from a passing train, and his owner had not cared enough for him to return and claim him. So he stayed with us—a little scrap of a little black and white dog, with friendly eyes, a stubby tail, and a bark joyous and incessant.

Everybody made jokes on that bark.

Hal, the punster of the family, assured visitors that our dog's "bark wasn't on the seas (seize)!"

Father called the dog "Hickory" at first, because "his bark stuck so tightly!"

But it was mother who gave him his real name, for, when the family were discussing the question as to whether the newcomer should stay, she remarked that "Barkis was willin'!"

And thus Barkis found a home and a name, and, we may add, soon proved himself to be a friend, and the protector of the family.

One night when everybody was sound asleep, grandma and little Leslie were awakened by Barkis' tiny but energetic "how-wow."

"Seems as though he was making more noise than usual," said Leslie, sleepily.

"That's so," said grandma. "He comes tearing up the steps and then rushes down to the barn again. I guess he must be baying at the moon."

Leslie crept out of bed and went to the window, standing there a minute or two in his white nightgown.

Suddenly he whispered excitedly, "O grandma! I believe some one is trying to steal Sam!"

Sam was father's beautiful cream-coloured horse that was worth ever so many dollars.

"I hear a noise down at the barn," continued Leslie. "There is a sound as if some one were throwing things at Barkis, and he gives a yelp and starts up barking again."

Grandma sat up in bed, the white frill of her night-cap bristling around her face.

"Better run down-stairs and rouse your parents, child," she said, adding, "I suppose we'll be laughed at, though."

But nobody felt like laughing, for when father and the hired man left the house they heard the sound of hurried footsteps down by the barn, and when they reached the building there was the big door open, and Sam, wild-eyed with fright, standing in his stall with part of his harness on.

Horse thieves had been there sure enough.

And wasn't Barkis delighted that he had aroused the folks in time! He jumped and leaped and wagged his stubby tail.

He didn't mind now how the thieves had pelted him with potatoes from the bin in the barn—the yard was sprinkled with them.

Good, faithful Barkis! how all the family loved him after that, and the best bone was always given him. Nobody complained of his noise. He might bay or howl, yelp or whine, he was sure to get a friendly pat and the complimentary words, "Good dog! he saved our Sam!"

THE CHILDREN'S ANGELS.

When the little children sleep

Little stars are waking;

Angels bright from heaven come,

And till morn is breaking

They will watch the livelong night

By their beds till morning light.

When the little children sleep

Stars and angels watch do keep.

When the little children wake

Little stars are sleeping,

But the angels evermore

Faithful watch are keeping.

From the rising of the sun,

Till their work and play are done,

They will guard them, one and all,

Lest they go astray or fall.

—Selected.

HOW MISS AMELIA HAD HER OWN WAY.

Doll-dom was down under the big apple-tree. There were branches of ever-green dividing the rooms, and in the rooms were boxes for stools and tables, broken china and a few whole cups and plates, dolls' chairs and a cupboard, trunk and bureau. Best of all was a new doll-carriage. This came with Nan's newest doll, Miss Amelia, who was the prettiest and, alas! the most discontented of all Nan's children.

She had been about the world more than the rest, with Nan's Aunt Nell, and she said she "hated to stay in Doll-dom from morning till night—yes, she did."

Nan's brother Ned had a pug-dog. One day while Nan was being dressed, upstairs, Ned harnessed Mr. Pug to the new doll-carriage, set Miss Amelia on the seat, and, with the lines, drove about the yard.

But Mr. Pug did not like to be driven; he jumped about so he jerked the lines from Ned's hand, and ran away.

Oh! how frightened Miss Amelia was, to go tearing about in this way, expecting every moment to have her head broken.

Uncle Ned took her picture with his kodak, instead of trying to save her—cruel man! But Nan didn't wait to see her picture. She ran down the big garden and stopped Mr. Pug, and saved her darling Miss Amelia.

Miss Amelia never wanted to leave her home again. She had had enough of seeing the world.

MY BED IS A BOAT.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat,
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say,
"Good night," to all my friends on
shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room behind the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XI. [March 15.]

THE RIOT AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 29-41. Memorize verses 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord preserveth the faithful.—Psa. 31. 23.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What idol was worshipped at Ephesus? What did many people buy who worshipped Diana? Who grew rich in Ephesus? Which silversmith became an enemy of Paul? Why? What did he do? How did he excite the people? What great cry did they raise? Who was arrested? Where did they go? What was the theatre? A place for public games. Who wanted to go and speak to the people? Paul. Why did his friends prevent him from going? Because his life was in danger. Who protected Paul's helpers? The Lord. What evil was at the root of this riot? The love of money.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find Ephesus on the map.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 19. 29-41.
Wed. Read what Paul said about this trouble. 2 Cor. 1. 8-10.
Thur. Learn a comforting word. Golden Text.
Fri. Learn God's command about coveting. Exod. 20. 17.
Sat. Learn what a Christian may covet. 1 Cor. 12. 31.
Sun. Find where Paul went from Ephesus. Acts 20. 1-3.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That we should thank God that we were born in Christian Canada.
2. That we should thank God that we live in the twentieth century.
3. That we should thank God that we have been taught to love the Lord Jesus.

LESSON XII. [March 22.]

PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE EPHESIANS.

Eph. 2. 1-10. Memorize verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. 2. 8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

To whom is Paul writing? To the Ephesians (or Laodiceans). From what place does he write? Rome. Why was he at Rome? He was a prisoner. Was he in a cell? No, in his own hired house. How was he kept a prisoner? He was chained to a soldier. What was he to the people of the Christian churches among the Gentiles? Their father in the Gospel. What did he sometimes call them? "Dear children." What had they been? Idolaters. Whom had they found? The true God in Jesus Christ. Why did they need a letter from Paul? Where was it read? Who brought it to them? Tychicus. What did he try to show them? That all goodness is the free gift of God.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Paul the Prisoner. Acts 28. 16-31.
Tues. Read about the prophet Agabus. Acts 21. 10-15.
Wed. Find how and where Paul was arrested. Acts 21. 27-33.
Thur. Read the lesson verses. Eph. 2. 1-10.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Read the prayer of Paul. Eph. 3. 14-21.
Sun. Read his benediction. Eph. 6. 23, 24.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That one may work for Jesus even in a prison.
2. That, having nothing, one may have much to give.
3. That with faith in God we may be rich in grace.

A "LITTLE MAN."

That is what I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks, and much inter-

ested in a store that he was erecting. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I des he's firsty," said the boy, "I'll dit him sometin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch. The little fellow poured some water in it, and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don," said the boy; "I'll dit some more."

Five times the little boy filled the little saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, waved his tail, and went off. The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I des he was glad to dit some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.

That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stepping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes, and were bare-footed. They looked at the little boy within the gate with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want sometin', mamma," he said; "maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may if you wish," mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned the waif longingly.

"One for each of us?" put in the other.

"You tan have your hands full," was the smiling answer. "I's dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the sweet flowers, violets and pinks and June roses, which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices, and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother in a low, fervent voice. He did not hear her, but I am sure that God will bless him.

HELEN'S RIDE.

Helen had been sick for a long time with the measles. She had been kept in a darkened room from the time when the first sign of the disease appeared until her uncle doctor had said that she could have a little light at first, and then a little more each day.

While Helen was ill Tom, her little next-door neighbour, was given a dog and cart. When she was able to sit up and look out of the window, she had great fun watching Tom with his new gift, but it was greater fun when she was able to go out with him. Tom took her for a ride every pleasant day, and sometimes they would ride twice a day.



CURIOSITY.

A WISH FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday I wish for eager feet,
On errands of love to go;

Tuesday I wish for a gentle voice,
With tone both soft and low;

Wednesday I wish for willing hands,
Love's duties all to do;

Thursday I wish for open ears,
Wise words to listen to;

Friday I wish for a smiling face,
A brightener of home to be;

Saturday I wish for quickened eyes,
God's beauty all to see;

Sunday I wish for a tranquil heart,
That may to others joy impart.

—*Children's Friend.*

CURIOSITY.

What can there be so interesting on the other side of this wall? Probably nothing of importance; but this little maid has heard voices, or something of the sort, and is eager to know what is the matter. So she has brought a basket and climbed up on it to look over, and we hope her curiosity

is satisfied and her trouble made worth while by seeing something really interesting or exciting.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

The unbounded faith of little children in their fathers, mothers and nurses, or any one who has charge of them, is one of the most beautiful things in life. Such a trust was commended by Christ when he taught his disciples to become as "little children" to enter the kingdom of God. This implicit confidence of a child sometimes, however, provokes a smile.

Little Robert Smith was the oldest of a house full of children. His mother procured the help of a kind nurse named Elizabeth Hogan, familiarly called "Betsy." She won the heart of little Robert by her watchful care of him, and he supposed there was nothing too difficult for her to accomplish.

Taking a ride through a picturesque section one day with his mother, who saw him admiring the bluffs mantled with evergreen, she thought it a good time to teach him a lesson about the Creator. She asked: "Robbie, who made the world?"

Without the least hesitation he looked up and said, "Betsy made it."

SO SELFISH.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too," cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," exclaimed Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake; and there was only one left, and Jennie—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed.

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie," she said with regret.

"Yes, it was," Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."