

SUNBEAM

L. XXV.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1904.

No. 3.



THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

With needle in hand, and workbox and scissors close by, this little housewife is ready to mend the dresses of her favorite dolls. One doll is on her lap and she needs looking after more than the other, or perhaps she is the favourite child of her little mother, and so comes in first

for the necessary operation of trying on her new dress.

On the floor we can see two more dolls waiting to be attended to; one a boy and the other a little girl. They too will get attended to in their turn, and when all the sewing and cutting are over the little family will look as neat and well-dressed as any

other family ever did or ever will. So many little girls let their dolls go to rack and ruin, dressing them badly and never cleaning them, that we are sure this little woman will develop as she grows up into a most useful and energetic woman.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

"THE SWEETEST MOTHER."

Little Carl was helping mother
Carry home the lady's basket;
Chubby hands, of course were lifting
One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
Feeling, oh, so brave and strong!
Little Carl was softly singing
To himself a little song.

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
Though I think it's very funny;
And I'll work and build big houses,
And give mother all the money.
For," and little Carl stopped singing,
Feeling, oh, so strong and grand!
"I have got the sweetest mother
You can find in all the land."

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Sunbeam.

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FOLLOWING JESUS IN THE DARK

"Mamma," said little Bessie, "I should be afraid to die, 'cause I should lose my way in the dark."

Her mother did not say a word, but just went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little way, and said: "Come, dear; it is your bedtime. Take hold of my hand, and I will lead you upstairs."

So Bessie put her little fat hand in her mother's and trotted bravely upstairs in the dark. After she had said, "Our Father," and, "Now I lay me," and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said: "You were not afraid coming up, were you, my darling?"

"O no, mamma," she answered; "I couldn't be, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

"Well, then," said her mother, "you need not be afraid of death; for Jesus is holding out his hand to you, and you have only to put your own in his and he will lead you safely through the dark."

"But how can I take hold of his hand, mamma?"

"By trying to be good every day, and praying to him to help you. He loves little children so well that they need not be afraid to follow him anywhere."

"I guess he'll take me upstairs to heaven some day," said Bessie. "I won't be afraid any more; would you, mamma?"

THE DYING MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

A little boy about five years of age entered the room where his mother lay on her death-bed. For awhile he stood silent and sad. At length the mother said feebly:

"My child, will you not ask me how I do?"

Said the boy: "I know how you do, mother; you are very sick."

She called him to her side, and he stood leaning upon the bed, looking into his mother's face, as she said: "Do I look as I used to when I was well, Charley?"

"No, mother, your eyes are sunken, and your face is pale and thin."

"Well, Charley, sometimes people who are very sick, as I am, do not get well. I may not get well."

"I know it, mother; my little brother, Frankie, who was sick last year, did not get well—he died. Do you wish to die, mother?"

"I should like to get well to take care of you, if it is the Lord's will; but if not I am willing to die. Do you wish me to get well, Charley?"

"Yes, mother, I want you to get well, but if the Saviour wants you to go and live with him, I am willing you should go, mother."

Then for awhile they looked at each other; he earnestly, thoughtfully; she with all a mother's fondness beaming from her eyes, feeling that she saw him for the last time on earth. She then took from her pillow a little Bible, soiled with much use, and told her boy how she prized it, and how precious were its promises, and bade him read and love it for her sake, for it told him of the Saviour and the way of life.

"And did the disciples write in this book all they knew of the Saviour?"

"Yes," said she, "all that God would have them write; it is all his Word."

The boy took the book, promising to read it and love it, but after a pause:

"Mother," said he, "this reminds me of the poetry I read the other day," and he repeated:

"My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me."

The mother kissed her child, looked mournfully on him for a few moments and thus they parted to meet no more on earth.

These lines, by the mother's request were written in the Bible she gave her child, and in coming years, should his life be spared, he will read them, and will doubt the beneficial influence of the parting hour?

"This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.

"For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me."

"I DON'T CARE."

"I am sorry to see my son give way to anger," said a patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man unless you study better," said his faithful teacher a little later.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said his pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend warningly.

"I don't care," was still his reply.

A few years after he was a worthless drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime, without hope. "I don't care" was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it. Don't let it find a place in your heart, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right and care when you have done wrong.

Pray earnestly that you may never let your soul from a reckless spirit of "don't care."

WHAT HARRY WROTE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write well, but he sat down and wrote: "A good boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," said she. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life, mother?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day of your life. Then you will write on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."—*Olive Plank*

A LITTLE VISITOR.

There's a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you "how" he came,
For well the secret's hid,
But I "think" upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down to earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
Each a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
With a dash or two of brown.
And he must have had a Midas touch,
For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
He dressed in cloth of gold.

Who is this busy little man,
Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy;
The little stars all saw him,
Though they will not tell a soul;
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 14.

JESUS FORGIVES SINS.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

In what city had Jesus just healed many sick people? Where was he teaching? Why was it difficult to enter the house? Where did the most of the people probably stand? In the court. Who came for healing? Who brought him? Where did they take him? How did they bring him to Jesus? How could they "uncover the roof"? Take up the stone slabs that lay across the beams. What was the sick man's bed? A light mattress. Was Jesus displeased? What did he say to the sick man? What did the people think? Did Jesus know their thoughts? What did he then say to the sick man? Was he cured? Which was the greater miracle?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses.
Tues. Read the same story by Luke. Luke 5. 17-25.
Wed. Read Matthew's story. Matt. 9. 1-8.
Thur. Learn what Jesus knew the men most needed. Verse 5.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn something to make you glad. Heb. 13. 8.

Sun. Find that Jesus knows our secret thoughts.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. Jesus can make a weak will strong.
2. He can also make a weak body strong.
3. He is ready to do it for us.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 21.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.—Matt. 12. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus walk with his disciples? What day of the week was it? What did the disciples do as they walked? What is meant by corn? Wheat. Who followed them? What did they say? Were they good? They thought they were. What did Jesus tell them? What had he come to teach men? The true way to keep the Sabbath. Where did Jesus go on another Sabbath? Who was there? What did the Pharisees say? Why did they ask him this question? What did Jesus say to them? What did he tell the man with the withered hand to do? What was the result? How shall we keep the Sabbath? Who is the Lord of the Sabbath? (Mark 2. 28.) Repeat the Golden Text.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses carefully.
Tues. Learn how fault-finding were the Jews. Mark 2. 6, 7, 16-24.
Wed. Learn why the Sabbath day is holy. Gen. 2. 3.
Thur. Learn the fourth commandment.
Fri. Learn who is the Lord of the Sabbath. Mark 2. 28.
Sat. Find what Jesus said to the Pharisees. Mark 9. 27.
Sun. Learn God's word about the Sabbath. Isa. 58. 13, 14.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. We should keep the Lord's day.
2. We should be good and do good always.
3. It is safe to follow Jesus always.

A BIBLE STORY.

"I'd like to hear a story," said Jack, "that begins 'Once on a time.'"
It was Sunday afternoon, and Jack, Louise and their father were lying under an apple-tree in the yard.
"Very well, Jack," said papa. "Once on a time there was a great king, and he had a little son named Rehoboam, of whom he was very proud. The little prince lived in a beautiful palace; he was dressed in

lovely purple silk clothes, covered with beautiful embroidery. Around his neck he wore a chain of pearls. He hadn't a bicycle to ride, but he had a little snow-white ass, with long, silky ears. Although his father was so wise, he had a very wicked, foolish mother. Her name was Queen Naamah. She petted and spoiled her only son, and often used to take him with her when she went to worship her fierce, terrible idol.

"O father," cried Jack, "was she a heathen?"

"Indeed she was, dear, and her wise husband, King Solomon, instead of making her worship our loving God, built an idol for her on a hill. The idol was of hollow brass. Its name was Moloch, and it had a calf's head, and wore a crown."

"How did she worship it?"

"Oh, in a very dreadful way. The men who took care of the idol would build a fire inside it, and when its big brass arms were red-hot, a little child was thrown into them. As the little prince grew older, it is no wonder he grew cruel as well. At last his father died, and the son wanted to be crowned king at once, but the people were afraid of having a cruel, extravagant king, and so after waiting a year they asked him to promise to be kind and gentle to them. But the cruel boy had grown to be a cruel man, and although the old wise friends of his father told him to promise what they asked, he declared he would not. He would whip them with whips having iron claws in them, and he would make them bear heavy burdens. He said this because those who had been his friends in boyhood, and who were as cruel and foolish as himself, coaxed him to say so. You can guess how angry this made the people. So angry were they that most of them went away and made them a new king, named Jeroboam. Instead of a strong, splendid kingdom, as his father had, the poor foolish king, Rehoboam, had only a few thousand people left, with one large city, Jerusalem, and some smaller ones. And he called his kingdom 'Judah,' because that was the name of the people who followed him."

HOW MISTLETOE IS PLANTED.

Did you ever see it growing, that queer Christmas plant, with snow-white berries and thick yellow-green leaves? Its roots do not grow in the ground now, but in the thick bark of trees, generally oak-trees. It first grew from the ground, and men have watched closely to see how its seeds get planted in the rough bark of a tree. Now they have found out. Birds eat the berries, the seeds of which are small and sticky, and cling to their bills. To get rid of them, the birds wipe their bills on the tree where they are sitting, the seed clings, grows, and the mistletoe is planted.—The *Mayflower*.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

These little children playing near
The great, deep precipice,
Feel they have little cause for fear,
Their minds are quite at rest.
They know their angel standeth by,
And guards them with his watchful eye.

Men think it strange that little ones
May wander so at will,
That evil to them seldom comes,
Though they are never still.
They do not see the angel nigh,
To guard them with his watchful eye.

And so they pick the pretty flowers,
And chase the butterfly,
Oh, happy are the childhood's hours,
Without a single sigh.
They knew their angel standeth by,
And guards them with his watchful eye.

WALTER'S PLAYMATE.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Walter was so tired of playing alone. All the long summer morning he had marched his tin soldiers back and forth across the verandah steps and hunted for artichokes in the garden. Now it was afternoon; luncheon was over, grandmother was taking a nap, and mother was visiting some folks in the city. Walter thought he would be the happiest little boy in the world if only there were another boy on the big country place with whom he could play.

By and by he put on his straw hat and trudged across the lawn to the grove of trees that stood just the other side of grandfather's fence. It was very cool and still there, with only the leaves whispering together in the breeze, high overhead. Walter sat down on a big fallen trunk and

watched the shadows dance back and forth on the ground.

Presently there was a slight rustling noise, and down the tree nearest the little boy darted a tiny brown squirrel. Of course Walter was overjoyed; it was the first squirrel he had seen that summer. He wanted to make friends, but scarcely knew how to begin, for he knew that squirrels are very shy. Taking a seed cake from his pocket he held it out to the little stranger, but at the motion it ran quickly away and would not come back until Walter had hidden behind a distant tree. Then it returned and nibbled all the crumbs Walter had left on the grass.

Every day until he went home at the end of the summer Walter saw the little squirrel, which became very tame and friendly when it saw that the boy meant no harm. After that, with such a bright active little playmate, life on the big farm was not so lonely for Walter.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

How precious the assurance
Which God to us has given
That gentle, loving angels
From out the hosts of heaven
Encamp around us daily
To keep us from distress,
To hold our feet from falling,
Our souls from heaviness.

We cannot see the glistening
Their shining garments show;
We cannot hear the fluttering
As soft wings come and go;
But we believe they're with us,
As God himself has said,
To shield from harm and scatter
Bright joys around our head.

How careful is our Father,
How tender he must be,
To grant us such attendants,
With their sweet ministry.
Oh, let us love and praise him,
And daily, hourly grow
More like the loving angels
That watch and guard us so.

"Others may waste time by being tardy; I intend to be punctual," wrote a lad to his father from the distant town in which the youth was beginning a business life. The rigid training in the village household had required and enforced promptness as the only honest way of getting on. That lad will rise. His habit of being on time, never a moment late, always equal to the occasion, because never hurried or nervous through a rush for a boat or an outgoing train, always to be depended upon, will be worth an endowment in gold and silver. The punctual person will succeed.—*Christian Intelligencer*.