

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1901.

No. 14.

THE SWING.

Lessons are over and books put away, and our little maid has come out to enjoy the fresh air and the brilliant sunlight. No doubt the sensation, as she rushes through the air on her swing, and the sweet scented autumn winds playing round her face and hair, is delicious; and let us hope she enjoys it the more for having worked hard and well at her books during the morning.

PROUD ELLA.

Ella was Aunt Margie's little girl, and had come with her mother and cousins to visit the fair. After they had come within the building, her mamma told her to put her parasol down, but the child did not choose to mind.

"Your mamma says for you to put down your parasol," said Mabel, gently.

"I s'an't; I want it up."

Eddie looked astonished at a child that could put on such airs and speak so pertly.

The little miss marched on. She expected every one to admire her, but they did not. No one noticed her excepting one girl, who remarked as she passed on, "See that little goose!"

By and by Ella got tired of carrying her parasol. She wanted to look at some of the pretty things, and wished it was



THE SWING.

shut. A man coming by just then jostled against it and knocked it out of her hand. It rolled along the ground, catching up the dust at every turn. Then Miss Ella set up a loud cry.

"Good enough for her!" Mabel was just going to say, but she didn't. Her mother had taught her not to say ill-natured words. She went and picked up the parasol, gently saying, "Shall I close

added a few drops of peppermint and a little sugar.

Florence took her little silver spoon, and what do you think? She gave the medicine to herself instead of to her dolly! It tasted very good, so medicine time came round quite often.

The next morning, when Uncle Hugh rang the bell, Florence ran downstairs and told him that Dolly was a great deal better.

it for you now, Ella?"

"Yes," she pouted.

"And I'll carry it for you; shall I?" asked Eddie.

"Yes," Ella pouted again.

If she stays much longer with those nice little cousins of hers, she may drop her disagreeable, naughty ways, and copy their politeness and good manners.

DOLLY'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

Florence's mother was sick, and her uncle-doctor was coming to the house every day. Once as he was about to leave, Florence called him back. "I want a prescription for my dolly, Uncle Hugh; she is very sick."

Uncle Hugh felt Dolly's pulse, and then sat down, and wrote something on a paper, which he handed to grandmother.

Grandmother found an empty bottle, which she nearly filled with water; then she

JAMIE'S WISH.

"O please, mamma, may I stay up,
Just once, until I see
The short hand pointing to the nine
The long one to the three?"

"It is so hard for me to shut
My eyes at half-past seven,
While brother Bob sits up and reads,
Sometimes until eleven.

"Just once, dear Jamie, if you wish,"
Said mamma, and he tried
To be quite happy as he pressed
Close to his brother's side.

He watched the fire, he watched the clock,
And thought it very fine;
Alas! the "sand man" closed his eyes
Before the hour of nine.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub.
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., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0.60
5 copies and over	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0.25
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
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08
Boreas Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.75
Boreas Leaf, monthly	0.60
Boreas Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.
Toronto.

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1901.

A SUNDAY SEA STORY.

BY E. P. ALLEN.

What was the cloud that suddenly came over the bright faces of our little fishing party? It was Saturday evening, and the sun was dropping down behind their backs, as they stood on the long wharf jutting out into the sea, fishing for crabs.

Do you know how to fish for crabs? You have a line, and a pole if you choose, but no hook; little Bess held the line, on which was tied a scrap of raw meat, and looking down into the salt waves she presently saw a gay-coloured thing, with a shell, and a strange collection of feet and legs, rise to the surface and seize hold of her bait.

Then right away, out of some deep

place, there came another crab, and seized hold of the first one. This made the line so heavy that little Bess might have toppled over if it hadn't been for papa's holding on to her.

Now it was George's time. He carried the little dip-net with the open mouth, fastened to a long pole; this he now dipped down quickly under the crabs, lifting them up shining and dripping and kicking.

If you ask me what part Baby Buntin' took in the fishing, I can't tell you, except that she screamed with delight every time a crab was brought up, and a great many other times, too.

But as the sun was setting, it was time to go back to the hotel and tell about what we had done. Then the cloud I spoke of came over the faces of the crabbers.

"What's the matter, fishermen?" asked papa, looking from boy to girl.

"To-morrow is Sunday," exclaimed Bess; "mamma said we couldn't catch any crabs to-morrow."

"I wish Sunday wouldn't come to-morrow," sighed George.

"Why, little folks!" cried papa, "the sea has the most beautiful Sunday stories in the world to tell; we'll come down to the shore to-morrow, and listen for one."

With that promise they trooped back joyfully to mamma.

So, bright and early Sunday morning, they all went off to the shore, and mamma went along this time.

"The story the sea is going to tell you to-day," said papa, "is of an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"O papa! you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," said papa, and he pointed to a bright-coloured flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower," exclaimed mamma.

"Do you think so?" said papa. "Can a flower be afraid? Look here!" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long pink leaves had curled up, and it a sea anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked papa. "Look here!" he caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where papa said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which men call saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue or teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off this rock, to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another and fasten itself there. Now let us remember that God has filled the earth and sky and sea

with marvels like this; and greater than this; then we can look up to him this morning and say, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all.'

WHAT MARION FOUND.

Little Marion had sat at the window long enough watching the boys outside making their snow man, and now she wanted to go out and help.

Now she was a sensible little girl for one of her years. Instead of crying, as most little girls do, she went to mamma and asked the following question:

"Mamma, please, can I help Charlie make his snow man?" She had such a pitiful look on her face that mamma put on her little red cloak and fur-lined bonnet, and armed her with the fire-shovel, so that she might shovel snow.

But her older brothers did not want her in the way. She had to content herself with shovelling snow all by herself. She said to Charlie, "I'm goin' to shovel a path under this clothes-line for mamma." She trotted off merrily and went to work, but made no perceptible progress, so far as the path was concerned.

Charlie was a little lame, and could not play as long as the other boys, so he concluded to see what his little sister was doing. As he approached her, with a big lump of snow in his hand, he heard her calling to him and holding something up for his inspection.

"Why, Marion, what have you found in the snow?" he asked. "Why, it is a little sparrow that has been frozen."

"Poor little sparrow," responded Marion. After showing it to mamma, they buried it, and Marion went to find poor sparrow's brothers."

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."

WHAT HE MEANT.

"When he clasps his hands and smiles at me,
With a 'google goo' and a 'guggle gee,'
What does the baby mean?" asked she.
And the fond young mother bent her head
A moment over the cradle-bed.
Then, with a wise, wise look, she said:
"'Tis very plain, now don't you see,
His 'google goo' means 'I love you,'
And 'guggle gee' means 'Come kiss me.'
It's just as plain as plain can be,
That's just what the darling meant," said she.

She asked the papa, and, said he,
As he trotted the youngster on his knee,
"Pshaw! now, that's plain enough to see;
Just listen to this," and once again
The rollicking, romping ride began,
And "guggle gee" cried the little man,
As the gay horse trotted, and loped, and ran.
"Why 'guggle gee' means 'Git up, gee!'
And 'google goo' means 'I'll fight you.'
You'd better look out, or we'll show you
What is the meaning of 'google goo.'"

Then she asked the question of little Lou:
"Come, little girl, with eyes of blue,
What means the baby by 'google goo,'
As he clasps his hands and smiles at me,
With a 'google goo' and a 'guggle gee'?"
And she crossed her small hands over her knee,
Did this dear little, wise little maid. Said she:
"Why, 'google goo' means 'Me some, too,'
And 'guggle gee' means 'play with me.'
I know, for I was a baby," she said,
With a serious toss of her wee bright head.
Now which one of the three do you think
guessed true
What the baby meant by his "google goo"?
—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON III. [July 21.]

NOAH SAVED IN THE ARK.

Gen. 8. 1-22. Memory verses, 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.—Gen. 6. 8.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Why did God say he must send a flood upon the earth? Because the people had grown so wicked. How long was it since Adam and Eve were created? About fifteen hundred years. What good man was living then? Noah. What did God tell him to build? What did he tell him to take into the ark? How many men

and women went into the ark? Eight. When did Noah and his family leave the ark? After the waters had gone down. What was the first thing Noah did? He built an altar and worshipped the Lord. What did the Lord promise? Never to send another flood. What sign did he set in the sky? The beautiful rainbow. Of what should this always remind us? Of God's love and mercy.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find why God sent a great flood. Gen. 6. 1-7.
- Tues. Read about the flood. Gen. 7. 17-24.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses carefully. Gen. 8. 15-22.
- Thur. Consider the beautiful promise in Gen. 8. 22.
- Fri. Find why God will keep his promise? Deut. 7. 9.
- Sat. Learn that God wants to make a covenant with us. Heb. 8. 10.
- Sun. Find who makes this covenant sure. Heb. 12. 24.

LESSON IV. [July 28.]

GOD CALLS ABRAM.

Gen. 12. 1-9. Memory verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12. 2.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What good man lived in the land of Ur? How long after Adam did Abram live? About two thousand years. How long before Christ? About the same number of years. What kind of people lived in Ur? Idol worshippers. Whom did Abram worship? The true God. What did God tell Abram to do? To go to another country. What did he promise? To make Abram the father of a great nation. What did Abram do? He obeyed God. Who went with him? His wife and his nephew, Lot. What did he take along? His flocks and herds. To what land did they come at last? To Canaan. In what city did Abram build an altar? In Shechem. Where did he go next? To a mountain. What did he build there? Another altar. What did the altars mean? True worship.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read how God called Abram. Gen. 12. 1-9.
- Tues. Learn the promise he made him. Golden Text.
- Wed. Find how God calls us to leave sin. 2 Cor. 6-17.
- Thur. Learn Jesus' call to us. Matt. 11. 28-29.
- Fri. See what God will do if we obey his call. 2 Cor. 6. 18.
- Sat. Find to what Abram's name was changed. Gen. 17. 1-5.
- Sun. See how many times you can find "faith" in the Bible.

ELSIE'S MISTAKE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Where is that tiresome little Bessie?" said Elsie, with a very fretful look. "I'm sure she will not be here in time to be ready. Anyhow, I don't care much whether we go or not." Elsie said this with a still deeper frown.

"I don't think you quite mean that," said mother.

"Yes, I do," pouted Elsie.

The family were staying in the country for awhile, and she, with her little sister, were to take a short ride into town to a party given by her Sunday-school teacher. Some beautiful flowers had been ordered as a gift for her teacher; but, for some reason, they had not come. This was the cause of Elsie's ill humour.

"It's bad enough, without Bessie taking herself off just at such a time. I know we shall be too late for the train. I wish you would dress me, mother. If Bessie isn't here in time, of course I shall go without her."

"I'm sure you would not wish to do that."

"Yes, I would, if she is not here."

Elsie was dressed, and time went on until mother really feared that Bessie would be too late.

"I hate to go without her," said Ben, their brother, who was to see them safely to the house of their teacher.

"Here she comes at last." It was a pretty picture which mother saw as she looked from the window. A little girl was hurrying along, hot and panting, but with the brightest of smiles on her dear little face. Her hands and apron were full of wild flowers, some of which trailed after her as she walked.

"Bessie, where have you been?" asked Elsie, angrily. "I don't believe you can go a step. But, oh, what flowers!"

"I got them for you," holding them up in delight. "I went way down the other side of the grove for them, because your flowers didn't come."

"They will think far more of wild flowers in the city," said mother. "It will be a lovely gift. Now, little one, we will dress you so quickly that you will be in time after all."

At bedtime Elsie came to her mother. "I can't forget how cross I was to dear little Bessie when she was trying so hard to please me," she said. "I'm sorry; but I can't take it back."

"No," said mother, "we cannot call back cross words and ugly thoughts. But we can try not to let them come again."

"I'm going to try," said Elsie, earnestly. "I never thought before now how when we once say ugly words they always stay said."

A boy was passing a saloon, and seeing a drunken man lying in the gutter in front of it, he opened the door and said, "Mister, your sign's fell down."



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BEARS.

People often like to read bear stories—big people as well as the little ones. Well, I have nothing to tell you about *hunting* for bears. I never did that myself, for I am not much of a sportsman or hunter in the woods. It is not always the safest kind of sport to hunt wild animals, for they are sometimes on the hunt themselves for something to eat; and if they cannot find anything else to eat, and get very hungry, they often attack people and kill and eat them. But if one has a good rifle, and knows how to use it well, he need not be much afraid to meet a bear.

When I was a young man I boarded with a family who kept a bear chained to a post in the back yard. The father had

bought it from a hunter, who had partly tamed it. The children of that family used to dance around and play with the bear, and think it was great fun to do so. One day the bear growled at and struck the father with his heavy paw, but it was because he teased the bear too long and in too much of an annoying way. It made the man angry, and he resolved to kill the bear and sell its meat for eating. He did so in a day or two afterwards, and that was the first and last time I tasted bear's meat.

There is a story in the Bible about two bears and some children. I think when it speaks of "children" it refers to scoffing young men and women. You can read about it in 2 Kings 2.—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

LULIE'S TEMPTATION.

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

"So now you're all done but a bow-knot!"

Ma'am Sally stood off and took a look at her child. It was a very white child, and a very black mammy. Poor little Lulie hadn't any own mother to kiss her pretty pink cheeks and curl her yellow hair and make a doll of her with dainty dresses. Her mother had gone away to heaven a year ago.

But Ma'am Sally did her loving best to make it up to her. She hugged and kissed her, petted and praised her; above all, she "dressed her up" in the stiffest and starchiest snowy dresses, till the poor child looked as if she were made out of paper, and dared not sit down for fear of crumpling her finery.

"Yo' mother always kept yo' fine as a fiddle," said Ma'am Sally, "and I'm go'n to. Whatever yo' dear mothe' would 'a' liked, we's go'n to do—we two."

It was a beautiful thought, and little Lulie took it into her heart, and tried to live by it.

"Can I go out on the playazza, mammy?" she asked, after that last bow-knot.

"Yes, you may go out; but don' yo' go off."

"No, 'less my dollies wuns away, and I have to go after zem."

"All right," said mammy, chuckling. "I guess they can't go far."

But she did not know how those dollies would behave, or the temptation that would come to Lulie.

"I might dust push 'em off!" she said to herself. "Nen I'd have to go and get 'em! I'm tired of this old playazza!"

Just think what a naughty plan! She gave them two or three teenty little shoves. They almost went off. All at once she spoke out, loudly and angrily, as if somebody had spoken at her elbow:

"Go 'way, you bad old Satan! You s'pose my mother 'd like a lie girl?"

ABOUT OLIVES.

When you eat olives do you ever wonder where they grow, and how? Those that we eat come, probably, from Italy or Spain, where there are large groves of trees. These olive groves are very old, for the trees grow slowly and do not bear fruit for many years after they are planted.

Before the olives are ripe they look like little green plums, but as they ripen they grow paler and then dark again until, when ripe, they are almost black.

In Palestine, where so many of the stories told in the Bible happened, the people care more for their olive trees than for any others.