

# SUNBEAM

## ROWING HOME.

Nellie's father is a light-house keeper. His light-house is built upon a small rock, so that Nellie has no playground round her home. It is the dearest place to her in the whole world, all the same. She loves to watch the pretty waves come rolling in, dancing over the rocks, and to hear their ever changing song. Nellie thinks the waves just as lovely as you think the butterflies and birds that flit among the flowers in your garden. One large empty room in the light-house was Nellie's play-room. Here, from the high window, she could look away over the water and watch the white ships sailing out to sea. At first, Nellie had to stand on her tip-toes on her high-chair to see out of this window, but very soon she could see quite well by using a common chair, and then her father and mother decided that she must be sent to school.



ROWING HOME.

he could call for her in the evening. The thought of leaving her dear mother for such a long time every day made Nellie feel very lonely, but she knew it must be the best thing for her, or her kind mother would not wish her to do it.

One morning very early, Nellie started off in the boat for the school house. She had a nice lunch in a small basket by her side, and her mother had told her she might wear her very best dress for the first day.

So, altogether, Nellie felt that going to school was a pretty nice thing after all. But, my! how her heart did beat when she looked around for the first time at all the girls and boys! She felt like crying and running away after her father, for she had had no boy or girl friends and was very shy, you

Of course that meant that her father must row her to the nearest town in the morning and leave her there all day till sec. However, she was too brave a girl to give way to this impulse, and before the day was over she began to feel at home.

In the evening, when her father came for her in the boat, how she did jump into his arms, and cover his face with kisses, and how much she had to tell him! Nellie soon grew very fond of her school, and will not miss a day now if she can help it.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1906.

### TELLING THE TRUTH.

"There, there, don't cry about it! And above all things, don't tell your father," said Nurse Hopkins. "I never saw such a child as you for rummaging among the books! And you know he told you to keep out of the library while he was gone."

"I was so lonesome! And I wanted to look at the pictures. I didn't mean to spill the ink," sobbed poor little Gertrude.

"Well, it ain't agoin' to ruin him," said nurse. "Only you just hold your tongue, if you don't want a scolding. I'll patch up some kind of an excuse when he finds it out, and he won't know you had anything to do with it. So stop your crying."

Nurse Hopkins meant to be kind. But Gertrude's dead mother had taught her that to act a lie was nearly as bad as to speak one. She could not consent to this easy way out of her difficulty, for her dead mother had taught her also that God sees and hears all things, and that his displeasure is more to be feared than the wrath of man.

She pondered over the matter through all the day long till her father came home, and at last she made up her mind to do the only right thing. She found the book which Nurse Hopkins had hidden away, and with her finger in the place where the

leaves were stained, she went to knock at the library door.

Her father was taking his ease after supper in dressing-gown and slippers, and was not well pleased at being disturbed.

"What do you want, my dear? Who sent you here? Run away to bed," he began, rather impatiently. And Gertrude would have been glad to take him at his word; but conscience would not let her.

"I want to tell you something, papa," she stammered, tremblingly. "I've been disobedient. I went into the library when you said I mustn't; and I spilt the ink on one of your books." Her father stared at her for a minute, hardly understanding. But the worst was over now; she had told the truth, and she was no longer afraid.

"I didn't mean to spill the ink," she said. "But I ought to have minded you better."

"Why did you disobey me?" he asked.

"Because—I was so lonesome," faltered Gertrude. "I didn't have anything to do, or anybody to talk to. I went to look for a picture-book; but I won't do it again, papa."

The little voice was patient and pitiful, and the little face was so sad that her father all at once began to understand what he had not thought of before—that he had never done much to make the child happy.

He stooped down and kissed her more tenderly than he had ever done before.

"You are a good little girl to tell the truth," he said. "Always tell the truth, whatever happens. And after this you may stay in the library as much as you choose. I'll bring home some picture-books to-morrow with nice stories in them. Now run away, and don't forget to say your prayers before you go to bed."

How happy Gertrude was you may guess! And her father did not forget his promise. He brought her books that she could understand, and taught her to understand wiser ones as she grew older. She is his secretary now—reads to him, writes his letters, and is the greatest comfort of his life, he says. And she says it is all because she was brave enough once to tell the truth.

### "WHEN I'M A MAN."

"When I'm a man I'll let the world know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-checked boy one day after reading the exploits of some noted general. I laughed from my seat by the window at the vain look and proud strut with which he accompanied these grand words. But the laugh soon died away, and sadness filled my heart as I thought that the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and put his name into the mouth of the world without being either great, good or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why, he may do some shocking deed, and be tried, executed,

and have his crime and his name printed all over the world. In that case would not "his name be in the mouth of the world," and yet he himself be neither great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do. Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you that the best thing you can aim at is to be good men. If you can be great as well as good, all right; but you must make sure of the goodness. Great men are often greatly bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander, and many others of their sort. Of course, being without goodness they were without happiness, for you may be sure of this fact, happiness never occupies a house which is not owned by goodness. Choose, therefore, first of all, to be a good man. Carry out your choice at once by asking God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace,  
That truly feeds on Christ within,  
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and girls, and though the big world may never speak your names, the angels will, and God will write them on the golden roll with those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints, who, if not known for mighty deeds, were prized by him for noble qualities.

### THE VASE'S STORY.

Every china vase, no matter how delicate and beautiful, was once a lump of common clay. Then it was crushed and ground in the mill, then put upon the wheel and shaped, then polished and tinted, then put into the furnace and burned, and at last it came forth: from all this, a gem of graceful beauty. In some way every noble, beautiful character is formed. Common clay at first, it passes through a thousand processes and experiences, until at length it is presented before God faultless in its beauty, bearing the features of Christ himself. If you would grow into the beauty of the Master, you must accept the discipline of life.

### LITTLE WORKERS.

The Lord hath work for little hands,  
For they may do his wise commands;  
And he marks out for little feet  
A narrow pathway straight and sweet.  
One little face may fill with light  
A heart and home as dark as night;  
And there are words for little eyes  
To make them earnest, true, and wise.  
One little voice may lead above  
By singing songs of Jesus' love.  
One little heart may be the place  
Where God shall manifest his grace.  
Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring  
To Christ our Lord, the risen King.

MARIE'S ACCIDENT.

BY DELIA HART STONE.

"Now tell me why you cry, Marie?"  
"I've had an accident," sobbed she.

"Where are your bruises? Deary me!  
What was your accident, Marie?"

"I almost tumbled down," she said,  
"And very nearly bumped my head."  
—*St. Nicholas.*

"IDA SPIED A SPIDER."

BY CLARA ANDREWS WILLIAMS.

Ida spied a spider,  
And she was sore dismayed.  
She did not dare to kill the thing,  
For that might rainy morrow bring.  
Alive, she was afraid.  
And while she stood considering,  
The spider guessed her plan.  
He thought it wiser not to wait,  
And so away he ran.

LESSON NOTES.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON X.—JUNE 3.

THE GENTILE WOMAN'S FAITH.

Mark 7. 24-30. Memory verse, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great is thy faith; be it unto thee even  
as thou wilt.—Matt. 15. 28.

LESSON STORY.

We may think this a strange answer that Jesus gave to this poor Greek woman who was in such distress about her daughter. It may seem unkind until we know its purpose and its meaning. For Jesus is too wise to err, too loving to be unkind. This sad-hearted woman knew this, and she had faith that he could cure her daughter.

When Jesus said let the children first be fed, by the children were meant the Jews, and the dogs were the Gentiles. She knew that Jesus was a Jew and that he had come to save the Jews, but she knew also that he was so large-hearted his love embraced Gentiles as well, and even though it was only crumbs she could get, she would be glad of them. She was not proud, but humble and sure in her faith.

Jesus rewarded this faith by curing her daughter.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who fell at Jesus' feet? A poor Gentile woman.
2. What did she ask? That Jesus would cure her daughter.

3. What did Jesus preach? About the children being fed first.

4. What did she reply? That the dogs might have the crumbs.

5. Was she willing to take crumbs? Yes, and thankful.

6. Did this show her faith? Yes, and Jesus rewarded it by curing her daughter.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 10.

PETER'S GREAT CONFESSION.

Matt. 16. 13-28. Memory verses, 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

LESSON STORY.

As Jesus taught and wrought miracles among the people, they saw plainly that he was no ordinary man. Some thought he was John the Baptist, some Elias, and some Jeremiah or some other prophet. Jesus one day asked his disciples whom they thought he was. Peter, who was always the first to answer, replied: Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. From that time on Jesus began to let his disciples know that his end was not far off. When he spoke of the manner of it, of the suffering and insult, they were grieved, and Peter said: This must not happen to thee. Here Jesus was saddened to think he was so little understood. Then he explained the beautiful truths that one must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Jesus, and that if one loses his life for Christ's sake he shall find it. For what profit to gain the whole world at the expense of one's soul?

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who did some people think Jesus was? John the Baptist, Elias, Jeremiah, or some other prophet.
2. Whom did the disciples say he was? The Son of God.
3. Did they understand the meaning and reason of his death? No.
4. What must we do? Deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow Jesus.
5. Who will save his life for ever? He who gives it up for Jesus' sake.
6. Which is most important, the whole world or our soul? Our soul.
7. What can man give in exchange for his soul? Nothing.

THE BIRD AND THE BATTLE.

During the summer of 1690 there was a war in England, and the soldiers suffered very much. One evening, after a long march, they were so tired that they lay down for a short sleep, when it would have been wiser and better had they remained on the watch for the enemy.

Among the soldiers, so the oft-told story

goes, was a little drummer boy, whose eyes, like those of his elders, were fast shut.

Just before he fell asleep he had been eating his rations, and some crumbs of bread had dropped on the head of his drum.

A little wren perched overhead in one of the trees saw these crumbs and flew down to eat them. As she hopped about on the drum the tapping of her beak awakened the little drummer. He opened his eyes, and was startled to see the enemy advancing. Quickly he beat the signal of alarm, which roused the soldiers and put them on their defence.

The skill of the king, William the Third, won that day, July 12, 1690, the battle of the Boyne; but if it had not been for a little wren the fortune of the day might have been very different.

A LITTLE LESSON.

"O, Miss May, I think Florence is a horrid little girl!"

"But do you love her?"

"Love her? But how can I, when she is horrid?"

"Jesus loves her."

"But Jesus loves everybody."

"And we try to do as Jesus does, and as he wants us to do, don't we?"

The little girl looked away at a house across the street.

"Let me tell you something," said Miss May, earnestly: "If you begin with loving people, you will never know whether they are horrid or not."

"But how can I ever do it?"

"Jesus does. Will you try to think of that when the 'can't-bear' feeling comes?"

"I'll try."

A GOOD WAY.

"Come and play tennis with us, Harry," said Nellie.

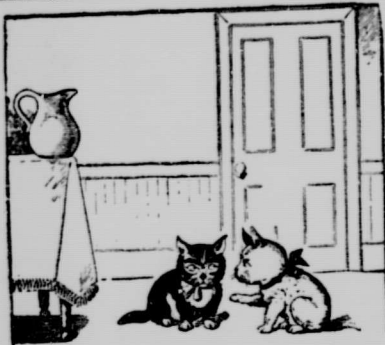
"Oh, I can't; I want to go and sail my ship. You and Ruthie come with me and see how she slides over the water; then I'll play tennis with you afterwards. Folks ought to give up to each other about their play."

"But why should Ruthie and I give up more than you?" asked Nellie. "Let's ask mamma." So they went to mamma.

"Mamma," said Nellie, "Ruthie and I want to play tennis with Harry, and Harry wants to sail his boat."

"Then some one must give up," said mamma, smiling. "I think a kind boy would be willing to play tennis first and sail his boat afterward. But the girls must be careful and not be selfish. They may give up next time."

"All right," said Harry; "we'll play tennis first."



1. There is the pitcher full of sweet milk, and there they are on the floor longing for a taste of that milk. How are they to get it? Blackie and Whiteie sit and think.

#### HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?

There was a great commotion in the backyard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnnie chasing the cat with stones. "Why, Johnnie, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in the coal-hole," he said.

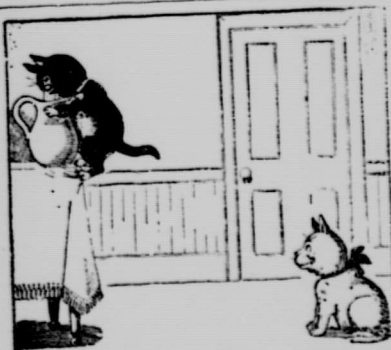
"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes. She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself, and went back into the house. Presently Johnnie came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"O mamma, mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, and then turned and sat down again. "Jane," she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel-tones?"



2. Blackie is a good-natured kitten and agrees to do as Whiteie suggests, and there he is with the jug between his paws at last. Naughty little Whiteie sits smiling on the floor, for he sees what will happen. Do you?

Nurse looked up astonished, and Johnnie stopped his loud noise to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnnie. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnnie felt as if this was more than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty; I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnnie was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.

#### THE HUNGRY BABY.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWIT.

Why do you s'pose they've left me here.

Fastened in this high chair?

On my tray there's not a single crumb, I've looked at it everywhere.

Nurse! Mamma! where have you gone?

Bring me my bottle quick!

I'm laughing now, with all my might,

But if you don't come I'll kick

And scream with all my might. You'll see!

It's the only way, you know,

I have to say you've forgotten me.

It's too bad to treat me so.

#### MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU HAVE.

The children lived in a little cabin home, and all three of them—Nell, Rob and Lizzie—were taking a gay "make believe" ride on an old log.

A gentleman who was passing down the road stopped and said,

"Good-morning, little folks. That is rather slow riding. Wouldn't you like a horse and carriage?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, "but we haven't any, and so we are getting the most fun we can out of what we do have."

Was that not a wiser answer? How much pleasanter this world would be if all the little people—and the big ones, too—would stop fretting about what they cannot get, and make the best of what they have.

#### A LITTLE THING.

It was only a little thing for Nell  
To brighten the kitchen fire.

To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,  
As her mother might desire—

A little thing; but her mother smiled,  
And banished all her care,

And a day that was sad  
Closed bright and glad,  
With a song of praise and prayer.



3. Poor Blackie has fallen into the trap set for him and is caught by the angry Bridget.

#### SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

How is this for a three-year-old? An old man was passing the house Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little one looked at him for several minutes, and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk stingy?"

A little three-year-old girl, who has received a present of a kitten, says: "Shall we have to pack her in campher next summer to keep the moths out of her fur?"

"Now, Will," said the schoolmaster, "if there were ten birds on a branch, and a naughty boy came along with a gun and fired and killed five, how many would be left?" "Five," said Will. "How many do you think, Tommy?" said the teacher. "None," replied Tommy: "'cause when he fired, they'd all fly."

#### THE CHILDREN OF ITALY.

The children of Italy are generally beautiful and graceful, and have sweet, musical voices. Most of the people are poor, and the children are obliged to work. Some of them who live near the sea gather up sticks and bits of wood and take them into the cities and sell them. Others sell the fish caught by their fathers or elder brothers. They are quite as fond of play as the children of our own land.



4. And Whiteie gets just what he has been licking his lips for ever since we saw them first.