

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1905.

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No. 2

THE ICE THROUGH

The boys have run out of school the moment their lessons were over, and taking their skates with them, made for the pond at once. As soon as the skates are on they begin to fly up and down the frozen surface, very few of them thinking whether the ice is equally strong all over and will bear their weight in the middle as well as at the sides. The consequence is that one of them has tumbled in, and we see in the picture how all the other boys are doing their best to rescue him. We have no doubt that they will succeed; but it is no easy thing to pull a person out of a hole in the ice. All around the edges the ice is weak and yielding, and if two persons get in it is almost impossible to pull them out without a third tumbling in as well. The best way is to place boards on the ice, as they are about to do. This youth will learn caution, we hope, and lying in bed there may come to him that reflection which will make him a sadder and a wiser boy. After all, we profit most from what experience teaches us, for we rarely forget it.



THROUGH THE ICE.

PAUL'S TEMPER.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

When Paul Marsh's little sister was learning to creep, she would try to get hold of Paul's playthings. One day when she took his top, Paul slapped her.

His mother told him that the baby was too little to know that it was naughty to take his things, and that he was naughty to slap her and must be shut in the nursery.

When his mother let him out, Paul said: "I'm not going to slap Louise ever any more; I'm big, but she's a little baby."

But the very next day he was sitting on the floor reading his new book. Soon the baby fidgeted herself along until she reached him. Then her little hands reached for the book and caught hold of it.

Paul snatched it away, shook her and screamed at her.

His mother took the book away, and Paul didn't have it for two whole days.

Now he is trying to be more patient with baby Louise.

It is hard work, But his mother says that she is going to work, with God's help, to make her boy better, and she thinks that she will succeed.

MOTHER'S JEWELS.

Who are mother's jewels,
All her boys and girls:
Each a gem of priceless worth
Set about with pearls.

Pearls of purity and truth
Sent from God above,
Safely held within the clasp
Of the Saviour's love.

THE SERVICE.

The service due to God
Is not mere babbling words
Poured tunelessly upon the ear
Like songs of singing birds.

The service due to God
Is no mere formal part,
'Tis not enough to bow the head
And never bow the heart.

The service due to God
Is life from evil won,
And faith and hope and glowing love
And duty bravely done.

Strong Help of feeble faith,
Pure Guide of age and youth,
Teach us to serve thee, holy God,
In spirit and in truth.

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Sunbeam.

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SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and

said, "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

WHY BESSIE CAME BACK.

"Does little Bessie want to carry a letter to Bridget from mother?"

"Yes," and two-year-old Bessie looked very pleased to be allowed to do an errand for mother, all the way downstairs.

So the note, telling Bridget to turn off the heat in the furnace, was pinned to Bessie's dress, right in front, and she trotted away very happy.

Mother could hear the little feet go slowly down the stairs, one step at a time, but they stopped a minute down in the hall. There was a lamp there, which Bessie could reach, and which she leved to turn up and down. Mother had told her never to touch it again, though.

Pretty soon the little feet came up the stairs fast and a little voice said:

"Don't touch, Bessie—run away—don't touch!" and mother knew that Bessie was running away from the lamp for fear she would not mind.

That was a good way, wasn't it?

SEEKING HELP FROM A FOX.

A missionary writes from China: "I went yesterday to see a little boy six years old. He had been sick, and when I saw him first he was insensible and convulsed. A plaster which I made them put on his neck and on the sole of his foot seemed to have saved his life, but as the people had left it on too long the skin was off, and his neck was very sore. So I went yesterday to see him. It was a large farmhouse. In the room there was a little shrine, and outside there was a little temple; these were dedicated to *Hoo le* (the fox), and *Hwang-tze lang-tze* (the weazel). The woman said the shrine and the temple would give the household peace." Do you not think that they need to be told about Jesus the Saviour?

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

BY JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Greta was only six years old, and very small for her age. When she came into the Sunday-school she wished very much to do something for Jesus. "Only I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard. "Who opens my paper and finds

my spectacles and brings my book from the library table?"

"And who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss his saucer of milk and teaches him to play with a string?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up nearer the fire?" asked father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as any one," said mother. Then sister Belle told what she knew, and Greta's eyes beamed with delight.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," finished grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls.

THE NUTS AND THEIR HOMES.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Old Mistress Chestnut once lived in a burr,

Padded and lined with the softest of fur. Jack Frost split it wide with his keen silver knife,

And tumbled her out at the risk of her life.

Here is Don Almond, a grandee from Spain;

Some raisins from Malaga came in his train,

He has a twin brother a shade or two leaner;

When both come together we shout "Philopena!"

This is Sir Walnut; he's English, you know,

A friend of my Lady and Lord so-and-so. Whenever you ask old Sir Walnut to dinner,

Be sure you're polite to the gouty old sinner.

Little Miss Peanut from North Carolina, She's not 'ristocratic, but no nut is finer.

Sometimes she's roasted and burnt to a cinder,—

In Georgia they call her Miss Goober or Pinder.

This is old Hickory; look at him well, A general was named for him, so I've heard tell.

Take care how you hurt him. He sometimes hits back!

This solid old chap is a hard nut to crack.

Old Mr. Butternut, just from Brazil, Is rugged and rough as the side of a hill;

But, like many a countenance quite as ill-favored,

He covers a kernel deliciously flavored.

I would sooner walk in the dark, and hold hard to a promise of my God, than trust in the light of the brightest day that ever dawned.—C. H. Spurgeon.

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BE BRAVE, LITTLE BOY.

Be brave, little boy, be brave!
I know you have lost the race,
And you've fallen down,
And your cap is gone,
And a briar has scratched your face.
But you ran your very best, little boy,—
How you made the old dust fly!
And though you have not won the prize,
Little boy,
You're too much of a man to cry.

Be brave, little boy, be brave!
You've another race to run,—
A race from the dawn
Of your life's fresh morn,
All the way to its setting sun.
And head and heart may ache, little boy,
And your back may have to bend;
But run your very best, little boy;
You are sure of a prize at the end.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON V.—JANUARY 29.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-15. Memorize verses 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Nicodemus? What was his idea of religion? The law of Moses. What did Jesus come to bring? The law of love. Was Nicodemus a good man? Yes. What kept him back? His learning. What did he call Jesus? What was Jesus looking at? What did he say? Could Nicodemus understand this? What did Jesus try to do? What did he say to help Nicodemus to see it? Can you tell us what he said about the wind? What is that little sentence beginning with "So"? Can you tell what Jesus meant? Do you know the story of the serpent in the wilderness?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read lesson verses from your Bible. John 3. 1-15.
Tues. Find what no one can say. Prov. 20. 9.
Wed. Learn what Jesus wants to do. 1 John 1. 9.
Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
Fri. Read about the brazen serpent. Num. 21. 6-9.
Sat. Learn what is true of everyone. Verse 3.

Sun. Think, What is it to belong to God's kingdom?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. We must be born anew.
2. The new life is the life of the Spirit.
3. We may all be born anew through Jesus Christ.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 5.

JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

John 4. 5-14. Memorize verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—Rev. 22. 17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who wrote about Jesus at Jacob's well? When did he write it? Where were Jesus and his disciples going? What time in the year was it? In December. Why is it called Jacob's well? Why did Jesus sit by the well? Who came to draw water? What did people bring to draw water with? A line, and an earthen or skitt bottle. What did Jesus ask of the woman? What did he want to give her? Was she surprised? Why? What did he talk with her about then? What is the "living water" of which he spoke? The life of God in the soul of man.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the story of Jesus at the well. John 4. 5-26.
Tues. Read about Jacob in Shechem. Gen. 33. 17-20.
Wed. Find how God invites. Isa. 55. 1; Rev. 22. 17.
Thur. Learn how you may have living water. Verse 10.
Fri. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
Sat. Read what followed the talk. Verses 27-42.
Sun. Learn a heavenly promise. Rev. 7. 16, 17.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The waters of this world will not cure thirst.
2. The waters of life will.
3. Jesus will give it to us if we ask him.

SOMETHING WORTH KEEPING.

"I can never keep anything!" cried Edith, stamping her foot with vexation because she could not find her scissors. "Somebody always takes my things away and loses them."

"There is one thing," said her mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Edith.

"Well, then, my dear, keep your temper; if you will only do that, you will find

it easier to keep other things. If you had used your time in searching for the lost scissors, you might have found them before this. You have only got into a passion, and you have accused somebody, perhaps unjustly, of taking away your scissors and losing them.

"Keep your temper, Edith, even if you lose all the little property you have; getting into a passion never brings anything to light except an unhappy face; and besides getting yourself into a passion you accuse somebody else of doing wrong."

Edith began to think; she got over her ill-humor, searched for her scissors and found them in her own work bag.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "here they are; I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some chocolate creams, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the chocolate creams very much." And he hurried on his cap and ran off in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the shop; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the chocolate in the window. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again without going in.

In about one minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright face, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat, the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us, little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, how I want the chocolate cream.' At last the heathen beat; I am going to put my penny into the missionary box."

KISS AND AGREE.

A singer sang a song of cheer,

And the great world listened and smiled,

For he sang of the love of a Father dear,

And the trust of a little child;

And souls that before had forgotten to pray,

Looked up and went singing along the way.



FUNNY FACES.

FUNNY FACES.

It will be a source of amusement, as well as a means of education, to study the picture on this page and see how many faces can be recognized. A profitable pastime would be for each one in the home circle to write down on a slip of paper the name of each beast which can be identified by its face on the picture and see who can make the longest list. It will require considerable knowledge of natural history to make out a complete list of all the beasts represented in the picture.

The exercise may be varied and made yet more profitable and interesting by requiring each one, when the lists are complete, to write a short description of each beast in the list and giving its habits of life, native country, utility for man, etc. How many of these beasts are made to serve us, and in what way are they made useful?

If the older members of the family will take an interest in the exercise with the

children, much valuable information may be imparted to the little ones and refreshed in the minds of the older ones concerning the "beasts of the field" by a careful study of the picture.

THE WRONG BOX.

"Ned," said grandmother, "do you think that you can run across to the corner and put this letter in the letter-box for me?"

"Course I can," replied Ned. "Mother told me to help you all I could all the time I was here."

"Well," said grandmother, "that will be a very great help, indeed, because you see my rheumatism is so bad that it would take me a long time to get over there—and you can get it over in time for the postman."

Ned felt very important as he started off. If it wasn't for him, the letter would be too late.

When he reached the corner he was puzzled. Grandmother had not said anything about two boxes, but here were two, both red and both about the same size. Which was the right one?

"I'll put it in the shiniest one," he thought, climbing up on a wooden box which happened to be by the curbing. He shut the little door carefully after he had put the letter in, and started off. Soon a fire-engine came dashing up the street, with a crowd of men and boys following behind.

"I wonder where the fire is!" thought Ned, looking round him, very importantly, with his hands in his pockets; and so every one seemed to wonder. Grandmother was on the back porch when he reached home, anxiously looking up and down the street. The firemen were investigating, and the men and boys were running about, looking everywhere for smoke.

"Some one has been playing a trick," the chief engineer said at last, sternly. "Do any of you youngsters know anything about it?"

Ned thought the great man looked very fierce indeed.

"What would they do with any boy that did that?" he asked.

"Put him in jail quick enough," answered some one.

Just then the postman came up and handed grandmother the letter which Ned had mailed so carefully a few minutes before.

"I found it in the fire-box," he said. "I knew it was yours, for it says to return to this number in five days. I guess this is the cause of all the trouble," looking at the fire-engine and the group of men and boys.

"Yes, I think my little boy is responsible for it," said grandmother. "He was trying to help me and put the letter into the fire-box by mistake for the letter-box."

"Oh, grandma," said Ned, "will they will they—" and he broke down in sobs.

"No, they'll not do a thing!" said the chief. "When it's a mistake, and you've done your best to do the right thing, you needn't feel bad over it. Look up, young man." Ned looked up and smiled through his tears.

"But I'll look out for the fire-box the next time," he said; and he did.

LITTLE SHADI'S PRAYER.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan, named Shadi, living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night when he was six years old she said to him, "Now pray a little prayer of your own."

And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this:

"Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old!"