

SUNBEAM

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DOMINION DAY NUMBER.

In this Dominion Day number of Sunbeam we give a number of patriotic poems and a picture of our great Northwest country. Our cut shows the process of haying on the boundless prairies. It is something wonderful to ride for scores of miles and not see a fence, these broad prairies being almost as boundless as the sea.

The lower part of the cut shows the temporary homes of the first settlers—sometimes a rude house of logs, sometimes a mere tent, sometimes a house made of sods; but this soon gives place to comfortable homesteads, cultivated farms, and cheerful villages and towns. There are a large number of Mennonites in Southern Manitoba. Some of their towns are very comfortable indeed. One such is shown in our central picture.

ROLLO AND RED PEGGY.

Rollo was a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with Mr. and Mrs. James and their little daughter Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him; for young Rollo was as mischievous as any puppy could be. He seemed determined to try his teeth on everything; but at last Mrs. James hit upon a funny plan for managing him.

It happened that a new doll for little Bessie had just arrived, and her old fa-

vourite—a doll made of red flannel, and named "Red Peggy"—generally lay neglected in a corner.

As Rollo was settling himself one day to chew a little stocking, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that if he must bite something!

From that hour Red Peggy was adopted

by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbours, and would carry her down town if not watched. He seemed to like to play with his doll as if he were a little girl instead of a dog.

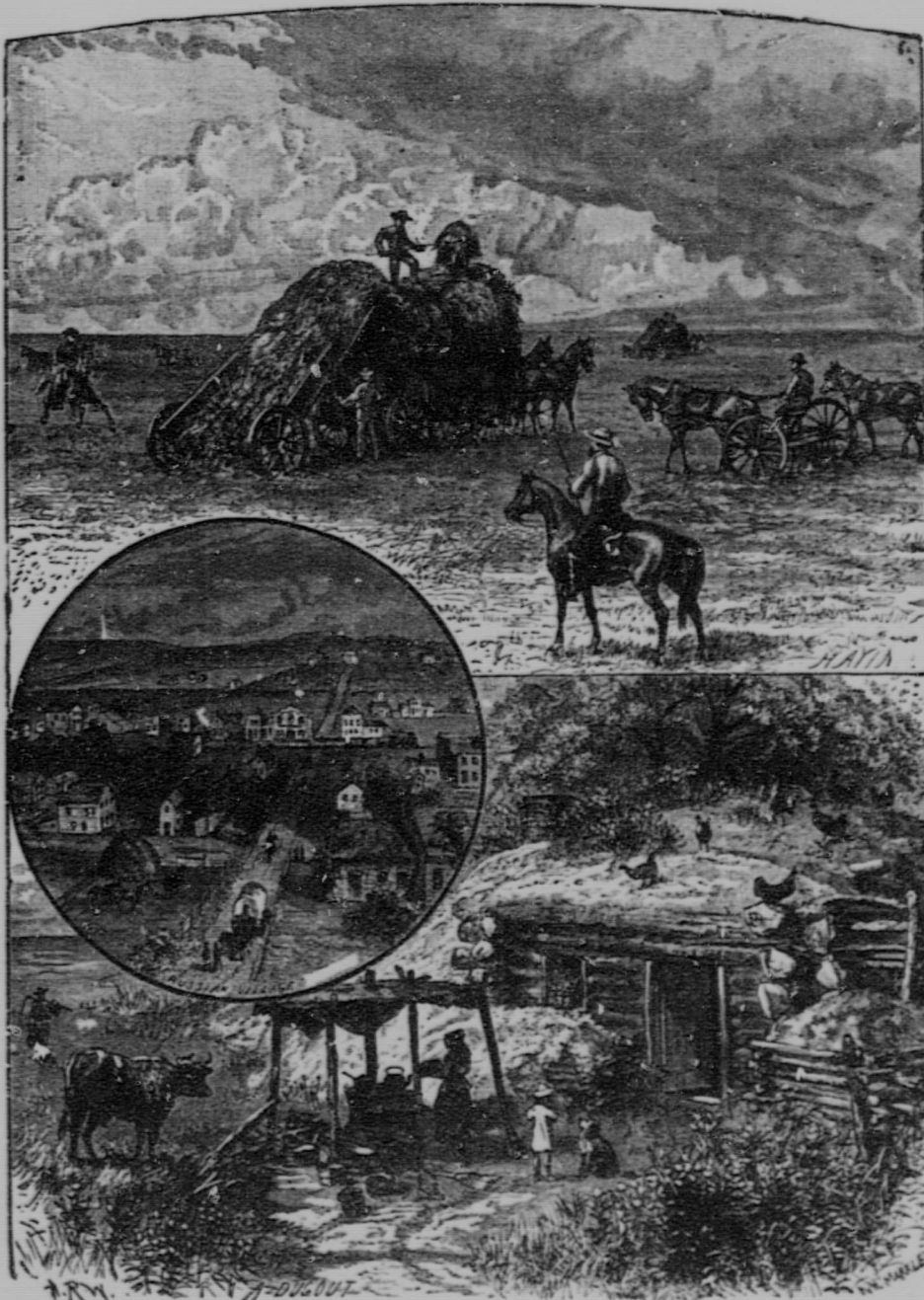
One day Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbour across the street. Of course Red Peggy went, too. The man whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would have Rollo carry it. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, and and told him to carry it home.

Rollo gave a dignified wag of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute; then he laid down the paper and went straight back for Red Peggy.

Several attempts ended in the same way. At last the doll was carefully rolled in the paper, which was then given to Rollo with the sharp order, "Go home!"

Rollo trotted away quickly; but when he reached the middle of the road he deliberately laid down his bundle, poked his nose into it till he found his beloved Red Peggy, lifted her out, and then ran triumphantly home with her, leaving the paper in the road.

In fact, so long as I knew Rollo, he never would obey any command which forced him to leave his dear Red Peggy.



BITS IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

Said Peter Paul Augustus, "When I am grown a man, I'll help my dearest mother the very best I can. I'll wait upon her kindly; she'll lean upon my arm—I'll lead her very gently and keep her safe from harm. But when I think upon it, the time will be so long." Said Peter Paul Augustus, "before I'm tall and strong, I think it would be wiser to be her pride and joy. By helping her my very best while I'm a little boy."

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Sunbeam.

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A LITTLE SEED AND A GREAT HARVEST.

Mary Cander's life lasted just sixteen years. Most of that time she passed in bed in acute pain. She had learned to read, and to cut out figures from a paper with much skill; but there, perforce, her knowledge and acquirements stopped. Her family were generous Christian people, actively engaged in work for the poor. Poor little Mary! she wished to help also; but what could she do—herself ignorant, helpless, and crippled?

Her window overlooked a hovel, in which lived John Martin, an idle Irishman, with his wife and eleven children. Drunkenness, untruthfulness, and dishonesty were notorious faults of the Martins. They were all regarded as hopeless outcasts.

"I think," said Mary, "that if I could tell John how good the Lord has been to

me, it would help him." But her father forbade the attempt.

"John's wife, then?" This was also forbidden.

"Send me little Phil, at least. He can do no harm."

Phil, a bright, mischievous urchin of ten or thereabouts, was brought to her bedside. She showed him pictures, cut marvellous groups in paper, and told him stories day after day until she won his confidence. Then she taught him how her Friend, through hard lessons, was making her like Himself.

Phil continued to be her faithful daily companion for three years, when she died. Her influence over him seemed to be even stronger when she was gone than it was before. He separated himself from his family, worked steadily, educated himself, and when he became a man, settled in a large town, where he married. His children are now among the most influential men and women in that place. They are honourable, generous Christians, serving God and their fellowmen with a peculiar heartiness and energy.

The little seed which the sick girl planted in faith has grown to be a mighty tree, with wide-spread branches and much fruit.

Never neglect to do a good action or to speak a helpful word, because "it is too small to be of use."

If the disciples had refused to distribute the five small loaves which the Master put into their hands, how would the great multitude have been fed?

THE GREATEST WASTE IN THE WORLD.

If you saw a man standing by the shore and flinging gold coins and diamonds into the sea, you would say he was insane. Yet the angels see many people continually doing something very much like this. Not gold and precious stones do they thus throw away, but minutes, hours, days, weeks and years of time—possessions which are of greater worth than any coins and gems of earth.—*Sunday-school Visitor*.

A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

"Yes, but be careful," said mother when George asked her to let him take his little sister out in the meadow. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play in the meadow.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over those stones which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, mother told me to be careful that

she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms, and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, George, and you see now how to understand the beautiful text, 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones."

CANADA.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada:

How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:

Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:

The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still
The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada:

That 'neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle deep
In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada:

Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada:

With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chain
By fair St. Lawrence, to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's
waters

Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Or home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada:

Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada

In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
 She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
 She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
 And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
 Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
 She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
 And yet—would you believe it—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason,
 But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
 That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
 And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 6.]

THE GIVING OF MANNA.

Exod. 16. 4-15. Memorize verses 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was our study the last half of last year? From the Old Testament. Where did we leave it at Christmas? At the passage of the Red Sea. What did the Israelites first journey through? A wilderness without water. What bitter waters were made sweet? The waters of Marah. Where did they camp? At Elim. What did they next pass through? The Wilderness of Sin. What did they do? They cried with hunger. What did the Lord send them? Bread from heaven. What came first? Flocks of quails. When? In the evening. What did they find in the morning? Dew. And what was there when the dew had been? A small, round, white thing. What did they call it? Manna. How long did they have it? Until they came to their own land.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Exod. 16. 4-15.
 Tues. Read more about the manna. Exod. 16. 16-36.
 Wed. Find out the meaning of "omer" and "ephah."
 Thur. Read about the bread that Jesus made. Matt. 14. 13-21.

Fri. Learn a little verse about the heavenly bread. John 6. 48.
 Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
 Sun. Read about angels' food. Rev. 22. 2.

LESSON II. [July 13.]

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—DUTIES TO GOD.

Exod. 20. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.—Luke 10. 27.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did the people who crossed the Red Sea reach Mount Sinai? After three months. Where did they encamp? On a broad plain. What did God give the people then? The Ten Commandments. What did the people do? They gathered at the foot of the mount. What did they see upon its top? A cloud of fire. What did they hear? Thunderings. What did Moses do? He went up into the mount. Who called him? God. Why? To hear the law. What part was written upon stone? The Ten Commandments. What do the first four teach us? Our duty to God. What made the people afraid? To have Moses go away from them. What did God tell Moses besides the commandments. How to care for his people Israel.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Exod. 20. 1-11.
 Tues. Learn what David says of God's law. Psa. 19. 7, 8.
 Wed. Learn a prayer for you to offer. Psa. 119. 18.
 Thur. Find that God does speak with men. Deut. 5. 24.
 Fri. Find what Jesus said about the law. Matt. 5. 17.
 Sat. Learn the beautiful law that Jesus gave. Golden Text.
 Sun. Learn the other half of it. Matt. 19. 19.

HARRY AND THUMBKIN RIGHT.

Harry was lying under the pear-tree behind the house, gazing ruefully at Thumbkin Right, who was all bandaged up in white cotton, as if he had been in the wars. Suddenly, to Harry's surprise, Thumbkin began speaking: "You are a careless boy, Harry," said he, "you were told not to use that sharp knife, and, if you had only remembered what you were told, you would not have cut me."

"Indeed I'm sorry, Thumbkin," said Harry. "I miss your help very much."
 "Of course you do. Though, to be sure, you still have my cousin Thumbkin Left to help you. But I do believe you never once thought what you would do without us."

"Now, please do just as I bid you: tuck Thumbkin Left across the palm of your left hand, and then try to lift your hat from the ground."

Harry tried and tried, and found that he could not lift his hat unless he caught it awkwardly between two of his fingers, and even then it was a very slow job.

"Dear me!" he said, "I never knew before that I could not lift my hat if I had no thumb to help me."

"I thought so," said Thumbkin Right, proudly. "Do you know that you could not catch a ball if you had no Thumbkins, neither could you—but, look here, Harry, suppose you go around and try how many of the things that you can do now without any trouble, you could not do at all, if you had not your two good friends, Thumbkin Left and Thumbkin Right."

Just then a drop of rain fell on Harry's nose. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, and said:

"Why, Thumbkin, the sun was shining a minute ago, where did those clouds come from?"

But Thumbkin said never a word in reply, and Harry ran indoors.

That night Harry said, "Mother, do you know, I really believe our hands would be hardly any use at all if we had no thumbs. It was God who thought of giving us thumbs on our hands. How thoughtful God is!"

WHAT GRETA COULD DO.

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

"Tut," said her grandfather. "Who opens my paper and finds my spectacles?"

"Who puts the ribbon in my cap and gives puss her milk?" added grandmother.

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

"I know somebody who can do errands as nicely as anybody," said her mother.

"Every little task that we do willingly makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven," said the grandfather, patting Greta's brown curls; and Greta learned how she could do something for Jesus.—Sunbeam.

THE STAR DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
 I see the stars shine overhead;
 They are the little daisies white
 That dot the meadow of the night.

And after, while I'm dreaming so,
 Across the sky the moon will go;
 It is a lady, sweet and fair,
 Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise
 There's not a star left in the skies;
 She's picked them all and dropped them down
 Into the meadows of the town.



SELF-SACRIFICE.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Susie came hurrying home from school one afternoon to prepare for a long walk in the woods which her teacher had promised the class. "We are to carry our lunch-baskets, mother," she cried, "and have a picnic. Won't it be splendid?"

"I hope you'll enjoy it, dear," replied her mother faintly; and then Susie noticed for the first time that her mother was really sick. Little Bessie, too, had a very lonely look as she sat on the floor with her toys.

"You have one of your bad headaches, mother, I am afraid," said Susie, "and I had better stay at home to-day." But Mrs. Parker could not bear her daughter to lose such a treat, and urged her to go. Susie hesitated a little; it was pretty hard to give it up; but presently she smiled, and, kissing her mother, said, "No, I could not be happy to leave you when you are so sick; I must take care of you."

Then she bathed the aching head, and urged her mother to try and sleep, while she kept little Bessie so quiet that presently the child fell asleep in her arms, and

she put her gently in the cradle. Next, she got supper ready, so that when her father came in he found mamma looking better and everything ready and in order.

In answer to his question, Susie heard her mother say, "Oh, I am much better, for I have had the rest I needed. Susie has been so good, and gave up her afternoon's pleasure of her own accord to stay at home and help me. She is such a comfort, I do not know what I should do without her."

And when, added to this praise, Susie received her father's hearty kiss and words of approval, she felt more than repaid for the sacrifice she had made. She was following the dear Saviour, who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister unto (or serve) others.

We rob God whenever we refuse to contribute a just and liberal share of our means to promote his glory and sustain his church.

Obedience to God always brings unnumbered blessings.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

From our Dominion never
Take thy protecting hand.
United, Lord, for ever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye, one with her whose thunder
Keeps world watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
"This Canada of ours."

Fair days of fortune send her
Be thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil.
She hath the victor's guerdon,
Hers are the conquering powers,
No foeman's yoke shall burden
"This Canada of ours."

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and fountains
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
The glorious prairie land.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make thou our nation strong;
Pour forth thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong;
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old,
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
And lead the van to-day.

Inheritors of glory
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
Shall onward victory bear,
Where'er through earth's far regions
Its triple crosses fly,
For God, for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die.