

SUNBEAM

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No. 25

A BRAVE BOY.

Some years ago a ship with many passengers on board was going down the English Channel, when, owing to fog, she was run into by another vessel. All the passengers were much afraid, for the ship was sinking. All the sailors seized life-belts, and the boats were lowered and filled.

But one lady had not been able to get on deck so quickly as the others. A sailor lad saw her looking wildly and helplessly around, and he went quickly up to her and said:

"Ma'am, I can swim and you can't; take my life-belt."

He put it around her as he spoke, and they both jumped into the sea. It was a rough sea, and several of the boats were swamped. But among those who were picked up by the other vessel and saved were the brave sailor boy and the lady to whom he had given his cork belt.

The boy was unconscious, and they thought at first that he was dead. But he was

brought back to life, and to the knowledge that his brave deed was not in vain.

That boy had once been a waif in the London streets. He was not brought up among good and brave



TRYING THE ICE.

people, but in the places where sin and wickedness and misery were always before him. Then one day he was taken to a training-ship and taught to be a sailor.

But what taught him to stand still

and calm in the hour of great danger while others rushed to save their lives? What made him, when he saw one weak and helpless and afraid, give up his chance of life that she might be saved? What took away all terror of the rough and angry waves?

Just this—the thought and the knowledge that he was God's child, and that if he did God's will all would be well with him. Nothing else could have made a boy, brought up as he had been, do such a self-sacrificing and heroic deed, and nothing else would have kept him calm in the hour of danger.

If our lives and hearts and wills are given to God, we need never be afraid. All you who read this want to be brave, do you not? You like to hear of brave deeds of brave children, and you sometimes wonder what you would have done if you had been in their places. Remember this—that if we are not brave and self-sacrificing in little things we shall not be so in great ones.

Let us trust God with all our daily life, and then we shall be able to trust Him when danger threatens.

Be God's child, and then when the need comes you too will be ready to do a brave deed.

THE RUNAWAYS.

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day;
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow no size at all.
The carriage was darkened and none
too roomy
And they could not move about,
The five little brothers grew very
gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the bigger one whispered, "What
do you say?"
Let's leave the carriage and run
away!"
So out they scampered, the five to-
gether,
An off and away they sped!—
When somebody found the carriage of
leather,
And my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every
one knows,
And the five little brothers were five
little toes.

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The Sunbeam.

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DID IT TO THANK GOD.

A missionary, who was preaching the Gospel in the far-away island of Singapore, was pleased and surprised one day to find his little church all freshly whitewashed. "Who did it?" he asked, and a new Chinese convert said, "I did it to thank God." Surely this was a good way to thank God. I wonder if we could not sometimes thank God by doing something to make his house beautiful.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

This is not the kind of "art studio" we expect to find, is it? But it is an artist's workshop all the same. It is a pity that the sketching on the wall is so dim we can scarcely judge the ability of the young genius from it, and the cat's head he is at present drawing is in such an unsatisfactory stage. We are only certain that it is going to be a cat. The boy must love his work, for he has, we can see, been doing some wood carving. The ship and the bracket on which it stands, the heavy-looking walking-stick, and the partially carved dog are specimens of this work. If he keeps on at it and continues to improve, week by week, we



A YOUNG ARTIST

shall likely hear of him as some famous artist or first-class wood-carver, but he will need to possess perseverance, taste, and skilled fingers.

THE NEW FAMILY.

"There's a new family moved into our house," said Ned, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Come and see it, mother."

They went down cellar and there, snugly crowded into a little space between the walls, was a warm nest made of bits of paper and rags, and in it were three tiny, pink, squeaking mice! Mother didn't quite want that kind of a family in her house, but she thought

they were very cunning. She stepped softly away, and soon the little brown mother mouse came back, and cuddled down as if she were telling her children what she had seen while she was away.

WHAT FRANK FOUND.

The children were playing "follow my leader" down by the woods. It was pretty down there by the spring, and the sun shone warm on their heads as they played. Edith was the leader, and she was taking them down the path to the spring, when Frank came running up out of the woods.

"Oh, come here! come here! I've found something!" he cried.

"What is it?" said Edith, and all the rest of the children did as she did, and asked, "What is it?"

"Just you come and look!" answered Frank, and he wouldn't say another word; so they all followed, till they came to a big spreading bush, and there, in the very middle of the branches, was the dearest little nest you ever saw, with two tiny eggs in it, all speckled over. The mother bird was frightened, and kept flying to and fro, chirping and calling, but Frank did not mind that.

"Let's take the nest home," he said. "Aren't the eggs pretty? I'm so glad I found it."

Edith clapped her hands and so did all the others after her. "I'm ever so glad you brought us to see it," she said. "How are you going to reach it, Frank?"

"O, I'm going to pull down the branches, and break them off, and get it just as easy," said Frank. "Then you make a hole in the eggs with a pin and blow them out, and keep them that way. I've seen Cousin Will do it ever so often."

But Nellie spoke up then. She was Cousin Will's little sister. "Brother Will doesn't take the nest away from the poor bird, Frank," she said, "and he only takes one single egg; he told me so. He leaves the others for the mother bird."

"Oh! I nicer way Frank?"

The mother bird took one, stood very close to the children, and then they went to the mother bird.

Frank made a work to do, and then he worked to other ends such work as he was against the pieces.

"There Frank."

"Oh! you But little think their egg 'I'm glad way.'"

"I'm so Frank he ren find alone."

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WORDS AN

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Matt. 28

JES

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"Oh! I think that's a great deal nicer way," said Edith; "don't you, Frank?"

The mother bird came flying close to their heads just then, chirping dolefully. Frank was not a cruel boy, and he felt sorry for the bird. "I'll just take one, then," he said, and so he stood very carefully on tiptoe, and all the children watched him as he pulled down the branches, and took out one of the pretty speckled eggs. Then they went away and left the bush, and the mother bird came back again.

Frank took a pin, and began to make a hole in one end of the egg. Then, when that was done, he went to work to make another hole in the other end. But he had never done any such work before, and all of a sudden, as he was pushing the pin point against the shell, the egg broke all to pieces.

"There! it's all spoiled!" said Frank.

"Oh! what a pity!" said Edith.

But little Nellie spoke up again. "I think the birds can take better care of their eggs than boys can," she said. "I'm glad you left the other egg, anyway."

"I'm sorry I took this one," said Frank honestly. Now, when the children find a nest, they leave the eggs alone.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 16.

Matt. 28. 1-15. Memory verses, 5, 6.

JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He is risen as he said.—Matt. 28. 6.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! blessed thought that Jesus conquered death. That his body did not stay in the dark grave but came forth beautiful and radiant. Because his body came forth so shall ours some day, and, like him, we shall then go to live forever with our Heavenly Father. It must have been a great surprise to the women who came early that Sunday morning—the first Easter morn—to the tomb of their Lord. They were frightened at first, for the glad Easter news had not a meaning for them just then. But as soon as they knew they ran to tell the disciples, and when they beheld their risen Lord their joy knew no bounds.

There were some hearts though that were not glad at the news—they who had killed him from cruel hate. They were sore distressed and were afraid to have the news go abroad. It would prove that Jesus was all he said he was. So these evil men bribed the guar-

dians of the tomb to say that his disciples had stolen his body at night. But their wicked lie did not help the news from spreading that the crucified Jesus had indeed risen from the grave.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. When was Jesus crucified? On Friday.
2. When was his tomb found empty? The next Sunday.
3. Who came early to his grave? The three Marys.
4. Whom found they there? An angel.
5. What did the angel say? Fear not, the Lord is risen.
6. What did they do? Ran to tell the disciples.
7. Whom did they then see? The Saviour himself.
8. What did they then do? Bowed down and worshipped him.
9. What did the wicked elders and high priests do? Bribed the soldiers to say Christ's body had been stolen.

LESSON —II.—DECEMBER 23.

Luke 24. 36-53. Memory verses, 46-48. JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN.

GOLDEN TEXT.

While he blessed them he was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.—Luke 24. 51.

LESSON STORY.

Forty days passed from the time of Christ's coming forth from the grave until his ascending into heaven. During that time he was busy doing good work. Some of his disciples had seen him and believed him to be the same Jesus, but others of them doubted. One day he appeared to them with the greeting, "Peace." At first they were full of fear and thought he was a spirit. To prove to them that he was not he ate some fish, and told them to Galley 13. Happy Days look and see if he was not flesh and bones. And to Thomas who doubted he said to put his hands in the wound prints.

Then he showed them how the Scriptures said all this should happen. He told them they were to be witnesses to all the world, and that they were to stay in Jerusalem until power from on high was given them. Then he led them a little way and raised his hand to bless them, and as he did so he ascended out of their sight.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. How many days was Christ on the earth from his Resurrection to ascension? Forty days.
2. Did he appear to his disciples? Yes.
3. Did all believe it was he? No.
4. To make the doubting believe what did he do? Eat fish and told them to feel his wounds.
5. What did he say to them? That they must tell the world of his Resurrection.
6. What did he then do? Blessed them.

EVERY LITTLE TELLS.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.
Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live."

A GRANDMOTHER'S RULES.

Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over. If you have done wrong go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human beings
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.



TELLING THE SECRET TO GRANDMA.

WHAT CAN WE DO ?

Is there no means by which we can persuade or reason our scholars into more study of the Bible? Is there no means by which we can induce the fathers and mothers and grandmothers and older sisters who sit by the piano during practice hour to see that there is no shirking of the scales, who preside over the study table at night to see that the spelling books and grammars receive due attention, to bestow also somewhat proportionate pains upon preparation for the Sabbath lesson?

In many careful Christian homes it would seem as though the parents were thoroughly alive to the value to their children of every branch of education, except education in the Scriptures. After providing a Bible for each son and daughter, with the name and an appropriate text on the fly leaf, there the matter, to a great extent, drops. No questions are asked, very few reminders are given, no particular interest is shown, nor apparently is application expected. Latin they must learn, but about the Bible they may do as

they like. We can hardly wonder that boys and girls, who would feel to their finger tips the mortification of a slip in geography or spelling, laugh and are undisturbed when caught in the most flagrant Biblical blunders. Nor is it perhaps surprising that diligent and conscientious as to their week-day tasks, eager for progress and "promotion" in them, they really are ready to feel complacent and self-satisfied if, at the end of years of Sabbath-school attendance, they have risen high enough to stumble through the Golden Text of maybe twenty words, and to have skimmed over the lesson passage at home. Can we teachers do anything in our own or any other households to alter this state of feeling?

There are certain simple little methods which, if varied sufficiently, might bring about a moderate amount of preparation; and moderation in these things would be a pleasant advance. Give out a topic for the next Sabbath, and ask each scholar to hunt up in his Bible a text bearing upon it, which he is to copy out and bring to

the class, or better, memorize and recite. For instance, a text about Christmas or New Year or Easter; about harvest time, or planting, or business. Then we may have a Promise Sabbath, calling for the beautiful Bible promises; or a Golden Text Sabbath, when each must select a new Golden Text for himself, which he thinks will fit the lesson almost as well as the one given us by authority.

I was told by a member of the committee which arranges our International Series that there is more discussion in the committee about choosing Golden Texts as well as more expostulation from the public after they are chosen, than on any other point; and I believed him. Older scholars might be asked to bring opinions or illustrations or facts about individual verses or clauses in the lesson.

A GENTLEMANLY BOY.

A gentle boy, a manly boy,
Is the boy I love to see;
An honest boy, an upright boy,
Is the boy of boys for me.

The gentle boy guards well his lips,
Lest words that fall may grieve;
The manly boy will never stoop
To meanness, or deceive.

An honest boy clings to the right,
Through seasons foul and fair;
An upright boy will faithful be
When trusted anywhere.

The gentle boy, the manly boy,
Upright and honest, too,
Will always find a host of friends
Among the good and true.

He reaps reward in doing good,
Finds joy in giving joy,
And earns the right to bear the name,
A gentlemanly boy.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

"Mother," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should like so much to do something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are do for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said: "Why, mother, I could run on all his errands for him."

So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here are a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor, old, sick Margaret by the servant; but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for when upon earth he said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." Whenever you do a kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth and you were doing it for him."