

SUNBEAM

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No. 2.

PUSS AND THE TURTLE.

Puss started out this morning for a walk in the warm sunshine, when to her surprise she met the strange-looking black thing slowly moving up to her. Puss had never seen a turtle before, and like a wise old cat she stands away from him at a safe distance and takes a good look at his queer little wagging head and his bright eyes. Pussy wonders why he carries his house on his back that way, just allowing his head, tail and four feet room outside. He moves along so slowly, too, that pussy is sure that this queer-looking object must be quite harmless. She bravely lifts her paw to feel what the hard-looking black house the turtle carries on his back feels like. Take care, pussy, for the turtle's jaws are very strong and sharp!

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

The very day that she was given to us the first snowdrops blossomed under the dining-room windows. Aunt Jessie came into mamma's room holding up a beautiful spray of buds and blossoms, and said, "See my snowdrops," and mamma replied, "See my snowdrop, my wee spring flower." And there, under the blankets, lay the tiniest baby girl you ever saw.

How Aunt Jessie did jump! For she was so surprised.

"We must call her Snowdrop," declared Aunt Jessie, and so Snowdrop she was to all of us; although papa wrote her

name in the big Bible, Mary Eleanor Gray.

One morning early in the spring, when she was just two years old, she crept down stairs and out of the open door. Nobody was near, so she stood up and looked around. Just beyond the walk, in the soft wet earth, the snowdrops were unfolding their pure white blossoms.

With a crow of delight she toddled over

THE SHEEP IN THE FURROW.

Returning home from a visit to the country one dark night, Uncle Ben's way lay through a ploughed field, where the earth lay in deep furrows. Fancying that he could dimly see a moving object not far from the path, he sought to find what it might be. It was a sheep which had tumbled into one of the furrows, and was there lying helplessly upon its



PUSS AND THE TURTLE.

to them, clutched a handful, and turned back to the house.

Up the stairs she climbed, and called, "Mamma, see pitties."

"Bless her heart, she has found her own name-flowers," exclaimed mamma, kissing her. "Mary Eleanor may do for a grown-up lady, but my wee blossom shall be Snowdrop to us as long as she is little and white and sweet." And she has been called Snowdrop ever since.

back. Uncle Ben stooped down, helped the poor animal out of its difficulty, and so saved its life.

That sheep is not the only wanderer that has fallen into danger. Out in the world's darkness are many people who "like sheep have gone astray," and have fallen into sin. How helpless they seem! Jesus would love to have them all within the shelter of his fold. Children! by prayer and effort try to lead them there.

SWINGING IN DREAMLAND.

Swing, baby, swing to dreamland,
There, sweet, in slumbering,
My song will blend in seem-land
With songs the angels sing;
Thy hammock will be golden
And like the crescent moon,
And in its hollows foden
Thou wilt be sailing soon.

Go swinging, swinging, swinging.
High up among the stars;
At mother's wish up-springing
Shall sleep let down the bars;
Altho' thy hammock golden
Is like the crescent moon,
Thou wilt, in my arms holden,
Wake bright and laughing soon.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1906.

FATHER WATCHED ALL NIGHT.

Little Ella and her father were once travelling together, and in order to reach their home it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside his little girl's hat, and spreading out cloaks and shawls, said, "Now we rest."

But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one, as she asked, "Father, how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart; "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully that, in place of what had been a little girl there seemed

only a great bundle of shawls. But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say: "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her, and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance, and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few moments, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there just in sight, was her own dear home. She could even see her mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. Their first meeting was too full of joy for many words to be spoken; but after those close embraces and warm kisses were over, the mother asked: "And so my little girl has been travelling all night! Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh no, mother, not at all; I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it—all night, mother, he watched over me! At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him, and shut my eyes and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I drew close to him, and before I knew it I was really and truly sound asleep."

Then the mother told her child of the other good Father who watches over all of his children, not only one night, but every night of their lives. And though grown to womanhood now, Ella still remembers them and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling: "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thoughts on waking to the beauties of the morning light are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.

ESTHER'S FIVE BIRTHDAYS.

Esther had really had six birthdays, and this was her seventh; but there were only five to read about in mother's diary. Esther had just learned to read writing, and if her mother had not written a very plain hand indeed, I don't think the little girl could have spelled it out.

There was nothing written the day she was born; but the next year, the day she was one year old, there was this entry, and the ink was already a little faded—already, though the little one had hardly learned to read it:

"My little daughter is a year old to-day; may God make her a blessing to me."

And then Esther turned the pages, page after page, for a whole year's writing, and found the date again:

"Esther's second birthday; may God spare her to bless her father's life and mine."

The next year there was nothing written, for a little baby-boy had come into

the family, and mother was too busy to write in diaries. But the next, her birthday was marked by a tiny little flower pasted in the book, with these words: "May the darling be like this flower; living to shed sweetness on others."

Then came the fifth birthday; but ah, there were many tear-drops on the pages now! God had taken the little black-eyed boy to play in the garden of Paradise, and mother had written in a trembling hand, "Heavenly Father, spare me this child, and make her worthy of being an angel's sister."

And there was only one more birthday. Esther remembered that well; she had had a party, with six little girls invited, and six little candles burning on her cake, and lots of fun; but mother's diary didn't tell any of that; it only said, "I ask as a birthday gift for my darling, the grace to be thy child."

"I thought birthdays were for getting things," said the little girl to herself; "but mother only thinks about my being things."

And before she went to bed, Essie peeped into the old leather-covered diary again, and read:

"Seven years old to-day! Lord, prepare the darling for what thou art preparing for her."

THE CANDY BUTTONS.

Grandma could not believe her eyes. She had herself sewed buttons on Margaret and Dorothy's new clothes; and now here they were come to have their little waists and petticoats buttoned, and not a button to be seen. Grandma was sure they were good buttons, for she had taken them out of the package mamma brought home with a lot of Christmas shopping.

The little girls with laughing faces stood in front of her, holding up their little clothes from dropping down, watching her astonishment. Then Dorothy said: "I'm going to 'fess, grandma."

"And I will, too," said Margaret. "We ate the buttons, grandma."

"Ate buttons! O, Margaret, you'll die! When did you do it? Answer quickly."

"O, grandma, they were candy, and so good!" and Margaret smacked her rosy lips. "Dorothy wetted her finger to rub a speck of black off of one, and it tasted sweet; and then we bit one, and it was just like yellow taffy; and we ate them all before we thought, and our clothes fell down; and, please, won't you forgive us?"

Dear white-haired grandma laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks when mamma said she had bought the candy buttons for a Christmas joke, never dreaming grandma would be caught.

Perhaps I could read the snow-flake note

Which fluttered down to me to-day,
And learn the news the angels wrote,
—If I knew the postage to pay.

PLANTING-TIME.

What will you sow, little children, what will you sow?

In your garden you wish that sweet flowers would blossom and grow!

Then be careful and choose from the myriads of wonderful seeds

The caskets that lock up delight, and beware of the weeds!

If you sow nettles, alas for the crop you will reap!

Stings and poison and pain, bitter tears for your eyes to weep.

If you plant lilies and roses and pinks and sweet peas,

What beauty will charm you, what perfumes on every breeze!

Thus will it be, little folk, in the garden of life:

Sow seeds of ill-nature, you'll reap only sorrow and strife;

But pleasant, kind words, gentle deeds, happy thoughts if you sow,

What roses and lilies of love will spring round you and grow!

Smiles will respond to yours, brighter than marigolds are,

And sweeter than fragrance of any sweet flower, by far;

From the blossoms of beautiful deeds will a blessing arise,

And a welcome at sight of you kindle in every one's eyes.

Then what will you sow, my dear children, what will you sow?

Seeds of kindness, of sweetness, of patience, drop softly, and lo!

Love shall blossom around you in joy and in beauty, and make

A garden of Paradise here upon earth for your sake.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 28.

THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Mark 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—1 Samuel 7. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

Eighteen years have now passed since we saw Jesus the little boy of twelve with the doctors in the temple at Jerusalem. What passed in those eighteen years from boyhood to manhood we do not know. But we are sure they were spent in industrious study and work, and that he mingled with other youths and was a great favorite

among them. John the Baptist, who was his cousin, and six months older, had become a preacher. He is called the Forerunner of Christ because his special purpose in preaching was to urge people to repentance and prepare them for the beautiful ministry of Jesus. As an opening to his life of public ministry Jesus went to the Jordan and asked to be baptized. John felt himself unworthy to baptize Jesus, who he knew was much greater than he, but as Jesus desired it John complied.

Jesus went through this ceremony because he felt it would help him in the great work he was about to begin. He felt the full weight of his great responsibility. Then, too, he wanted to set a great example. At the baptism a voice was heard saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What age was Jesus when he was baptized? Thirty years old.

2. How long since he had been heard of in the temple at Jerusalem? Eighteen years.

3. Do we know anything of these years? No.

4. Who was John the Baptist? A cousin of Jesus, six months older.

5. What was his mission? To prepare the way for Christ.

6. What was his great message? Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 4.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4. 14. Memorize verse 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.—Heb. 4. 15.

THE LESSON STORY.

Just after the baptism of Jesus he retired to the wilderness, where for forty days and nights he fasted and prayed. In the quietness of the lonely, rocky place he held close communion with God his Father. He felt the need of such communion, for he knew the greatest and hardest work of his life was just beginning.

After the forty days' fasting, he was very hungry. Then came the devil to him to tempt him, telling him to turn the stones into bread. But Jesus rebuked him by saying, "Man does not live by bread alone." Then from a pinnacle of the temple did the devil try to tempt him again, telling him to cast himself down and the angels would protect him. A third time the devil tempted him by showing him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory and promising them to him if he would bow down and worship him. But Jesus scorned him with the words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Then the cowardly devil made his escape, and beautiful angels came and ministered to the

hungry Saviour who had been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus go after his baptism? Into the wilderness.

2. What did he do there? Prayed and fasted.

3. For how long? Forty days.

4. Who tempted him? Satan.

5. What did he say to him? Get thee behind me, Satan.

6. What did Satan do then? Like a coward, he stole away.

7. Who then ministered unto Jesus? Beautiful angels.

THE QUARREL.

A brother and sister angry with each other! See how their eyes snap! Hear their naughty words!

"I'll never, never play with you again, you bad girl."

"I'm glad of it; I don't want you to," said the angry little girl.

"How dreadful is a quarrel between a brother and sister! It is so wicked to be angry, so wicked to tell untruths!" said a voice from the window. It was their mother's.

"Untruths! I didn't tell a story," said Amy.

"Nor I," said her brother Edmund.

"Both of you did," said mother; "and anger almost always leads to falsehoods. You said, Edmund, you'd never play with your sister again. Now, you know you will. And, Amy, you said you were glad. Now, if I were to forbid your ever playing with your brother again, how you would cry. You would be very unhappy."

"So I should, mother; I'm sorry I said it."

"I'm sorry, too," said Edmund, "but Amy was—"

"Stop, my boy. No matter to tell what Amy did, or for Amy to tell what you did. If you are both sorry, you can make up with a kiss. And then both of you can go upstairs, and kneel down and ask Jesus to forgive you."

FANS IN CHINA.

In China fans are so common that in going along the street you would see hardly anybody without one. All the men carry them, and all the boys and girls have them, even if their parents are too poor to buy comfortable food and clothing for them. Even the baby brothers at home play with fans, instead of rattles as the American babies do, and as they grow older they learn to use them very cleverly.

The scholar who expects to get his lesson on Sunday morning is apt to forget all about it as soon as the recitation is done.



AH!

AH! OH!

Hereby hangs a tale. In the middle of the night when all the people of the house are sound asleep, any mice there may be in the house are sure to come out to have their game, and see too what they can find to eat. On this particular night some thoughtless person had left out a plate with some remains of good things on it, and one little mouse, bolder than the rest, had smelt the food and managed to climb up onto the table where it was. But besides the plate there was also a "Jack-in-the-box" on the table—one of those spring figures that dart up the moment the lid of the box is opened and the spring given room to act. So our young mouse thought there might be something very good inside this mysterious box and began to gnaw away at the fastening. Suddenly the catch yields, and the lid flies open and the figure springs up with a bang. The poor little mouse is flung backwards and nearly frightened to death. He will probably be more careful in future what he nibbles so rashly, and he will also learn that enough is as good as a feast. So his little adventure will do him more good than harm.

BOBBIE'S WOLF.

"What was the text to-day, Bobbie?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I hope you don't expect a little chap like Bob to remember or understand the text we had to-day?" laughed Bobbie's father.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," repeated auntie, giving Robbie an encouraging nod. "There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie complacently.

"Oh, yes, there are," said mamma as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could.

Bobbie was restless, and hummed a tune softly once while she was talking, because

he "forgot." Once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" On the whole, even mamma was afraid that Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day when Bobbie sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house and listened to John Walker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way—not more than two blocks from here: and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother was here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobbie looked curiously at John Walker. At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnnie Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf!"

"Don't you go to callin' me names!" said John, his face growing red. "I am three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it's in the Bible. Our Lord said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means, 'Take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only makin' believe be good.' You're makin' b'lieve my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mamma told me 'bout it this mornin'. I'm goin' in now; I don't like to play with wolves."

And wise Bobbie trudged away into the house.

I think Bobbie understood the text pretty well, don't you? And, better still, he did exactly what it said.

"HAVE YE KEPT THE FAITH?"

A dear brother of the writer, living in New York, was recently on a train which was just leaving the station. By the side of it, on the next track, was another train, which was about starting in the opposite direction. A man near my brother suddenly jumped to his feet, opened the window, and hurriedly called, "John!" A man at an open window in another train instantly recognized his friend, and quickly responded "William!" A hearty grasp of hands, and the short, solemn inquiry came ringing from William:

"John, have ye kept the faith?"

"Aye, by the help of God I have."

The cars moved away, a smile of pleasure on the face of each, and they saw each other no more. Was it strange a thrill of Christian sympathy took possession of my brother's heart, as he at once took

a seat by the side of William, who had hitherto been a stranger, but now was a Christian brother?

Not. "Have you made money?" "Have you made a great name for yourself?" but, "Have you kept the faith?" What stronger evidence of conversion could have been given than that?

Happy the man who can give a right answer to this important question, and who, at the end of life and in the day of judgment, can say with Paul, "I have kept the faith."

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

BY FANNY J. CROSBY.

To God be the glory! great things he hath done:

So loved he the world that he gave us his Son,

Who yielded his life an atonement for sin,
And opened the Life-gate that all may go in.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the earth hear his voice!

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! let the people rejoice!

Oh, come to the Father through Jesus the Son,

And give him the glory! great things he hath done!

O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,

To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,

And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;

But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.



OH!