

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904

No. 19.

DOING AND UNDOING.

"Now we have paid Eddy back for being so mean to us," said little Emily; but she did not look very happy.

"He'll be just awful mad!" said Margaret.

"I don't care," said Emily. "He teased us like everything, and we've paid him back." "Em-i-ly! Margaret!" they heard their mother calling, and ran to find her.

"Eddy looked for you to say good-bye, little sisters, but he couldn't find you. Were you hiding?"

"Yes, mother," said Emily. "Eddy teased us, and we wouldn't tell him good-bye."

"Oh, you mustn't mind a little teasing," said the mother. "Eddy loves his little sisters dearly, and he left word that you might have his white rooster and the two white hens for your own. Won't that be nice? Now you'll have two eggs a day to sell to the cook, or you can set your hens and have a whole lot of little chickens."

Mother expected her little girls to dance for joy, but instead of that they stood and looked at one another most dolefully.

"Bless my heart!" said mother, suddenly. "What is the matter with your hands, and what are those black spots on your dress?"

Mothers have to be told things when they ask; so the two little girls explained, after a good dealing of hanging back, that they had been mad at Eddy for teasing

them, and that they had taken the ink-bottle off the study table and splashed the ink on his white chickens.

"And some on ourselves," added Margaret, mournfully; and then both little

girls cut and shut the door, and it really sounded as if she were laughing; but that could not be.

Mother did laugh, though, the next time she saw her little girls; for they had the "poor white chickens" in the nursery bathtub, trying to get them white again. The chickens nearly died from that bath, and it did not make them white, either.

Mother managed to stop laughing long enough to preach Emily and Margaret a little sermon about how easy it is to do things when you are mad that you can't undo when you are pleased again.



SPLICING A ROPE.

ASLEEP UPON THE TRACK.

A story comes from the Pennsylvania coal region of how a drunken miner wandered away and fell asleep upon the railroad track. His eight-year-old daughter found him there and tried to drag him away, but he was too heavy. As the child bent over him she heard the ringing of the rails that tells of a coming train. She had seen the express pass her home every day, and knew what it meant for her father. She pulled frantically at his coat, calling to him with tears and sobs that the train was coming and he would be killed, but the man did not wake. A red bandana handkerchief peeping from her father's pocket gave her an idea. She had seen trainmen stop a train by waving a red flag. Holding

girls began to weep and wail.

"I wish I hadn't spoiled the pretty chickens," sobbed Emily.

"I wish I hadn't been mad wif Eddy," wailed Margaret.

When they looked up, mother had gone

When they looked up, mother had gone

the handkerchief above her head, she ran down the track. The engineer had slowed down for a curve, when he suddenly saw the child running to meet the train. He applied the air-brakes sharply and brought the train to a stand.

"Please," said the child, "my papa is asleep on the track up yonder, and I didn't want him run over."

The conductor sent a brakeman to remove the drunken sleeper, and the little heroine was praised by the trainmen and passengers. Her father came along presently, thoroughly sobered by learning of his narrow escape. He and his little girl went away together, and the train proceeded on its way. Surely he had a lesson that ought to keep him sober for ever.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0.60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0.60
5 copies and over	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.20
Less than 20 copies	0.25
Over 20 copies	0.24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.054
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address— **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

LITTLE DOT, HELPER.

"Why, Dottie, haven't you gone to bed yet? Mother's good little girl wouldn't bother her when baby is so sick. Little girls like you ought to go to bed with the chickens."

"Wif the chickens?" asked Dot, in a surprised tone; but just then baby cried and mother had to go.

Little Dot, although but five years old, had been taught to do more things for herself than most little girls of her age; for her mother had so much work to do, besides baby brother to care for.

But, like most little girls, she liked to sit up with the big folks. You let brother sit up, and he isn't half as big as I am," she would plead; but mother was firm, and off to bed she must go.

On this evening she had stopped to play and mother had to scold. Is it any wonder that, as she curled down under the bedclothes, two tiny tears peeped from under her lashes?

The next evening when mother went to tuck Dot in her little bed, no Dot was to be found. All over the house she searched and called, but no little voice answered; no little girl with yellow curls ran to meet her. Then father and the hired man were called.

"Perhaps she's in the barn with the kittens," father said.

But, no, the kittens were all sound asleep in their basket; Dot was not there.

"Here she is!" came the cry from the chicken-house. And there, sound asleep in a large cracker-box half-filled with straw, was little Dot; and two fluffy, black little chickens were pressed up against her cheek.

As father lifted her out she awakened.

"Why, Dot, how did you get here?" he asked.

"Why, mother told me good little girls went to bed wif the chickens, and I fought mother looked so tired, so I tried to help her."

"My poor little Dot!" cried mother, as she gathered her little girl in her arms.

Little Dot is a big woman now and has two little girls of her own. When they come to see grandmother and ask for a story, she always tells them about the time their mother went to bed with the chickens.—*Ex.*

TWO PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown; for it was bed-time, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face; "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly, stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

"What can the child mean?" thought her father in surprise, and when the little white-robed figure was gone he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"O, yes," said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the late missionary meeting."

Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you

have put into the missionary-box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

IN LITTLE BOY LAND.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

O! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,

And blue are the skies bending over,
And golden the butterflies flitting about
To visit the pink and white clover.

There are cool, rushing brooks where the cows like to stand,
And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

O! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land

Is the prettiest shop full of candy,
And a dear little woman to give it away—
It's ever and ever so handy.

There are chocolate creams which the boys say are "grand,"

And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

O! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do,

No errands to run for the mother,
And nothing to do but for ever to play
First one jolly game, then another.

There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,
And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

O! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land

But play through the warm, sunny weather,
And play through the winter. O! Then it is fun

To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to; now, please understand,

It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

O! There's bicycles, tricycles, waggons and sleds,

And donkeys and ponies by dozens;
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.

There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—

O! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

O! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,

Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,

And a good time with every one in it?

O! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,

Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

THE FA

Show me the boy
And carries a s
Who looks you st
he speaks,
And listens wit

A boy who follow
And is not afra
Who attends to h
And never atte

A boy who is rea
To help you in
Who stands by h
strong,
Whatever may

And I'll show yo
Who'll be a gr
For a man is onl
No matter wha

LESSO

LESSON XII

The Lord is m
Psa. 103. 8.

Titles and G
thoroughly studi

TITLES.

1. The K. D.
2. J. I.
3. A. G. R.
4. J. R.
5. O. and A.
6. G. T. C. of
7. O and E.
8. E. on M. C.
9. E. D.
10. E. E.
11. E. T. up to
12. I. R.

FOUR

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOM

LESSON

ELISHA S
2 Kings 2. 1:

GO

Let a double
upon me.—2 K

QUESTION

How was Eli
Who was with E
up into heaven?
What did Eli
What did Elis

THE FAVORITE BOY.

Show me the boy who is open and frank,
And carries a smiling face;
Who looks you straight in the eye when
he speaks,
And listens with modest grace;

A boy who follows his mother's advice,
And is not afraid to work;
Who attends to his duties day by day,
And never attempts to shirk;

A boy who is ready with heart and hand,
To help you in time of need—
Who stands by his principles, firm and
strong,
Whatever may be his creed.

And I'll show you a little gentleman,
Who'll be a great man some day,
For a man is only a boy full grown,
No matter what men may say.

LESSON NOTES.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is merciful and gracious.—
Psa. 103. 8.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be
thoroughly studied.*

TITLES. GOLDEN TEXT.

1. The K. D.Pride goeth—
2. J. I.Keep yourselves—
3. A. G. R.Help us, O—
4. J. R.Deal courageously—
5. O. and A.Righteousness—
6. G. T. C. of E.He careth—
7. O and E.I thy servant—
8. E. on M. C.If the Lord—
9. E. D.In my distress—
10. E. E.Fear thou not—
11. E. T. up to H.He was not—
12. I. R. Seek the Lord—

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 2.

ELISHA SUCCEEDS ELIJAH.

2 Kings 2. 12-22. Memorize verses—
12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let a double portion of thy spirit be
upon me.—2 Kings 2. 9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How was Elijah taken up to heaven?
Who was with Elijah and saw him taken
up into heaven? What did Elisha cry?
What did Elijah leave behind him?
What did Elisha do with it? Did the

waters part? Who came to meet Elisha?
What did they say? What did they want
to do? Did they find Elijah? What did
the men of Jericho ask Elisha? What
was the trouble with their city? What
did Elisha ask for? What did he do with
it? What happened then to the waters?
Did the salt change them? No, the Lord
healed the waters. What is the spring
near Jericho now called? Elisha's foun-
tain.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about the call of Elisha to
be prophet. 1 Kings 19. 19-22.
Tues. Learn about the last journey of
the two friends. 2 Kings 2.
1-5.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings
2. 6-15.
Thur. Learn what God will give us if we
ask him. Golden Text.
Fri. Find another who went to heaven
without dying. Gen. 5. 21-24.
Sat. Read how Jesus went to heaven.
Acts 1. 9-11.
Sun. Learn a hymn about heaven.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord takes his pe ple home in
his own way?
2. We must look the way they go, and
follow on.
3. The only way to follow on is to have
a double portion of their spirit.

A "BAND OF MERCY" BOY.

Bobby belonged to a Band of Mercy, and
at the meetings he always listened atten-
tively to what the leader said; so he knew
that animals should be treated kindly.

One very hot day, when he was going
home from school at noon, he noticed a
cage containing two canary birds hanging
outside of an upper window of a house
across the street. The hot sun was beat-
ing down upon the birds, and they were
feebly fluttering and cheeping, as if ask-
ing to be taking into the cool house.

"The lady has forgotten those birds,
and perhaps they'll die," thought Bobby,
on the shady side of the street.

He was in a hurry to get home, and it
was very hot to go over there and wait on
those glittering white steps; but the birds
were suffering, so he ran across and rang
the bell.

When a young lady opened the door,
Bobby raised his hat, saying: "Perhaps
you don't know your birds are out in the
hot sun."

"Oh, I forgot to take them in!" ex-
claimed the young lady. "I thank you
so much for telling me. Not many little
boys would have thought of it."

"I'm a 'Band of Mercy' boy," said
Bobby, as he raised his hat again, and ran
down the steps.

PLAYING MARBLES IN CHINA.

The author of "The Chinese Boy and
Girl" gives the following account of an
interesting Chinese game:

"What is that game," we inquired of
Chi, "the boys on the street play with two
marbles?"

Without directly answering my ques-
tion, Chi turned to the boys and said,
"Kick the marbles."

The boys soon produced from somewhere
—Chinese boys can always produce any-
thing from anywhere—two marbles an
inch and a half in diameter. Chi put one
on the ground, and with the toe of his
shoe upon it, gave it a shove. Then plac-
ing the other, he shoved it in the same
way, the object being to hit the first.

There are two ways in which one may
win. The first boy says to the second,
"Kick this marble north (south, east, or
west) of the other at one kick." If he
succeeds he wins, if he fails the other
wins.

If he puts it north as ordered, he may
kick again to hit the other ball, in which
case he wins again. If he hits the ball
and goes north, as ordered, at one kick,
he wins double.

Each boy tries to leave the balls in as
difficult a position as possible for his suc-
cessor; and here comes in a peculiarity
that leaves this game unique among the
games of the world. If the position in
which the balls are left is too difficult for
the other to play, he may refuse to kick,
and the first is compelled to play his own
difficult game—or, like Haman, to hang
on his own gallows. It recognizes the
Chinese golden rule of not doing to others
what you would not have them do to you.
—*Ex.*

MAMMA'S SERMON.

Janet's mamma preached her a sermon:
"Once there was a little boy who every
morning asked his father to keep the bees
from hurting him. Then he went straight
away and played with their hives. Of
course that little boy got stung. He did
not try to help his father do as he asked."

"But, mamma," said Janet, "I don't
think that's any sermon; it hasn't a
text."

Then mamma drew her little girl close,
and said: "You are the text of the ser-
mon. Janet, dear, this morning you knelt
by your bed and prayed the Heavenly
Father: 'Thy will be done on earth, as it
is in heaven.' Ever since, it seems to me,
you have been trying hard not to do God's
will. You have been cross with every one
about; you have twice minded me so
slowly that it was hardly minding at all.
Do you really think that is the kind of
little girl it is God's will for you to be?"

Janet kissed mamma and said: "I never
had a sermon all my own before; I'll have
to try hard to remember it."



IN THE FIELDS.

IN THE FIELDS.

Tommy and Maggie went off in the train
Away to visit Grandmamma Cane;
Over the mountains, down valleys so
green,
'Twas the prettiest sight they ever had
seen.

Grandmamma prepared them a supper so
nice,
Of all kinds of cakes and pasties and
pies;
When this they had finished they scam-
pered to bed,
And beautiful dreams filled each little
head.

They woke with the sun and planned for
the day;
What they should do and what they
should play,
So they played hide-and-seek in the fields
of new hay,
And played in the brook all the rest of
the day.

A DOG THAT WENT TO MARKET.

Every day Tam went to market. His
master had taught him to carry the
basket in his mouth, and hold it, for the
butcher to take and fill after he read the
order inside.

Tam smelled the juicy beefsteak or
mutton, but never touched it. There was
generally a bone inside, which they gave
him for his pay. But whether he was
paid or not, he never ate the meat that he
was trusted to carry. He was too faith-
ful for that.

Tiger saw Tam's basket and knew what
was inside of it. He tried often to get it
away from Tam, who ran too fast for him.

One day, however, Tiger was very near
when Tam passed his home. Tiger
thought it a good chance to get something,
and he stole up behind Tam, who was
trotting slowly along, and seized the end
of the meat, which was sticking over the

edge of the basket. Tam felt the jerk,
and he pulled the basket away with all
his might, so quickly that Tiger had to
let go.

Tam placed the basket inside the kitch-
en door, as usual, and then went off. He
did not wait for his bone. He just went
back to Tiger's home and waited for him.

By and by Tiger came out for a little
walk, and that was Tam's chance. He
took the smaller dog by the nape of the
neck and shook him and beat him. He
did not really bite, but he frightened the
dishonest dog badly. Before letting him
go, he rolled him over and over in the
dust, while Tiger howled and cried, and
begged for mercy, thinking that Tam was
surely going to kill him. Indeed, he was
such a coward, and made such a noise
about his whipping, that his howls finally
brought his mistress out to the door, and
she drove the big dog away.

She did not know what had made Tam
so angry, but Tiger did.

He never meddled with Tam and his
basket again. The faithful dog went to
and fro to market past Tiger every day,

but Tiger never even looked at the basket.
He knew better. Tam's short, sharp
lesson had cured him of being a thief.

THE BEST BOOK OF ALL.

Elsie Farnsworth has a great many
books. Ever since she first learned to
read she has been very fond of reading,
and her library has been steadily growing
larger all the time, for when Christmas
has come around Elsie's friends have
often sent her books, for they have known
that Elsie would be pleased to receive
them.

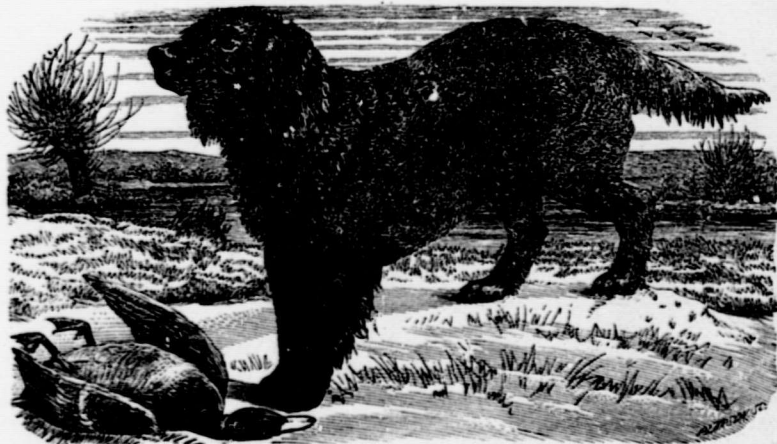
Elsie's parents are glad to see their
little girl so fond of reading, and they
take good care to see that she is always
supplied with a quantity of good books.

On her last birthday Elsie received
what she thinks is the best book of all.
This is a beautiful illustrated Bible.
Elsie likes this book better than all the
rest she has in her library, and whenever
she has a little friend come to see her,
she is sure to show her this beautiful copy
of the Scriptures. Many a pleasant after-
noon has Elsie spent, showing her play-
mates the lovely pictures.

Elsie is right in her way of looking at
the Bible, for it is the very best book in
all the world, and from it we may learn
the way to heaven, for it is the only book
that can make us wise unto salvation.—
Ex.

BROUGHT TO GROUND.

Caught at last! That is what old Sport
thinks to himself as he keeps his eye on
the pretty wild duck. What a pity to kill
such a pretty bird! The duck has been
pleading for its life, but Sport will not
listen to its pleas. He is delighted at
having served his master, and is now
waiting for him to come up and claim his
prize, when Sport will get a hearty pat
on the head, which he likes better than
his dinner.



BROUGHT TO GROUND.