

SUNBEAM

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No. 10.

TESTING HER WEIGHT.

Who can tell what reflections may be passing through the old man's brain as he stands and watches the little girl, possibly his daughter, standing in the great balances in his workshop to try her weight?

What she actually weighs is probably of little consequence to either of them, but he may take the occasion to gently explain to her how the day will come, for her as well as for himself, when they will both have to be weighed in balances of another kind, and then their spiritual weight will be of very great consequence, indeed.

Each word, deed and thought of our daily lives must have a final result on our spiritual standard, adding to or detracting from it, on the final day, when all mankind shall be weighed in the balances of God's justice, and when some will pass the standard, but others, like King Belshazzar of old, will be found wanting.

"I'd like to know where heaven is," said Alice, looking up into the blue sky.

"I know, and mamma knows," said Harry, the little brother, looking up from his book. "Heaven is where God is."

Harry was right: and since that is true,



TESTING HER WEIGHT.

then heaven must be a lovely place. Where God is there can be nothing bad, but everything is goodness and love. "God is love," and if we keep our hearts warm with love for him and for every thing he has made, we shall be glad when the hour comes for us to go and live with him.

So it may be seen that children, from their earliest years, may be Christians. As they live in the world, and by degrees learn how to live and act, so by degrees they come to know more about religious matters. At first their faith may be small, but, like the mustard seed, it will grow and expand until it fills all their life.

CAN A CHILD HAVE FAITH?

Yes, a child can have faith. There is not one of my readers so young as not to be able to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

Every one knows how to believe in a father or mother, in an older brother or sister. Children naturally believe. We say to all boys and girls that God their Heavenly Father asks them to believe in the same way as they believe their parents. When they promise anything, no matter what, their children expect them to keep their promise. So when God promises anything the smallest child may expect him to keep his promise. And certainly he will do it. God never disappoints one who trusts in him.

We once knew an excellent young man at college. One day in talking on religious matters we asked him when he became a Christian. His reply was: "Ever since I can remember I have loved God and loved the Lord Jesus."

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY ELLA JOHNSON KERR.

I went in the school-room one morning;
My two little girls were there,
And over their atlas bending,
Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,
And said, with an anxious look:
"Mamma, perhaps you can help us.
It says here in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana
From the French. Now that seems
queer,
For Nellie and I don't understand
How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over,
Must have taken so many trips.
Nell says they put it in baskets;
But I think it must have been ships."

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Sunbeam.

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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 Bobbie an encouraging nod.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobbie, complacently.

"Oh, yes, there are," said mother, 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 mother was afraid Bobbie would get little help from his lesson.

It was three o'clock on 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, Johnny Walker! As true as you live, you're a wolf!"

"Don't you go 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' b'lieve be good.' You're makin' b'lieve my mother wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you're a wolf, because mother told me 'bout it this mornin'. I'm a-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.

FORGIVENESS.

One day a minister found a young man who was leading a sinful life, and was feeling very unhappy. He had left his home some months before, and every day was getting deeper into sin. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "If only I were at home once more! But my father will not receive me; he cannot love me now; he will never forgive me; I have lost his love for ever."

The minister said, kindly, "Have you ever tried him?" "No; I dare not." "Does your father know where you are now?" "No; I have not written to him since I left home." "Then, I will write for you." "It is of no use, sir," said the young man. "Well, we can try," replied the minister.

The letter was soon written and prayed over. By return mail came an answer, and this is what it said: "Indeed, I am

ready to forgive my wandering son. My heart has ached to know where I could find him, and I have earnestly prayed that he might be willing to return. Let him come back at once. I will forgive him all freely, and love him still."

So we see that the father was always ready to forgive his boy, even when the boy was not willing to seek forgiveness. So God is always ready to forgive us.

When we truly say: "I have sinned and want to be forgiven," we are sure to you can trust yourself wholly to me and to pardon us.

HOW HE USED THE PIECES.

Many years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone, he could produce the most striking works of art; works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass that you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away.

He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by, and saw him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hidden behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and, to his surprise, found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist can have hidden his work in my studio?" he cried.

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw his work in his hands, a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me, what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child, with an artist soul, had gathered up the fragments, and patiently lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, little people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece, by the grace of God.

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
Which had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah! it touched the tenderest heart-strings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As no wording can define!
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered,
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When, o'er all her world's affairs,
She, delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs!

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife.
Onward, upward, reaching over,
Bending to the weight of cares;
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs!

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their sides may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail,
Still, above, there is the glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy for ever
After creeping up the stairs.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON VIII. [May 24.]

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Acts 26. 11-29. Memorize vs. 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts 26. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did Paul stay at Casarea? What was done with Felix? Who came in his place? What did the Jews seek to do about Paul? Why did they want him taken to Jerusalem? That they might kill him as he journeyed. What

did Festus say? What did Paul wish to do? Why could he choose? Because he was a Roman citizen. Why did he wait at Casarea? Who came while he was still there? Who was Agrippa? A grandson of Herod the Great. What did he ask of Festus? What did Paul tell him about? What did Festus say? What did Agrippa confess to Paul? Did they think him worthy of death or of bonds?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 26. 19-32.
- Tues. Find what Festus said about Paul. Acts 25. 14-25.
- Wed. Read of Paul before Agrippa. Acts 25. 22-27.
- Thur. Find how Paul was proving the words of Jesus. Matt. 10. 16-18.
- Fri. Learn words of comfort for Paul and for us. Matt. 10. 32.
- Sat. Find what Agrippa proved to Paul. James 1. 23, 24.
- Sun. Learn what Paul thought of persecution. 2 Tim. 1. 12.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That kings and governors are not always great.
2. That riches and power make men blind toward God.
3. That a poor prisoner may be a prince of God.

LESSON IX. [May 31.]

THE LIFE-GIVING SPIRIT.

Rom. 8. 1-14. Memorize verse 1.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom. 8. 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Had Paul been to Rome? Why did he write to the Roman Christians? He knew many of them. From what city did he write? By whom did he send the letter? Who was Phebe? What kind of a city was Rome? What did they worship? What did Paul want them to worship? How did the Romans live? How must a Christian live? What does a carnal or low mind bring? What does a spiritual mind bring? Who are sons of God? May children be led of the Spirit of God? Yes, for they are nearest to him.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read what Paul says to the Romans. Rom. 1. 7-13.
- Tues. Find who carried the letter. Rom. 16. 1, 2.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses. Rom. 8. 1-14.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Find who dwells within us. 1 Cor. 16. 19, 20.
- Sat. Find how he speaks to us. Rom. 8. 16.
- Sun. Learn what the Lord Jesus said about it. John 14. 26.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That to have the mind of flesh is death.
2. That to have the mind of the Spirit is life and peace.
3. That even a child may choose which he will have.

CARRIE'S TOOTH.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

Carrie ran every step of the way home, she was so frightened. For one little white tooth had come out in her fingers when she wriggled it back and forth, trying to see what could make it feel so peculiar.

Carrie had no brothers nor sisters, and scarcely any playmates. She had never heard that children's teeth must come out. She thought if she lost a tooth one day, she might lose any part of her body the next. She was crying hard when she reached the chicken-yard, where her father was mending the fence.

"Father, father!" she sobbed, "my tooth—my tooth came out!"

"Bless my heart!" laughed her father. "I didn't think you could be old enough." Then when he saw Carrie's tear-stained face, he put down the hammer and took his little girl in his arms.

"My darling!" he said. "What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"

"My—tooth—came out!" sobbed Carrie, with her head on the secure refuge of his shoulder.

"But, my little girl, that's nothing. All children's baby teeth come out, and then they get new ones." Then, as Carrie's face cleared, he began to understand.

"My dear little girl," he said, "did you think it was something that ought not to happen? Why! no. My teeth came out when I was a little boy, and so do every one's."

"Did you get new ones, certain, sure?" asked Carrie.

"Yes, of course," laughed her father.

"Oh," said Carrie, slipping down, "I thought if my tooth came out, next thing maybe my fingers would come off. Mr. Brown has a finger off."

"No, no," said her father. "This isn't the same thing at all. You would be very, very sorry when you were grown if your baby teeth had not come out. Now, run and play, little girl, and don't worry any more."

BROTHER AND SISTER.

A chubby little sister,
Was rubbing at a tub;
A chubby little brother
Came to help her rub.

The chubby little brother
Fell in with a cry;
The chubby little sister
Then hung him up to dry.



BLOSSOM TIME.