

SUNBEAM

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No. 4.

IN THE CORNER.

I wonder what this little girl has been doing to be put in the corner this way. I am sure she looks sorry, and her eyes are brimming with tears. I hope she will be forgiven, and let join her little companions in play.

WHAT WATER DOES.

Fred Brown had taken a long ride, and the day was warm, so it was not strange that he was thirsty when he reached the old grist mill. The boy had brought a bag of corn to be ground into meal, or rather old Jack had brought it on his back, which was broad enough and strong enough to carry both the bag and the boy. Jack was thirsty, too, and as a kind-hearted boy should do, Fred gave him a drink before he took one himself. He had filled "the old oaken bucket," poised it on the curb, and was about to take a good drink when the miller's little daughter ran to him, carrying a tin cup. "Please give me some water, I'm thirsty, too," said the child. Fred filled her cup, drank from the bucket, and then took the corn to the miller. While he waited for it to be ground, he sat down with Susie in the shade of the trees in front of the mill, where they could hear the whiz of the machinery, and could see the water in the pond.

"How pretty the water looks," said Susie, "but my mamma won't let me go near it."

"For fear that you will fall in," said Fred. "That is one of the bad things water can do—it drowns people; but it does lots of other good things."

"Tell me some."



IN THE CORNER.

"Well, it can put out a fire, the biggest kind of a fire. We could not do without it, neither could the animals. Did you notice how old Jack drank it a while ago?"

hungry, they bit lively at the bait, and each boy went home carrying a nice string of pickerel. On their way they met the schoolmaster.

"Have we not been smart?" said Joe.

"Yes, I guess he was awful thirsty. What else does water do?"

"It turns the big wheel of the mill, and grinds the corn and wheat. It made these big oak trees grow up tall and strong. It gives drink to those pretty flowers in your garden, the red roses, the blue forget-me-nots, and the other bright flowers you see there."

"Yes, and it makes me clean when I get dirty. Mamma gives me a bath every night before I go to bed."

"Yes, and it gives you your breakfast when you get up in the morning."

"Why, no, I don't drink water then. I drink milk. I have bread and milk. Moolie cow gives us splendid milk."

"But you would not have it if old Moolie had no water to drink. Just think what awful things would happen if we had no rain for a year. The streams and ponds would dry up, the grass would wither and die, the trees would drop their leaves and die also; the potatoes and beans and other things would not grow unless you gave them water from the well, and after awhile that would dry up, too; then what would you do?"

"Oh, my! that would be just terrible. It makes me thirsty to think of it. Let's go and get another drink."

TWO FISHERMEN.

Bert and Joe went fishing. The weather was cloudy, and as the fish were

"Yes, you were smart, or the fish were foolish. They should have had more sense than to nibble at a worm."

"They did not know that a hook was hidden in the worm," said Bert.

"I know men and boys," said the schoolmaster, "who will nibble at the bait although they know the hook is there, and they see others caught on the hook every day. I think they are more foolish than the fish."

"I don't know what you mean," said Bert. "Who does the fishing, and what does he use for bait?"

"Old Satan is the fisherman, and men and boys are the fish he catches. In the country he uses cider for bait."

"He shall not catch me that way," said Bert.

"Nor me, either," said Joe.

The schoolmaster smiled. "Look out for him; he uses many other kinds of bait, and people wiser than you have got caught," he said, and went on his way.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1902.

THEY HELP THE CHILDREN.

Some people say that there is no need of forming children's societies, and scorn the idea of signing a temperance pledge. I will tell you of the help that a Boys' Temperance Band gave to a boy of sixteen who was very, very fond of strong drink, and had often been found drunk. His father and mother always drank beer at meal time, and the boy had his share of the nasty stuff. He learned to love it and crave it. When he was twelve years old he worked for a railroad company, and much of the money he earned was spent for beer. He was drunk nearly every

night in the week. One day he was so drunk he could not walk, and fell down in the road. A passing cart went over his leg but did not break it. The next day he was drunk and fell out of a boat into the river, and came near being drowned. Beer soon became a tame drink, and he gave it up for whisky. He lost his position because he was so often drunk, and had to seek other kinds of work. One night he was riding to his home on horse-back and was so drunk he fell off. His head struck the wheel of a wagon as he fell, and he just escaped being run over.

Soon after a Boys' Temperance Band was started in the town, and he was coaxed to join it. It was hard work at first to deny himself of the drink, but he was treated so kindly by the persons having charge of the society, and he became so interested in what was done at the meetings, that he made up his mind he would be a true, loyal member, and close his lips to all strong drink. Then he became a different boy. The money he earned was spent for good clothes, instead of whisky or beer; he became neat in his habits, went to the meetings with clean face and hands, and hair neatly brushed. His skin became clear, his eyes bright, and he held up his head in a manly way. But for that society he might have gone on in his bad ways and died long before his time.

We like to think of the Loyal Temperance Legions, Bands of Hope, Juvenile Templars, Royal Crusaders, Junior Epworth Leagues, and various others that are doing so much for the girls and boys of to-day, teaching them many useful lessons, and preparing them to become useful as well as Christian women and men.

A LITTLE GOLDEN GIRL.

When five-year-old Phyllis got up one morning her hair was long and golden, but when she went to bed that night it was short and almost black. This is how it happened: The weather was very warm, and the little girl was so uncomfortable with such long curls and so many of them, that her mamma decided that the hot little head and the sweet little neck would be happier without the curls; so she sent the little girl to visit Mr. Bobbs, the barber. While the pretty hair was very light at the ends, it was quite dark close to the little maid's head, but nobody realized how very dark it was. Perhaps the barber, who was in the habit of cutting little boys' hair, was absent-minded, and forgot that Phyllis was not a little boy too, for he cut her hair very short indeed. Even Mr. Bobbs was surprised at the result. A little golden-haired girl had climbed into his chair, but it was a little black-headed one that climbed down.

"Dear me!" said her mother, looking in dismay at the little dark head: "I wouldn't have known the child if I had met her in the street. Who would suppose

that a little hair could make such a difference? I should have liked it better if Mr. Bobbs had cut the black end off."

"Why," laughed Phyllis, "he couldn't do that, because the golden end wasn't fastened in. It seems funny to be two kinds of a little girl all in one day, but I'm just as comfortable as I can be. My neck is so nice and cool."

"But," mourned her mother, "I've lost all my gold."

"O no, you haven't," cried Phyllis, "Mr. Bobbs said that he knew you'd want those old curls. I can't see why—such hot, tangling things—but I brought them home in my blouse, and here they are, all done up in paper. I guess I'm your little golden girl inside, anyway."

"Why, so you are," said her mother, feeling quite comforted. "I'm so glad that I still have a little golden girl."—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE DRINK FOR ME.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

Cold water is the strongest drink,
Cold water, pure and free;
God knew just what was best, I think,
For you, my friend, and me.

The horse drinks only water clear,
And he is strong, I'm sure;
The camel, in the desert drear,
How much he can endure!

Birds fly o'er many and many a league
Of land and stormy sea,
And scarcely seem to know fatigue—
How strong they all must be!

Where do they get their strength, I pray?
Not from the fiery stuff
Men drink, and call so good to-day;
I call it bad enough.

They get it from the water bright
God gives with lavish hand,
To leap and sparkle in the light,
And bless each clime and land.

Some little children have great faith in God. Nellie's doll had been broken, but Harry and Alice wouldn't admit having done the mischief. Harry said, "I didn't do it;" and Alice said, "Well, I am very sure I didn't do it." So Harry said: "Be right still now; I am going to ask God. Now listen. O God, did I break Nellie's doll? Didn't Alice break it?" They listened a few minutes, and then Alice said: "Now, I'll ask him. God, did I break Nellie's doll?" Just then little Ernest came in, and bearing the doll mentioned, said: "Baby break Nennie's dolly." "You broke it, did you, little rogue?" said mamma, who had been listening. "So, children, God sent baby to tell you who did the mischief."

OUR FAMILY PLEDGE.

Our family pledge hung on the wall,
 And on it you could see
 The names of Mamma, and Mary Jane,
 And Charlie—that is me.
 We did not dare to ask papa
 To write upon it, too,
 So left a place for him to fill,
 'Twas all we dared to do.

He saw our pledge as soon as he
 Came in at the door that night;
 And when we saw him read it,
 It put us in a fright.
 He did not say a word to us
 About that pledge at all,
 But we often saw him look at it
 Hanging upon the wall.

And every night when he came home
 He stopped and read it through;
 We all kept silent about its words,
 Although we knew them through.
 Four weeks passed by, and then one night,
 When pa came home to tea,
 He took the pledge down from its nail,
 And then he turned to me.

"Go, get the pen and ink, my boy,
 And let me fill that space,
 It looks so bare"—he slowly said,
 A queer look on his face.
 And then mamma sat down and cried
 (She said it was for joy),
 And Mary Jane she cried some, too,
 I didn't—I'm a boy.

And papa said he did not drink
 Since that first night, when we
 Had hung that pledge upon the wall,
 Where he our names could see.
 And ever since that space was filled—
 Mamma said so to-night—
 Though dark may be our little room,
 Our hearts are always light.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON IX. [March 2.]

THE STONING OF STEPHEN.

Acts 7. 54; 8. 2. Memorize verses 59, 60.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.—Matt. 5. 44.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did Stephen do when his accusers were through? He preached a wonderful sermon. What did the Jews think of it? It made them very angry. Of what did he accuse them? Of betraying and murdering Jesus. How did the Jews show their anger? They gnashed on Stephen with their teeth. What did he see as he looked up? Heaven opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. What did the Jews do when he told them this? They cast him out and stoned him. What

did he say before he died? "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." How did he pray for his enemies? He said, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Who stood by and consented to the stoning of Stephen? A young man named Saul. Who was he? A persecutor of Christians. What is a persecutor? One who tries to injure a good person.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 7. 54-8. 2.
- Tues. Read Stephen's long speech. Acts 7. 2-53.
- Wed. Find one of the blessings. Matt. 5. 10-12.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Learn what the law of love is. Matt. 5. 43-47.
- Sat. Read the Lord's words on the cross. Luke 23. 34.
- Sun. Learn Stephen's last words. Acts. 7. 59, 60.

LESSON X. [March 9.]

THE DISCIPLES SCATTERED.

Acts 8. 3-13. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON

What is a martyr? One who suffers death for his faith. Who was the first martyr of the young Church? Stephen. Did his death soften the hearts of the Jews? No, they became more and more cruel. Who was Saul? A young persecutor. What did he think was right? To make Christians suffer. By what name was he known afterward? Paul. Where did many Christians go to escape him? To other parts of Palestine. Where did Philip go? To Samaria. What did he do there? He preached and worked miracles. What followed? Many believed. What was the name of one of the believers? Simon. What was he? A sorcerer. What is a sorcerer? One who deceives by tricks. Who went to visit these new Christians? Peter and John. What great gift did the Samaritan Christians receive. The gift of the Holy Spirit.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the persecution. Acts 8. 1-3.
- Tues. Learn the good that came from it. Golden Text.
- Wed. Find how the Gospel was carried. Acts 11. 19.
- Thur. Tell some one about the great works Philip did.
- Fri. Find what was wrong in Simon. Acts 8. 18-23.
- Sat. Learn why Philip could help so many. Acts 1. 8.
- Sun. Pray that this may be true of you. Isa. 43. 10.

THE "S'POSE" THAT CAME TRUE.

"Ain't you glad mother made us bring this big umbrella!" exclaimed Tom, pushing with all his might to make the rib-ends go into the sand.

"I wish she had given us one that would not wobble so," objected Jenny, getting red in the face with the contest over her side, that wouldn't stay where she put it.

"Hold on there," said Cecil, from the under side; "you two let go of him awhile."

The builders of this palace by the sea let go reluctantly; but Cecil was big, and bigness counts for a great deal. They let go, and presently the bad-tempered umbrella gave up the fight, and allowed itself to be made a tent of, though, I must say, you had to treat it very carefully if you didn't want it to flop down about your ears.

"Now, what shall we play?" asked builder Cecil.

"Indians," promptly answered Tom.

"Oh, no," said the little maid, "Indians are horrid. Let us play kings and queens."

"Kings and queens don't live in tents," objected Cecil.

"They can if they choose, though," answered the quick-tongued little woman; "kings and queens can do anything." In which she was much mistaken, you know; but a six-year-old always thinks that of kings and queens.

So Cecil lay out on the sand, because there wasn't room for him in the palace he had built out of the umbrella, and he said he would be the king's army and do the fighting.

"Well, now, began Jenny, "s'pose we were the king's boy and girl, you know, and the king always takes care of us, and never lets anything hurt us, and gives us lots to eat, and beautiful things for clothes, and a fine house to live in, and lots of pictures, and a band to play music, and—"

Alas! the wind had been getting stronger every minute, the palace "wobbled" more and more, and before Jenny got half through her "s'poses," up flew the umbrella, away and away; the king's army had to run after it, and the little prince and princess were left homeless and tentless.

But don't you know that "s'pose" all came true? Tom and Jenny were indeed the children of the King of kings, who always took care of them, and gave them enough to eat and to wear, with this beautiful world to live in, and a more beautiful world when they should be done with this.

Even Cecil's "s'pose" came true; for dear Cecil is a man now, and a brave soldier of the cross.

It is better the child should cry than the father.



KITTY'S LESSON.

KITTY'S LESSON.

Kitty does not like it at all. What does she care what C A T spells? So she cries and makes a horrid face, and would bite and scratch if she could. Some children act very much like Kitty when they have lessons to learn or work to do. But Kitty has an excuse, for she hasn't any power to learn, and children have.

AUNT JO'S TALK ABOUT
CURIOUS THINGS.

BY MAY BLOSSOM.

Aunt Jo, who often visits her sister, wears a very pretty diamond ring that glistens and sparkles when the light strikes it. The children love to watch it when she plays on the piano. They are polite, and so they do not ask her how much it is worth, though they are sure it must have cost a good sum.

One day they were talking about strange

and wonderful things they had seen, and little Ned said, "Auntie, what is the most valuable thing you ever saw?"

Aunt Jo thought a minute or two and then replied, "I think one of the most wonderful things I ever saw was at the World's Fair in Chicago, where I saw a tiny watch set in a gold finger ring. The face of the watch was about as large around as your thumb nail. I asked the price, and was told two hundred and fifty dollars.

"I saw another watch much larger, worth twenty-five hundred dollars. It was engraved, and the maker must have been a long time making it. It was all done by hand."

"What else did you see?" asked Nellie.

"At the World's Fair in Philadelphia in 1876, I saw two balls exactly alike, about the size of a large orange, and the price on them was five thousand dollars."

"Phew! What could they have been made of?"

"They were made of pure rock crystal

—as pure as a drop of water, and had not a speck nor a flaw."

"I'd like to own one," said Fred.

"Yes, I think you would, but you would not play ball with it. You would keep it under lock and key, and be careful that it should not get dented nor hurt in any way. But that makes me think that each of you own something far more valuable than those five thousand dollar balls."

"Why, no, auntie, we are poor. Papa doesn't even own the house we live in. He has to pay rent every month."

"That may be true, but for all that you each own a house, a wonderful house that is easily injured and put out of order."

"Oh, I know what you mean, our bodies."

"Yes, your body, the house you live in, and you have no right to injure it in any way. By careful eating and drinking, choosing milk and water for your drink, and daily exercise, you should try to keep your wonderful house in good order. You have no right to allow anything to enter through the front door (the mouth), anything that will do harm or upset your house within."

The children said they would try and remember that.

A WINTER SONG.

The whole wide world is filled with snow
Whichever way I look or go;
The cold wind down the chimney comes;
The little snowbirds chirp for crumbs.

Jack Frost is pinching every nose;
He stings our cheeks and nips our toes,
And I'm afraid he's none too good
To birds and squirrels in the wood.

O, little creatures, are you cold?
I pity you, though I've been told
That you are snug and warm as we,
In fur and feathers in a tree.

I think of you when comes the snow;
And when the cold winds howl and blow
My heart would warm you if it could,
O little creatures in the wood!

A little girl, three or four years old, learned the Bible text: "Love one another." "What does 'love one another' mean?" asked her next older sister, in honest doubt as to the meaning. "Why, I must love you and you must love me, and I'm one and you're another," was the answer.—*Exchange*.

With generous heart, Lord, let me live,
And all my enemies forgive.
Keep me from anger and from hate;
On thee with patience let me wait.
The path of peace let me pursue,
And "good for evil" make me do.
Help me from cruel wrath to flee;
I would be "perfect," Lord, like thee.