

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1903.

No. 4



SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER. — SEE NEXT PAGE.

MOTHER AND BABY.

"Good-night," say the little chicks,
 "Peep! peep! peep!"
 "Good-night," say the little birds,
 "We're going to sleep."
 "Good night," say the little lambs,
 "We're sleepy, too!"
 "Good-night," says the mooley calf,
 "Moo! moo! moo!"

They all love their mother,
 And come at her call—
 But baby has the very best
 Mother of all.

When the round sun sets,
 And stars are in the sky,
 She holds baby in her arms
 And sings "Rock-a-by."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 21, 1905.

I WISH I WERE A GIRL.

Some years ago, the ladies of the Female Educational Society opened a small girls' school at Cairo, to which a few little Mohammedan girls came; and they soon learned to love the school very much.

Some of the boys attended a Mohammedan school on the same street; but this was a dark, dismal place, and the master was armed with a great stick.

The little girls told their brothers what a nice happy place their schoolroom was, with pretty coloured pictures on the walls.

This had no small effect upon the boys; and one day a mob of little fellows beset the schoolroom door, exclaiming in chorus, "We want to come to school!"

Poor little boys! The teacher was very

sorry to refuse them admission. One of the boldest slipped upstairs just to have a peep; and, while lessons were going on, a brown face, with a pair of bright and curious-looking black eyes, popped into the schoolroom, and was shortly followed by a ragged blue shirt and two bare feet. He stared at the pictures, the counting-frame, and other objects, till the teacher, smiling, but feeling rather sad, gently took him by the hand and led him out of the room.

The poor little boy was heard to exclaim, in a plaintive voice, "I wish I were a girl!"

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.

Father is off to the valley far away below, to do business of some sort and to get provisions and clothes for his numerous family. They all live up on the cow pastures of the Alps, where their father keeps a herd of cows and probably a few goats as well. Here they make cheese and butter, selling the rest of the milk to hotels and inns in the valleys. At the same time they always keep sufficient to support themselves and live very happily from the proceeds. The father has just started, as we see, on his journey, of once a month or so, to the nearest town; and the three children are watching his form grow smaller as he descends lower and lower into the distant haze that always hangs over the valleys of the higher Alps on a hot summer morning. What bright, pretty faces the children have, and no wonder, for they lead as healthy a life as can be imagined, always breathing the pure, sweet air of the mountain heights that is so exhilarating and beneficial. These mountain pastures lend a peculiar charm to the middle slopes of the Alps; for, besides the fresh appearance of the green turf, the roving cattle give an appearance of life and activity which is wholly wanting in the higher solitudes. Besides this, each cow or goat has a bell attached to its neck, and as they move slowly along, cropping the rich grass, the quaint sound of the bells, with many different notes, can be heard at a considerable distance. The wind, too, often carries them down to the valleys far below. Then the effect is very pretty and softened by the distance.

SWEET VIOLETS.

The day was cold and bright, and Amy and Bess, dressed in their new warm coats and hats, were walking briskly along the street, talking so busily that they did not pay the least attention to the passers-by, until a voice close to Amy's ear called out:

"Violets, sweet violets, ten cents a bunch. Please buy my violets."

"No, go away; we don't want any," Amy said.

Bess looked back as Amy hurried her on, slipped her arm out of Amy's and stood still.

"Bess, what are you stopping for?" asked Amy, impatiently.

"Little girl, come here, I will buy some violets," Bess called out.

"Why are you crying?" she continued.

"I can't sell my violets," the child answered. "See! my basket is full. I thought I could sell so many, it is so bright to-day, but maybe I don't know how, and I'm so cold."

"I'll take a bunch, too," said Amy. "I didn't mean to speak so cross. I was only in a hurry, you see. Say, little girl, do you go to Sunday-school?"

"No! I—I haven't nice clothes to wear, and I'd be ashamed. Mother is sick. She mends me up as well as she can, but she can't work now."

"Well," Amy said, "our school is just the place to come to, for we help sick mothers dress their little girls, and we tell their children about Jesus."

Bess and Amy told the little girl where to come the next Sunday, and promised to meet her there, and the child said she would come gladly.

As Amy and Bess went on, Amy said: "We can't buy our candy now."

"No!" said Bess, "but we can give our violets to lame Susie and to the old nurse."

They gave away their violets, and then there were five happy people that afternoon.

PETER.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was three years old the first railroad train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A train-boy threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed and squealed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach-trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighbourhood. And he has a young orchard coming on which will some day bring more money than all his father's crops.

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.

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 Sun. I

GOOD TO LOVE.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

"You are so small, what good are you,
My little girl?" a preacher said.
Sparkled her eyes like morning dew,
Her cheeks were red as roses new,
Red on her lips sweet kisses grew,
And clustering curls danced on her head.

"What good are you from morn till night?
You can't make cakes, nor hats, nor
cloaks,
Nor sweep, nor dust, nor keep things
bright,
You cannot read, you cannot write."
Then Norma, like a flash of light,
Replied, "Just good to love the folks."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON IX. [March 1.]

PAUL AND APOLLOS.

Acts 18. 24 to 19. 6. Memorize vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If ye then, being evil, know how to give
good gifts unto your children: how much
more shall your heavenly Father give the
Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke
11. 13.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Apollos? Where was he
born? What was his gift? To what city
did he come? Where did he speak? Who
heard him? Why were Aquila and
Priscilla in Ephesus? They came with
Paul. What city was their home? Cor-
inth. What did they do for Apollos?
Where did he afterwards wish to go?
Where is Ephesus? In Syria. Where is
Corinth? In Achaia, a province of
Greece. What did Apollos do there? He
mightily convinced the Jews. Where did
Paul go? What did he find? What did
he do for the Ephesian Christians? What
did God do for them?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the journeys of Paul,
Aquila, and Priscilla. Acts 18.
18-23.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 18.
24 to 19. 6.
Wed. Where was the home of Aquila and
Priscilla? Acts 18. 1-3.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Find what Paul wrote to the
Ephesian children. Eph. 6. 1-3.
Sat. Read about the gift of the Holy
Spirit. Acts 2. 1-4.
Sun. Read a hymn-prayer to the Holy
Spirit. Hymn 262.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God uses many teachers.
2. That he gives the Spirit of Truth to all true teachers.
3. That those who are taught may have the same Holy Spirit.

LESSON X. [March 8.]

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Acts 19. 13-20. Memorize verses 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The name of the Lord Jesus was magni-
fied.—Acts 19. 17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul now? Which one of
Paul's missionary journeys was this?
The third. For what was Ephesus noted?
What idol was worshiped in Ephesus?
Diana. What strange things did seven
Jewish brothers try to do? What
was said to them? What was done
to them? What did this show the people?
What kind of books had many of the
Ephesians? What did they do with them?
What was the value of these books? Were
there any printing presses in those days?
No. How were the books made? By hand.
Could you write a whole book? What did
the people think about Christians? That
God was with them. How long did Paul
stay in Ephesus? Three years.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Paul's ministry at
Ephesus. Acts 19. 8-12.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 19.
13-20.
Wed. Learn the Golden Text.
Thur. Read about a Jewish sorcerer of
Cyprus. Acts 13. 6-12.
Fri. Read Paul's words against de-
ceivers. Eph. 5. 6-8.
Sat. Find out how to fight against evil.
Eph. 6. 10-18.
Sun. Read a hymn about the armour.
No. 587.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That we must be true though others
may be false.
2. That we need courage and faith to
be true.
3. That God gives grace for all our
need.

A RAINY DAY.

"Oh, dear! raining again; there is
nothing a fellow can do to have any enjoy-
ment on a rainy day."

Grandma, sitting by the window, her
knitting in hand, looked up, a smile of
amusement on her gracious face. "What
about all your nice games and books,
Edgar?" she said.

"I'm tired of them. I wanted to ride
on my wheel and fish in the pond," and

the eyes, usually so mirthful, filled with
tears.

Grandma laid her knitting aside; the
matter was assuming a most serious aspect
if Edgar was moved to tears.

"Edgar, dear," she said, "if you can-
not spend the day in gratifying your own
wishes, suppose you do something to make
some one else happy?"

"Why, grandma, what?" the child ex-
claimed with an interested look.

"Well, there are many things possible
for even a child to do to lighten the cares
of others. For instance, baby had a rest-
less night, couldn't you make mother
happy by trying to amuse her?"

"Oh, grandma, there's no fun in that."

"No fun, perhaps, but a joy, deep and
lasting, born of the consciousness of hav-
ing done one's duty. Just try to spend
the day unselfishly, dear; make sunshine
within even if there is gloom without, and
see if you do not find that the hours have
been well spent."

Edgar was a boy who when he had made
a decision was resolute in carrying it out.
So, a few moments later, when mamma
entered the room with baby Ruth in her
arms, he said pleasantly, "Let me have
her, mother; you know she likes to be
with me."

The tired expression faded from
mother's face. "Why, dear," she said,
"I expected you would be too disappointed
to be of much use to-day."

Baby Ruth was happy; she put her
arms around his neck and pressed her rosy
cheeks against his. "Nice brother, kind
brother," she lisped.

So the hours sped by. Edgar, with
grandma's help, prepared a pretty box
of pictures for a little crippled boy in the
hospital ward. Then he dried the dinner
dishes for mamma, and afterward, covered
with his mackintosh, went out to post a
letter for grandma. In the afternoon the
baby awoke from a refreshing nap and
laughed with delight when she found
Edgar beside her ready to amuse her.
He piled high the blocks, and shouted with
baby sister when they tumbled over. He
sang two of his kindergarten songs for
her, going through the motions, to the
enjoyment of grandma and mamma as
well as Ruth.

"What a short day this has been,
grandma," he said.

"Yet the rain is not over, Edgar," was
the smiling answer. "Indeed, my dear
child, you will find that the days are
short and happy if you start out deter-
mined to fill the hours with loving words
and deeds."

Negroes of all ages go to school down
South. In one school a woman seventy-
five years of age goes with her children,
and in another a man ten years older is
learning his A B C.



SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

A GOOD THING TO DO.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Hold it back, tie it down,
Bind it fast and tight,
Set your lips together close:
Which will win the fight?

Let it go wild and free,
Running reckless riot?
Surely that will quickly be
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know
Find it hard to do,
If you try your very best,
Victory for you.

Try it hard; bring to it
Firm determination.

If you rule it well and good,
You can rule a nation.

To all the heroes who have been
Tried and told and sung,
Let us add the sturdy boy
Who can hold his tongue.

—Youth's Companion.

SCENES IN A CHILD'S LIFE.

Here are some little girls who are having a good time with their dolls. All little girls can have a good time if they have a doll, and so can these little girls. One little girl says her doll is too ill to get up all day, and she will have to send for the doctor if she does not soon get better. But I don't think the doll is very ill. I

think the little girl is tired of playing and so she puts it in bed till she washes its things. The little girl has a sister who is lame, so she is playing nurse while mamma does up her darling's dresses and pinafores, and when they are done I think the dolly will be well enough to take out for a walk.

IN A MINUTE.

Children, don't say, "In a minute," when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time than it will after you have been spoken to half-a-dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself will be as well pleased with work done that way, as with that cheerfully and promptly. Promptly means right off, you know.

SUSIE'S FURS.

Susie was a sweet-faced little girl, with deep blue eyes and soft golden hair. You had to love her the moment you saw her, for you could not help it. She made you love her. It was a wonder that the child had any flesh left upon her bones, people were so continually hugging and kissing her.

And why do you suppose it was? Not because she was sweet looking, but because she had such a lovely, sunny disposition that she carried sunshine wherever she went. I wonder if your friends can say the same of you?

As winter drew near there was one thing that Susie wished for very much, a set of soft, white furs.

Now, papa and mamma were not overburdened with this world's goods, and they had other mouths to feed and other little bodies to clothe besides Susie's; so mamma said one day to her little girl: "I wish we could get you a fur tippet and muff Susie, but you will have to be content without them and wrap your warm coat as closely about you as possible."

"All right, mamma; my coat that you made me is so nice and warm that Jack Frost cannot touch me; do not think about the furs."

Aunt Jennie, who was visiting mamma at the time, overheard the conversation, and she made up her mind that if Susie could not have "real furs," she could make her something just as nice; so she bought some white swan's-down, and with the aid of some bits of black velvet, she soon made a warm collar and muff. These she sent to Susie, telling her that they would have to do for a Christmas present if it was a little in advance.

No little girl was ever happier in royal ermine than was Susie in her swan's-down.