

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1904.

No. 9.

THE NEW HOOP.

How proud this young girl seems of her new hoop. I wonder if she knows what a pretty picture she makes framed in by its graceful circle. This bright summer weather is the time for out-of-door games and sports. We hope that all our little friends will make the most of it and lay in a good stock of health that will last them for a long, long time.

IN FORMOSA.

A few years ago a scientific American visited Formosa to make a collection of animals, insects, and flowers. While stopping in one of the villages he told some of the boys that he wanted to get some specimens of a certain kind of snake, a very beautiful green reptile that had a poisonous bite. The boys of Formosa are just like other boys; they were delighted, therefore, with the idea of making some money. The result was that there were more snakes brought than could be used, but the professor paid for every one. Among the boys that came was a little yellow-faced fellow in wide trousers and short tunic. He had two snakes. He shyly entered the professor's room, and



THE NEW HOOP.

laid the snakes on his table. The professor put some copper coins into the boy's hand. As he was leaving, the scientist tossed the dead snakes into the grass, but not without the boy seeing the action. He immediately returned, and laid the coins on the table, just where he had before laid his snakes.

"Why do you return the money?" inquired the gentleman in surprise.

"You don't want my snakes, I don't want your money," replied the boy, turning away in disappointment. No amount of persuasion could induce him to touch the money. He went away, and the professor never saw him again.

BE POLITE.

"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer. "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."

HELPING MOTHER.

"If I had ten bright gold dollars,
Whispered little Johnny Gray,
Dreaming on the steps one day,
"I would buy a gift for mother;
I would spend them all that way."

Johnny had not one gold dollar,
But he had ten fingers small,
And he might have used them all
Helping mother as she needed,
But he did not hear her call.

Never mind the dollars, Johnny;
They may never come your way,
Only golden dreams are they.
Willing hands are more than money;
Help with what you have to-day.

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Sunbeam.

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BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of a noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be

known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

THE FIRST TIME SHE SANG IN THE CHOIR.

BY GERTRUDE ELLSWORTH.

Dorothy had come from the big noisy city where she lived with her father and mother, to spend the summer with father's Aunt Jane, and she thought there never were so many interesting things anywhere as that little country town, way up among the New Hampshire hills. She followed Uncle John round while he fed the cows and the horses and the chickens, and rode on all the loads of hay through the week.

When Sunday came she went to the little white church on the hill, where father had been when he was a little boy. It was very different from the handsome church she went to when she was at home, where the dim light stole in softly through beautiful stained-glass windows, and the footsteps were hushed by heavy carpets and beautiful music was given by sweet-voiced people.

That was the part of the service Dorothy liked best and she never tired of listening to the singing, and way down in her heart she hoped she could sit up near the minister and sing just as sweetly as that choir at home did, when she was grown up. Every Sunday when she went to church she would imagine how she would feel to be singing in the choir, and she would wonder how long it would be before she would be old enough to do it.

The first Sunday Dorothy was in the country she went to church with Cousin Anna. Cousin Anna sang in the choir, so she took Dorothy up in the gallery with her where all the singers sat. It almost took her breath away. To really sit up with the choir! And when they got up to sing Cousin Anna gave her a book and helped her down from her chair and put her arm round her.

They sang a hymn she knew, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," so she sang, too, very softly at first, but as Cousin Anna smiled encouragingly at her, she sang just as loud as she could. And the desire of her heart came to her that first Sunday in the country when she sang in the choir and she was only six.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you were a drunkard, and her father said so, too?"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr. Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Kate, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper

length of time, repeated the question; and it was answered, "A man who drinks liquor, and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done sometimes," he replied in a choked voice.

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this—"Yes."

"Then I shouldn't think you'd do so any more; 'cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?" said Katie, and she looked up to her father so confidently that he caught her in his arms and hid his face on her shoulder.

"Say, father, you won't, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't," and raising his right hand he promised never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor. "God helping," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling, you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Katie whether her shoes were old or new; but when a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

Often a civil answer will save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment; and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within a moment of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again; and when the little warbler had finished its merry piping, it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him, and asked him: "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him, and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up with a face of half shame and half sorrow as he answered: "I couldn't, 'cos he sung so."

THE BL.

The stars of the
No image of
The eyelids of
sun,
No dawning

I hear the birds
And list to the
I know by the
spring,
But darkness

I know summer
When leaves
And winter bring
my brow
But darkness

I tell by the tone
The mother
Her step often
child,
I feel her in

O ye, whose eyes
Thank God with
Give pity and
born,
Whose years

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SIX MONTHS WITH

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Luke 12. 35-48.

Blessed are the
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—Luke 12. 37.

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THE BLIND GIRL'S SIGH.

The stars of the twilight are dark,
No image of light can I see;
The eyelids of morning awake with the sun,
No dawning of light is for me!

I hear the birds twitter and sing,
And list to the hum of the bee;
I know by the scent of the violet it's spring,
But darkness, all darkness to me.

I know summer's fading away,
When leaves rustle dry 'neath the tree;
And winter brings snowflakes to fall on my brow,
But darkness, all darkness to me.

I tell by the touch of the hand
The mother I never shall see;
Her step often lingers beside her blind child,
I feel her in darkness near me.

O ye, whose eyes open at morn,
Thank God when the daylight you see,
Give pity and help to the poor blindly born,
Whose years roll in darkness with me.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

WATCHFULNESS.

Luke 12. 35-48. Memorize verses 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.—Luke 12. 37.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What is a parable? A story which has a spiritual meaning. What does Matthew say about the Lord's teaching? "Without a parable spake he not unto them" (Matt. 13. 34). What is the story in our lesson about? Why was the master going on a journey? Did the servants know when he would return? What would a faithful servant do? What would the master expect to see? What did Jesus say about good servants? What kind of people who you know are like them? May a child be a faithful servant?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Luke 12. 35-48.
- Tues. Read about an unfaithful servant. Luke 12. 16-21.
- Wed. Learn what is more than riches. Luke 12. 23.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

- Fri. Learn who will take care of us if we trust him. Luke 12. 27, 28.
- Sat. Ask, "What kind of a servant am I?"
- Sun. Read a story about watching. Matt. 25. 1-13.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. The Lord, our Master, is coming for us.
2. We do not know how soon.
3. We must be faithful to duty, and ready to meet him.

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke 15. 11-24. Memorize verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—Hos. 6. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What is the first parable in the fifteenth chapter of Luke? What is the second? What is the third? What do these story lessons teach? To whom did Jesus tell these stories? To the publicans and sinners. Which son of a rich man wanted to leave home? What did he ask for? What is the share of the younger son? One third. Why did he want to go away? When are we like this foolish boy? When we want our own way. What did he do with his money? What hard work did he have to do? What lesson did he learn? That sin brings sorrow. What did he do at last? Who met him? What did he do to show his joy? What did the boy do to show his sorrow and repentance? Who is meant by the father in the story? And who by the son?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the parable of the lost sheep. Luke 15. 4-7.
- Tues. Read about the lost piece of silver. Luke 15. 8-10.
- Wed. Read about the lost boy. Lesson verses, Luke 15. 11-24.
- Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
- Fri. Learn what to do when we have done wrong. Luke 15. 18.
- Sat. Read about the self-righteous elder son. Luke 15. 25-32.
- Sun. Find who came to hear Jesus teach. Luke 15. 1.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. God is more loving than any earthly father.
2. He knows when his children truly repent.
3. He who truly repents is very dear to God.

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

THE CAPTIVE AFRICAN BOY.

Fifty years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. Poor fellow! First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result.

Nobody wanted the poor miserable slave boy, who was on the point of committing suicide when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave-ship. Ah, how little that wretched boy, as he lay chained in the hold of that crowded slave-ship, thought what the future had in store for him, or what great things God would yet do for him. One day an English warship, that was clearing the high seas of the slavers, bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, and rescued the captives. The African boy was placed under Christian influences, baptized, and educated, and to-day he is Bishop Crowther, England's black Bishop in Africa, where he has founded a successful mission.

It would be a long story to tell all he has done for his poor people in Africa, how he has fought the slave trade, preached to cannibals, been taken prisoner again and again, and how the Lord has kept him safe in every danger. Twenty-five years after he was made a slave he found his old mother, and she became a Christian, and died under the hospitable roof of her son's episcopal residence.

BRAVE LITTLE HARRY.

It was a cold morning, but Nannie thought she could not stay at home from Sunday-school. "Cause you know, mamma, I've not been absent one Sunday this quarter, and I don't want to miss one single day."

Papa said that he thought it would not hurt her to go through the cold, for she was out of doors every day longer than it took to walk to church.

"Yes, let her go with me," said Harry. "I'll carry the umbrella and keep off the snow."

Nannie found it pretty cold before they got to church; but Harry told her not to cry, for they would soon be there.

"How do you s'pose you could stand it, Nannie, if you had no good warm cloak and muff, like that poor little girl we saw last night?" he asked kindly, for he said to himself that he didn't want her to think she couldn't stand it.

That's the right way, Harry; keep up a brave heart within, and it will help you to bear the cold outside.—Olive Plants.



MY BRAVE LADDIE.

MY BRAVE LADDIE.

Tap, tap, along the pavement, tap,
 It came, a little crutch,
 A pale-faced lad looked up at me,
 "I do not mind it much."
 He answered to my pitying look,
 "It might be worse you know,
 Some fellows have to stay in bed,
 While I quite fast can go.

"Oh, yes, I used to run about,
 Perhaps I may again;
 The doctor says it's wonderful
 I have so little pain;
 It hurts me now and then, of course,
 And ever since the fall;
 But I'm so very glad, you see,
 That I can walk at all."

Tap, tap, the little crutch went on,
 I saw the golden hair,
 The brown eyes wide and all aglow,
 The noble, manly air;
 And somehow tears a moment came,
 And made my vision dim,
 While still the laddie's cheerful words
 Were sweet as sweetest hymn.

"I am so very glad, you see,
 That I can walk at all."
 Why, that's the way for us to feel
 When troubles may befall.
 There's always blue sky somewhere, friend,
 Though clouds around you meet.
 And patience will the Master send,
 If sought at his dear feet.

BABY TEDDY'S PLAYMATE.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

It was a sunny spring day and mamma was busy house-cleaning. She brought Teddy his playthings and showed him how to toot on his tin horn, and make his "chou chou" cars go. She told him to be a good boy and play nicely, then she left him.

But Teddy very soon got tired playing alone, and went to find some one to play with. First he tried Mary, the maid. He pulled at her dress and said "tum, tum." But Mary wouldn't "tum." She was busy carrying the things out of mamma's

room and making it look so funny. She told Teddy they had no place for him to-day.

Teddy felt home-sick and went to look for somebody else. And he found somebody—a dear little baby standing in a pretty little door. "Tum, tum," said Teddy, holding out his hands.

Baby didn't "tum," but he smiled and held out his hands, too.

So Teddy thought he would coax him, and off he trotted for his "chou chou" cars and a cookie.

When he came back baby had got his "chou chou" cars, too! Then he offered him the cookie. Baby didn't take it, but offered Teddy his cookie.

"I will find him and make him tum," said Teddy to himself. So he went behind the little door, but baby had gone! When he came back baby was there again!

Then Teddy felt cross, and slapped baby hard. He thought him mean because he wouldn't "tum." Baby slapped back and made Teddy's hand smart so badly that he cried. Mamma came to see what was wrong.

"Bad, bad," cried Teddy, pointing to the other wee baby.

"It's Teddy makes the baby bad. If Teddy is good, baby will be good too," said mamma laughing. "Teddy must learn that when he smiles his playmates smile, but when he is cross he is apt to get hurt."

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble "but you know it only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."—*Little Folks' Magazine.*

Though you did well yesterday, do not let that interfere with the better of to-day.