

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1903.

No. 2.

TRYING THE ICE.

These two little girls and their brother have come out to see if the pond will bear.

There, all across the field, you can see their tracks right up to the fence, which they managed to get over, until they reached the ice. And now the little brother is cautiously trying if the ice will bear his weight, and if it is not strong enough his sisters, no doubt, will hold him tight enough to prevent an accident. 24

JENNIE'S FUNNY SCRAPES.

Jennie Stanton liked hunting for hens' nests in all the nooks and crannies within climbing distance. One particular quest of hers ended in a ludicrous plight.

In her father's barn was a trap-door; beneath the barn was the stable, and under the trap-door the cow was tied.

Our little girl was skipping along, never noticing the door had been left up, when down she fell, right on the cow's neck. The cow jumped and kicked, Jennie screamed, but held on to the bossie's horns, until her mother ran and took her away, a very frightened little girl.

She was not hurt, but was very careful after that when she went into the barn.

Last summer she was visiting on a farm where there were nine little pigs. They had a large lot to run in, but some way

crawled through the wall and went into the swamp. Jennie, with a friend, went out for barberries.

They were picking busily when all at

to run, but she was too frightened to realize the cause of the sudden noise; when lo! she found herself stretched on the ground. She had fallen over a stump,

her barberries were scattered, and the pigs making the air ring with their retreating cries. She saw them all running away, and then it was time to laugh at how the pigs frightened her.

A TEASE.

When I was a boy I was often in the woods. There I saw the squirrels play among the branches of the trees, sometimes running up and sometimes down, and sometimes leaping from a branch of one tree across to a branch of another tree. Once I saw a squirrel make a long leap. It missed its hold, and instead of getting across to the next tree it fell all the way down to the ground.

Sometimes when I have been in the woods I have seen certain birds tease the squirrels. They would fly around them, and at them, and peck them. The squirrels tried to run away, but the birds flew after them to annoy them. They were like some boys and girls I have seen who are always teasing somebody else. It is a bad fault, and children who do it,



TRYING THE ICE.

once those nine pigs started up from the nest of leaves where they had been asleep. One squealed and the others joined in the chorus. Jennie added her voice and tried

nobody loves the

Give God your heart; for he asks it, and it is his due.

A POOR RULE.

Said Mary to Johnny, "O dear,
This play is too poky and slow;
There's only one bubble-pipe here;
O Johnny, please, I want to blow!"

"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my,
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, I want a bite!"

"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
And show you just how it is done.
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun."

—Selected.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 24, 1903.

JESUS IN THE HOME.

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jenny the carpets, pictures, ornaments, and flowers, and asked: "Don't you think these things are lovely?"

"They are pretty," said Jennie. "What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?"

"Why, no," said the lady.

"Don't you ever ask him?" asked Jennie. "We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things, but Jesus comes and makes us very happy."

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: "I have often

thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us."

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them, and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.

PIGEONS AND THEIR WAYS.

Did you ever watch a pigeon drink? All other birds put their bill in the water and lift up the head before they swallow; but pigeons put their beak in the water and take long, deep draughts until satisfied.

The Tumbler pigeon takes his name from a queer habit he has of falling or tumbling backward.

The Pouter seems to be very vain. He stands erect, and has a crop in front which he can fill with air until his head is almost hidden behind it. Sometimes the crop is puffed out so far that Mr. Pouter loses his balance and falls down the chimney or off the roof. So he shows the truth of the old saying: "Pride goeth before a fall."

Years ago, before the electric telegraph was invented, carrier pigeons were used to send messages and letters. The message was written on a small piece of paper and fastened under the wing; then the pigeon's feet were bathed in vinegar to keep them cool, for fear the bird might stop on the way to bathe, and thus destroy the paper. When the bird was set free he would rise in the air, fly round in a circle two or three times, and then start off in the right direction.

DOING UNTO OTHERS.

"What a funny old umbrella! and big enough for a soldier's tent. I say, Marjory, did it come out of the ark?"

Now it was rather a large umbrella for so small a girl, and Marjory did look funny walking along with it in her hand, for the top of the handle reached to her shoulder; but no one knew or felt that fact more keenly than Marjory herself, and it was very rude of Harold to speak in such a way. But then I suppose that Harold must have forgotten that a brave, manly boy is always polite to girls. He had hurt Marjory's feelings, and, what was far worse, had roused the temper with which the little girl had so many hard struggles.

"We've just moved, and everything is tumbled about, and this is the only one we could find. It was grandpapa's long ago, and you're the unpolitest boy in the world, and I'm not going to speak to you any more forever; so there, Harold Gray." And then angry little Marjory ran off to school as fast as the big umbrella would let her; and naughty Harold only laughed.

But he didn't laugh that afternoon when, on going to the door to go home from school, he found the rain pouring down. Not a light rain, but "enough to wet a fellow through in three min-

utes," thought Harold dolefully; for he had brought no umbrella. Marjory saw him standing there as she gathered up her books, and said to herself that "it served him just exactly right for making fun." Marjory was the only one who lived anywhere near Harold; there would be no one else to offer him an umbrella, and she wouldn't. Oh, no, indeed!

"Marjory, Marjory," something seemed saying in his ear, "What about that 'doing unto others' text that you learned this morning? See! he is just going to start." But only one foot was over the door sill, when Harold heard a voice beside him saying, "Come home under my umbrella; there's plenty of room for both."

"I say, Marjory," said Harold, as they trudged away with bent heads, each giving the other a hand to steady the great umbrella, "I'm awfully sorry that I laughed at you; and I think you're just the forgivingest girl I ever saw. I'm going to give you a ride on my sled the first time it snows."

HOW TO PRAY.

"Aunt Annie, what good does it do to say your prayers at night and in the morning?" asked little Ellen.

"Why do you ask, dearie?" Aunt Annie was used to the queer questions her little niece asked, and was never shocked as some people would be.

"Well, you just say a lot of words that don't mean anything, and I don't see what good that does."

"It doesn't. Saying prayers is not praying. It is like a parrot repeating words that he does not understand. To pray is a very different matter; and that you should do every day of your life and many times a day," answered Aunt Annie with a loving smile.

"But what's the difference? How do you pray?" asked Ellen, with a puzzled look.

"Just asking your Father in heaven, for Jesus' sake, to give you whatever you want—if it is right to have it—is praying. Going to him just as you would to your father or mother or to me is praying. Thanking him, as you would us, for giving you what you asked for is praying. But you should never ask for anything that is not right, and you must be willing to do as your Father in heaven wants you to do!"

"Oh! if that's praying, I can do that. I needn't use long words that I don't understand, need I?"

"No; just simple words like those you use every day, meaning them with all your heart."

"I am glad I asked you, Aunt Annie. You always explain things to me so that I can understand," said Ellen, as she turned away to her play with that happy feeling we all have when tangles are smoothed out.

GOD'S BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

We are little children,
Full of life and play;
Singing, ever singing,
Songs so bright and gay.
Should we not be happy
In a world so fair?
Love and joy and kindness
Find we everywhere.

Birdies in the treetops
Sing us songs so sweet;
Blossoms in the meadows
Stay our straying feet;
Winter clouds and snowstorms,
Summer sunshine bright,
Bring us sweetest pleasures,
Fill us with delight.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON V. [Feb. 1.]

PAUL AT ATHENS.

Acts 17. 22-34. Memorize verses 28, 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.—Acts 17. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Paul go from Berea? What was Athens called? The most beautiful city in the world. What made it beautiful? Its marble temples, statues, and altars. Why did these make Paul sad? Because they were for idol worship. What kind of people were the Athenians? What did they ask Paul to do? Where did he preach? What was Mars' hill sometimes called? Areopagus. What did Paul talk about? What did he say that Jesus came for? What did he say of all nations of men? What did he quote from one of their poets? Who did he say would judge the world? What turned the Athenians against Paul? Did any believe in Jesus? What were their names?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Paul in Athens. Acts 17. 16-21.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 17. 22-34.

Wed. Learn what ministers should preach. Golden Text.

Thur. Learn how we may hope to understand God. Matt. 11. 27.

Fri. Learn a great truth about God. 1 Cor. 8. 6.

Sat. Find what Jesus said about repentance. Luke 24. 44-47.

Sun. Read of one who waited for a better time. Acts 24. 25.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That there is one God.
2. That our only life is from him.
3. That he says, "Give me thy heart."

LESSON VI. [Feb. 8.]

THE CHURCH AT CORINTH FOUNDED.

Acts 18. 1-11. Memorize verses 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 3. 11.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Why did Paul leave Athens? Where did he go from there? What kind of a city was Corinth? A gay city. With whom did Paul stay? What did they do? How did Paul know how to work with them? He was taught when young. What do the Jews always do? Teach their children a useful trade. What did Aquila and his wife learn from Paul? The gospel of Jesus. Where did Paul preach each Sabbath? Why did he stop preaching there? Where did he afterward preach? Who came from Macedonia? What Jewish family believed? How long did Paul stay in Corinth? What did the Lord say to him?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Paul in Corinth. Acts 18. 1-11.

Tues. Learn how he worked for his daily bread. 2 Thess. 3. 7-10.

Wed. Find how Paul treated his opposers. 2 Tim. 2. 25.

Thur. Learn the foundation of Paul's faith. Golden Text.

Fri. Learn the danger of refusing to hear truth. Ezek. 33. 4.

Sat. Find why we need not fear to speak for God. Jer. 1. 6-9.

Sun. Read the eleventh psalm.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That it is noble to earn one's daily bread.
2. That it is brave to own Christ among his enemies.
3. That it is best to stay where God puts us.

A SMART DOG.

One afternoon a group of little children were playing on a pier which ran far out into the water of a deep lake.

While engaged in a game of romps, one of the boys stepped back and fell into the water. His little friends cried loudly for assistance, but no one came.

As he was sinking for the third time, however, a noble Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier, jumped into the water, and pulled the little boy out.

The children now divided into two bands. One was to take the rescued child to his mother and father; the other was to lead the dog to a baker's shop, where he was fed on cakes until he could eat no more.

The next afternoon the same group of children were playing on the pier. The brave dog came trotting down to them with many friendly wags and nods.

The children stroked and petted him, but offered no refreshments. "Why do they give me nothing to eat?" the dog asked himself. "Ah, I see! it is because I have pulled no little child out of the water to-day."

Upon this he went up to a little girl who stood near the edge of the pier, and gave her a gentle push into the water. Then he sprang in after her and gravely brought her to the shore. Of course he was treated to cakes again.

But on the next day the children were forbidden to play on the pier, so he had no further chance to earn his supper by rescuing a child from the water. Was he not a smart dog?

A LITTLE DISCIPLE.

I would follow Jesus,
And I know I may;
For I hear him calling,
And he shows the way.

I would follow Jesus,
That my tongue may speak
Words which carry comfort
To the sad and weak.

I would follow Jesus,
As a child may do;
Be to all my comrades
Kind and pure and true.

—Selected.

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge, when others have every sort of dainty," murmured Dick, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting. "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over one's head when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labour when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

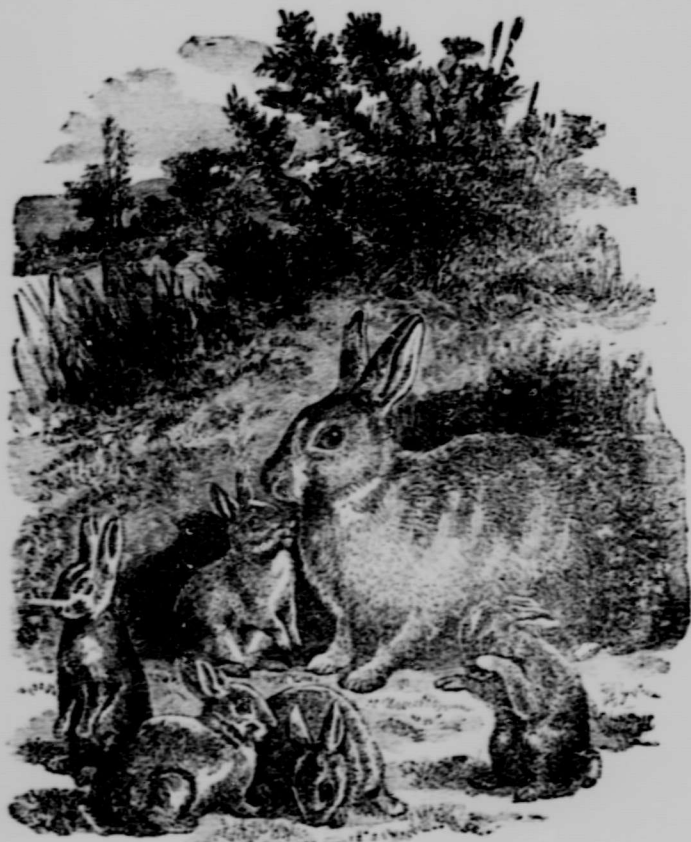
"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in grumbling tone.

"No, Dick; there is one thing that I do think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Dick, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings."

If you want to save souls, take the lead toward heaven and immortal glory yourself. You can pull more than you can push.



RABBIT AND YOUNG ONES.

"LUCK."

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat;
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The boy who wishes this thing
Or that thing with a will
That spurs him on to action,
And keeps him trying still
When efforts meet with failure,
Will some day surely win;
For he works out what he wishes,
And that's where "luck" comes in.

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls lucky
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work bravely done.

—Selected.

RABBIT AND YOUNG ONES.

The commonest little animal that one sees out in the fields and woods of the country is the rabbit. This is the common sort, but there are other kinds which are often kept as pets. These are very pretty, with thick, soft fur, and sometimes have very attractive colouring on their backs.

In the evening, before it grows dark, the rabbits come out by hundreds and crop the short grass and play about together until the night comes on, when they go into their holes again.

WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN ?

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling." The rope attached to the bell moved through the long train of cars. The engineer turned off the steam, the brakes were put on, the train moved slower and slower and then stopped.

Some of the ladies were frightened. They wondered why the train had stopped away out there on the prairie. The gentlemen put down their newspapers and looked out of the windows, and then went to the door to see what it meant. But there was nothing on the track. The train seemed to be all right.

The young brakeman ran down the track for a good distance, but the track was all in good order. Then one of them went into the baggage car, and then he found out why the train had stopped.

There was a monkey in the baggage car. He had come from India in a ship, and was on his way to California to a gentleman who had bought him. In his old home in the forests of India he used to twine his tail around the limb of a tree and rock and swing. He sat on a trunk in the baggage car and thought what a stupid place America was. He wished he had a tree to swing on. Pretty soon he saw the bell-rope, and he jumped up, twined his tail around it and swung back

and forth; and that was what made the bell ring and stop the train.

When the brakeman came into the car, the monkey was just getting up for a second swing. The brakeman laughed; but he did not scold the funny little bell-ringer. He only shortened his rope, so that the monkey could not go very far from the trunk.

THE SPIDERS.

The last of the four little things which King Solomon said were "exceeding wise" is the spider. Of this little insect he tells us: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' places."—Prov. 30. 28.

There are many ways in which spiders show wisdom, as you all must have noticed, if you have watched them at their work. When one has work to do she takes both of those little hands that reach out in front of her head, and she seems to have no idea of working with one hand—half working and half playing. She works, and then she rests; and then she is so patient and persevering in building up the web and drawing the lines tight that we may well learn from her to take hold with both hands, and not stop until our work is finished.

This lesson of patience and perseverance a spider is said to have taught King Bruce, of Scotland, one day when he was sad and discouraged. He was hiding in a hut from his enemies, who were hunting him, and he saw a spider trying to get from one beam to another. It tried six times, and fell every time. Bruce remembered that he had tried six times to save Scotland, and had been defeated every time. Then he watched the spider the seventh time, and saw it slowly and carefully fasten its thread to the beam and draw itself across. He resolved to persevere as the spider had done, and went out to take up his work again.

A BACKSLIDER.

The minister's little girl and her playmate were talking of serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?" asked the minister's little girl.

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good, they slip back a seat, and keep on until they get clear back to the door. After a while they slip clear out, and never come to church at all."

It is a pity that this is not always clear in the minds of those who are going through the process.