

# SUNBEAM

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## A LITTLE TALK.

Our little friends are engaged in earnest talk, and from their looks we may suppose them to be intimate friends "telling secrets."

Very soberly Laura tells her story, and Emma is full of interest in every word that is spoken, and is also ready to give her opinion of the matter as soon as the tale is finished. I hope it is something good that Laura has to tell. It must be, for both look like good little girls.

I have met with little folks who want to repeat everything they hear; and when they are not talking about somebody they are listening to all that may be said, hoping to find something to tell. I hope there are none of these among my little readers, for don't you know that such talkers are the most uncomfortable people in this world. It is all

right for Emma and Laura to tell one another of all their plans and pleasures, and also their little trials and troubles. But suppose they begin to talk about May or Julia, or somebody else who is not present to hear it; then a little troubler



A LITTLE TALK.

comes right into both their hearts, and changes their harmless conversation into that commonly known as gossip, which nearly always ends in evil speaking.

Perhaps the safest rule for every one of us to follow will be never to talk about

absent persons, or if we must speak of them let it be nothing but good. But if your friends want to tell you a story about somebody, unless you are sure it is something good tell them that you cannot afford to listen.

## PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

We may make ourselves nests of kind or pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for we have not been taught in our early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity—bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings—treasure-houses of restful and pleasant thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make dismal, nor poverty take away from us, houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

The Lord loves the youth. He sees in them great possibilities, and is ready to help them to reach a high standard, if they will only realize the need of his help and lay a foundation of character that cannot be moved.

### THE TESTIMONY OF A LITTLE CHILD.

"O, my people!" cried the preacher, stretching out his hands to the room full of stolid hearers, "awake! awake, ye that love the Lord! This is not a time for sleeping! What more can this tongue say to you? Awake! awake, O, foolish, sleeping children!"

In the instant pause that followed the earnest call, patter, patter, patter—the sound of little bare feet up the church aisle. The Rev. John Easton saw who was running to him—his four-year-old daughter, escaped somehow from the guard of the home nest that warm summer night, clad only in her trailing, dainty "mighty."

Without a word the little one clambered up the steep pulpit steps, grasping her white gown in her two chubby fists. What to her were the amused, watching people, the solemn hour? To papa she had run—papa's safe arms she would reach.

John Easton was a perfectly natural man. Therefore he was not easily disturbed. He stood still now and waited.

The last step overcome, the baby dropped the folds of her gown and held up her chubby hands to be "taken."

"Here I is, papa preacher! Did you want Effel? I's awake!"

The clear little voice had no "naughty" tone in it and not one quiver of self-consciousness.

"Papa preacher" lifted the wee lass in his arms. His sermon was certainly closed for that time. Perhaps it was just as well. Despite the warmth of his own spirit it had been like preaching to stones.

"Now, Ethel," he said, in a voice entirely new to the audience, "you interrupted papa. Are you ready to help him?"

The bright head nodded gravely.

"Then let me hear you say what you can of the 'many mansions' chapter. Speak loudly so our friends can hear."

The people were wide awake now.

One hand tucked away in papa's thick curls—for papa and Ethel were closely alike—the other held fast in the big palm where it loved to nestle, the sleep-flushed, dimpled, serious, lovely face turned to "our friends." Ethel began:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in—"

The sweet voice faltered and then went bravely on, "believe also in the Good Shepherd. In my Father's house are



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round  
Something red as red can be—  
'T is an apple from the tree.



See what I have found,  
Little balls so round  
All these grapes are deeply  
blue,  
And this plum, of violet hue.

### THE RAINBOW COLORS

A KINDERGARTEN SONG

By MARY ELIZABETH STONE.



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round  
'T is a peach with tint of yellow,  
For it's ripe and rich and mellow.



See what I have found  
Like a ball so round  
Oranges are such a treat,  
Very good they are to eat.



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round  
From a green and sunny slope  
I have brought a cantaloup.

Now a glance will make it clear,  
All the colors have we here,  
We can see them, 'way up high,  
When a rainbow spans the sky.



many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you all about it. I go to prepare a place for you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, and do not be afraid.' Shall I say my verses, too, papa preacher?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Jesus takes care of the children,  
Keepeth them all through the night,  
Angels watch over their slumbers,  
Until the glad morning light,  
Why do you not trust the Saviour?  
Hark! he is calling for you!  
He who takes care of the children  
Cares for the big people, too!"

Then a sweet-faced woman came hurriedly but softly up the pulpit steps and took "Effel" in her arms.

"Good-night, papa preacher! I'm sorry I, interrupted. I won't do it any more, truly!"

When the church doors had closed behind mother and child the preacher looked earnestly over the faces before him. The coldness, the darkness, the indifference had fled. Just as if he had not been "inkerrupted," he said:

"My people:

"Why do you not trust the Saviour?"

Hark! he is calling for you!  
He who takes care of the children

Cares for the big people,  
too!"

"Will you answer that call? Will you believe the testimony of a little child? Will you become as that little child, simple in trust and faith, sincere in love? 'Hark! he is calling for you,' that Good Shepherd who never yet led lamb or sheep astray. If it were not so, he would have told you all about it.' Will you accept him now?"

And that night there were added unto the church invisible a host of rejoicing souls.

### WHEN MABEL WAS ILL.

When Mabel caught a severe cold she had to stay in her bed for a whole week. She was very quiet and good, however, because she did not wish to annoy her mother; and everybody brought her pictures and toys, and nice things to eat.

Still, the last few days were very dismal ones, with the rain pattering against the windows, and if it had not been for Aunt

Belle, Mabel must have grown restless and very lonely in her pretty room.

One afternoon auntie came in with some colored paper and two pairs of scissors. "You and I are going to make some dollies for another little sick girl," she explained: "not a rich girl with a nice little brass bed and all the pretty things you have, but a very poor one, and her name is Katie. Her arm is broken, and she has no mother to take care of her. She is in a big hospital, round the corner."

Mabel was interested now. She and Aunt Belle cut a large number of dollies—blue and white and red—and Mabel made a bear and a fox, and then had to write their names on them for fear that the other little girl would not know what they were meant to be. Then mother brought a pretty basket, and into this were put the paper things, and an orange and a glass of jelly and some white grapes; and that afternoon Aunt Belle carried it to the hospital and gave it to the little girl who had the broken arm.

Mabel declares that that afternoon was one of the nicest she ever spent.

Those who follow Christ here shall be with him hereafter.

A NURSERY SONG.

Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout  
Are two little goblins black!  
Full oft from my house I've driven them  
out.

But, somehow, they still come back.  
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,  
And pull the corners down;  
They perch aloft on the baby's brow  
And twist it into a frown.  
And one says "Shall" and t'other says  
"Shan't,"  
And one says "Must," and t'other says  
"Can't."  
O Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,  
I pray you, now, from my house keep out.

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh  
Are two little fairies light.  
They're always ready for fun and chaff,  
And sunshine is their delight,  
And when they creep into baby's eyes,  
Why there the sunbeams are,  
And when they peep through her rosy  
lips,

Her laughter rings near and far,  
And one says "Please," and t'other says,  
"Do."  
And both together say, "I love you."  
So Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,  
Come in, my dears; and tarry awhile.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Mark 10. 17-31. Memory verses, 23. 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.—Matt. 16. 24.

LESSON STORY.

This is a sad story, this of the rich young man, who came to Jesus asking what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus could read the young ruler's heart as he can read all our hearts. He knew the one thing that he lacked. He was a good young man, according to his time, and lived a blameless life. He kept all the commandments, but his one great lack was self-denial. Jesus knew this, so he told him he must sell all and give it to the poor, then take up his cross and follow him. It seemed a great deal to ask, but Jesus saw that as long as he had his wealth he would love it more than God. We all must give up something. It will be hard, but it will be worth doing. Had this young man given up his earthly riches he would have

received treasure in heaven. Alas! we have no record that he did. He went away sorrowful and, we are afraid, continued to love the things of this world more than the next.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who is this lesson about? A rich young ruler.
2. What did he ask Jesus? What he should do to inherit eternal life.
3. What did he tell Jesus? That he had kept all the commandments.
4. What did Jesus tell him? That he lacked one thing—self-denial.
5. What was he told to do? To sell all.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2.

BARTIMEUS AND ZACCHAEUS.

Luke 18. 35 to 19. 10.

Memory verses, 42. 43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost.—Luke 19. 10.

LESSON STORY.

Let us learn the names and the stories of these two noted New Testament characters, Bartimeus and Zaccheus.

Bartimeus was a poor blind man. It was his custom to sit by the road-side and beg. One day he heard unusual numbers passing and asked why it was. He was told that they were following Jesus. As soon as he knew this, he called out, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Then Jesus asked him what he would have. The poor blind man said, "O Lord, restore my sight." He had faith that Jesus could do it, so he received his sight.

Another example of faith is that of Zaccheus. When he knew that Jesus was coming he climbed up into a tree, for he was short and was afraid he could not see. When Jesus saw him He knew he had faith. He told him to hurry down, for He wished to be his guest. Imagine the joy of this man, who knew he was a sinner, at the thought of having the Saviour from sin stay in his home. That day did he indeed find salvation.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Bartimeus? A blind beggar.
2. Where did he sit? By the roadside.
3. What did he hear one day? Crowds passing.
4. Who was with them? Jesus.
5. What did the blind man cry? "Son of David, have mercy on me."
6. What did Jesus do? Restored his sight on account of his faith.
7. Where did Zaccheus climb? Into a tree.
8. Why? To get sight of Jesus.
9. What did Jesus say to him? "Come down: I must abide in thy house to-day."
10. What did he receive that day? Salvation.

give it to the poor, and to take up his cross and follow Jesus.

6. Was he willing to do this? No.
7. Must every one give up something for Jesus' sake? Yes.

BROKEN FOR EVER.

"Hallo!" cried Charley Lawrence, stopping short in his walk, with a look of dismay in his face. "The dam is broken, and if it is not patched at once it will be washed away before morning."

He began mechanically stamping his feet to keep them warm, while he watched the water of the creek slowly trickling through a rift in the dam, which he and his companions had built on the day before.

The weather was not yet cold enough to freeze running water, and the boys had dammed the creek at this point, determined that when it did freeze the creek should be broad enough for a skating pond; and now the water had found a weak point in their work, and before morning it would be destroyed.

"Half an hour's work would put it in good shape again," said Charley to himself, biting the end of his glove, "but—"

He hesitated over something for perhaps ten minutes, and then, jerking off his gloves, he set to work with might and main repairing the breach. While he was at work he did not notice his uncle coming towards him; when the work was done he saw him looking on. Charley's face suddenly grew as red as the morning sky.

"You have mended it, I see," his uncle said slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"But you have broken something else which can never be mended."

The serious tone in which this was spoken made Charley understand pretty clearly what was meant; but he asked:

"What is that, uncle?"

"What day is this, Charley?"

"Sunday."

"And a broken Sabbath is broken for ever."

You do not need to devise in the morning how to create your own light; it is prepared and ready for you. The sun was made before you were, and it keeps its course; and so constantly will God's own light shine to you without your contrivance or care for anything but to seek, receive, and be guided by it.

Said one little child to another: "Don't ever tell a lie, because God will know it; and he will write it down in his book, and then he will read it out before everybody." But I think that we ought to feel sorriest of all because God himself will know it, don't you?



RIP—TRY TO DRAW THIS.

## RIP.

"You remember Rip, don't you? Jack's old dog, you know," said my nephew Tom, as he showed me a capital photograph of his favorite. "Yes, sir, that's his likeness; and if ever a dog deserved to have his picture taken, Rip did. Not so much because of his doing anything so wonderful, for he never did; but because he was a dog you could trust. Rip understood every word you said to him; and if you told him to do a thing, or not to do it—no matter which—nothing would hinder him from minding."

"Not a bad example to follow, I should say," I remarked significantly; for my nephew was not always perfect in obedience.

Tom colored up a little, then laughed, and answered coolly:

"I should say so, too. But Rip had to learn, you know, like the rest of us. When Jack first got him, he was like any other dog—he minded when he felt like it. If Jack called him when he was going out,

he always felt like minding then; for there was nothing he liked as well as to trot around after him. It was a kind of a nuisance sometimes, you know—Jack didn't always want him. And, one day, when he was going to town, and Rip trotted after him as usual, Jack faced about suddenly, and ordered him home.

"Rip hated to go, awfully. He whimpered, and pawed, and hung around Jack, and wagged his tail, and did everything but talk; but it was all no use. 'I don't want you,' says Jack. 'Go home, sir.' And Rip had to go.

"But there's a board fence that runs a good bit along the way between our house and town. It used to have some loose boards, and by and by Jack passed one that made quite a gap, and he happened to look through. And, would you believe it, there was Rip stealing along on the other side of that fence, just as sly as a fox! He had gone home, and then turned about, and tried to cheat that way.

"Well, Jack didn't say a word. He

stopped in the middle of the road, and looked at Rip; and Rip stopped and looked at him. But his tail went between his legs, and his ears lay flat on his head. He felt awfully mean, I tell you! Jack never spoke, he only kept looking at him; and Rip got so ashamed of himself that he couldn't stand it. He just turned about and made tracks for home. And from that time till he died he never followed Jack again without permission. More than that, if Jack told him to stay in any one place, he'd do it, if it was all day. Talk about sense. That dog had more than some boys I know. And I'm glad we've got his picture, poor old Rip! It's worth having."

And I thought the little lesson of his life was worth telling.

## WHAT A LITTLE BROOK DID.

One spring day Ruth and Rex went for a run in the fields. They went to the meadow spring, from which a brook ran down a little hill across the meadow.

"Let's run a race with the brook!" said Rex, and so, taking hold of hands, they started. It was so narrow that Rex ran on one side of the brook and Ruth on the other. By and by the brook grew wider, and they had to stretch their arms, and Ruth slipped into the water once or twice, and then they parted hands and ran by themselves. After a while Ruth stopped and looked troubled.

"I cannot get to you now," she said. "But I can get to you," said Rex, and he gave a great leap and—fell in the brook!

Mamma did not scold her wet children, but she said, "Children, the brook that parted you is like a little unloving feeling that comes between your hearts sometimes. You must keep on the same side, and never let each other go, or there will be trouble."

## THE LITTLE ONE'S OFFERING.

(To be sung by little girls who will volunteer to truly send one of their dollies.)

My dolly is going to leave me,

And then I shall be all alone,  
She's going to where the poor children  
Have idols of wood and of stone.

CHORUS—Precious dolly,

I'm going to send you for Jesus'  
sake?

Precious dolly,

This sacrifice gladly I make.

I guess mamma thinks she can't spare me,

And says I'm too little, you know,  
So now, don't you think my Belinda  
The very right person to go?

My baby, you know I'm not jealous,

But I've such a big lump in my throat,  
Will your new mamma love you, as I do?  
You're the onliest dolly I've got.