

SUNBEAM

VOL. II.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1901.

No. 11.

IN MISCHIEF.

This little lassie has a somewhat guilty look, as if she felt she was doing something that was not exactly right. Bless her little heart! Let us hope it is not a valuable book she is tearing. We think, however, that any mamma would forgive a little girl who looks up in such a wistful, appealing way as this one. Blessings on the man who invented the untearable linen books with bright pictures, which so gladden the hours of the little folks, and make learning to read a perpetual delight instead of a tearful task. Children should learn, however, to take care of books, papers, their clothes, and everything they have.

PUTTING OFF.

When I was a little girl learning to write, I had for a copy the line, "Procrastination is the thief of time." My teacher was kind enough to explain to me that "procrastination meant putting off," and was the opposite to "doing things at the right time," and that it was called the "thief of time" because it caused people to lose so much time. This "putting off" is a terribly bad habit, and one which, like other bad habits, grows with indulgence, and often brings boys and girls, as well as older people, into a great deal of trouble. Molly has a little hole in her dress. She could mend it in five minutes, but she puts it off, and thinks that to-morrow will do just as well; but before to-morrow comes, the little hole has caught on a nail, and has become a great one. The frock is perhaps spoiled, or, at best, Molly

must spend hours in doing what need not have taken as many minutes.

Jack has a lesson which must be learned before morning. If he sat down to the task at once, he would conquer it in an

just in time to dress before breakfast. He must go to school unprepared, and is in disgrace.

Arthur has a letter to post, and is charged to do it at once; but he wishes to speak to Harry about the tennis match. It will do just as well when he comes back, he thinks; but when he comes back, the mail is closed, and the important letter must wait a day.

Dear children, beware of "putting off." Many a man has lost his life in consequence of this evil habit. Many a man who thought that there was "time enough" to make his peace with God has been overtaken by death before the work was done. Remember that it was those who were ready who went in with the Master to the wedding feast, and that then the door was shut, not to be opened again.

"ONLY A BOY."

A man was cursing and swearing as he was whipping his horse, which was trying to draw a load altogether too heavy for him, when he was remonstrated with by some one for using such language, and he said: "No one will hear me but you, and you know who I am; at least, no one except that boy, and he is only a boy. He will never know; he will never understand. It won't make much

difference if he does hear." Some seem to think that if a boy hears vile language, if he hears oath upon oath, if he sees a bad example, he is only a boy, and it will not harm him. It is bad enough for anyone to hear bad language of any kind, but tenfold worse where it is a boy, a child, who hears it.



IN MISCHIEF.

hour, but he thinks that it will do "by and by;" so he goes out to play, instead of studying. The time slips away, as one thing after another engages his attention. Bedtime comes before he remembers the lesson. It is too late then, but Jack thinks that he can get up early in the morning and learn it; but, alas! he gets up only

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Travelling the King's highway,
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsullied, pure, and white;
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through,
To ask this simple question,
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread,
O let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation,
"What would Jesus do?"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1901.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"O mother!" exclaimed little Jeanie, running to me in an ecstasy of delight; "see what a beautiful book father has given me! And only see, mother, my name is written in it, so everybody will know it's mine, and nobody can rub it out!"

Like the lightning's flash came into my mind our Saviour's words: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

"Mother, do you know why father gave this book to me?"

"No, Jeanie, I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect, I always said 'wait a minute,' when you told me to do anything; and he said, if I wouldn't say it for one whole month, he would give me something; but I didn't think it would be anything so beautiful as this book."

"It is a very pretty book, Jeanie, but I know of one more beautiful, in which I trust my darling's name will be written."

"O mamma, what sort of a book is it? What is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life, and he said we must rejoice over our names being written in it more than over anything in the world."

"Is everybody's name written there, mamma?"

"No, my darling, only the names of those who love Jesus while they are on earth and try to serve him."

"How can I serve him, mamma? I don't know anything I can do for him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for him every moment in the day. Kind words, little things done because we love Christ—in all these we serve him. This morning, Tommy asked you to help tie his wagon; you refused, saying you were in a hurry. If you had given up your own pleasure and helped him, because Jesus says we must love and be kind to each other, you would have served Christ."

"O mamma, I didn't know such a little thing as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten what Jesus said of the cup of cold water, given for his sake? Our lives are made up of little things that happen every day, and what we do for Christ's sake is put down in his Book of Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for the reward of this pretty book; remember that Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven to every one that overcomes temptation and sin, and serves him truly."

QUEER ANIMALS.

Some animals and birds have not only been seen to do very funny things, but have evidently known how funny they were.

There is a story of an Englishman in India who had a monkey. One day the native cook was busy "plucking" a fowl ready for boiling; and having finished preparing it, put it into the pot on the fire. He then went away.

Now all this time the monkey had been lying close by, pretending to be asleep, but really keeping one eye on the cook and another on the flock of crows which had flown down, attracted by the cooking operations. No sooner had the cook gone than the monkey sprang up, seized a crow, killed it, "plucked" it just as he had seen the cook do, took off the lid of the pot, drew out the fowl, popped in the crow, and retired. When the cook came back and found his fowl turned into a black crow, his face was a picture, and so was the monkey's.

Practical jokes are sometimes dangerous; but this was really very funny, wasn't it?

A magpie's trick was also very odd. He lived in a stable yard with a pair of kestrels (a kind of hawk), which had a habit of sitting on the edge of the water pails set to warm in the sun. The magpie had nothing to do, and got up to mischief. He quietly came behind the kestrels, and seizing one of them by his long tail, gave it several strong pulls and pushes. The kestrel lost his balance; and then the magpie gave one push more, and sent his victim toppling into the pail of water, from which he emerged flapping and screaming. But by that time the magpie had flown off and hidden himself in the haystack.

The tormentor, however, tried this trick once too often. One of the kestrels saw him coming, and catching him by the leg, gave it such a nip that Mr. Magpie squealed for help, and had to be rescued.

THE GOOD QUEEN.

"I will be good," said the Princess Victoria at the age of eleven, when she first learned that she was heir to the throne.

"It is because she has been good," says the *Montreal Star*, "that all the world loved her. Only those who met her could appreciate the charm of her personality, but all the world knew of her goodness. There exists almost everywhere in the United States a most bitter hostility to anything savouring of monarchy, and dislike of England is very general, but the Queen's name was always respectfully and even warmly greeted, not because she was Queen but because there is a general feeling that she was one of the best women that ever lived.

"There can be no doubt that the moral tone of the British Empire is higher because Queen Victoria has reigned over it so long and her influence for good has not been confined to the British Empire."

THE NEW QUEEN.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they have sustained in the person of Victoria, it is the knowledge that their new queen is, like her lamented mother-in-law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering; in one word, a sovereign both lovely and lovable.

The Queen of England, as she is now in truth, soon came to be queen in the hearts of the common people, who knew her for the personal interest she took in their welfare. Not merely columns, but volumes, can be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, generosity, and of tender consideration of others, which illustrate the sympathy which she felt and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspired.

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THE TRAVELLING MONKEY.

BY M. DOUGLASS.

My master grinds an organ,
And I pick up his money,
And when you see me doing it,
You call it very funny.

But, though I dance and caper, still
I feel at heart forlorn;
I wish I were in monkey land,
The place where I was born.

There grow the great green cocoanuts
Around the palm tree's crown;
I used to climb and pick them off
And hear them—crack!—come down.

There all day long the purple figs
Are dropping from the bough;
There hang the ripe bananas—O,
I wish I had some now!

I'd feast and feast and feast and feast,
And you should have a share;
How pleasant 'tis in monkey land!
O would that I were there!

On some tall tree top's highest bough,
So high the clouds would sail
Just over me, I wish that I
Were swinging by my tail.

I'd swing and swing and swing and
swing;
How merry that would be!
But—O!—a travelling monkey's life
Is very hard for me.

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON X. [June 9.

JESUS APPEARS TO PAUL.

Acts 22. 6-16. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26. 19.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who was Saul? A zealous Jew. Whom did he hate? Christians. What did he try to do? Get rid of them. What did he learn one day? That Jesus was still living. How did he learn it? Jesus spoke to him. Where was he going? What for? What stopped him? Who spoke to him? What did he say? What did Saul reply? What change did this make in Saul's life? He became one of the people whom he had hated and despised. What could he never doubt again? That Jesus rose from the dead. By what name was he called soon after this? Paul.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read a wonderful story. Acts 9. 1-12.
Tues. Read the story in the lesson verses. Acts 22. 6-16.
Wed. Find what Paul was called to do. Acts 26. 16.

Thur. Learn whom Paul saw that day. 1 Cor. 15. 8.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text and make it yours.
Sat. Learn what Paul found was true. 1 Tim. 1-15.
Sun. Tell the story of Paul's conversion to some one.

LESSON XI. [June 16.

JESUS APPEARS TO JOHN.

Rev. 1. 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.—Heb. 13. 8.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who was "the Beloved Disciple"? To what island was he sent? By whom? The enemies of Jesus. Why did they want to get rid of John? Because he led people to believe in Jesus. Where is the isle of Patmos? It is said to be in the Aegean Sea. What did John hear on the Lord's day? What is the meaning of "Alpha" and "Omega"? What did the voice tell John to write? To whom was he told to send it? Whom did John see in the midst of the golden candlesticks? "One like unto the Son of man." What did he say to John? "Fear not." What did he give him to do? To write the things which he should see and hear.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Rev. 1. 9-20.
Tues. Find how Paul had a vision. 1 Cor. 12. 2-4.
Wed. Read about a golden candlestick. Zech. 4. 2, 3.
Thur. Find why his vision was given. Rev. 1. 1.
Fri. Learn what should make us glad. Golden Text.
Sat. Find something to give courage. Verse 18.
Sun. Try to describe what John saw.

A WISE ANSWER.

A bright young man of wealth and social position, but with bad habits, recently asked a young woman to be his wife. Many girls would have felt flattered and have accepted him. Her answer was sharp and decided: "You say I have qualities you wish in the woman who is to be your wife. I do not know as to that. But there are habits I do not have, and I cannot accept a husband who has them. I do not smoke, or swear, or indulge in wine. I am not in debt. I do not spend my days in idleness or walking the streets with silly, unthinking girls, nor my nights with questionable associates. As you have most of these habits, I am not willing to become your wife. Nothing but misery could come of such a union." It was wisely thought and bravely spoken.—*California Independent.*

A KINDERGARTEN IN SMYRNA.

Miss Bartlett, our missionary in Smyrna, writes about her kindergarten like this. Does it sound like yours?

We had our kindergarten exhibition on Thursday and Friday, and I wish you could have been here. It was all in Armenian. Do you think you would have known what they were saying?

About one hundred people—fathers and mothers and friends—they came to see the little ones; and on the platform we had some "talks," some "gifts" and "occupations," some gymnastics, songs, and games. The babies' talk was on trees—about the nice shade they made for people, and what pretty homes they were for birds and a few animals. We asked the children what things they could think of that were made of trees. They spoke of houses, tables, chairs, and a good many other things. How many can you think of? Then they told all the fruits they could remember that grew on trees. Among others they spoke of a fruit-tree in the Bible that withered away because Jesus found no fruit on it. Then they recited this verse in concert:

We are vines, and God, our King,
Calls on us our fruit to bring;
This the fruit that we must bear—
Loving thought and loving prayer,
Loving word and loving deed,
Loving aid to all who need.

When they told about the winds blowing the leaves, they repeated the verse in Isaiah, "And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." You see this is a missionary kindergarten, so they use the Bible a great deal. I think you would be surprised to know how many kindergarten things there are in the Bible, if you should look for them.

The children of the second division were about five years old, and they had a Bible talk about Jairus' daughter, showing how Jesus loved the children. They repeated: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God." "And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them"—the very same lovely verses that you have, you see.

The class next older, zoology. They told about the deer, and recited, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." When they told a story about a busy ant, they said: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;" and "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

There are seventy little boys and girls in the Smyrna kindergarten.

The missionaries want a new house for their kindergarten and for the young ladies who are learning to be kindergarten teachers. We think the children would like to help build it—don't you?—*Mission Day-spring.*



GOOD MORNING.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Dear Aunt Jane: I've a very wonderful thing to tell you. I'm to be sent to Boston to school. You know how awfully I've wanted to go to school. Mother and father have taught me all they could, but that's not much. Father said he'd send me away to school if the fishing was good last year, but it wasn't, and I had cried lots about it.

Well, one night there was an awful storm. You know there's an awfully dangerous bar out a little way from the island, and ships break all to pieces if they can't keep off it.

The night of the storm we were all asleep, when there came a great noise at the door.

"Captain Nokes, there's a big steamer on the bar. Come out and help save the crew," some one said.

It was an awful storm; and we couldn't be willing to let him go, but he shook us off, and said that he must do his duty. So he went; and we watched and prayed.

He got back after four hours, and all he

had saved was a baby girl. She had nothing on but a night-dress.

Of course we kept the child, although I knew that I couldn't go to school. The money father had saved for me had to go for clothes and food for that child.

It was a dear little thing, and I grew really fond of it, and glad to give up school for its sake.

We had her nine months, when her father came for her. His wife and child were on the steamer, and it was told him that every soul was lost. Nine months after, a sailor told him about father, and how brave and good he was, and about his saving the child. The gentleman came to see if the child could be his, and it was.

He is going to send me to school in Boston, and then to college, if I want to go. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Just think how good God has been to me, when I was so selfish that I had to fight to be willing to let father keep that poor little child. It has taught me a lesson.

Your loving niece,
SADIE NOKES.

Nantucket, March 1.

ON DUTY.

"O wild rose by the wayside,
How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty
Or praise your petals fair?
Your sisters in the garden
We cultivate with care;
But dusty and neglected,
How can you blossom there?"

"Ah, foolish little maiden,
The Master set me here!
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.
'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please him;
The Master set me here."

O could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what he sends us,
But only to obey.

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

A Hindoo was one day writing letters, with the doors all open because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindoo gentleman to see a friend on business. He rose to settle the business, and calling the child outside, said: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold fast till I come back."

Many Hindoo children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did as he was told. As he stood with his hand on his father's papers he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof, then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as minutes went by he became so tired, though he kept changing the hand, and many a little sigh and big yawn said plainly, "I wish that father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child he supposed that some of the servants would go and put away his papers. When he came back at last, and saw the dear little thing still there, patiently standing, he snatched him up, feeling that he could not love him enough for his obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till he comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as a Hindoo child did to his.

Charlie, I will tell you how you can be useful. You can pick up a pin from the floor; play with your little sister; can tell mamma when the baby cries; reach the stool, that she may put her foot on it; hold the cotton when she winds it; teach a little child his letters; and make your mother happy by being a good boy.