

SUNBEAM

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SUMMER IN SWEDEN.

The farm-folk of Sweden in the summer send their cattle to the upland pastures, and send with them their sons and daughters to care for them and perform the dairy work. These live in little thatched houses called "saeters," the sleeping rooms being generally small apartments under the roof over the cattle byres. Their summer life in the mountains is varied by midsummer and saint's day festivals, when the lads and lasses get out their holiday attire and have a rustic holiday. The costumes of the girls are often very picturesque and beautiful, with embroidered sleeves and jackets and a profusion of inexpensive jewellery. I do not know whether the young girl in the engraving knows what a pretty picture she makes framed in the little window. I have no doubt that she does. Many of these Swedish girls in country parsonages and farm-houses are remarkably well educated and speak two or three languages, and are, perhaps more familiar with the best English literature than many young people of their own age in either Great Britain or Canada.

DILLY-DALLY.

Dilly-Dally was almost seven years old.



A SWEDISH GIRL.

See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O, Dilly-Dally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't you

spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter! I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble came afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast and heard a sweet note that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute.

"Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again, but this time Mister Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O, Dilly-Dally!" cried his mother; "where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a

piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything! It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother sor-

rowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dilly-Dally says he is going to. How do you suppose he will do it?

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Sunbeam.

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DAILY RELIGION.

The other day I came across a little book, out of which I read a few sentences. I read the title page, and it was this: "Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." Then I read the last page, and it was stated that, when this man died, they put on his tombstone that which he had requested—"Hiram Goff, a Shoemaker by the Grace of God." I looked to see what was in the middle of the book, and I read that a young stripling of a minister, who had just come to be pastor in the town, went down to talk with Hiram, because he had heard that he was a spiritual man, and he said, "Mr. Goff;" and Mr. Goff said: "Don't call me Mr. Goff; call me Hiram."

"Well, Hiram," said the minister, "I have come to talk with you about the things of God, and I am very glad that a man can be in a humble occupation and still be a godly man."

The shoemaker stopped, looked up at him and said: "Don't call this occupation humble."

The minister thought he had made a mistake, and he said: "Excuse me; I did not mean to reflect on what you do for a living."

Hiram replied: "You didn't hurt me, but I was afraid you might have hurt the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as your making a sermon. I believe that when I

come to stand before the throne of God, he is going to say to you: 'What kind of sermons did you make?' And he is going to say: 'What kind of shoes did you make down on earth?' And he is going to say: 'What kind of shoes did you make?' Now, if I make better shoes than you make sermons, I will have a better place in the kingdom of God."

Here, thought I, as I closed the little book, is a splendid text on daily religion. O that we each strove to perform every duty of common life "as in the great Taskmaster's eye!"

THE SKY TELEGRAM.

A gentleman, while buying a paper from a newsboy one day, said to him: "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?"

"Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I; but I have found out how to get help. Do you want to know how?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then just send a telegram."

The boy looked up in amazement.

The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger, and said: "What do you do in there?"

"Think," said the boy.

"Well, can God see what you think?"

"I suppose he can."

"Yes, he can and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, just send a sky telegram this way: Just think this thought quickly. 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it, and send help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on the street, who rushed up to him and said: "Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been doing that than I ever did before."

A LITTLE RAG-PICKER.

A heap of little bits of calico and linen lay just ahead of Phenie's broom. It was a very cunning new broom, and it swept as clean as new brooms always do. The sitting-room had to be swept a good many times in a day, for Miss Poor, the dress-maker, was there, snipping and making all the litter she could—so Phenie thought. But she liked to sweep it up very well indeed.

"I'd pick those pieces out and save them out for paper-rags," said Aunt Anna, coming in just at that minute.

"There's such a little of 'em," said Phenie. "I don't believe it's a cent's worth. I want to sweep the veranda, too."

So Phenie fidgeted for a minute with her new broom, and when she found Aunt Anna didn't say any more she left the bits of cotton in a corner of the wide brick hearth, and went out to sweep the veranda

floor. And when she went in again the rags were all out of the way.

All through the summer there were a good many bits of cloth and paper to pick up; but Phenie didn't touch them very often. There was always such a little and she didn't like to anyway. But in the fall a tin-peddler drove up to the door in a shiny green cart, lettered with gold: and among other beautiful things he had some little tin pails, painted and lettered, too.

"O auntie!" screamed Phenie in the greatest delight, "can't I have one?"

"Thirty cents, only," said the peddler.

After one look at Aunt Anna's face, Phenie felt, with a dreadful sinking of her heart, that he might as well have said thirty dollars.

"I'll take rags," said the peddler, swinging one of the pails on his finger; "four cents a pound."

Aunt Anna's eyes began to laugh.

"Have you got any rags, Phenie?" she asked.

"No'm," said Phenie, solemnly.

"If you had only saved them, Phenie!"

"But there was such a little," said Phenie.

Aunt Anna laughed. Then she brought in from behind the shed door a bag stuffed full of rags.

"Here they are, Phenie," she said.

Phenie opened her eyes, and the peddler began to laugh. In a minute he had weighed the rags. "The pail's yours," he said, "and two cents over. Many a little makes a deal, little girl. Now, I'm coming round again next spring. Can't you save some rags for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Phenie, hugging the pail with her two jingling coppers.

EASTER MORNING.

O lilies sweet, O lilies rare,
Why stand ye here so tall and fair,
Breathing such fragrance on the air
Upon this Easter morning?
The earth is covered warm and deep
To keep all other flowers asleep;
It is not time for you to rise;
Did you fall out of paradise?

Not so, sweet child, our home is here.
We bloom for you through all the year,
To keep the breath of heaven near
Upon an Easter morning.
We are the sign of that sweet One,
Who, when his life of pain was done,
Gave us a home in heaven above,
Where all is peace and light and love.

The story's old, the story's new;
We bloom for you the whole year through
To bring its lesson home to you
Upon an Easter morning.

Be sweet, be pure, and lift your voice
With all who do this day rejoice,
For that new life that never dies,—
A life with Him in Paradise.

EASTER EVERYWHERE.

'Tis Easter in the garden beds,
Beneath the fertile mould
The daffodil and buttercups
Are hiding heads of gold.

'Tis Easter, where, on slender spires
Of hyacinthine bells,
Their pink and purple censers swing
On tiny pedicels.

'Tis Easter, where the pansy blooms
Rise, smiling, from the dead;
Where lilies-of-the-valley droop
Each chasie and chalice head;

Where violets blink, where tulips glow
And golden cinquefoil creeps,
'Tis Easter in the flower world—
Wake, everything that sleeps!

For Easter music's on the breeze,
A gloria in the air,
A symphony of soft south winds—
Te Deums everywhere!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VI.—MAY 6.

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Matt. 13. 24-30, 36-43. Memory verse, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall
he also reap.—Gal. 6. 7.

LESSON STORY.

The kingdom of Heaven, Jesus said, is like unto a man who sowed good seed in his field. But in the night, when no one was watching, an evil person came and sowed tares. When the good seed began to put forth little shoots the tares did also. The servants were told not to touch the field lest they tore up good grain with the tares. When harvest time came the two would be separated.

Jesus said this parable meant that the sower of the good seed is the Son of man. The field is the world, the harvest is the end of the world. The sower of tares is the devil, and the reapers are the angels. The tares or those who followed the evil one shall be burned. But those who were good shall be taken to be for ever with their Heavenly Father, in a glorious kingdom of light and joy.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the Kingdom of Heaven likened to? A man who sowed good seed in his field.
2. Who is the sower? The Son of man.

3. Who soweth the tares? The evil one.
4. What is the field? The world.
5. Who are the good seed? Children of Righteousness.
6. Who are the tares? Children of wickedness.
7. What is the harvest? The end of the world.
8. Who are the reapers? The angels.

LESSON VII.—MAY 13.

A FIERCE DEMONIAK HEALED.

Mark 5. 1-20. Memory verse, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee.—Mark. 5. 19.

LESSON STORY.

This is a strange story of how Jesus healed the poor man who was tormented with devils. He was a poor crazy fellow for whom nobody could do anything. They had tried to chain him, but he always broke loose. He lived in a wild, dreary place among the rocks by the sea shore. There were sorts of caves where people buried their dead.

When the poor demoniac saw Jesus he cried out and ran and worshipped him. He said he was possessed with hundreds of devils and prayed Jesus to cast them into the swine. This was done. The man was saved from his torments. Then the swine tore off madly to the sea and were drowned. When the news of this great change to the mad man came to be known many went out to see and were amazed to find him clothed and in his right mind. Jesus bade him go home and tell his people what the Lord had done for him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who met Jesus when he got out of the ship? A poor crazy man.
2. Where did he live? In caves by the sea shore.
3. Was he dangerous? Yes, no one could chain him.
4. What happened him? Jesus cast the evil spirits out of him.
5. Where did they go? Into the swine.
6. What did the man then do? Praised God and told what he had done for him.

RUTH'S RUNAWAY.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

Mother had gone away to nurse Aunt Edith, who was ill, and little Ruth was left with Jennie, her nurse, whom she had always loved dearly. But Ruth was a wilful little maiden sometimes, and to-day, because Jennie would not let her go barefooted in the grass, as she wanted to do, she said she was going to have a new nurse, right away, before mother came home. She repeated this to Jennie when

Jennie put her to bed, but Jennie only smiled as she tucked in the sheet.

It was very early to go to bed, Ruth thought. The sun had not gone to bed yet, and why should she? She didn't like Jennie, and she was going to have somebody else, and she was going out in her bare feet whenever she wanted to. All of a sudden a beautiful idea struck her. She would go out right now in her bare feet, and look for a new nurse.

It did not take long after that for Ruth to put on her clothes. Of course they weren't all on right, but Ruth was satisfied, though she couldn't button them as Jennie did, she knew. Downstairs she crept, her little pink toes making no noise at all. The side door was open and nobody was about. How easy it all was.

"I'll go down the road to the store," said Ruth to herself, as she trotted through the gate and out into the lane. At the store her mother could always get every thing, and why could not she get a new nurse there? Ruth went on boldly and reached the road, where a man was driving along with his waggon heaped with hay. He looked curiously at the little figure, with its bare feet.

"Where are you going, little girl?" he called out in a big, kind voice.

"I'm going to get a new nurse at the store," said Ruth. She was in such a hurry that she could not stop to talk to him, but went on fast down the road, while the man stopped his horse and turned to look after her with great interest, for he had a little girl of his own at home. Just then Ruth stepped right on a sharp-edged stone that hurt one of her small pink toes very much indeed, and brought tears to the chubby cheeks.

"Oh-oo-oo!" she wailed; "I want Jennie! Where's Jennie? I've hurted my foot!" and sob followed sob, until the kind man, who had left his waggon at the first cry, picked her up and sat her in the middle of the soft hay and comforted her. "I'll take you to Jennie right away, if you'll tell me where she lives," he said.

"Right in there," sobbed Ruth, pointing into the lane. "She's my nurse. I want her!"

It didn't take five minutes after that to have her safe in Jennie's arms. "It seemed as if this young lady changed her mind mighty sudden," said the man to Jennie, as he lifted Ruth out of the hay. "She was out hunting a new nurse, she said, but she doesn't want anybody but you just now. Her foot isn't hurt much, is it?"

"Just a scratch," said Jennie, patting the little instep as she made ready to bind up the injured toe. But the scratch hurt a good deal that night, so that Ruth never teased to go barefoot again, and she thinks that perhaps nurses know more than little girls do sometimes.



FEEDING THE GULLS.

FEEDING THE GULLS.

Gulls are groups of seabirds, belonging to the genus *Larus* or *Linnaeus*, of which there are forty-nine species. Some of the species are distinguished by their size, others by their color, the shape of their tails, wings, or feet, and one especially is distinguished from all the others by their unselfishness. As soon as one of the birds of that species see anything to eat, it immediately give a peculiar cry, which at once summons all the others to come and partake too. I think this is the species shown in the picture, for see how they are coming from all directions to get the food offered by the young lady.

ONE LITTLE TONGUE.

"Hi! Whose horse and buggy is that at Sampson's gate?"

Little Stella must have been asking this question of herself, for there was nobody else in sight.

Stella had just crept through the bars that separated the lot belonging to her house from a grassy lane that opened upon the village street.

"That must be the doctor's buggy," Stella went on. "I wonder who is sick at Sampson's."

On she went, through the lane and down the paved street. Presently she met Mammy Jane, an old colored woman who went about nursing.

"Are you going to Sampson's, Mammy Jane?" Stella asked.

"No, chile; I gwine to Miss Petsey Poultney's. What mek you ax me dat?"

"O, I saw the doctor's buggy at the door, and I thought somebody must be sick," said Stella.

"You don't say! It mus' be ole Miss Sampson; she berry feeble."

Stella went on to Sib Lacy's, and forgot about the Sampsons. Mammy Jane went on, too; and before she reached Miss Petsey's gate she hailed a black man with an axe on his shoulder.

"Hey, Sam!" she called out, for she was not very near. "Ole Miss Sampson must be took sick; doctor's buggy standin' at de do'."

"You don't temme so!" answered Sam.

I do not know how many more people heard and told that tale, but it travelled

several miles, and soon it got to Joe Sampson's ears, and by that time it was a very large tale indeed, and there were two doctor's buggies in it.

Joe was building a barn on Mr. Moore's farm, and had several men working under him; but, of course, Joe dropped everything and went home. He found that nobody was sick at his house. No doctor had been there, only a man who wanted to sell sewing-machines.

All this came from one little tongue telling what its owner did not know.

A LIBRARY BOOK'S PLEA.

"Once on a time" a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stopped; and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help to keep me fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

STOP THE BAD ONES.

"I don't mean to say naughty things," said Edie. "but when I feel that way the cross words run right into my throat, and they have to come out, 'r else I'd choke."

"No," answered mother, "you must learn to shut your lips and keep them back. If you don't speak them, they'll by and by stop coming."

Edie thought a minute. "O, I know," she said. "When my kitty came here to live she thought she could jump right through the window, but when she bumped her head against the glass two or three times she stopped trying. The cross words'll be just like kitty. I must let them bump their heads against my teeth."