

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1902.

No. 11.

AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:

"Are you not now employed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you wish to change?"

"Oh, I want an easier place."

We had not a place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands. They want easy work, and are afraid of earning more than their wages.

They have strength enough to be out late at nights, to indulge in vices and habits which debilitate them; they have strength enough to waste on wine, or beer, or tobacco, all of which leave them weaker than before; they have strength enough to run, and leap, and wrestle, but they think they have not the strength to do hard work.

Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard, places; bend yourself to the task of showing how much you can do.

Make yourself serviceable to your employer, at whatever cost of your own personal ease; and if you do this he will soon find that he cannot spare you, and when you have learned how to do work you may be set to teach others, and so, when the easy



READY FOR A RIDE.

places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning, of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted; and a man who is bound to have an easy place now may as well understand that the grave is about

sun grew quite warm, and Baby Crocus was quite wide awake, the straw was taken off. Then a tiny little green hand was thrust out of each little cradle. Old Mother Rose was kept busy feeding each waking baby with a kind of juice which she brought up from the ground in some

the only easy place within the reach of lazy people.

CRADLES.

Last fall when the cold frosts came one brave little bud that was trying to be a rose grew quite black and fell off the stem. Very soon the leaves fell, too, and the children all said, "This frost has killed the rosebush." They did not know that there were baby roses snugly sleeping on the old rosebush.

If they had looked closely they would have found tiny little brown cradles, quite different from the one in which Baby Crocus took her winter nap. They were made of a good many layers of something like a very thin, tough brown paper. The whole was made snug by these layers being stuck tightly together.

When the weather grew very, very cold, the gardener then covered Mother Rosebush, Baby Rose, cradle and all with a warm coat of straw. When the spring

wonderful way. Then the babies grew stronger, and stretched a great many green hands out to the sun and air.

At last, one June morning, a sweet little pink face, all washed in dew, was lifted up, and the children said, "Why, the rosebush is not dead! Here is the sweetest rose that ever was seen!"

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly	Sub's
Christian Guardian, weekly	3 25	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 31, 1902.

JACK'S TEXT-BOOK.

"He is the dearest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailors' boarding-house; "as quiet and mannerly as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clear worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house, before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman, when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you. Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?" She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack. "My mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said that it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained; but the thoughtful face, good

manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention. "If it's the book that makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself. "Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye, "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys, it must be good for older folks too."

Jack had never thought of being an example, but he surely must have felt glad and thankful in having led any one to read the pages which point the way to eternal life.—*Selected.*

KEEP YOUR LIGHT BURNING.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to climb a long, winding stairway. "Where are you going?" said the taper. "Away high up," said the man. "to the very top of the house where we sleep."

"And what are you going to do there?" said the taper.

"I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbour is," said the man. "For we stand here at the entrance to the harbour, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for lights even now."

"Alas! no ship could ever see my light," said the little taper, "it is so very small."

"If your light is small," said the man, "keep it burning bright, and leave the rest to me."

Then when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, he took the little taper and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there, with their polished reflectors behind them.

You who think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with it? Shine—and leave the rest to him.—*The Well'spring.*

BEAUTIFUL FEET.

"What ugly feet!" said one little girl of another of about her own age, who just then was passing the window.

"I think that Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in town," said the girl's mother.

"O mamma, how can you say so? Just look at the big, horrid things!"

"Beautiful feet are those that go Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow."

Now, Caroline's feet are carrying her on a kind errand. Sometimes it is to read to poor old blind Peggie; sometimes to amuse blind Tom; sometimes to invite children to the Sabbath-school; often to save her mother some tiresome steps. I think that Jesus must think her feet beautiful, for he says: "How beautiful are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings."—*Olive Plants.*

LEANING ON JESUS.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," she said smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let me go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied, quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We, too, shall all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

WHO WAS GENEROUS?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. "Mo' pud! mo' pud!" he said. "There isn't any more, dear," mamma answered gently.

"He can have mine," Alec cried generously; "all of it."

"An' mine too," cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

"He can have half o' mine," little Elsie said slowly, pushing her saucer across too.

"That will be just about enough, Elsie," said mamma, dividing the pudding and giving baby half. "Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't."

After dinner Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock.

"She didn't say 'thank you' to us, an' we gave baby the whole o' ours," remarked Alec in a dissatisfied tone.

"No, she never: I think 'twas most mean," cried Beth.

"Elsie gave just half, and she ate up the rest—so there."

"Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'; I didn't want a single bite of mine."

"Nor me either; I 'spise it."

Mamma was at the nursery window putting the baby to sleep. She heard the scornful little voices, and smiled. You see, she had known all the time that Alec and Beth "spised rice pudding;" and she had known, too, how much, how very much, little Elsie liked it. That was why she had thanked Elsie.—*Selected.*

THOUGHTS OF GOD.

God is in heaven. Can he hear
A little prayer like mine?
Yes, that he can; I need not fear;
He'll listen unto mine.

God is in heaven. Can he see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that he can; he looks at me
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven. Would he know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, though I said it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven. Does he care
Or is he good to me?
Yes, all I have to eat or wear
'Tis God that gives it me.

God is in heaven. May I go
To thank him for his care?
Not yet; but love him here below,
And he will see it there.
—Ann Taylor.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON X. [June 8.

THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

Acts 15. 22-23. Memorize verses 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Stand fast therefore in the liberty
wherewith Christ hath made us free.—
Gal. 5. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What were the Gentile Christians troubled about? Keeping the law of Moses. What did some Jewish Christians think? That they should all be circumcised. What took the place of this in the Christian Church? Baptism. What did they do? They sent Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem. What was done there? They talked with the apostles there about their troubles. How did they settle them? They wrote a letter to the Antioch Christians. Who carried it to them? Judas Barsabas and Silas. Did Paul and Barnabas also go back? Yes. What did the letter ask them to do? Two or three necessary things only. What law is above the law of Moses? The law of love. Where is this law written? In the Word of God, and on true and loving hearts. What does Jesus say about this great law of love? (Read Matt. 22. 37-40.)

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 15. 22-33.

Tues. Read Peter's speech. Acts. 15. 7-11.

Wed. Find what James said. Acts 15. 13-21.

Thur. Learn the only way of salvation. Golden Text.

Fri. Learn who is the end of the law. Rom. 10. 4.

Sat. Find the difference between law and faith. Gal. 2. 16.

Sun. Find the law of love. Luke 10. 27.

LESSON XI. [June 15.

PAUL CROSSES TO EUROPE.

Acts 16. 6-15. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt be his witness unto all men.—Acts 22. 15.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who travelled with Paul through Asia? Silas and Timothy. Which Asia was it? Asia Minor (Little Asia). Who was Timothy? A young man from Lystra. What did Paul call him? His son. Where did the Lord lead them? Through Asia to Troas. Where was Troas? On the shore of the Aegean Sea. What country lay across this little sea? Macedonia, in Greece. Who joined them at Troas? Luke. Whom did Paul see in a vision? A man of that country. What did he want Paul to do? To come over and help them. Did Paul go? Yes. How? By ship to Neapolis, and then by land to Philippi. Who was their first convert in Philippi? Lydia. Who opened Lydia's heart? The Lord. Who wrote the story of the Acts? Luke.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 16. 6-15.

Tues. Trace Paul's journey on the map.

Wed. Read of another man who saw a vision. Acts 10. 30.

Thur. Learn how God sometimes speaks. Job 33. 15-16.

Fri. Read what Paul said about this journey. 1 Cor. 2. 12-16.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Find a proof of Lydia's wisdom. Heb. 13. 2.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother, who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go home and visit her sick baby; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child at its grandmother's while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if Mary had not offered to attend the door while she went away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of

pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business. She gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and, when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—*Christian Observer.*

GINGERBREAD LAND.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

Did you ever go to Gingerbread Land?
A wonderful country, I understand!
A spicy fragrance is in the air,
And children are glad to visit there.
There are gingerbread houses on Gingerbread Street,
And all of them look as if good to eat;
And gingerbread men, in this queer little town,
And gingerbread horses, all yellow-brown.

But, hark! every Christmas a hungry band
Devour all the houses in Gingerbread Land,
And all of the horses, and all of the men;
And wish it would soon be Christmas again!

THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him; the boy who is careful of his sister is a knight; the boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honour to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows; the boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong; and the boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself loved by others.—*Selected.*

TELL MAMMA.

What was the matter with little Molly, the sunshine of the kindergarten?

"I want to run home and tell mamma I'm sorry," she sobbed. "I can't be happy, because I ran away from her with Effie Gray while she was getting ready to bring me to kindergarten."

So Miss Alice tied on Molly's little white bonnet, and sent the maid home with her.

"I saw you with Effie, dear, so I didn't worry," said Molly's mamma; "but you did wrong, and I'm glad you came to tell mamma about it."

When Molly came back she was the dear little sunshine of the kindergarten again. It's always best to tell mamma, isn't it?—*Sunbeam.*



LEARNING TO SEW.

A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

I wonder how I'd like it,
And I wonder who I'd be,
Supposing I was somebody else,
And somebody else was me!

I wonder, I just wonder,
What boy I'd like to be;
Supposing I didn't like him
When he found that he was me!

—St. Nicholas.

PUSSY'S PUNISHMENT.

BY ELLA B. BARNETT.

I knew such a nice little girl named Kate, but she had one fault, and a very bad one, too. She had a very bad temper, and, instead of trying to conquer it, she allowed it almost to conquer her. Indeed, I think it would have quite mastered her, had not her old friend, Pussy, come to her aid.

One day Kate was playing around the kitchen, while her mother was baking cookies. As Kate, like most little girls, was fond of good things, her mother gave her first one and then another. These were shared with an old cat, Kate's only pet, which lay on the lounge.

When Kate and Pussy had finished eating their cookies, they thought that they would like another. So Kate went over to her mother, saying, "Mother, may pussy and I have another?" "No, my dear, you have had enough; too many cookies are not good for Kate." But Kate did not think so. So she told Pussy; but Pussy said, "Purr, purr, purr," as much as to say, "Mother knows best." But Kate did not stay beside Pussy. She went to the farthest corner of the lounge, and spoiled her pretty lips, and good temper, too, by pouting.

After a while, back she went to her mother, and again asked for another cookie. This time her mother said "No," very firmly. Kate then knew that she would get no more, and what do you suppose this naughty little girl did? She threw herself, face downward, on the floor, and began to kick and cry.

Now, as I have told you, Pussy was an old cat. She did not like to frolic about as kittens do, but it was her delight to lie quietly on the lounge while Kate stroked her. Neither did she like to be carried about in Kate's arms. Indeed, there were a great many things Pussy did not like. She particularly disliked to hear Kate cry; it seemed to annoy her. So what did

she do on this day but jump from the lounge, hurry to where Kate was, and with a "mew, mew," bite her naughty mistress on the ear.

With a spring Kate was on her feet, too surprised to cry. She felt her ear, and then looked at her fingers, but no, there was no blood. Pussy knew just how hard to bite.

Kate looked at her mother, who was quietly looking on. "Mother must whip Pussy," suggested Kate. "Oh, no," answered the mother, "Pussy did quite right."

Kate walked away ashamed, and never again did Pussy attempt to bite her little mistress, whom she loved; and never again did Kate annoy her by lying kicking and crying on the floor.

Campbellford, Ont.

TWO WAYS OF GIVING.

"If I could find a dollar,"
Said little Tommy Gill,
"A-layin' in a pig's track
Or rollin' up a hill,
I'd send it to the heathen
As fast as it could go,
For they are needing money;
My teacher told me so."

"I can give a penny now,"
Said little Willie Poole,
"And that will buy a paper
To start a Sunday-school.
I'd better give a penny,
And give it right away,
Than wait to find a dollar
To give another day."

So Willie gave his penny;
A-wish gave Tommy Gill.
Now which saw his dollar first
Go rolling up the hill?

"FATHER'S PET."

John Hodge was a hard-working man. He never was rich nor learned, but he was happy. He had no houses nor gold to call his own, but he had a treasure that no money could buy. He called that treasure "Father's Pet." She was his little daughter, who loved him as he loved her. Every day she carried his dinner to him; every night she watched for him to come home. She sung for him and read to him. She was gentle and obedient, and was bright and warm as sunshine in his house.

One day, when some man grumbled because rich men could have some things poor men could not get, John Hodge said: "I thank God for things that are better than gold can buy, and that I can have as well as the squire."

"Why, what are they?" asked the other?

"Sunshine, and flowers blooming, and plenty of love at home, and such a gift as 'Father's pet,'" said John Hodge.