

SUNBEAM

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No. 3.

WHAT IS IT?

The dog and the cat in the picture are eagerly trying to find out what the strange creature their young master holds in his hands really is. If it only gets a nip at them they will soon find out.

her little fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the hall, and began to cry.

ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe," and her mother went downstairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room, and shut the door.

O, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table!—for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came upstairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him, said: "O, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said: "Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran downstairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said with a tear in her eye: "Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out, and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards; and

"please" made the little girl a great many friends.

Never neglect to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

KITTY AND

"PLEASE."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command every unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or "Please to do this," or "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "Do this," or "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my papa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the house, and did not immediately come to her help.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said: "Say 'please,'

Kitty, and Bridget will put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but



WHAT IS IT?

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into her room. "Ask her, my child."

But Kitty looked "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner-bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can

"please" made the little girl a great many friends.

WHAT THE BABY BEAR SAW.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"I've seen such a terrible beast, papa,
When out in the woods at play,
With never a nose and never a claw!"
Said the Baby Bear one day.

"It walked on its hind legs all the time,
And its face was white as white!
It carried a stick that banged and
smoked,
And I hid in the bush in fright.

"But when it had gone and I could
come out,
You'd better believe I ran!"
The old bear laughed till the chimney
shook,
"That beast, my son, was a man!"

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Sunbeam.

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HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A little girl that I knew once brought a bag without a string to her mother to have one supplied. The mother agreed to do it, and threading a bodkin with a string, began to push it through the hem. The child had expected her mother to sew the string on each side of the bag like a handle, and when she saw the bodkin and string both disappearing inside the hem, she was puzzled and distressed. She watched it a moment, and then plaintively said: "I think my mamma might put a string to my bag, when she said she would." The mother looked up reassuringly from her work, and said: "Do not be troubled, darling; I am putting the string in all right."

The child watched silently for a few more moments, and still no sign of the string appearing, as it was a little difficult to push through the narrow hem, the tears

began to gather, and again the plaintive voice whispered: "I thought my mamma was a good mamma, and knew how to put on strings."

This time the mother saw that there was a real need of comfort, and she explained more fully. "See, darling," she said, "I do know how to put a string to a bag, and this is the best way. Just trust me, and wait, and it will come out right."

The child waited and in a few moments the string was pushed through, a knot was tied, and the bag hung triumphantly on the little arm. The child looked thoughtfully at it, and then said: "Oh, I see! It is just like Jesus. We give him something to do, and he doesn't seem to be doing it right, and we are just going to worry; and then we think, 'Oh, Jesus knows how,' and we just trust him, and wait, and it comes out all right at last."

JOHNNIE AND THE GATE.

"I want you to do an errand for me, Johnny."

"Where, mother?"

"Over to Mrs. Root's. Here is a note for her. Put it in your pocket."

Johnny set out on his errand, soon arriving at Mrs. Root's gate. But here he found trouble. The latch on the gate was so tightly caught that he could not open it. With all his might he tugged at it, but his small hands were not strong enough. What did he do? Turn about and go home again with his errand undone? No; Johnny was not that kind of a boy. He had been sent to give that note to Mrs. Root, and he meant to do it. He tried to climb over the gate, but it was too high. Then he looked about him. The gate belonging to the next house was low. He was an active little fellow, and could easily climb that. So he did. Then he walked carefully along the fence, until he came to the board wall which divided Mrs. Root's lot from this one. There was a ledge along it. He climbed on this, then hung by his hands and dropped into Mrs. Root's yard. Coming out, he found it easy to open the gate.

Within sight of the gate there was a tiny park with seats under the trees. As Johnny started for home, he saw his father sitting on one of them. "How long have you been here, father?" he asked.

"About ten minutes," said his father.

"Did you see what a time I had getting into Mrs. Root's?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't come to open the gate for me!" said Johnny, feeling a little injured.

"No; because I was thinking of the times when I shouldn't be with you, and you would have to make your own way, just as you did now."

"But I don't go to Mrs. Root's very often. Perhaps I shan't go there again for a great while, and perhaps the gate will be fixed then."

"I mean, my boy, that I was thinking of the times which will come to you, as you go on in life, when they will seem hard for you, and you will have to work it out alone. Now, God has given you your strong, active body and your bright mind, and he expects you to use them. When you cannot do a thing one way by the powers of your body, you call on the powers of your mind to tell you of some other way, just as you did in getting into Mrs. Root's yard when you could not open the gate."

"Yes, I had to think it out," said Johnny, brightly.

"I was much pleased at seeing that you did not give it up when you met with a difficulty. A boy who brings his best thought and power to the overcoming of an obstacle will be sure to make his way."

A chaplain related the story of a little girl who, when told that her father had gone to heaven, asked her mother if she had not better begin to pack up too, and get ready to go. A soldier heard it, and said: "I am glad you told us that story about packing up; it made the thing so plain to me. I haven't much learning, and I haven't tried to understand these things much; but now I see through it all. I want you to help me pack up. Pray with me, chaplain." While prayer was being offered, the earnest heart cried out: "Oh do, Lord, help me! help me!" The Holy Spirit was there. This poor man cried and the Lord heard him; and with a face radiant with joy, he said: "I am happy now; I have found Jesus." "What of your body?" one asked. "Are you suffering now?" He had been shot through the right shoulder and left leg, and had an arm taken off. "Oh," said he, "my wounds are nothing now. I can bear them all. I have peace within."

WHAT WINS.

The world has full many a hero;
Go read what those heroes have done,
And you'll find that though oft they were
baffled,

They kept up their courage and won.
They never lost courage in failure,
Giving up as the weak-hearted will,
But said: "We will try and keep trying,
And conquer all obstacles still."

And this they have done the world over.
Their tasks were accomplished at last
By often-repeated endeavour.

The young oak may bend to the blast,
But it springs to its place when it passes,
And grows to new strength every day,
And in time it stands firm in the tempest
Whose wrath whirls the tall pines away.

Defeat makes a man more persistent,
If the right kind of courage be his;
He determines to conquer and does it,
And this is what heroism is.
Strive on with a patient endeavour;
The steadfast of purpose will win.
Defeat comes to-day, but to-morrow
May usher the glad triumph in.

WINDING UP TIME.

BY HANNAH B. GAGE.

A wee brown maid on the doorstep sat,
Her small face hid 'neath a wide-brimmed hat;

A broken clock on her baby knee
She wound with an ancient, rusty key.

"What are you doing, my pretty one?
Playing with Time?" I asked in fun,
Large and wise were the soft, dark eyes
Lifted to mine in grave surprise.

"It's windin' him up to make him go,
For he's so dreffull poky and slow."
Winding up Time? Ah, baby mine,
How crawl these lengthened moments of thine!

How sadly goes the staid old man!
But he has not changed since the work began.
He does not change; but in after years,
When he mingles our cup of joy with tears,

And duties are many and pleasures fleet,
And the way grows rough 'neath our tired feet;
When the day is too short for its crowd of cares,
And night surprises us unawares.

We do not wish to hurry his feet,
But find his going all too fleet,
Ah, baby mine, some future day
You will throw that rusty key away.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS

LESSON VII. [Feb. 17.]

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Matt. 26. 17-30 Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22. 29.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was the passover eaten? In an upper room in Jerusalem. When? Thursday night, before Jesus was crucified on Friday. Which of the disciples prepared the supper? John and Peter. What did Jesus say at the table? Whom did he mean? Judas. Did Judas know this? Yes, for Jesus told him. (John 13. 26, 27) What did Judas then do? He went out to betray his Lord. What did Jesus say of the bread they were eating? What did he call the wine? What do we call this supper? The Lord's Supper. By what other name is it sometimes called? The Communion, which means "sharing together." Of what is it a sign? That we remember Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the passover supper. Exod. 12. 3-11.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. Matt. 26. 17-30.
- Wed. Find how Luke tells the story. Luke 22. 8-20.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text. Luke 22. 19.
- Fri. Find of what the supper reminds us. 1 Cor. 11. 26.
- Sat. Learn what the supper teaches us. John 13. 34. 35.
- Sun. Read Hymn 836, in the Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 24.]

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26. 36-46. Memory verses, 39-41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not my will, but Thine, be done.—Luke 22. 42.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where did Jesus and the disciples go from the passover supper? [Trace the way on the map] What beautiful garden is on the mountain side? Gethsemane. Had Jesus been there before? Yes, many times. What made Jesus sad that night? He knew that great sorrow was before him. What did he tell the disciples? That they would forsake him. What did Peter say? That he would die for Jesus. What did he ask the disciples to do that night? To watch while he prayed. Did they do this? No, they went to sleep. Why did this grieve him? It showed that they did not understand him. How did Jesus pray? With loving submission to God's will. For whom did Jesus bear all this pain and sorrow? For us. What does this lesson teach us? To watch and pray.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses slowly. Matt. 26. 36-46.
- Tues. Read the same story told by Luke. Luke 22. 39-46.
- Wed. Find another time when Jesus was troubled. John 12. 27.
- Thur. Learn from Luke how great was his grief. Luke 22. 44.
- Fri. Learn in what spirit to pray. Golden Text.
- Sat. Find a prophecy fulfilled. Isa. 53. 3, 4.
- Sun. Learn a text about watching. Mark 13. 37.

"YOU CAN'T SCOOT."

She was a child of the slums; a ragged, unkempt, forlorn little girl about ten years of age. Some one had given her a penny, and she had hurried away to the penny store, and had there purchased a long stick of striped red-and-white candy. She was running along the street, proud and happy in her new and rare possession, when I saw her. Suddenly another little girl, equally

ragged and forlorn-looking, came limping out of the dark hallway of a dilapidated old rookery of a tenement house. She was very lame, and had evidently suffered much in her short life. Her face had a drawn and prematurely old look, such as one is always sorry to see in the faces of children. The two little girls met, and the one with the candy held it aloft, exclaiming: "See what I've got! just you see what I've got!"

"Where'd you git it, Janie?"
"Bought it."
"Where'd you git the money?"
"A man gave it to me for scooting after his hat when the wind blowed it off."
"Gimme some of it, won't you, Janie? Please do!"

There was a wistful, eager, hungry look in the drawn little face. Janie hesitated. Evidently sticks of candy came rarely to her. She looked longingly at the candy, and then at the little girl. Suddenly she rushed forward, saying eagerly, joyously: "You take it all, Maggie! you take it all! You can't scoot after gentlemen's hats and earn pennies, and I can. So you take it all; and if I get a chance to earn another penny, I'll give it to you to buy anything you want to with it."

Generous little heart, in which love of self had not yet found an abiding place! What a lesson it taught to the grasping and the self-centred, who care not for the wants, the weakness, nor the woes of others!

Johnny had been studying his spelling lesson and learning definitions, particularly of words with prefixes from the Greek. He had defined monologue as a soliloquy, or "one man talking to himself." "Now, what is a conversation between two persons?" asked his teacher. "A dialogue." "And between more than two persons?" "A pollywog," answered Johnny, promptly.

FAIRY GIRLS.

Rachel was poor. She had nothing to play with excepting a few broken dishes. In these she mixed her mud cakes, and then put them on the shelves of her cupboard. This was made of two boards with bricks between.

Lelia and Myra had a play kitchen in their nursery. They mixed biscuits in their little dishes, and baked them in a toy stove. As soon as the biscuits were done, Lelia said: "Let's put our biscuits and our cakes on the shelves of Rachel's mud house just to s'prise her."

"Yes," said Myra; "and let's give her our tea-set to go with the nice things to eat—that is, if mother is willing."

"O, fairies must have been here!" cried Rachel, as she saw her rough cupboard filled with beautiful china dishes, and a little biscuit or cake on every plate. And here's a card that says: "A present to Rachel from Lelia and Myra."

How happily Rachel was with the new gifts! She knew then that girls can be good fairies whenever they wish.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WHENCE THEY CAME,

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
 Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
 French beans, low growing on the earth,
 To distant India trace their birth;
 But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
 That climb upon your garden wall—
 A cheerful sight to all around—
 In South America were found.
 The onion travelled here from Spain;
 The leek from Switzerland we gain,
 Garlic from Sicily obtain,
 Spinach in far Syria grows;
 Two hundred years ago or more
 Brazil the artichoke sent o'er.
 And Southern Europe's seacoast shore
 Beetroot on us bestows.
 When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,
 Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
 The south of Europe lays its claim
 To beans; but some from Egypt came.
 The radishes, both thin and stout,
 Natives of China are, no doubt;
 But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,
 With celery, so crisp and pale,
 Are products of our own fair land,
 And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
 Which abler pens might well describe,
 Are also ours, I understand.

Being generous grows on one just as
 being mean does. The disposition to be
 kind to others should be inculcated and
 fostered in children. It is the way to im-
 prove the world, and make happy as
 people who are in it.

HOW AUSTIN GOT HOME.

It was getting dark; it was also
 getting chilly. Fleet, the Texas
 pony, had made good time, and yet
 the little boy on his back did not
 seem to be any nearer home than
 when he started.

"You must cross the creek at the
 mill, you know, Austin," Uncle John
 had said; "turn to the right, go up
 a long hill, and at the top you will
 find a five-barred gate; go through
 that and you will find a straight
 road home."

So the little boy crossed the
 creek, turned to the right, went up
 a long hill, but where was the five-
 barred gate? He couldn't find it.
 He never did find it. The fact is
 there were two long up-hill roads
 after he crossed the creek and after
 he turned to the right. Uncle John
 had forgotten that, and Austin took
 the wrong one that didn't have any
 five-barred gate on it. And now,
 as I said, it was getting dark, it was
 getting chilly, and Austin brought
 Fleet to a standstill.

"I have lost my way," said the
 little boy to himself, feeling the cold
 chills run down his back. "What am
 I going to do?" He turned in his
 saddle and looked all around. There
 was a rim of light along the horizon,
 and bats were wheeling in circles
 between him and that far rim; but

no other living thing was in sight.

"God knows the way, of course," said
 Austin; "I'd better just ask him to show
 Fleet."

He dropped the reins on the pony's
 neck, folded his hands, and asked God to
 take him home.

No sooner did Fleet feel the reins on his
 neck, and no ignorant little hand guiding
 him the wrong way, than he turned right
 around in his track, trotted down the long
 wrong hill, up the long right hill, waited
 till Austin opened the five-barred gate,
 and soon the home lights twinkled through
 the gathering shadows.

So God had answered Austin's prayer.
 True, the instinct to find the way home
 had come to the pony through hundreds
 of generations of ponies. But God had
 put it there in the first place, and had
 used it now, as often before, to help his
 children when they lost their way.

One of the easiest things in the world is
 to find fault with other people; but how
 difficult it is too see our own faults, to un-
 derstand our weak points, and to re-
 member that as we see faults in others
 they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse,
 in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the
 great artist who painted a picture of his
 monarch, upon whose brow there was a
 scar. He placed the king with elbow
 resting on a table and his head supported
 by his hand, but with finger covering the
 scar. Let us endeavour to place the finger
 of charity over the scars of our brethren.

NOBODY.

"Nobody b'oke it! It cracked itself,
 It was clear away on the topmost shelf,
 I—perhaps the kitty-cat knows!"

Says poor little Ned,
 With his eyes as red
 As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully
 Put my cap just where it ought to be,
 (No, 't isn't ahind the door.)
 And it went and hid;
 Why, of course it did,
 For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things
 will
 Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone-
 still!"

I was jumping over the fence—
 There's some spikes on top,
 And you have to drop
 Before you half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
 Playing such tricks on my children
 three!

If I but set eyes on you,
 You should find what you've lost!
 But that, to my cost,
 I never am like to do!

Don't live a single hour of your life
 without doing exactly what is to be done
 in it, and going straight through it from
 beginning to end. Work, study, play—
 whatever it is—take hold at once, and
 finish it up squarely; then to the next
 thing, without letting any moments drop
 between.

