

# SUNBEAM

XXVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

No. 25.

**THE FIRST COMPOSITION."**  
dear! What a task it is! Don't you remember a similar task, dear readers? Of course you do, and smile now to look at it and think what a heavy undertaking it was.

This is the way with every labor presented to us, and every requirement attending it. It seems hard when we look at the prospective, but just the contrary when the end is gained. Remember this, friends, in pursuing your school studies. When a lesson seems very difficult to master or an essay hard to write, look back upon your first letter and consider how a little effort and practice will soon accomplish any work.

## QUEER DOLL.

BY S. THOMPSON.  
Hilda Dill has dozens of dolls; but the one that occupies the place of honor is "White Feather Blue Eyes," which came to her as a birthday present all the way from a United States girl in Arizona. Hilda's uncle is a cavalry officer out there; and not long since, an Indian woman came to the fort with horns, reed-covered moccasins, beaded moccasins, and dolls, of which one was White

Feather Blue Eyes. A good many wanted the doll, but Col. Tom offered the most for it (five silver dollars), and Mountain said that was the Indian woman's name) and gave it to him. "Her clothing was so old and greasy, and she looked so fierce

and wild that she ought to have been called 'Carriion Crow,'" wrote Uncle Tom.

White Feather Blue Eyes is a rag doll from head to foot. Her face is stained

Her hands are black, with a red ring painted around each finger. In a band of doeskin which is fastened tightly around White Feather Blue Eyes' head are five white feathers, nearly the length of the doll. These are tipped with red.

The doll has no underclothes, but a doeskin dress, covered nearly all over with beads. The front of this dress has a beaded canoe and a tomahawk embroidered in the beads. The back has a very good Indian papoose, or baby, in its bark cradle.

A piece of red blanket, fringed with beads, and a pair of moccasins completes White Feather Blue Eyes' striking costume. The Indian doll is coveted by all the little girls in Hilda's neighborhood; but she cannot be borrowed, begged nor bought.

## DO YOU PRAY FOR THEM?

"How is it that you and the girl across the aisle are such friends now? She seemed such a disagreeable girl. I thought you disliked her?"

"Well," replied the sister, "I was scolding about her one day to mamma, of course expecting her to sympathize with



"THE FIRST COMPOSITION."

with the juice of some berry until it is brown as any little Indian girl's. Her cheeks are the color of brick-dust; and in each of her black ears is a wire, on which is fastened a large bead for an earring. Her blue eyes are large, blue glass beads.

me. All she said was, 'I think you had better pray for her.' I was very much ashamed; for, though I had kept everything smooth on the outside, being polite to her, you know, and lending her my things, and keeping my side of the aisle

clean, I was constantly in such a state of inward irritation that I had never even thought of doing so. So I tried it, and I assure you that it has made things different. In the first place, I am different myself. You cannot honestly pray for any one and dislike them at the same time. It seems so—well, so sneaking, to ask God to help a person when you are not willing to help her yourself if you have the opportunity. So I began by really trying to find something to like in her, and to do her kindnesses as if I meant them, instead of in the coldly considerate manner I discovered I had been using. Presently I took genuine pleasure in it. She seems like another girl to me. I suppose I do to her."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1905.

### GOD, AND THE BOY IN KNEE PANTS.

"Why, that was thousands of years ago!" exclaimed Fred, in amazement.

"Well, the sun shone thousands of years ago, and the same sun is shining to-day," replied his mother.

"But, see here; I'm just a boy in knee pants."

"That is nothing dreadful. There are probably a hundred millions of you in the world, and knee pants are no farther from God than long pants."

Fred went out of the room, and pretty soon his father found him staring straight up into the sky. "Hunting for stars?" he asked, laughingly.

"No, sir," Fred exclaimed, confused; and then he, too, laughed, and asked: "How much nearer to heaven are you than I, papa?"

"If you mean the blue heavens above,

the top of my head is probably two feet nearer than yours; but if you mean the heart of God, there is not even that much difference, I am sure; for he loves a boy as well as a man."

"That's what mother said, but I could not understand what he could want with a boy in knee pants yet."

Fred's father pointed to where the workmen were building the stone walls of a house, and said: "You see, the mason is just fitting a small stone in the wall. A large one would not fit there. So there are hundreds of places where a boy fits into God's plan of the world, but a man would not. Time and again he has used boys, thousands of whom we have never heard of. So if you see any good that a boy can do—making another boy see the meanness of a mean act or the glory of an unselfish one, or protecting a dog or other creature, lightening life's burdens a little here and there for weary ones, and getting ready for the work of a man by and by—remember that is one of God's calls to you to serve him, and that he wants all the boys in knee pants to stand in close to him, ready for his commands."

### THE STORY OF A BALL.

BY MYRTLE B. MILLS.

I was not always a ball. Long ago I was soft, fleecy wool on a sheep's back. Then the sheep was sheared and I was spun into soft, red yarn, and when that was done, with many skeins like myself, I was placed in a box and sent to a large store.

One day a dear, old lady came into the store and, choosing me and some of my companion skeins, carried us to her home. She called her little granddaughter Bessie to help her wind the yarn into balls. Bessie held each skein on her little outstretched hands, and one by one the pretty balls were made. I was the last one to become a ball, and grandmother gave me a loving pat as she put us all into her basket. Here I was quite happy in the society of so many little red balls, but I often wished that I might see more of the new world around me. Baby-boy saw grandmother making the balls and wished for them to play with. He took a curved stick and pretended he was a little shepherd and the balls were his lambs, and he had great fun.

"I am going to knit Baby-boy some stockings to keep Jack Frost from the little feet," said grandmother, one bright summer afternoon. So she took her rocking-chair and her work-basket with the red balls and knitting-needles out on the veranda. Taking me and another ball out of the basket, she put us into her lap and began to knit.

By and by grandmother began to nod over her work, and, dropping her needles into her lap, she fell asleep. While she

was taking her nap, I rolled quietly on the floor, just as Topsy, the black and white cat, came up the veranda steps. Now Topsy thought nothing so nice as to play with us as a ball, and she sprang for us and would have caught me had I not rolled quickly off the veranda, down among the nasturtiums which grew by the walk. Topsy sat up on the steps for a while, and watched for me to come again, but I stayed where I was.

About supper-time grandmother awoke, and, putting on her spectacles, looked around for me; but I was hidden among the vines. "Baby-boy, do you know where grandmother's red ball is?" she called; but Baby-boy did not know. I was growing dark by this time, so grandmother took up her work and went in for supper. The stars came out one by one and the cricket began to chirp. I felt very lonely and wished I had not rolled away to see the world, but was safe in grandmother's basket.

Next morning when Baby-boy came to pick some flowers for mamma, he saw me among the nasturtium leaves. Taking me in his chubby hand, he ran to grandmother, who was very glad to see me again. I lie in her basket now, and every day as she knits I grow smaller and smaller. But I am very happy, for I know when I am no longer a ball I shall be a little red stocking to keep Baby-boy warm.

### A PRETTY, HAPPY GIRL.

There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes and the corners of the mouth have a decided droop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are plain beyond remedy and the distressing belief has deepened the lines of dissatisfaction; but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, casting the habit of unhappiness.

A pretty story, by which we can profit, is as follows: One morning a certain girl whose face was under this cloud walked out across the sunshine of a common. For a moment the lightness of the morning had lifted the gloom, and her thoughts were unusually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl that is we have passed!" she heard one of the two ladies passing say to the other. She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, they mean me! It must be because I'm smiling." Again, as she was getting on a horse-car, she heard the fates were out in her favor: "Do you see that pretty, happy girl?" "Well, declare, I am always going to look like that if this is what comes of it! I have been called homely all my life, and here, in one day I've been called pretty."

A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

A little sunbeam in the sky  
Said to itself one day:  
"I'm very small, but why should I  
Do nothing else but play?  
I'll go down to the earth and see  
If there is any use for me."

The violet beds were wet with dew,  
Which filled each heavy cup;  
The little sunbeam darted through,  
And raised their blue heads up.  
They smiled to see it, and they lent  
The morning breeze their sweetest scent.

A mother 'neath a shady tree  
Had left her babe asleep;  
It waked and cried, but when it spied  
The little sunbeam peep  
So shyly in, with glance so bright,  
It laughed and chuckled with delight.

Oh, on it went, it might not stay;  
Now, through a window small  
It poured its glad but tiny ray,  
And danced upon the wall.  
A pale young face looked up to meet  
The sunbeam she had watched to greet.

And so it travelled to and fro,  
And glanced and danced about;  
And not a door was shut, I know,  
To keep that sunbeam out;  
But ever as it touched the earth,  
It woke up happiness and mirth.

And loving words, like sunbeams, will  
Dry up a fallen tear,  
And loving deeds will often help  
A broken heart to cheer.  
So loving and so living, you  
Will be a little sunbeam too.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM  
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 17.

PREPARATION FOR THE MESSIAH.

Mal. 3. 1-12. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will send my messenger, and he shall  
prepare the way before me.—Mal. 3. 1.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mal. 3. 1-12.

Tues. See what God says about an evil offering. Mal. 17. 8.

Wed. Find out what kind of an offering God wants. Mal. 1. 11.

Thur. Learn what is the best offering we can give. Psa. 51. 16, 17.

Fri. Find how our gifts may be made pure. Matt. 3. 11.

Sat. Learn the kind of giver God loves. 2 Cor. 9. 7.

Sun. Read about the One who can make all things pure. Matt. 3. 7-12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Malachi? One of the Lord's prophets. When did he live? Four hundred years before Christ came. What did he say was surely coming? Messiah's kingdom. Whom did he mean by the Messiah? The Lord Jesus. How did he say he would come? Suddenly. Where did he say he would appear? In his temple. What would he do to it? Make it clean. What had the Jews done? They had gone away from the Lord. What is meant by this? They did not keep his law. What did he ask them to do? To return to him. How did he say they had robbed him? By keeping back their tithes. What is the tithe? The tenth of all we have. What did God tell them to do? To bring all their tithes into his storehouse. What did he promise if they would do this? To send them a great blessing.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord wants us to be pure in heart.
2. He wants to bless us with good gifts.
3. He wants us to let him come into our hearts to live.

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 24.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MESSIAH.

Isa. 9. 1-7. Memorize verse 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses. Isa. 9. 1-7.

Tues. Read something to make you glad. Isa. 11. 1-10.

Wed. Learn the reason why Jesus was so named. Golden Text.

Thur. Find what John says about Jesus. John 1. 4-9.

Fri. Learn how Jesus gives peace. John 14. 27.

Sat. Find why a Son was given to the world. John 3. 16.

Sun. Find another beautiful name for Jesus. Matt. 1. 23.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did Isaiah live? What was he? What can a prophet see? Things in the future. Whom did Isaiah see was coming some day? A Holy One. What did Jesus say of himself? "I am the light of the world." What does the light show? The unclean things. How did Jesus come into the world? As a little child. What is the first name by which Isaiah calls him? The second? The third? The fourth? The fifth? What is the wonderful thing about Jesus? He is so great and yet so good. How can Jesus give us counsel?

Through his word and by his Spirit. Where do we see his might? In the world he has made. Why is he called the Father? He said, "I and my Father are one." What is the sweetest of his names? "The Prince of Peace." When will the whole world be at peace? When Jesus rules in all hearts. What do we know of his kingdom? That it is sure to grow. What will it one day fill? The whole earth.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Jesus came as a little child.
2. A child may know and love and serve Jesus.
3. A child's heart may be a little kingdom of peace.

GOD IS HERE, TOO.

Nurse came in and found Bessie wide awake, lying very still in her bed.

"All alone in the dark," said nurse, "and not afraid at all, Bessie, are you?"

"No, indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't all alone. God is here; and I look out of the window and see the stars, and God seems to me looking down with all his eyes, nurse."

"To be sure," said the nurse; "but God up in the sky is a great way off."

"No," spoke little Bessie, "God is here, too, because he seems sometimes hugging me to his heart; then I am so happy."

Oh, how sweet to feel God near—to be resting on his bosom, like a little child in its father's arms! This is the blessed privilege of a believing child.

HER NAUGHTY HAT.

"What is the matter, my darling?"  
And mamma looked in surprise  
As wee Mary stood before her  
With weeping but flashing eyes.

"I thought you would be so happy  
When you saw your lovely hat.  
What makes you cry so, dearest,  
What makes you look like that?"

"It's my naughty new hat, mamma,  
I don't want it on my head;  
There's a beautiful birdie on it,  
But the beautiful bird is dead.

"I think I will have a fun'ral;  
The children shall come and sing,  
To show all the other birdies  
We grieve for the dear, dear thing.

"Yes," said mamma, as she kissed her;  
"How thoughtless I must have been;  
Better the birdie were buried  
Than that it a hat should trim."

Do not pull that pretty flower to pieces.  
Carry it to somebody who is shut up in a sick-room.



JAPANESE KAGO.

## IF YOU LOVE ME.

"If you love me," Jesus said,  
 "You must show it!"  
 If you really love the Saviour,  
 You will know it.

If you love your little brother,  
 Your dear father, or your mother,  
 You don't have to ask another  
 It it's so;  
 For you know  
 That your hearts are bound together.

## ROSE, BIRD AND BROOK.

"I will not give away my perfume,"  
 said the rosebud, holding its pink petals  
 tightly wrapped in their tiny green case.  
 The other roses bloomed in splendor, and  
 those who enjoyed their fragrance ex-  
 claimed at their beauty and sweetness;  
 but the selfish bud shriveled and withered  
 away unnoticed.

"No, no," said a little bird, "I do not  
 want to sing;" but when his brother  
 soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a  
 flood of melody, making weary listeners  
 forget sorrows and bless the singer, the  
 little bird looked sorry and ashamed.

"If I give away all my wavelets I shall  
 not have enough myself," said the brook;  
 and it hoarded all its waters in a hollow  
 place, where it formed a filthy, slimy pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake  
 rose, a buoyant singing bird, and a lesp-

ing refreshing brooklet,  
 thought of these things,  
 and said: "If I would  
 have and would be, I  
 must share all my goods  
 with others; for  
 "To give is to live;  
 To deny is to die."

## A LITTLE BRAVE.

BY ADRIANA HERMAN.

It was an old game  
 with the Monros chil-  
 dren; they had played  
 "Wild Indian" ever  
 since Jessie and Dick  
 could remember. And  
 now that they were at  
 Longdale farm for the  
 summer, it was so much  
 easier to go on the war-  
 path across fields and  
 through "sure enough"  
 woods, than up and  
 down the nursery stairs  
 and out on the back  
 porch.

One sunny afternoon  
 Eben took his tribe on  
 a long tramp. All of a  
 sudden they found the  
 sun gone, and twilight  
 settling down. And  
 where were they?  
 Where was Setter Hill,  
 back of the farm-house?

The children looked around, and it  
 seemed a strange world they were in; they  
 climbed a fence and crossed a field and it  
 seemed stranger than ever.

Alas! they did not see a tree or hill or  
 bridge or barn that they had ever seen  
 before!

"We are lost," said Eben throwing him-  
 self down on the grass, tired and dis-  
 couraged and unhappy; "I don't believe  
 we'll ever get back."

Dick began to whimper.

"Will the bears eat us?" he asked us in  
 a shaky voice, for bears had played a large  
 part in their game.

Now Jessie had not been allowed to be  
 anything but a prisoner in the Indian  
 game, because she was only a girl, and a  
 girl could not be an Indian brave and wear  
 paint and feathers. But it was Jessie that  
 said, "Pshaw! there are no bears in these  
 fields, and if we just stick up my apron  
 for a flag, father will soon come to find  
 us."

So they gathered in a little group, and  
 Dick held up the flag bravely. Every now  
 and then Eben would give a long war-  
 whoop. The darkness came close about  
 them, and once an owl swept by them,  
 hooting so dismally that Dick was terribly  
 scared. Dear little Jess' heart trembled  
 in the darkness out there on the hill, but  
 she was so hard at work trying to comfort  
 the boys, that when father at last found

them, out under the stars, by Eben's  
 whoops and halloos, she hadn't shed a  
 tear—the little unpainted, unfeathered  
 brave!

## THE THREE KITTENS.

Three little kittens, one stormy night,  
 Began to quarrel and then to fight.  
 One had a mouse, the others had none,  
 And that was the way the quarrel begun.

As we said before, 'twas a stormy night  
 When the three kittens began to fight;  
 The old cook seized her sweeping-broom,  
 And swept the kittens right out of the  
 room.

The ground was covered with frost and  
 snow,  
 And these three kittens had nowhere  
 to go;  
 So they laid them down on the mat at the  
 door,  
 While the old cook finished sweeping the  
 floor.

Then they crept in as still as mice,  
 All wet with snow and cold as ice,  
 And found it better that stormy night,  
 To sleep in peace than to quarrel and fight.

## LITTLE HELPERS.

What do little people like best to do  
 to play? to make the funny figures 1, 2,  
 stand in straight rows on their slate?  
 Yes; but isn't the best thing helping  
 mother or father in their very own work?  
 Edith had such a happy playtime because  
 she had first wiped the breakfast dishes  
 and shelled the peas for dinner. Chan-  
 found father busy pulling morning-gloves  
 among his tomato vines, and went to  
 work with a will. "I think this little  
 workman deserves a blackberry dumpling  
 for dinner," called father when mother  
 came to the window. But little children  
 and grown people too find that there is  
 nothing so good as being helpers to Jesus.  
 Everything kind you do is a help to him.  
 A cup of cold water, a happy face, a kind  
 word—these are little things; but Jesus  
 will know about them, and be glad.

Four boys were playing marbles in the  
 street. One boy said: "That isn't fair  
 play! You cheat, and I won't play with  
 boy who cheats!" The boy became  
 angry, and said that he didn't cheat,  
 though he did. A minute after, he  
 cheated again, and the first boy said: "You  
 cheat, and my mother won't let me play  
 with a boy who cheats. If we can't have  
 fair play, I won't have any." So  
 gathered up his share of the marbles  
 left the players. That is right, boys,  
 you can't have fair play, don't play at all.  
 Two of the other boys stayed and played  
 but they kept quarrelling all the time,  
 it is better to not play at all than to quarrel.