



# SUNBEAM

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No. 4



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

## DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to see?  
She it is whose sunny face  
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to hear?  
She it is whose pleasant voice  
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to know?  
She it is whose acts and thoughts  
All are pure as whitest snow.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO MAY 2, 1903.

## TRUSTWORTHY.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

"And where did you say you found her?"

"Why, ma'am, me an' Lissa was down by the shore, an' we see the little thing a-toddlin' into the water, an' we just runned right in ourselves an' caught her up, fore she got more'n her teenty little shoes wet."

Two tall, barefooted girls, one of them carrying in her arms a dainty mite of a child, who laughed with delight at the adventure.

Mrs. Fletcher turned to another lady on the piazza of the hotel.

"You see," she said, "how much these nurses are to be trusted. I told Mary to take little Barbara down and let her dig in the sand, but to watch her. My darling might easily have been drowned! She had only to run out far enough, and there

are such treacherous holes? Mary'll get her discharge, if she dares to come back." And just then Mary did come back, all in a fluster.

"Shure, ma'am, an' is the blessid infant safe? I was that frightened! Only turning away wan blissed minute to spake to my brither, which I hadn't seen for wan year, an' him just come from the Ould Country."

"Mary, stop! How many times have you told me you have no brothers, either here, or in Ireland? Brother!—I understand. You must learn faithfulness before you are fit to be trusted with children."

Mrs. Fletcher turned to the girls, who looked on eagerly. They might be fourteen and twelve years old.

"What are your names?"

"Amanda and Melissa Jones. I'm Mandy—she's Lissa."

"Oh! I remember. Your mother washes for me, and you sometimes bring the clothes?"

"Yes'um." Lissa and Mandy looked as if they would like to say more, only they didn't know how.

"Well, run home, now. I'll see your mother to-night."

They went off with a little air of disappointment.

"Me like Lissa—me like Mandy."

"Oh! you do, little puss."

This conversation took place while Miss Barbara's shoes and stockings were changing for dry ones. It was short, but it helped.

"You are sure I can trust them, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Fletcher said that night.

"Yes, ma'am, sure. You see they've come up to be trusted, for I've had no one else to carry clothes, or do errands, or help any way since they was big enough."

"Come up to be trusted"—the words impressed Mrs. Fletcher.

So it came about that Mandy and Lissa Jones went barefoot no longer. Turn and turn about, they were nurses to little Barbara Fletcher during the rest of the season. It was the beginning of other good fortune to them also. All because poor Irish Mary hadn't "come up to be trusted," and they had.

## HOW A TINY THING CAUSED A GREAT WRECK.

Great disasters often come from very small causes. This was once shown in the case of the wreck of a vessel off the coast of Ireland. The sea was calm on that night, and the sky was clear, and no one could imagine how it was that the vessel ran upon the rocks. The captain said that he had steered carefully by the compass, and he could not tell how it was that the vessel had been wrecked.

When the compass box was examined,

however, it was discovered how the accident had happened. Some sailor had used his pocket-knife in cleaning the box. The point of his knife-blade had caught in the box and had broken off without his noticing the fact. That tiny piece of steel had affected the working of the compass, so that it did not point true to the pole. The consequence was that the captain had been deceived, and though he had steered according to the compass, he had been steering his ship in the wrong direction because the compass itself was wrong.

Sometimes a very small thing will start a boy or a girl in the wrong direction all through the journey of life. A single glass of wine may be the first step downward towards a drunkard's grave. The first lie may be the beginning of a habit which will make a girl untruthful and dishonest all her life.

A ship whose compass is wrong is pretty sure to come to grief, and a boy or a girl who does not have a sure guide for the journey of life will certainly come to shipwreck.

There is one whom we may take as the Guide of our lives. That is the Lord Jesus Christ. If we follow where he leads us, we shall never go astray.

The compass of a ship may sometimes fail to point in the right direction, but we may feel perfectly sure that Jesus will never fail to point us to the path in which we ought to follow. So let us try to find out where he calls us to go, and when we hear him calling us, let us always follow wherever he wants us to go.

## ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A minister who lived more than three hundred years ago was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The lady did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," he replied, "so it is with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear.



## TWO PENNIES.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Two beautiful shining pennies,  
Bright and yellow and new!  
Don't tell me about the heathen;  
I want them myself, I do.

I want a top and some marbles,  
A sword, and a gun that shoots;  
A candy cane and a trumpet,  
A knife, and a pair of boots.

But then, what if I were a heathen,  
With no precious Bible to tell  
The story of Jesus, our Saviour,  
Who loved little children so well!

For Jesus, you know, may be asking  
This question of you and of me:  
"Did you carry my love to your brothers  
And sisters 'way over the sea?"

I guess you may send my pennies;  
Perhaps in some way they will grow;  
For little brooks grow to be rivers,  
And pennies make dollars, you know.

I'm not very wise, but there's one thing,  
I think, must be certainly true:  
If little boys ought to give pennies,  
Big men should give dollars, don't you?

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

## LESSON VI. [May 10.]

THE PLOT AGAINST PAUL.

Acts 23. 12-22. Memorize verses 20-22.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer.—Acts 23. 11.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Paul do before he was put in prison? Where did he stand? Did the people listen? Why did they hate Paul? Because they loved Christ and the Gentiles. Who stood by him that night? What did he say to him? What did forty Jews do? Who heard about the plot? Whom did he tell? To whom did Paul send him? What did the captain order? How many soldiers guarded Paul? Where did they go? Who lived at Casarea? Why did Paul have to be tried by the governor? Because he was a Roman citizen.

## DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read what happened after Paul's speech. Acts 22. 22-30.

*Tues.* Read about Paul before the council. Acts 23. 1-11.

*Wed.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 23. 12-22.

*Thur.* Find how Paul felt in time of trial. 2 Tim. 4. 17, 18.

*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Sat.* Find a promise for times of trouble. Psa. 9. 9, 10.

*Sun.* Read the Lord's promise to the faithful. Rev. 3. 12.

## THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God is stronger than the strongest.

2. That he is wiser than the wisest.

3. That he will always stand by the least of his children.

## LESSON VII. [May 17.]

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Acts. 24. 10-16, 24-26. M. n. vs. 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.—Psa. 23. 4.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who took Paul to Casarea? Who were they taking him to? Was he afraid? Why was he at peace? How many days did he rest? Who then came from Jerusalem? What did they do? What was this speaker's name? Tertullus. What did Paul then do? Did Felix condemn Paul? No. What did he say he would wait for? Was Paul put again in prison? Who guarded him? What happened a few days after? Who was Drusilla? A Jewess? What did Paul reason about? What did Felix do?

## DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read about Paul's flight by night. Acts 23. 23-35.

*Tues.* Read the speech of Tertullus. Acts 24. 1-9.

*Wed.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 24. 10-26.

*Thur.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Fri.* Read David's prayer among enemies. Psa. 56.

*Sat.* Find what Paul says of his trials. 2 Cor. 11. 23-28.

*Sun.* Read about a young man who was like Felix. Matt. 19. 16-22.

## THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That a prisoner may have peace.

2. That a judge may be troubled.

3. That it is dangerous to turn away from God.

## A BIRD CURE.

I want to tell you of the strange cure of a little girl who had been sick a long time, and whose friends had almost despaired of her being any better. A strange cure, I say, because her only medicine was her love for birds and their sweet music, her only doctor the birds themselves.

It was thought that she had overtaxed her mind and body at school in her efforts to obtain all the prizes, and when my little story begins she just lay all the bright summer days on a couch near the window; a pale, fragile little creature, looking out so listlessly, and seeming to care nothing for the fair world about her.

But one day a canary bird, which had possibly escaped from the bars of its prison, came near, and poured forth a perfect flood of song. Nellie did not move. She was almost afraid to breathe lest her charming visitor would take flight.

While she lay listening and smiling, a mocking-bird set up the quaintest mimicry of various familiar sounds she had ever heard. Then he went off into a rollicking roundelay of sweet notes; he whistled, he chirped, he trilled, and "quavered." He even put the vain little canary in a tantrum by mocking him.

Nellie laughed outright; and begged her mother to live in the country always.

Every day now she scattered crumbs, not only near the window, but on the lawn outside, at the feet of the beeches, in the shade of the lindens and larches.

And, oh, so many birds flocked to the lawn for the dainty morsels! She was wakened every morning by a concert of the sweetest bird music, too; and that made her jump up, dress quickly, and hurry out to watch her new friends. The morning air, fragrant with field flowers and new-mown hay, proved a fine tonic for the sick child; and before autumn's rainbow glory touched the stately trees, and the leaves of the silver poplar began to quiver like snowflakes in the frosty air, Nellie's cheeks were like a wild rose's heart.

And the lawn became the birds' paradise. They came in such numbers, of every name and colour, that she had a new one to study and admire every day. She dreaded the swift-coming, icy winter, that would banish all her dear bird friends, and still all their gay songs.

But what do you think? When the world was white with snow, and the trees glittered with icicles, and the north wind blew its coldest, and she could only look out of her window, she joyously counted, hopping gaily about, swallows, robin red-breasts, larks, orioles, and blue-birds.

And now, Nellie herself, as well as those who loved her, almost forgot how listless, sad and pale a child she had lately been. She had so many birds to feed and care for this cold winter! When asked "if the country cured her," she always gave the answer: "No; it was not the country; it was the birds that made me well."

Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.—Psa. 50. 15.



THE USELESS KETTLE.

## THE USELESS KETTLE.

Some one has thrown away this rusty old kettle, probably because it has a hole in its side and is no more use for holding water. There it lies in the long grass almost hidden from sight, and it will certainly never hold boiling water again, or be of any more use in the kitchen. But, as the time passes by and the spring comes round, and the birds begin to look out for cosy and sheltered spots to build their nests in, one little bird with sharper eyes than the rest spies out this old kettle lying half out of sight in the grass and weeds; and it thinks to itself, "Ah! What a nice warm place the inside of that kettle would be for my little ones when they come out of the eggs and have no feathers on their little bodies to protect them against the cold winds; I will call my mate and we will build a nest inside as quick as ever we can."

So the nest was built, and in the picture we can see the soft feathers inside and the mother-bird looking on and thinking to herself, with pleasure, how cosy and safe her little ones will be in so quiet and sheltered a spot.

## EXAMPLES—WHAT ARE THEY?

"Do tell me, grandmother," said little Davie Johns, "What is an example?"

Grandmother took off her spectacles and laid them down on the table beside her.

"I don't mean," said Davie, "the 'rhythmic ones; I mean the Sunday-school and Bible kind."

"Well," said grandmother slowly, not quite sure how to explain to the little boy, "there are good examples and bad examples."

"I know that," said Davie. "Miss Katie said about that. But I want to know what they are, any way."

"Let me see. Suppose I tell you two little stories, and then perhaps you will understand for yourself. Once there was a boy named Peter, and he had a little sister named Prue. They were having a beautiful time one Saturday morning, playing menagerie, when nurse came in and told them to get ready for a walk. Prue stopped being a panther right away, and jumped up to get ready, but Peter's face grew as black and frowning as a thunder-cloud. He began to whine and fret, and then to shout and stamp his feet, and say he wouldn't go. And all the time Prue was watching him. Pretty soon her face puckered up too, and she cried and made almost as much fuss as Peter did. So that poor nurse had a great deal of trouble with them both. She would not have had any trouble with Prue if it had not been for Peter's example. That is one kind, you see."

Grandmother stopped, but Davie was looking out of the window and had nothing to say.

So she went on:

"Then, on another Saturday morning, this same Peter and Prue were talking about a long walk they were going to take.

"Let's start now," said Prue as soon as breakfast was over. "It's Saturday," said Peter, "I guess we ought to learn our Golden Text and study over our lesson again first." "O, no," said Prue, "let's not. We can do that afterwards." "But we might forget," Peter said, "or something else might happen. I'm going to learn mine now." And by the time he had found his lesson paper, Prue had decided to get hers, too. And that is the other kind of example, Davie, dear. Do you think that you know any better now what the word means?"

## GRANDPA'S BIBLE.

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday-school lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress, and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her older sister took a Bible from the bureau, and said,

"Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play." Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began:

"Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is much more interesting than yours."

"Oh, no, Mary, they are just the same exactly."

"Well, replied the observing child, "I really think grandpa's must be more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."—*The Little Christian*.

## THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed  
Over land and over sea,  
To the countries where the rainbow  
And the glorious sunsets be,  
Kindly tell a little stranger,  
Who has oddly lost her way,  
Where's the road that she must travel  
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she unfamiliar  
With To-Day, and cannot read  
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts  
Tell of ways and where they lead;  
And her heart upbraids her sorely,  
Though she did not mean to stay  
When she fell asleep last evening  
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a gear neglected  
That she really should have done;  
And she fears she lost some favours  
That she fairly might have won.  
So she'd like to turn her backward  
To retrieve them if she may—  
Will not some one kindly tell her  
Where's the road to Yesterday?