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A MERRY TRIO.

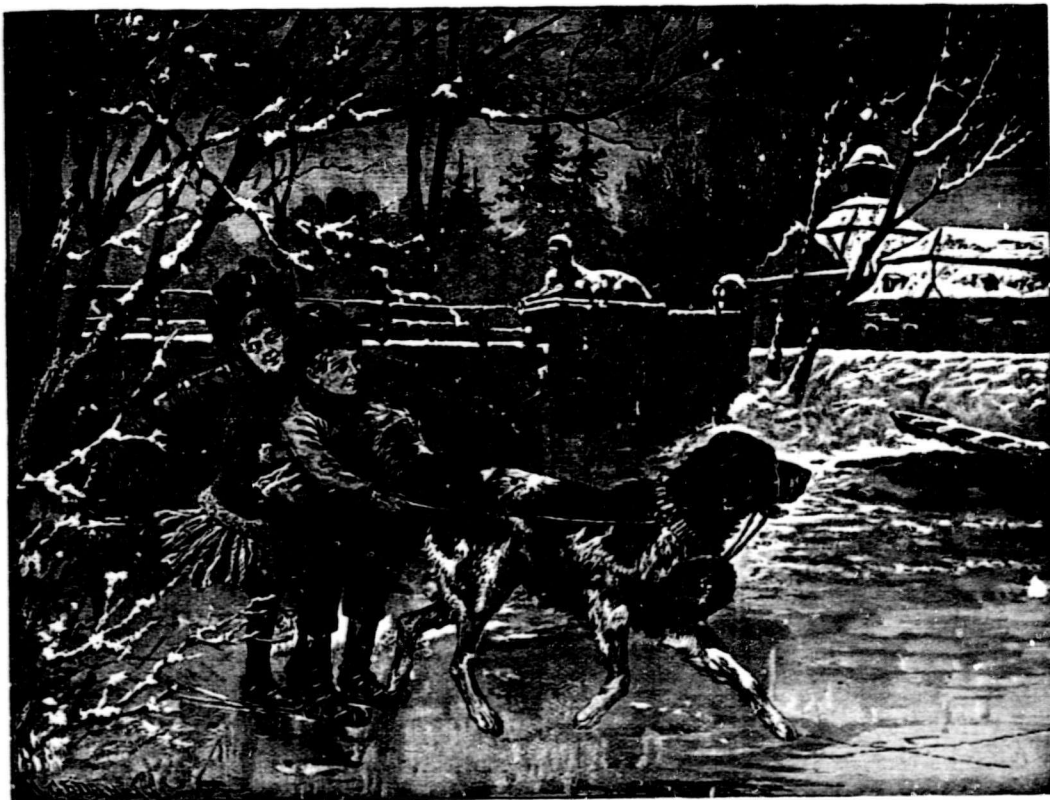
How gaily we glide
With our skates on the ice,
With Bobby and Spot!
O but isn't it nice?
Spot pulls us along,
While he joins in the fun;
With barks of delight,
How he nimbly does run!

freckled; but her heart is so good and loving that those who know her best love her dearly.

Her father, is a big, silent man, and her mother is always tired and busy; so Nannie does not have so many kisses and fond words as she would like. Her two little brothers are rather rough, and only the baby seems to be

to try hard, and to the five best I will give a Christmas present the last day of school."

Nannie's eyes opened wide. She had never had a Christmas present in her life, for her father was poor, and it took all his money to buy bread and clothes and pay rent. He had given her one shilling the day she was six,



A MERRY TRIO.

See, Bobby drives Spot;
Yes, and Bobby pulls me!
A gay, happy group
You, of course, will agree,
Bobby is driver;
But he needs not the whip,
For onward we go
With a scurry and skip.

NANNIE'S GIFT.

Nannie Dane is a sweet little girl, just six years old. She is not a pretty child, for her face is very thin and

as loving as Nannie herself. She is one of the best little girls in the school, and learns very fast; not because she is so quick, but because she tries so hard, and wants to do just what her teacher says.

One day, just before Christmas, when all the children were talking about stockings, and trees, and Santa Claus, Miss Hart said to her class, "The principal is coming in to-day to hear you read and spell, and to-morrow to see how well you can add. I want you all

and that was the only present she had ever had. She had never spent it, though she had often been teased to do so by her brothers.

When Miss Hart spoke about the Christmas present, a delightful idea came into Nannie's mind, and she resolved to be one of the five best; and so she was, though her heart beat so hard she could hardly see to read when the principal called her name.

The next day Miss Hart brought a basket to school with her, and just be-

fore the children went home she took off the cover and gave to the three girls and two boys each a large red apple. All ate their apples on the way home, except Nannie. She did not even show it to her mother, but hid it away so quietly that nobody knew anything about it. Her little brothers twitted her for not being one of the best, but she did not say a word.

On Christmas morning, while Mrs. Dane was out of the room, she put her apple and shilling on her mother's plate. Then she looked with eyes full of love to say, "Merry Christmas," when she came in. I think angels looked with eyes of love on Nannie then.

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Sunbeam.

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DOING ONE THING WELL

To know something of everything may be a good thing; but I think to know everything about some one thing is still better. A gentleman told me the following story: It was in a college town. Many students had to depend upon their own efforts to defray their expenses in the college. This gentleman wanted a boy, and advertised his need in the city papers, but did not state that he had any one thing he wanted done especially well. Of course there were many applicants. He questioned each boy as to what he could do. Every boy but one said, "O, I can do almost anything." He did not object to that kind of a boy, but he also wanted a boy who could do one thing well; but he did not say what that one thing was. That, of course, would have revealed the secret. But one boy, when asked what he could do, replied by saying, "I should like to see the boy that can groom a

horse quicker and better than I can." That was the one thing the gentleman wanted done well, and this boy was employed, and not only did that one thing especially well, but everything else in a way that pleased the gentleman. This boy finished his college course, became the head clerk in a large establishment, and is to-day a member of the firm and retains the confidence of all who know him. So it pays to know as much as we can about everything, but it pays better to know everything about some one thing, and I trust the boys that see this will remember the story of this boy and apply the principle to their own lives. Some time in the life of every individual it will be necessary to know everything about some one thing. In the crisis of the nation, the State, the community, the individual that knows everything about some one thing is the individual that will be chosen to places of trust and responsibility. I heard a great and good man, a bishop, say that he did not think any one would amount to much in the world that did not have a "hobby." But he did not mean "hobby" in the way it is ordinarily understood.

THE MOON'S CHILDREN.

A little girl believed that the stars were the children of the moon. Her mother wanted her to go to bed one night before she felt quite sleepy enough to go willingly.

"But the moon hasn't sent her children to bed yet," objected the little astronomer, petulantly.

It so happened that a storm was brewing, and heavy clouds were gathering in the heavens.

"Go and see if it hasn't," said her mother. The little head was immediately popped out of the window, and the sky was scanned eagerly.

"Well, I guess I've got to go to bed now," said the little girl, after the survey; "the moon is covering up her children and tucking them in."

HELPING FATHER.

Helen looked out over the great wide sea and sighed.

"What are you thinking of, lassie?" asked her mother.

"Of poor father out in his boat on the ocean in all sorts of weather, fishing. I wish I was a boy, so that I could help him; but I'm only a girl, and can't do anything at all but cost him so much money that he must work all the time for me."

"Well, father is glad to work for his dear little lass. Your love and your sweet face pay him for all you cost him. But if you really want to help him, you can."

"Can I? Tell me how, please. I'd do anything."

"You could mend his nets. I used to do it until I had so much work to do in the house."

"But I don't know how," objected Helen.

"I will teach you. Think how surprised father will be when he comes home so tired, and goes out to spend his only day off in mending his net, to find it already done. He will say, 'Who's done me this good turn, wife?' and I will say, 'Your own wee lassie has done it.' Won't he be proud then?"

Helen could hardly wait to begin her first lesson. She grew very tired at first, but a look across the water at the distant fishing-boats gave her fresh courage to go on.

The holes in the net looked very big, but she worked patiently, and by and by they were all filled out.

When father came home all happened as mother had said it would. And Helen was a very happy little girl when father gave her a kiss and told her that he was very proud of her.

JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see. Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his chair to rest a moment he heard his father say: "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father: "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down at his little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he would not have been drunk. So it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.

WHO WAS IT.

A Guessing Bedtime Game
A little boy once had a horn,
I think he lived among the corn,
And wore a pretty dress of blue;
I've nearly told his name to you.

A boy and girl walked up a hill,
But tumble, tumble, down they came,
And where's the water? Where's the
pail?
Of each poor child you know the name.

Somebody has a garden,
We ask how it grows,
Such funny things she says are there,
A-growing all in rows.

It's something about a supper,
And something about a knife,
And something about a boy that cried,
And something about a wife.

She had a dog and he could smoke,
And dance and laugh and cry,
This woman and her dog, you know,
To find her name please try.

She sat upon a little stool
To eat her food one day;
A spider came and frightened her,
And quick she ran away.

Who sat down in a corner,
One Christmas long ago,
Who thought himself a good, good boy,
While eating pie, you know!
—Junior Herald.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IX.—DECEMBER 2.

Luke 23. 13-25. Memory verses, 20, 21.
JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then said Pilate I find no fault in
this man.—Luke 23. 4.

LESSON STORY.

You remember how after Judas' betrayal of Jesus with a kiss in the garden of Gethsemane his enemies bound him with chains and hurried him off to the high priests. And by Caiaphas he was found "guilty of death." Of course this was an urgent sentence based on hate. To make it lawful to kill him it was necessary to have the Roman Governor to condemn him also, so he was brought before Pilate. He tried to give Jesus a fair trial and admitted that he could find no fault with him and that he did not merit death. He said he would scourge and release him.

However, as his enemies were bent on his death they cried to have the wicked Barabbas released and Jesus killed in his stead. So the weak governor gave in to the will of the people and the

meek and patient Saviour was given into their hands to be cruelly and unfairly put to death.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was Pilate? The Roman governor.
2. Why was Jesus brought to him? For trial.
3. What did Pilate say? He found no fault with him.
4. What did he offer to do? Scourge or whip Jesus and send him away.
5. What did the people want? They wanted him killed.
6. Who did they cry to have released? Barabbas.
7. Did Pilate give in to their wicked wishes? Yes.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 9.

Luke 23. 33-45. Memory verses 42, 43.
JESUS ON THE CROSS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do.—Luke 23. 34.

LESSON STORY.

Oh! what a sad picture is this of our Saviour on the cross. Yet there did he choose to die that he might indeed be our Saviour. This death on a cross was considered the very lowest and worst a man could die, and always meant disgrace.

But Jesus bore it all without a murmur and even prayed God to forgive his murderers. He felt pity for the poor Roman soldiers who nailed him to the cross and cast lots for his garments.

Around him were gathered the rulers, who delighted in his agony and mocked him. On crosses on either side of him were two thieves. One railed at him to save them, but the other did not condemn Jesus for not helping them, but prayed him to commend his spirit to God. Jesus knew the poor repentant thief was sincere and assured him he would be with him in Paradise that very day.

Then darkness came over Golgotha like black night and in the temple before the high altar was the curtain torn in two. At that moment the spirit of the Son of God, went back to its Heavenly Father.

LESSON QUESTIONS.

1. Where was Golgotha? A hill outside the walls of Jerusalem.
2. What is the place where the cross stood called? Calvary.
3. What was the hill used for? Crucifixions.
4. What does that mean? Death on a cross.
5. Who was on either side of Jesus? Two thieves.
6. For whom did Jesus pray? His crucifiers.
7. What was placed above the cross? The words, "King of the Jews."
8. What was this for? Mocking.
9. What did Jesus say to the repentant thief? "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before the snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes,—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas carol.

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS.

"I know just why the days were named."

Said little Johnny Sea,
His eyes were bright, his cheeks were red,

And rapidly spoke he:

"Our Sunday, long, oh, long ago,
Ere Christianity'd begun,
Was set apart from other days
To the worship of the sun.

"Our Monday, it is moon day;
And Tuesday, so they say,
From Tuisco, god of combats,
Is England's Assize day.

"We've Wednesday from old Wodin,
And Thursday from old Thor,
The chief of northern Europe,
And the god of thunder's roar.

"Our Friday comes from Frea,
A Saxon goddess, ay;
And Saturday—why, Saturday
Is simply Saturn's day.

"There! I've told you every word of them."

Cried little Johnny Sea,
"I just wonder if there's many
Little boys as smart as me."



THE PARROT.

THE PARROT.

What strange horny-beaked creatures parrots are. They have a dry, horny tongue that makes one wonder how they can speak so plainly. They are very fond of sugar and of rice. It is very funny to see them try to eat rice off a table or a plate. Their upper bill is so long that they cannot pick it up without bending the head flat on its side. They have very beautiful plumage, but their voice is harsh and discordant. Yet some of them can say a good many words quite plainly. The lady in the picture is the Princess Mary of England. How pleased the little boy looks as the parrot eats a bit of cracker!

THE JACK-A-LANTERN.

One hot day in summer twenty little children stood in the railroad depot waiting for a train. They were children from tenement houses in the city, and were being sent to the country by the managers of the Fresh Air Fund. One little fellow was lame,

and he moved about on his crutch following two little girls. They were his sisters, and he was Joe Fayther.

Presently the train came and the children were put on board. They were set down at a pleasant little country town. The three Faythers were sent together to the Emmons' farm. Grandpa Emmons took special care of lame little Joe.

"Here, little fellow, jump on the waggon," he would say, and away they would go through the fields and over the brook; such rides as Joe had never even thought of. One day Grandma Emmons took them on a picnic in the meadow. Such cakes and lemonade they had never had.

After supper Grandma Emmons always brought out the Bible and read a chapter, and they all knelt in prayer.

"I like that book," said Joe. "It has such nice stories in it." Joe had never paid much attention to the Bible before, and he did not know how interesting much of it is.

"If I can find a pumpkin that's just right I'll make a Jack-a-lantern for

those children," said Grandpa.

Grandpa found just the right pumpkin and Joe sat close by and watched while he scooped out the inside, and cut holes for the eyes and mouth. After dark, while the girls were helping Grandma with the dishes, Joe's little crutch went softly along the hall. He and Grandpa Emmons were going to light the candle inside the pumpkin. How it grinned at them when it was lighted! Grandpa told Joe he must not frighten the girls with it, because that is cruel. So he told them what it was and they all enjoyed it.

The children were sorry when the day came to go back to the city. Grandma hugged and kissed them, and gave them some ginger cookies to eat on the way, and Grandpa added a bag of apples and pears and a bunch of dahlias and other flowers for their mother. The stay at the farm had browned their pale faces, and they all looked stronger than when they came.

About Thanksgiving Day there came a barrel to the tenement house. It was addressed to Joe Fayther, and when opened was found to contain pumpkins and apples, besides potatoes and some nuts and a big turkey. The children were wild with delight, for they needed no letter to tell them that it came from Grandpa and Grandma Emmons. Joe begged for one pumpkin to make a Jack-a-lantern. He enjoyed cutting it as he had seen Grandpa Emmons do, and before dinner it was all ready to light.

After the good Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and pumpkin-pie Joe said to his mother, "I wish we'd have prayers as Grandpa Emmons does." Joe had already told his mother about it.

"Well, Joe, we will," said his mother. "I've got a Bible in my box, but I haven't looked at it as much as I ought to."

Mrs. Fayther found the Bible and read a few verses, and then they all knelt down and prayed to God.

After that they blew out the candle and put the Jack-a-lantern on the table and lighted it. Oh, how happy they were!

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Floating, whirling, drifting,

Strange little specks come down—
Dainty, fairy crystals

From a distant wonder-town,
Out of the dim cloud-spaces

That seem so soft and gray.

Are they dust from diamond blossoms

That grow where storm-winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson

From the little flying flakes;

One, added to another,

At last a worldful makes.

They are like the little minutes—

Easy to waste indeed,

But thousands put together

They give us all we need.

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music box."