

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1904.

No. 8

MARBLE-TIME.

Our boy readers, of course, know more about the sport these boys are enjoying than we can tell them. But there is one thing in connection with the game that they may not think of so readily. This is the need of "playing fair" and avoiding the angry disputes which somehow seem to attach themselves more particularly to this amusement than to almost any other. Cheating at marbles looks a very small matter, yet it is often the beginning of a career of dishonesty. It tends to implant and foster a very bad principle—the desire to gain and hold without regard to the right for so doing. The boy who begins by getting a marble unlawfully is likely to be pocketing dollars by-and-by on the same plan.

THE CONTRAST.

The city person, it is well known, is often as much a "greenhorn" in the country as the country person in the city. A girl who had been accustomed to certain city squares and exclusive parks, whose high-barred gates were closed at a fixed hour every night, made her first visit to the country. She was being taken about through lanes and fields by her mother, when the sun set.

"Say, mamma," said the little girl, "haven't we got to go in. What

time do they close the country any way?"

It was a city boy, too, who, when taken with him by his country cousin while he

I should think it would be more convenient to keep them in barrels, the way we do."

The country greenhorn in the city has this advantage over the city greenhorn in

the country, that he does not put on airs of superiority on all occasions. It was a city boy in the country, who, being taken to a peach-tree full of ripe and delicious fruit, and invited to help himself, remarked somewhat loftily:

"No, I thank you. I never eat them until they are canned."

A youth, visiting his cousins in the country, on seeing a cow lying down chewing, exclaimed, "Oh, Lucy, look at that cow: it opens and shuts its mouth just like cousin Maud!"

A GENTLEMAN.

Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. No one or all of these do it; and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.



MARBLE-TIME.

dug some potatoes, watched the process of unearthing the tubers for a moment with great wonder, and then remarked:

"Is that where you get your potatoes?"

THE CLOCK'S MESSAGE.

Clock upon the tall church tower
Tell the children what's the hour.
"God gives you a bright new day,
Happy hours for work and play—"
So the clock and sunbeams say.

Hark! is that the clock so soon
Twelve loud strokes say "It is noon.
Hungry children, God is good,
Thank our Father for your food,
As the birds do in the wood."

Now the darkness brings the night,
Skies are dark, but stars are bright;
Hear the clock voice, loud and deep,
Say "Dear children, go to sleep—
God His little ones will keep."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1904.

A FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN.

In the early centuries, when Christianity was not established as it is now throughout the world, those who believed in Jesus were bitterly persecuted. All kinds of cruel punishments were inflicted upon the Christians in trying to force them to deny Jesus and forsake their faith.

Polycarp was one of the faithful men whose name is honoured now and beloved because of all he suffered for Jesus' sake.

In his youth he was educated by a Christian lady, and her beautiful influence remained with him all through his life. He was a disciple and friend also of St. John, and was later pastor of the church in Smyrna.

But times of persecution came to the Christians when Marcus Aurelius was ruling in Rome, and the faithful Polycarp

was one of those who were brought forth and bidden to revile Christ.

As the stake was made ready for him, before the assembled people he spoke out: "Four-score and six years have I served Him and He has never done me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour! I tell you again, I am a Christian."

TOMMY TILTON'S VERSE.

Tommy Tilton was to go to church for the very first time one bright Sunday morning. His heart was as full of sunshine as was the day as he walked along with grandpa and grandma towards the village meeting-house. Grandpa carried a book; so Tommy must have one too. The book was almost as big as he, but what did he care for that? He was almost a man to-day.

Tommy walked into the church very soberly and tried to keep very still. But he was a tired little boy who went home at noon; for the seats were not made for little people like him, and Tommy was not used to sitting still.

But the boy learned one thing that day that he never forgot. It was this short verse: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

"Why," said Tommy, as with bright eyes he told his mother of all the doings of the morning, "the minister said it over so many times it wouldn't go away."

"Why, yes," said grandma, "that was the text."

Tommy went with his grandma every Sunday after that.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"Mamma," said Bessie, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"What did they do?" asked mamma.

"Took some raisins from the closet."

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"No; they put them in my mouth."

"But you were to blame for taking them. Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?" asked mamma.

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted; we must shut them up."

Mamma found some black cloth, and wound it around the finger, and then the thumb. Bessie went to bed, and got up in the morning with them still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked on going to be washed; and as Bessie was so sorry for being naughty, and as she promised not to let her fingers steal again, mamma let her take off the black cloth.—*Gen.*

UNTO HIM.

"I would like to have been that little boy; but Jesus isn't here any more; and I'm a little girl!"

Jeanie France has just been reading about the little lad who gave his loaves and fishes to Jesus, who with them fed five thousand people. Her mother smiled and, taking Jeanie's Bible, said:

"Even if Jesus had stayed upon the earth, he might never have lived just where we live; while now in heaven he hears every word we speak to him. But he knows, dear, that he would like all of us to do something for him, and so he kindly sends some one to each one of us, who stands in his place."

"O mamma, tell me who stands in Christ's place for me! I'll do anything for that person."

Mrs. France opened Jeanie's Bible and read: "'And he took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms he said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.' Jeanie is not Paul one of such children?"

Jeanie's face grew red and her eyes filled with tears. Paul was a little orphan cousin who had lived with them nearly a year. At first Jeanie thought it great fun to take care of little Paul, but by-and-bye she grew tired of washing his face so often and mending his clothes; and only lately her mother had heard the little girl speak sharply to Paul.

"I never thought," she said, softly.

"Ah, Jeanie dear, we miss so much by not thinking!" And then Mrs. France put on her bonnet, for she was to spend the day at grandma's.

Paul came home at noon in a great hurry for his dinner. Generally Jeanie would have teased him and kept him waiting; but she was so kind and patient that Paul put down his knife and fork once or twice to see what was the matter! Why, auntie had left two little cup custards for their dessert, and Jeanie gave him the biggest! She was so kind that when she said, "Paul, I'd like to wash your face and hands and put on a clean collar before you go back to school," he tried hard not to grumble.

Jeanie found it was a quite different matter to wash and dress Paul for Jesus. She tried to be as gentle as possible, and felt so full of love and peace that when she tied his ribbon she kissed him. He ran off and told Charlie Dunn that his cousin Jeanie was "as good as her mamma!" But he did not know, as we do, what kept Jeanie kind and patient. Somebody stands in Christ's place in every home. Who is it at your house? It may be a little fretful baby, or a tired-out mother, or a sick old grandmother. But whoever it is, Jesus says to you, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

LITTLE

"I will be a
Lips the
On its silvery
Never stoppin'
Till it turns t
In some

"I will be a
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All its beauty
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"I will be a
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You can be a
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LESSON

SECON

SIX MONTHS WITH

LESSON

THE MISSION

Luke 10. 1-16.

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Pray ye theref
vest, that he wo
into his harvest.—

QUESTION

How many dis
What were their
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Mon. Read ab

Mark

Tues. Read ho

forth.

Wed. Read the

1-16.

LITTLE HELPERS.

"I will be a little helper."
Lisps the brook;
On its silvery way it goes,
Never stopping to repose,
Till it turns the busy mill,
In some nook.

"I will be a little helper,"
Smiles the flower;
By the wayside in the field,
All its beauty is revealed,
Unto sad and weary hearts,
Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper,"
Sings the bird;
And it carols forth a song,
Though the cheerless day be long,
Bringing to some helpless one
Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper,
Child so fair!
And your kindly deeds can make,
For the heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love and happiness
Everywhere.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

Luke 10. 1-16. Memorize verses 1, 2.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest.—Luke 10. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How many disciples were called at first? What were their names? What did Jesus do when there were twelve who had left all to follow him? What power did he give them? How many did he send forth later? Were they apostles also? What power did he give them? What did he say they would be like? How did he talk to them? What three cities did he speak about? What did he say about them? What did he say of those who would listen to the seventy? What of those who despised them? How did the seventy return? What did they say? Does Jesus' name have power over disease and evil spirits now? Yes, it is a work within the soul.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the call of the four. Mark 1. 16-20.
Tues. Read how the twelve were sent forth. Luke 9. 1-6.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. Luke 10. 1-16.

Thur. Find why Jesus' name has power. Luke 1. 21.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read Jesus' prayer for his disciples. John 17. 6-10.

Sun. Find who became an apostle later. Acts 26. 15-18.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. If one cannot preach he may serve Jesus.
2. Jesus gives the power of his Spirit to such.
3. To use his name we must have his Spirit.

LESSON V.—MAY 1.

PRAYER AND PROMISE.

Luke 11. 1-13. Memorize verses 11-13.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Luke 11. 9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus often pray? Where did the Jews pray? In the temple and on the housetop. Did Jesus pray their prayers? No. What did a disciple ask him one day? Who had taught his disciples to pray? Was Jesus ready to teach them? What is the prayer he taught them commonly called? What is it really? Why may it be called the "child's prayer" also? What does it hold? Can you tell the little story, or parable, in this lesson? What does it teach? What plain words about prayer did Jesus give us? May we ask for anything and receive it? Yes, if we ask it in his name. What does that mean? That we must have his Spirit.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. Luke 11. 1-13.
Wed. Find the Lord's Prayer in the Sermon on the Mount. Matt. 6. 9-13.
Thur. Learn a great encouragement to prayer. Verse 10.
Fri. Learn why we may expect the Holy Spirit when we ask. Verse 13.
Sat. Learn how we should ask of God. Eph. 6. 18.
Sun. Learn the Lord's Prayer in verse. Hymn 716 in Methodist Hymnal.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. We are all children of one heavenly Father.
2. He wants to give us all good gifts.
3. And most of all his Holy Spirit.

"I am but one, but I am one. I cannot do much, but I can do something; and all I can do I ought to do, and by God's grace will do."

ARE WE PLEASING OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

There was once a little girl, we are told, who was very fond of making up stories for her younger brother. One day she was overheard telling him of a boy who was so naughty that he grew worse and worse, until one day he became so terribly wicked that he struck God.

That was only a little girl's story, but do you know that every sinful act we do is like striking God. Every evil thought which we cherish in our minds, every bad word we say with our lips, every naughty deed grieves our Heavenly Father just as if we actually reached out our hand to strike at him.

And on the other hand, it is a beautiful thought to remember that we can actually please God. Of many men in the Bible it is written that they pleased God, and so, if we have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and try to do his will, we too may please our Father which is in heaven.—*Apples of Gold*.

THE PEAR TREE.

Old Rupert sat at the close of the day, in the shade of a beautiful pear tree, which stood before the house, while his grandson ate of the pears, and could not cease praising the sweet fruit.

Then said the grandfather:

"I must tell you how this tree came here. One evening, more than fifty years ago, I stood here when there was an empty space, but where now this pear tree stands, and complained to a rich neighbour of my poverty. 'Oh,' said I, 'how perfectly contented should I be if I could only possess one hundred dollars!'"

"The neighbor, who was a wise man, said:

"'That you can easily do, if you only set about it. See,' said he, 'there in the soil where you stand are more than a hundred dollars, if you can only get them.'"

"At that time I was only a foolish young man, and so in the following night I dug in the ground on the spot, and to my great mortification I found not a single dollar. In the morning the neighbour saw where I had been digging, and laughed heartily at my simplicity.

"'I see,' said he, 'that you did not understand me. I will send you a young pear tree; set that in the hole you have dug, and after a year the dollars will begin to appear.'"

"I set out the young tree. It grew and became what you now see it. The fruit which it has borne, year after year, has brought more than a hundred dollars, and yet it is a capital which yearly brings a good interest."

"Open your eyes,

And open your mind,

Work with your hands,

And wishes you'll find."



A COSY CORNER AND AN INTERESTING STORY.

A TALE OF A TOY.

Once was a little horse
That daily was the joy
Of a pretty little girl
And a pretty little boy.
But now the little horse
No longer is the joy
Of the pretty little girl,
And the pretty little boy.

They could not think alike
About the horse one morn;
One wished to feed him oats,
And one to feed him corn.
Then pulled the little girl;
Then pulled the little boy;
And soon their darling horse
Was just a broken toy.

WILL YOU ENLIST?

BY H. WATSON.

Several boys were playing at soldiers and were marching about armed with sticks for bayonets, Frank leading the way and beating his drum. He had just halted his men and was about to drill them when their teacher came along.

As they saw him the boys all politely touched their caps.

"Good morning," said he, "what are you doing?"

Said George: "We are playing at being soldiers, sir. Frank is the captain and he is drilling us."

"There is no harm in drill," said the teacher. "It exercises your limbs and keeps your backs straight; but I hope, boys, you will be content with playing at soldiers and never have to go to battle as real soldiers."

Then each boy had something to say in reply.

Said Frank: "Why not, sir? I think I should like to be a soldier."

Said another: "Oh, I shouldn't—not a real one. It is all very well to play at it."

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

"Think of losing your leg."

"Or your arm."

"Or your life."

"And not be well paid for it, either."

Said Frank: "You all talk like cowards. A brave man is willing to shed his blood for his country and doesn't think about the pay."

"Well said, Frank," said the teacher. "Although I don't wish any of you to be soldiers, I don't like the reasons the others give for keeping out of the way of war—they are selfish. Be men of peace, boys, but be so because it is right, not because you can get more by it and suffer less."

"Isn't it noble to give one's life for one's country," asked Frank.

"Yes, Frank, and when we read of men who have done so we admire them. But, as a rule, soldiers don't go into the army with the intention of being killed for their country, although they know they run the risk. Their country does not wish them to be killed either. The more men she loses the worse for her. A soldier's business, in fact, is not to die for his country, but to kill other men. That's what they go in battle for—to kill the enemy. It's awful, isn't it? It is a dangerous game, for a man may lose his own life while he is trying to take that of others."

"Well, it does seem wicked," said Frank, "when you think about it. Still, if they are the enemies of our country it makes a difference, doesn't it? I don't think I'd like to be a real soldier, after all. I'll only play I'm one."

"But you can all be soldiers in another

kind of army, and I hope you will all enlist. The aim of this army is not to destroy men's lives but to save them."

"I know what you mean," said Tom: "you mean the Temperance army, don't you?"

"Yes, and I want you all to be earnest soldiers. Our enemy is headed by King Alcohol. He is very strong, for he has many to support him. He is barricaded behind whisky barrels and wine casks and beer kegs."

"Yes, and his soldiers all show plainly enough when they belong to his army," said Tom. "They have red noses and bleary eyes."

"And ragged clothes," said Willie.

"And horrid breaths," said Charlie.

"And staggering steps," this from Robert.

"I won't join such an army," said Tom.

"Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!" shouted all the boys.

The teacher smiled as he answered, "That means you will belong to the army I spoke of—the Temperance army, the army of right."

"Yes, sir—yes," were the boys' answers. They were all ready to enlist. Will you enlist, too?

SCHOOL IN AFRICA.

The boys and girls have schools at Bauza Manteki in Africa that are very much like schools everywhere, though I did notice some helps they had in doing their "sums" that I never saw at home.

In doing their "sums," the children used their fingers to count on, just as some boys and girls do at home. But, what was more amusing, they also used—their toes! As they wear no shoes or stockings, this is very convenient, and when a scholar's own set gives out, she may be spied eagerly borrowing ten toes of her neighbour to finish out her sum.

Each child has a pen-wiper of her own, which is in constant use. The pen-wiper is her own woolly little head, into which the pen is plunged every few minutes and rubbed vigorously. If ink is spilt on the table it is wiped off with their own hands, no one being any the wiser—another advantage of black, shiny skin.—*Jewels.*

A little girl, introducing two other little girls, said: "Mary, you and Susie must love each other; for I love you both, and you both love me." Do you not think that a good reason for loving? At any rate, it was Jesus' reason: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." It ought to be the easiest thing in the world for Christian boys and girls who love Christ, and whom he loves, to be the best of friends.