

SUNBEAM

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No. 1.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Little Johnnie lay burning with yellow fever, and, becoming very hungry, said, "Aunt Kate, can I have a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said, "No, darling; the doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and was met with the same plaintive cry, "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of bread."

Tears came into the eyes of both ladies, as Aunt Alice said, "No."

In a little while someone else came—probably the mother—only to hear the same pitiful cry.

The little boy finding that his case was hopeless, went to another source of comfort. He, like many boys and girls of larger growth, found that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Like grown people, when human help failed, he turned to God. His parents and teachers had taught him to pray, and the evening incense of prayer went up nightly from the little boy's heart. Now, in his hunger, he remembered the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." With hungry lips and weak voice, laying his little hands on his breast, he said earnestly, "Dear Jesus, your poor little boy is starving for a piece of bread; please give it to him. He is so hungry."

Of course, mamma and aunties all began to cry; but, wonderful to relate, grandma came in, and seeing the state of affairs, said, "Girls, don't you remember the doctor said if Johnnie

wanted to eat, we could give him some milk?"

Every one ran to get it. Tender hands raised Johnnie's head and held the cup to his lips, and never did milk go gurgling down a more grateful throat.

Johnnie is not a story-book boy, made up for this occasion, but a great fellow in his teens now. Then he was about six years old, or, maybe, eight.

Children, bear in mind the last part of this story—the "Thank you, Jesus." Any of us can beg for a thing; but do we, like Johnnie, always give thanks when the blessing sent goes to "the part what hurted"?

Like little Johnnie, let us go to God with all our wants; and when he answers our prayers, let us be thankful.

IT WILL HOLD MORE.

"That measure's full up!" said Rob, holding the wooden measure even, and noticing the rounded top as his father poured the stream of yellow grain from the meal bag.

"Not quite," said the farmer; "it will hold a little more if you shake it down well."

"Does, doesn't it?" answered Rob thoughtfully, as a gentle shaking left a half-inch of the sides of the measure visible. "Now it's full, though."

"It will hold a little more," repeated his father steadily. "Set it down hard, once—there? A pint more will go in easily. Things look full long before they really are so. Some folks round up their time that way. Day's packed full. Can't get in another chore if they tried to. No time to

do an errand, dreadfully busy. Worst of it is, they think so, and 'tisn't all hypocrisy and excuses. What they need is a good shaking up and setting down hard. Never



YOUNG CANADA AT PLAY.

Instead of lying down immediately, the child raised his beautiful eyes, and said, "Thank you, dear Jesus. It went to the part what hurted."

was a day so full it couldn't hold a little more. Hold that a minute, will ye, while I go and lead old Billy out?"

"I believe father heard me telling mother I was so busy I hadn't a minute to go to the store for her!" mused Rob, standing stock still holding the measure; "and I thought I was. I'm pretty close on time with that physics 'exam.' coming to-morrow, but I might have done the errand. I could have studied all the way over and back if I'd wanted to. I believe I'll shake up my days a little. They'll hold a little more, if they do look full." — *Wellspring.*

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1903.

A LITTLE NEW-YEAR'S SERMON.

God gives you something hard to do in the year just ahead. He asks you to fight that besetting sin of yours every day and all the time. It may not be one pitched battle and then a final result. That would be easier.

You are to be on picket duty to-day, watching for the enemy. You are to encounter him to-morrow, and win—win, remember—after a struggle. You are to hide and let your adversary pass by the next day; and the next day, when you come upon him suddenly, you are to meet him bravely and win—always win.

Hard? Why, yes, it is. But you would not ask for an easy place behind all the fighters in the battle ranks, would you? Good soldiers do not feel so.

What then, is your besetting sin? Temper? Quench it. Selfishness? Undermine it. Uncharity? Shield with love. Deceitfulness? Force to the light. De-

grading thought? Flee it, fight it, stamp it out, but never give way to it—never!

Remember two things: First, God is always behind you in this warfare; he will surely come to your rescue if you call upon him. Second, if you win to-day, your victory will be easier to-morrow; this of course.

But suppose you fail to-day? Then you have taken a back step, and must make it up. How do you climb a slippery hill? Do you give up at each slide, or push forward the more resolutely because you have lost ground?

Finally, what a joy it will be to bring in a well-worn battle-flag at the end of the year! Our Father will know, and all your friends will know, the meaning of it.

Faithfulness and—victory!

WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

"O why do you ring, sweet chiming bells,
O why do you ring to-day?"

"We ring because once more the light
Shines on a New Year glad and bright,
And the old year's gone away."

"But why are you glad the old year's
gone?"

"O bells, tell why you are glad!"
"Because the world begins again,
Turns a fresh page without a stain,
And repents what's wrong and sad."

"And will the old world grow good, O
bells,

While it hears the news you ring?"
"The world moves slow, but if all will try
There will come a glad day, by and by,
When the earth for joy shall sing."

"And what can I do this year, sweet bells,
To make it, of all, the best?"

"Brimful of love keep one little heart,
Let two little hands do their small part,
And leave to God the rest."

TELEPHONING TO PADDY.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog. When she left she quite forgot the dog; and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail.

Some hours passed, and he was still there; so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

One of the boys held him, while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear.

Then my sister whistled and called: "Come home at once, Paddy."

Immediately he rushed to the door, barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.

NED'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BY ETHEL BEERS.

Grandma had gone out to take a sick neighbour a bowl of her famous soup, so little Ned was left alone. It was New Year's evening, and he had drawn up his little bench before the kitchen fire and looked at the pictures in a big book until he was tired. So he shut the book, and placing his elbows on his knees and his head upon his hands, seemed to be studying over the tiles on the hearth. But he was not thinking of tiles or picture books, or anything in the room. He was thinking of the little chap upon the bench—he was thinking of himself. Said he to himself:

"Here I am, a great boy eight years old, and can't read yet, staying at home from the public school because the boys laugh at my clothes. Now, Ned Graham, can you afford to make a dunce of yourself just because your jacket is rather outgrown and there is a patch on your trousers? Oughtn't you to be thankful there is a patch instead of a hole?"

"If Grandma is willing, I'll just begin bright and early Monday morning and pitch in as hard as I can; I won't be a dunce if I can help it; I guess I've got money enough to buy me a Reader and a slate."

Ned left his seat and went to his drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, from which he took a little round box and counted the pennies it held. He had been saving them a long time.

To school Ned went, and though the boys laughed at him he tried hard not to mind them. If they jeered him about his patches he said, "I'll have better clothes when I am a man." He studied hard and each month found him wiser. Reading became the greatest pleasure of his life.

It is a very good thing on New Year's Day to look over our lives and ways and see if we cannot mend them a little. There is no one so good that he cannot find room for improvement.

When you give up doing what you know to be duty, for fear of being laughed at, you have gone a long way on the road to ruin.

We are glad for the little folks who—like Ned, want to learn to read; there are published so many good books, and good temperance books, too. Such books as "How Billy Went Up in the World," and "The Story of Rasmus, or the Making of a Man," are fine reading, and show how even the poorest can fill their minds with useful knowledge and become good, useful men. They can both be had of the National Temperance Society.

A boy's recipe for the growth of a mission land: "Let one feller bring another feller, and then give the fellers something to do."

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

There were three little folks, long ago,
Who solemnly sat in a row,
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise,
And be one of the quietest boys."
Wrote one of the three
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of confusion.

"I resolve that I never will take
More than two or three pieces of cake."
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling solution.

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved, that I will"—
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion.
—Standard.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON III. [Jan. 18.

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BERECA.

Acts 17. 1-12. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—Psa. 119. 105.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Paul and Silas go from Philippi? Where did they first go? What did Paul do? What chapter tells of the death of Christ? The fifty-third of Isaiah. Did many believe Paul's words? Who were they? What did the unbelieving Jews do? Who were they like? The priests and Pharisees who persecuted Jesus. Whose house did they attack? Whom did they arrest? What did they think that Jason's friends had done? Who were troubled? What did they finally do? Where were Paul and Silas sent? What kind of Jews did they find at Berea? What did they do daily? Who were the believers? Jews, Greeks, and honourable women.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how Paul and Silas led by. Philippi. Acts 16. 35-40.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 17. 1-12.
- Wed. Find what Paul and Silas were led by. Golden Text.
- Thur. Read a blessing for the persecuted. Matt. 5. 10.
- Fri. Read how Paul himself had been a persecutor. Acts 9. 1, 2.

Sat. Read about his conversion. Acts 9. 3-20.

Sun. Read David's song of deliverance. Psa. 125.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned—
1. That our duty is always just before us.
 2. That it is often hard to do.
 3. But that the Lord gives joy and strength.

LESSON IV. [Jan. 25.

PAUL'S COUNSEL TO THE THESSALONIANS.

1 Thess. 5. 14-28. Memorize verses 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hold fast that which is good.—1 Thess. 5. 21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Paul form at Thessalonica? A Christian church. Of what three classes of people? Had they a New Testament? No. Why? It was not yet written. What did Paul do? He wrote them two letters. What are they called? Where was he when he wrote them? In Corinth. What was Paul to these Christians? Their spiritual father. Why did he love them? He had the love of Christ. What does he tell the strong? To be good to the weak. What to the impatient? To be "patient toward all men." What to all? To rejoice, pray, and give thanks. How does he tell them to choose the right? "Prove all things." What is the Golden Text? What is his prayer? That they may be kept pure until Christ comes.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the beginning of Paul's letter. 1 Thess. 1. 1-10.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Thess. 5. 14-28.
- Wed. Whom did Paul send to the Thessalonians? 1 Thess. 3. 1-8.
- Thur. Read a rejoicing psalm. Psa. 150.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find a promise of faithfulness. Psa. 125. 1, 2.
- Sun. Learn Paul's blessing upon the Thessalonians. 2 Thess. 3. 16.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned—
1. That we may "rejoice evermore."
 2. That we may hold fast that which is good.
 3. That we may be kept pure from evil.

A boy who had given his heart to Jesus said: "I have had two birthdays; one when I was born into the world, and the other when I was born into Christ's kingdom." Have you had your second birthday? Without it no one can ever enter the Kingdom of heaven.

ALL FOR GOD.

A poor little girl came one day and brought to her Sunday-school teacher an old rag doll. Evidently it was very dear to her, for she looked at it longingly, tearfully, before she gave it to the lady. Then suddenly she held it out and said with a sob: "They said that we must bring something for Christ. This is all that I have to bring. Oh, I hate to let it go, but—take it! I want to give something."

Now that's the spirit which Christ wants us to manifest. We must give something, and the more we love that something the better he prizes the gift, because in giving it we prove how much we are in earnest. It must be a complete surrender of our wills, ourselves, to God; and not until we have made that surrender do we know the blessedness that comes of giving up everything for God. Then we find out that what was given up is as nothing compared with what we gain. But there must be this giving up—it's the test of our sincerity.

A NEW YEAR.

Here you are, little Year. Did you come in the night,
When I was asleep in my bed?
And how did you find your way in before light,
With no sun shining out overhead?
Did you pass the Old Year as he rushed out of sight,
With a pack that was heavy as lead?
He looked just like you, O so shining and slim,
When he made his bow twelve months ago;
We all said "Good morning" politely to him—
It was manners, dear Year, as you know;
And his hand was outstretched, and his eye was not dim,
As he stood in his first morning glow.
But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work,
And he had such a handful of days,
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a shirk,
He'll be chipper and cheery always;
His story was mixed up with brightness and mirk,
And we'll speak of him only with praise.
As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast,
As you stand in the other Year's place,
That already the shadow that falls from the past
Is weaving its veil o'er your face.
O happy New Year, may your happiness last,
As you trot at the Century's pace!
—Harper's Round Table.



NEW ZEALAND

Fair are New-Zealand's wooded mountains,
 Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steep;
 But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
 Rises the song from holy lips:
 "By blood of Jesus come to save us,
 So deeply stained with brother's blood:
 Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
 Deliverance from the fiery flood."

THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Listen, little children,
 Children far and near,
 Listen to the voices
 Of the glad New Year!

Clearly they are saying
 —If you only hear—
 "You must work for Jesus
 All this glad New Year.

"There are homes to brighten,
 There are hearts to cheer,
 Woes that you may lighten
 In this glad New Year."

Happy little children,
 All to Jesus dear,
 May you love and please him
 Through this glad New Year.

GO QUICKLY.

A father hurrying home over a prairie one dark night heard little footsteps coming toward him. He lifted his lantern and saw his little son, but the next minute he saw nothing of him. He thought that he had hidden in the tall grass, and would soon jump out in his path. But after a while he thought, "There's an old well there, and he has fallen in," and made great haste to reach the little fellow and

pull him out. Little John could not think why his father had been so long coming. "O papa," he said, "why didn't you hurry?" When we have a helping hand to give to some one who has fallen down, or a bright light to let shine for some one lost in the dark, we cannot hurry too fast. The story of Jesus is a bright light, and there are many poor heathen people who have never heard it. There are many people who live quite near us and have Bibles in their houses who do not really know about Jesus' love. Do not wait until you are grown up to hurry up with your light. Jesus has need of many light-bearers. There are some paths to be ventured into where only little feet fit.

THE TWO ANSWERS.

BY K. H. M'D. JACKSON.

A little boy and a girl were learning to sing a duet. The refrain ran thus:

"I wouldn't be a duck.
 Quack! Quack!
 With only little feathers on my back!"

One morning, when they had been having a practice together, their teacher said, "Children, you repeat several times in your song that you 'wouldn't be a duck,' but how do you think you would like it really if you suddenly became one?"

Rosy tossed her curly head and replied, "Oh! I wouldn't like it at all. I wouldn't mind being a swan, for then every one

would admire me; but just a common duck! Oh! no!"

"And how about you, George?" enquired the lady, turning to the small boy at her side.

George looked gravely up at his questioner for a moment. Then he said emphatically, "I wouldn't like to be a duck at all, for then I wouldn't have a soul and go to heaven!"

Did not that little child already feel in his heart that there are greater things in the unseen world than we shall ever know or see here?

WINTER DAYS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

If every little snowflake
 Declared it wouldn't fall,
 And if every little sunbeam
 Wouldn't shine at all,
 Perhaps the little children
 Would forget the way to smile,
 And winter days would surely last
 A weary, dreary while.

But here come hurrying snowflakes,
 And the world will soon be white;
 And then the dancing sunbeams
 Will add their golden light;
 And happy, smiling children
 Will clap their hands and say,
 "Hurrah for sleds and snowballs
 This lovely winter day!"

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

New Year's Day is a splendid time of the year to try it, children! A friend of mine told me about this little girl and her brother. One cold frosty morning they went on an errand.

They were dressed very thinly, and the little girl's coat was too short and too narrow and too small every way; but as they walked briskly along, she drew the curly-haired brother closer and said, merrily:

"Johnnie, come under my coat; you look shivery."

"It isn't half big enough for us two," said Johnnie.

"Oh! I guess I can stretch it a little." And with a tremendous jump and pull she tucked the little head inside the scrimpy coat, and they put their arms around one another, and grew warm and cozy as two birds in one nest.

How many coats have we to "stretch a little" at the beginning of the New Year, I wonder.

Little New Year, little New Year,
 By trying every day,
 I hope to be good company
 Until you go away.

—Mary F. Butts.