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TESTING HER WEIGHT.

Who can tell what reflections may be passing through the old man's brain as he stands and watches the little girl, possibly his daughter, standing in the great balances in his workshop to try her weight.

What she actually weighs is probably of little consequence to either of them, but he may take the occasion to gently explain to her how the day will come, for her as well as for himself, when they will both have to be weighed in balances of another kind, and then their spiritual weight will be of very great consequence indeed.

Each word, deed, or thought of our daily lives must have a final result on our spiritual standard, adding to or detracting from it, on the final day, when all mankind shall be weighed in the balances of God's justice, and when some will pass the standard, but others, like

King Belshazzar of old, will be found wanting.

GOD'S HOUSE.

I have heard of a dear little girl who, when her little sister whispered in church



TESTING HER WEIGHT.

one Sunday, said, "You must not talk now; it isn't being polite to God."

Do you think about this, little people, when you go to church? You know it is not polite to talk and disturb mamma when she has company, and you ought to

be just as polite to God as to mamma. When you go to church, which is God's house, you know, you must think about him, and try to learn about him by listening to what the minister or your teacher says about him. God wants us all to be very happy, but he also wants us to learn all we can of his love.

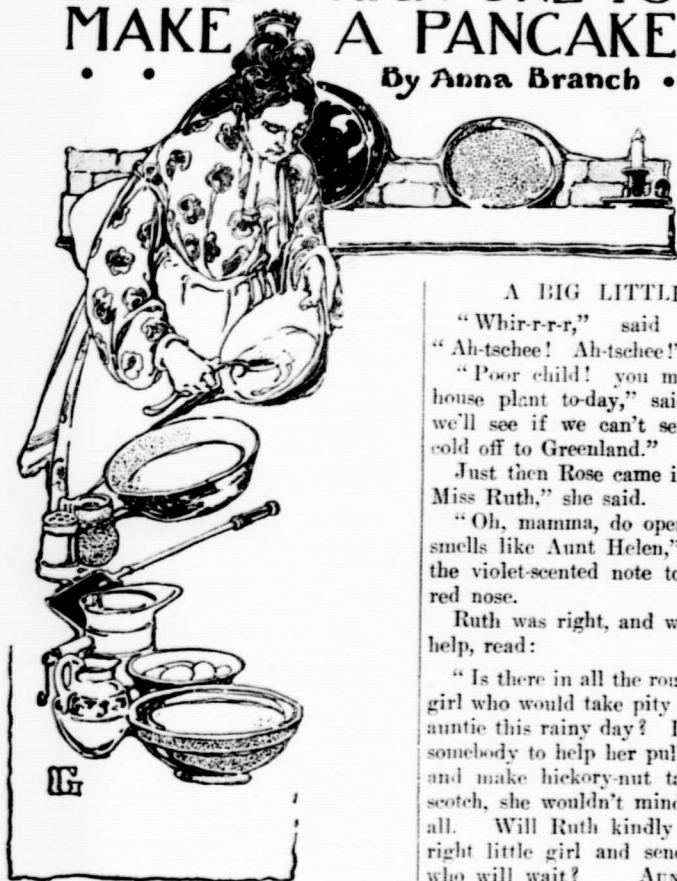
THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

Jesus knocks to-day at the door of your heart; do you not hear him? He has knocked there every day since you can remember. When you were naughty he knocked there and wanted to come in to clean the naughtiness out and make a home for his Spirit there. When you are good he knocks for you to open the door that he may make you better. Long ago he died to redeem you from sin and save your soul from hell; but he cannot do it un-

less you unlock the door and swing it wide open for him, that he may enter your heart and live there and be your king and master all your life. Open the door now and say, "Come in, dear Saviour."

MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE

By Anna Branch



MORE THAN ONE TO MAKE A PANCAKE.

The farmer's wife said she was going to make a pancake.

"Ho!" said the flour. "She can't make it without me. I mix it."

The milk said, "She can't make it without me. I wet it."

The pan said, "She can't make it without me. I hold it."

The fire said, "She can't make it without me. I bake it."

When the woman went to get the flour, the mice had eaten it all up.

When she went to get the milk, the little boy had drunk it.

When she went to get the pan, a neighbor had borrowed it.

When she went to make the fire, the wood was wet and wouldn't burn.

"Dear, dear!" said the woman. "How shall I make my pancake!"

Then she walked three miles and borrowed flour of her mother-in-law.

Then she went and milked the cow.

Then she ran over to the neighbor's and brought back the pan.

Then she went and chopped wood and made up the fire.

"Ah!" said the farmer's wife. "It takes more than one to make a pancake!"

A BIG LITTLE WORD.

"Whir-r-r," said the door-bell. "Ah-tsee! Ah-tsee!" said Ruth.

"Poor child! you must be my little house plant to-day," said mother, "and we'll see if we can't send this naughty cold off to Greenland."

Just then Rose came in. "A note for Miss Ruth," she said.

"Oh, mamma, do open it quick! It smells like Aunt Helen," and Ruth held the violet-scented note to her poor little red nose.

Ruth was right, and with her mother's help, read:

"Is there in all the round world a little girl who would take pity on a poor lonely auntie this rainy day? If the auntie had somebody to help her pull molasses candy and make hickory-nut taffy and butter-scotch, she wouldn't mind the weather at all. Will Ruth kindly try to find the right little girl and send her by John, who will wait? AUNTIE HELEN."

Dear me! Wasn't it too sad that Aunt Helen should have chosen this day of all others for her candy-making? I don't wonder that there were more than "cold" tears in Ruth's eyes as she watched John go back to auntie's without her; do you?

Even Mac, her funny little dog, saw something was wrong, and trotted off.

Ruth soon heard an odd sound in the hall that made her forget her own troubles for a time, and she really laughed at the funny sight she saw over the banister. There was Mac, yowling, coaxing and leading one of the fat little puppies of Di, the stable dog. The little fellow had never been out visiting before, and was afraid to be in a strange place without his mother. Mac was in earnest, however, and soon had the puppy at his mistress' feet.

Mother brought the sugar bowl, and for awhile Ruth had a funny little sugar party, and then every lump made her think of the fun she would have had if she could have gone to Aunt Helen's.

"What a sorry-looking little hostess!" said mother, passing through the hall a little while later. "Aren't your visitors pleasant?"

"Oh, yes, mother; but everything makes me think what a lovely time I would have had at Aunt Helen's."

"Now, my girlie, let us send the puppy back to poor anxious Di, and let Mac go too if he wants to, then I will tell you a story."

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who was given a wonderful little word to use just as she pleased. There were just three letters in the word: B U T. She could have put them away out of sight, or she could have hung them up in the sun where they would have been all bright and shining. But, instead, she took this little word and stretched it and twisted it until she made a wall of it, high and wide enough to shut out all the sunshine. Then she sat down in the shadow of the wall and thought there was no sunshine in the world."

"Mother, your eyes look smily in the corners as if your story was about me" said Ruth, looking puzzled.

"Well, dearie, you remember you said you were having a nice time with the dogs, but— This made me think how that one little word can sometimes stand in the way of our sunshine, if we will let it. We have happy homes, but we would like to live somewhere else. We are going to have a lovely walk, but we wish we could go to drive."

Just then there was a double tap at the door, and there stood Aunt Helen, wrapped in a waterproof and carrying a basket.

"As the little maid couldn't come to the candy, the candy had to come to her," said auntie, laughing.

FRED'S SERMON.

This was Fred's sermon on honoring parents:

"H' means to hear what they say. Sometimes you can't hear when you are real near, if you'd rather not; but you must always rather."

"O' means obey—that's to mind what you're told, as well as to hear it.

"N' is to hear and obey now. Don't say: 'Wait a minute.' Don't think: 'I'll mind next time.' Now is the word.

"O' again means 'onest. We owe it to our parents, because they loved us and took care of us when we were little shavers, and couldn't do it ourselves.

"R' stands for right. It is right, because God says so; if it weren't, he wouldn't have put it in the Bible."

Maybe some of you can spell better than Fred, but we doubt if you can preach as well.

When you come to God for pardon, it is not necessary to waste time trying to explain why you did it.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy,
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks;
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes;
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know
Who pout and mope and sigh.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORDS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 12.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS.

Luke 15. 11-32. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Return unto me, and I will return unto
you, saith the Lord.—Mal. 3. 7.

LESSON STORY.

This is the noted parable of the prodigal son. It is one of the most beautiful Jesus ever uttered, as showing the love of his Father. An old man had two sons. One stayed with his father and served him, but the other asked him to give him what was his portion, and he went away to a far country. There he lived a wicked life and spent all he had. Soon a famine arose and he began to be in want. He got so poor and hungry that he had to eat food no better than what the pigs got. At last he saw how he had sinned, so he made up his mind to do better and returned to his father.

While yet a great way off his father saw him and ran to meet him. He was full of love for his erring child, whom he kissed and forgave. Then he made a great feast and rejoiced over the return of his lost son. So our Father in heaven loves us and is anxious to give a welcome home to all sinners who will return unto him.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is this parable called? The Prodigal Son.
2. What did he do? He asked his father for money and left home.
3. What did he do in the far land? He lived foolishly and wickedly and spent all he had.
4. What happened then? A famine arose and he began to be in want.
5. What came to him? A sense of his sin.
6. What followed? He repented and returned home.
7. Did his father welcome him? Yes.
8. Will our heavenly Father welcome every sinner? Yes, indeed.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 19.

THE JUDGE, THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

Luke 18. 1-14. Memory verse: 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke 18. 13.

LESSON STORY.

The stories of these three people are well worth remembering. The first was an unjust judge who did not care for mercy. To him came again and again a poor woman praying for justice. The judge paid no attention to her, but still she kept on pleading. At last to get rid of her the judge gave her what she asked.

This parable is to teach us that we should pray and faint not. God is not an unjust judge, but he does not always answer our prayers at once. He wants us to trust him and not grow discouraged.

The next parable tells of a Pharisee and a publican who went to the temple to pray. The Pharisee was very proud and only pretended to be good. He despised the publican and thanked the Lord that he was not as other men were. The publican's prayer was a humble confession and cry for mercy. "God be merciful to me a sinner," which we may be sure was much more pleasing to God.

"He that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is the parable of the judge about? An unjust judge and a poor woman pleading.
2. What did she do? Kept pleading until he helped her.
3. What is the lesson for us? To pray and faint not.
4. Who is the other parable about? A Pharisee and a publican.
5. What were they doing? Praying.
6. What did the Pharisee say? He thanked God he was not as other men.
7. What did the publican pray? "God be merciful to me a sinner."

THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES.

"Go away from me, Stanley! Don't you see that I'm playing, and can't be bothered with you?" little Robbie said crossly to his baby brother.

Stanley looked for a moment at Robbie; then a pitiful quiver took possession of his pretty lips. He was not used to having cross words spoken to him.

"See, Robbie," said his mother, "Stanley is hurt. Speak kindly to him; he doesn't like you to use such a cross voice."

And what a wonderful difference it made in the baby brother's face when Robbie said softly: "I'm sorry, Stanley. Kiss me, and I won't speak to you like that again."

Stanley did not understand the meaning of the words; but he did understand that it was a kind, and not a cross, voice speaking to him.

THE LITTLE NEWSBOY.

A ragged coat pillowing a tired head,
A boy asleep by a sheltering wall,
With only the pavement for his bed—
A poor little street urchin, that is all.
All his morning papers are sold and gone;
His evening edition has not yet come.
A morsel of food and a sleep in the sun
Give him all he knows of comfort or home.

The soft baby dimples are scarcely gone
From the arm that shows through his
tattered sleeve—
The childish arm that must battle alone
For such place and wage as it can
achieve.

The brow of the sleeper is smooth and
fair
As those that with kisses fond mothers
bless;

But only the soft wind touches his hair,
And only in dreams can he know caress.

O brave young heart! The life's journey
looks hard,

And our eyes grow moist as we see him
there;

But who shall tell what heavenly guard
Protects that rude couch with tenderest
care?

Still, as of old, on the ladder of dreams
May the white-winged angels come and
go;

And the light of the home, afar, still
streams

From the Father's house to his child
below.

No man is fit for God's service who is not willing to do little things. The people who are always waiting for an opportunity to do some great things never accomplish anything.



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 of 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 safer little ones would be in so quiet and sheltered a spot.

If we would have our Lord abide with us, we must solicit his presence; he tarries only where his presence is desired.

WHAT HARRY DECIDED.

"I think you are real mean, anyhow!" said Harry, looking disappointed and cross. "You haven't much of a collection and I'd give you something real nice for this."

"I don't want 'something real nice,'" said Fred; "I want this."

"This" was a queer-looking bird's nest; Harry had never seen one like it before, and Fred's uncle had told him that the birds which built such nests did not often put them where people could find them.

The scholars in his class were making collections of interesting things—flowers, and stones, and mosses, anything they could find in the fields, or woods, or along the river bank. On the last day of the term they were all to be shown, and the one who had made the best collection was to be given a book full of colored pictures of birds, and bugs, and flowers. Harry wanted that book; he had believed, until Fred Harper found the queer bird's nest, that he would get it; but he wasn't so sure now. He thought Fred was mean not to sell the nest to him, because Fred did not care for such things, and had not half tried.

One afternoon, just at dusk, Harry was on his way home. He had been to town on an errand, and was taking a short cut

through the woods, and whistling for company, when all at once he stopped. There at his feet lay a bird's nest exactly like the one Fred had found! He chuckled as he picked it up and said aloud:

"There, Fred Harper! I've got a nest like yours without any of your help. I mean to—"

But he didn't tell what he meant to do; he had found something that made him look sober. A bit of paper was tucked into the nest with Fred Harper's name on it. Then Harry guessed what had happened, Fred must have dropped the nest out of his pocket and this was it.

"I don't care!" said Harry; "I'm not to blame because he lost it; it's mine now, anyhow."

Just then a thought came to him so plain that Harry almost looked about him to see if anybody had said it: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The Golden Text? Harry had helped Nannie to learn the hard words in it that very morning, and had tried to explain their meaning. He kicked a twig out of the path and looked cross. "I haven't found the whole world!" he said; "I've only found a bird's nest, and it's mine, too. What I find belongs to me."

"But," said a voice in his heart, "what ought Fred to do with your things if he finds them? You know he ought to bring them back to you, don't you? And you know that to get things in such a way is just like stealing, don't you? Are you going to be as mean as that?"

"No!" said Harry, so loud that a bird in a tree above him was startled. "I'm not! I'm going right straight over to Fred's with this bird's nest; of course I am."

He went, too.

THE HILL OF DIFFICULTY.

"What makes you think that Frank will succeed?" said one business man to another, who had just lent a lad of nineteen some money to get him up in a small way. "Well, they used to live back of our house," replied the other, "and he was the only child. His mother was taken ill, and was an invalid for several years. Frank went to work after school hours every day, and washed dishes and cooked and even sewed in order to save his mother's strength. The other boys made fun of him, but he set his teeth and stood it, and came out at the head of his class, besides. I'd be willing to back him up twice as heavily as I have done, for he's clear grit right through." The result showed that the speaker was right, for Frank is now one of the most successful young men in the little town.