

SUNBEAM

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No. 7.

ABOUT EASTER.

I wonder if all the boys and girls know what Easter means, and why we welcome the day with beautiful flowers and songs of rejoicing?

Do you remember that terrible night when the destroying angel smote with death the first-born in the homes of the Egyptians, but "passed over" the homes of the children of Israel?

In memory of that night and that deliverance the Jews have always kept the feast of the passover. It was at the time of this feast that Christ, "the Lamb of God," was crucified, and his disciples accordingly changed the Jewish feast into a Christian festival.

The Hebrew name for the festival comes from a word which meant "he passed over." The same word has grown into a great many different languages, all referring to the same thing. Among the French the day is known as Pâque. In Scotland it is Pasch, and in Holland it is Paschen.

Did you ever hear of Pasch eggs? These are Easter eggs, boiled so hard that you can play at ball with them. They are dyed with different colors and



EASTER CAROL.

Carols, Easter carols, the happy children sing,
 'Mid the Easter lilies,
 In their starry whiteness,
 In the Easter sunshine,
 Radiant in brightness,
 Easter, joyous Easter! the children's voices sing.

Carols, Easter carols, all hearts unite to sing,
 Death for ever vanquished,
 Hope for ever glorious,
 Earth the gate of heaven,
 Love and life victorious,
 Easter, blessed Easter! the children's voices sing!

often have inscriptions or landscapes traced upon them.

And now let me tell you how to dye them. Take a piece of wet rag, sprinkle it with logwood, cochineal, madder, or any dye; roll the egg in it, tie it up, and boil it for fifteen minutes; then take off the rag, and rub the egg with butter. Or, you may boil it in a solution of these dyes, and then, if you wish, trace some design upon it with a pen-knife; or you may warm the eggs, trace your pattern with the end of a tallow candle, and then boil it in the dye; the grease will make the tracery come out white.

The custom of boiling eggs and coloring them with bright-hued dyes at Easter is very ancient. The eggs were at first dyed scarlet, in memory of the blood of Christ. Will you remember this when you are coloring yours?

A good many curious customs have been observed in different parts of the world in connection with Easter. One of the most beautiful of these was practised by the early Christians, and is still followed in Russia by the members of the Greek Church. Early in

the morning of the festival friends and neighbors visit each other to exchange their greetings. The one who enters the other's house says, "The Lord is risen!" And his friend replies, "The Lord is risen indeed."

But I have not yet told you where we got the name of Easter. Long ago, when the first Christian missionaries went to England, which was then a heathen land, they found the people worshipping, among other false deities, a goddess named Easter or Eastre. She was the goddess of spring, and the month of April, which they called Easter-monath, was dedicated to her. The missionaries taught the people to keep the Christian feast, but they allowed them to give it the name of their discredited goddess—Easter.

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Sunbeam.

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RIDING THE PIGS.

Some sixty years ago New Zealanders had never seen a pig or any animal larger than a cat. About that time Captain King brought them some Indian corn and some beans, and taught them how to plant and cultivate them, and shortly sent them some fine pigs, not doubting that they would understand what to do with them without telling.

The New Zealanders were very much pleased, but they had no idea what the pigs were sent for, and everybody asked everybody else about it, until one said that he had heard all about them from a sailor, and that they were horses! Oh, certainly they were horses! The sailor had described them perfectly—long heads, pointed ears, broad backs, four legs and a tail. They were to ride upon. Great chiefs

always rode them where the sailor lived. So the New Zealand chiefs mounted the pigs, and when Captain King came to see how everything was going on, they had ridden them to death.

Captain King did not despair. He took two natives home with him, and taught them all about the cultivation of maize and the rearing of pigs, and pork is now as popular in New Zealand as it is in Cincinnati. You can hardly take a walk without meeting a mother-pig and a lot of squealing piglets; and people pet them more than they ever did or ever will in their native lands. When baby wants something to play with in New Zealand they give him a young pig, smooth as a kid glove, with little slits of eyes, and his curly tail twisted up into a little tight knot; and the brown baby hauls it about and pulls its ears and goes to sleep hugging it fast; and there they lie together, the piglet grunting, the baby snoring.

LEARN TO SAY "NO!"

Tim was hurrying to the saloon with a jug. It was to be filled with liquor for his father, who was already drunk at home. The little boy's mother was dead, and Tim's life was a hard one.

As he ran, he passed some well-dressed boys.

"I don't believe them chaps are ever real hungry, or that their fathers ever drink a drop," he said to himself. (Tim could hardly fancy such happiness as that!)

When he reached the saloon he met Ned Turner and Matt Jordan. They were there for the same purpose.

After Tim's jug was filled, Matt called out: "You'd better drink some yourself, Tim; that's the way I do. At first you don't like it, but after a while it tastes good. It's real heatin' too, and you look cold."

After Tim turned the corner he was about to follow Matt's advice. He was so hungry and cold; anything better than that. Then something seemed to hold back his little cold hands.

His teacher in the mission school, who had been so kind to him, had begged him never to touch the terrible drink which had made his father such a different man.

"Learn to say 'no,' Tim, if others ask you," she urged him. "It can never do any one good, but only harm, to taste it. Don't listen to those who tell you to drink it."

Tim thought of her words now. It might make him warm for a few minutes, as Matt had said, to taste the fiery liquor, but it was better to go cold than to begin to drink from that dangerous jug that had done his father so much harm.

"I'll never touch it," said Tim. "I'll never be like father and the other men." And he kept his word. To-day he is a

sober, useful man, and he thanks God that he learned early to say "no" to wrong companions.

"WHAT IS HOPE?"

A little girl was once asked, "What is hope?" She smiled and answered, "Hope is like a little butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought that keeps flying after to-morrow."

"No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places."

Which was right?

MARY'S PRAYER.

"Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy; bless my two ears, and help them hear mother call me; bless my two lips and make them speak kind and true; bless my two hands, and make them good, and not touch what they mustn't; bless my feet, and make them go where they ought to; bless my heart, and make it love God, mother, father, George, and everybody. Please let ugly sin never get hold of me, never!"

AN EASTER SONG.

Little children, Easter dawneth,
Easter morn in roseate hue
Breaks with resurrection promise,
Brings a message, dears, to you.

Little people, Easter dawneth,
Haste from slumb'rous realms away,
He who died for little children
Has arisen—lives to-day.
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
And gay-plumaged birds are singing,
While the children dear are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

There can be no time so joyous
As the blessed Easter morn,
Save the glad some Christmas season
When the Holy Child was born.

And, resplendent with the glory
Of the resurrection joy,
Childish lips repeat the story
Dear to every girl and boy.

Of the love wherewith the Saviour—
King Almighty, Sovereign he—
Said, in sweetest condescension,
"Bring the little ones to me."

And he lives—he reigns for ever,
Prince of peace, the children's Friend,
Opening doors on Easter morning
Into worlds that never end.
Hearken, Easter bells are ringing,
Easter carols we are singing,
While the children's hands are bringing
Flowers to deck the cross.

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A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole
world bright—
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,
And thrilling with life and joy;
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet,
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day,
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark, and slept
Still on his mother's breast.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
But the world seems dim since we dreamed
of him—
A little bit of a boy!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON II.—APRIL 9.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

John 11. 32-45. Memorize verses 33-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection,
and the life.—John 11. 25.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the promise of Jesus to Martha. John 11. 23-27.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses, John 11. 32-45.
- Wed. Find some words of Jesus about raising the dead. John 5. 25-29
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Read Paul's words about death. 1 Cor. 15. 54-57.
- Sat. Read how the Lord arose from the dead. Matt. 28. 1-10.
- Sun. Find where death shall be no more. Rev. 21. 3, 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Whom did Jesus tenderly love? Whom does he love in the same way now? Why did Jesus come to Bethany? What did Martha do? Where was Mary? Why did Martha come back and call Mary? What was Martha's nature? She loved to serve. What did Mary do? What had Jesus come to do? Where did he go? Why did he weep? What did he ask them to do? What did Martha say? What words of Jesus had she forgotten? What did Jesus say? What happened then? How did Lazarus look?

What did Jesus say to the people? What house was full of joy that day? The "house of Martha." What was this miracle the sign of? Being raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. Jesus is Lord over life and death.
 2. He will safely lead us through both.
 3. He loves us as he loved the family at Bethany.

LESSON III.—APRIL 16.

THE SUPPER AT BETHANY.

John 12. 1-11. Memorize verses 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read another story of anointing the Lord. Luke 7. 36-50.
- Tues. Read another story of Mary and Martha. Luke 10. 38-42.
- Wed. Find something about spikenard. Song of Sol. 4. 13, 14.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. John 12. 1-11.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find where Jesus sometimes lodged. Matt. 21. 17.
- Sun. Find what Jesus wants to see in us. John 14. 23.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus go? When? Whose home was there? Did they love Jesus? Why? What did they do for him? Who served at the feast? Whom did Mary want to honor? What did she begin to do? What is nard? Spikenard. How could she reach his feet? They were upon the couch on which he leaned. With what did she wipe his feet? What filled the house? Who found fault with Mary? Was he pitiful toward the poor? What name is given to him? A thief. What did Jesus say to him? Did his friends think that he was so near death? How near was it? Jesus was arrested at the passover feast. What did the priests want to do?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. Jesus loves his friends.
 2. He is glad when they love him.
 3. There is no waste in showing true love.

MASTER PIN AND LADY NEEDLE

A pin and a needle, being neighbors in a work-basket, and, both being idle folk, began to quarrel, as idle folk are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the

pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again."

"I'll pull your eye if you touch me; remember, your life hangs on a single thread," said the pin.

While they were thus conversing a little girl entered, and, undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the pin and attempted to sew with it, but pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

HOW HELEN HELPED.

Sister Belle and her friends were planning to earn some money for the Babies' Hospital. Helen listened to the talk, then asked, "Can't I help, too, Sister Belle?"

"Why couldn't she sing her little songs?" said Belle's friend Amy.

Helen's mother did not quite like to have her little girl sing at an entertainment, before so many people, but as it was to be in their own house and Helen begged so eagerly to help, she said "Yes" at last.

The night came and the big rooms were full of people. Helen wore her best white dress, and came out on the little platform to sing "When baby goes a-walking."

She didn't raise her eyes until the third verse, and then—dear me! she saw so many pairs of eyes looking at her that two big tears came, and she called out, "Oh, mother, mother!" and began to cry.

Some one took the little girl behind the curtains, but every one clapped and called her back. The curtains parted and there stood a little tear-stained maid seeming very much afraid. And so pretty and sweet did she look that the people threw bouquets of flowers at her feet. Then Helen smiled at them and was comforted, for she had helped after all.

Never be afraid to do right because you think that your playmates will laugh at you. Be a hero.



EASTER LILIES.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Sing, O children, while you may,
As the angels sing who love you,
As the birds sing high above you
On this heavenly day.

For the birds know spring is nearer
And the angels heaven is dearer,
While the singing children say,
"Jesus lives and lives away."

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Do not linger where He lay
From the loving and the scorning,
Till this glorious, golden morning,
Hidden awhile away.

That the darkness may not hide us,
Nor the long, green sods divide us,
When we're tired of work and play,
From this Jesus, risen to-day.

Easter Day, Easter Day,
Ah! the dawn was cold and gray,
But the King in beauty waking,
All his sad, old earth is breaking,
Into hope of May.

And the children sing for ever,
Knowing death nor life can sever
Love from love—they sing and say,
"Jesus lives and lives away."

Once a little boy had a ring given him
by his mother. He lost the ring and cried
very hard. Then he thought a little, and
went away to pray.

"What's the good in praying?" his
sister asked. "Will that bring back the
ring?"

"No, but since I prayed I am willing to
do without it, and that's most as good as
having it."

DOLLY'S MISSIONARY
CAT.

Such a doleful "me-ow!
me-ow!" as that stray kitten
kept up down in the garden!
Mother told Frances and Dolly
to put on their hats and search
for it, and then they could give
it a saucer of milk.

But they had a long hunt for
it. They would hear it cry, and
then it would run away from
their outstretched hands and
hide under the hedge. At last
they coaxed it out, and Dolly
carried it nearly to the house.
Then Max, the good-natured old
dog, came out to meet them, wag-
ging his tail, and the kitten
jumped from Dolly's arms in
wild fright, and bounded into
the hall, and on to a chair-back,
arching its back and spitting de-
fiance at them all.

It was certainly a queer little
kitten, coal-black, without a
white hair on it, and so wild and
starved. Mother gave it two
saucers of milk after it came

down from the chair, and even then it
started to one side whenever she or the
children tried to touch it. But after an
hour or so it made friends, and before the
day was over it was quite at home.

"Mother," said Dolly—she was older
than Frances and belonged to the Chil-
dren's Missionary Band—"I'd like to
make a missionary kitten out of this one."

"A missionary kitten?" said mother,
smiling. "What do you mean, dear?—
Surely you could not send the kitten to the
heathen? It couldn't preach, and the peo-
ple in some mission lands might be
tempted to eat it, I am afraid!"

"Oh, no! Of course I do not mean that.
But I heard Miss Marsden say the other
day that she wanted a black cat—all black,
without a white hair—and that she'd be
willing to pay something for it. So I'd
like to take her this one and get something
for my mission box."

"Very well!" said mother. "But first
you must find out whether any neighbor
has lost the kitten—though it seems too
wild for a pet."

So next day Dolly asked, at school and
afterward, about the kitten, but it was no-
body's cat, it seemed. Then she made a
tour of the neighbors' houses, but still she
could find no owner for the kitten. That
afternoon it was packed in a basket and
taken to Miss Marsden.

"Well! well!" said Miss Marsden, tak-
ing it in her lap, "just the kitten I want!
The poor thing is wild and scared now, but
we shall soon become friends, I know.
How fine it will be to have such a beauti-
ful pet! And it is for missions, too. That
makes it a great deal nicer. And how

much do you ask for your missionary kit-
ten?"

Dolly hadn't thought of the price. "I
—I don't know," she said. "Is ten cents
too much?"

The kitten purred, yawned and stretched
itself. It was certainly a very pretty one.
Miss Marsden laughed. "I never bought
a kitten before," she said, "so I don't
know the market price. But I couldn't
think of giving less than a quarter for it,
Dolly."

"Oh—oh!" said Dolly. Even ten cents
had seemed large, and now to get a silver
quarter! "Thank you, Miss Marsden,"
she said. "I do hope the kitten will grow
up to be the nicest kind of a cat!"

And the missionary kitten must have
heard her—for, do you know, it turned out
the best mouser in the village!

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

Have you noticed, little children,

When the fire is burning low,
As the embers flash and darken,

How the pictures come and go?
Strange the shapes and strange the fancies,
As beyond the bars you gaze,

Bringing back some olden memories,
Thoughts of half-forgotten days!

There's the church across the meadows,

Shadow'd by the spreading yew;
There's the quaintly carven pulpit,

And the olden oaken pew.
Changed the scene, and on the ocean
Sails a ship amid the spray;

'Tis the one you watched departing,
When some lov'd one went away!

Yes! and there are faces plenty,

Faces dear, both old and young,
And they cause you to remember

Words their lips oft said or sung.
Fancy even brings the voices,
Tho' they may be far away,

Only pictures, only fancies,
Yes, but very sweet are they!

THE FIRST SAW.

"What a funny thing!" said little Tom,
taking up his brother John's saw.

"It's only a saw, silly," said John.

"But who made it? Who found out
the funny thing?" persisted Tom, as the
saw worked backwards and forwards, separ-
ating the hard wood which no knife
would cut.

"Oh, all carpenters have it," said John,
disdainfully.

Still little Tom watched and wondered.
"But who made it first?" he said.

"I'll tell you," said his brother. "Long
ago a Greek sculptor called Dædalus
divided a piece of wood with a toothed
bone of a serpent, and it answered so well
that he imitated the teeth in iron, and so
made the first saw."

And Tom's inquiring little mind was
satisfied.