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No. 26.

GRANDFATHER'S INVENTORY.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"Run away, Dick! I'm taking an inventory. I can't be bothered now."

When Grandfather Morris used a certain tone, people were apt to obey him, but this time his small namesake only came nearer.

"What's an 'inventory,' grandpa?" asked the boy.

"Every year, before the 1st of January, I go over my books, the record of the store, my bank stock, rents, and all. I have the capital and profit on one side, and the expense and loss on the other. Then I balance my accounts, and know just what I am worth," answered the old gentleman.

"Oh, I believe I'll do that, too," said his small grandson, who tried to imitate his grandfather in every possible way.

"Very well," said Mr. Morris. "Here's a little book. What can you enter on the credit page?"

"I have four dollars in the bank, and my pony and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and grandma, and little sister, and papa, and mamma. You'll put in big letters."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "Anything more?"

"Yes; I'll write down my eyes and ears and my legs, anyway."

"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr. Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satisfaction.

"But, grandpa, don't we have to invest the credit side?"

"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent, and more. Your bank money draws interest, and your other belongings pay you in comfort. Now run away, my boy."

"One thing more, grandpa," said the little fellow, laying his head against the old gentleman's shoulder. "What are you going to do with your money?"

Mr. Morris looked at the boy sharply

from under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner was evidently innocent of any personal designs.

"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making my family comfortable, I'm going to leave the rest to charity; that is, for poor people, or to a school, or the church."

"O grandpa, I'm so glad! Then you won't mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are not dead. That's why I came.

shed roof. Then they found they had all their hard work for nothing, for he hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been awful cold. We all went to chapel, even us Primes, and I heard Dr. Williams tell about it. Steve was at work. He said some good man ought to put up a building for poor boys, so they could have warm, comfortable homes and plenty to eat without it costing too much. So I thought I'd ask you to do it right away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fellows."

"You seem to think grandpa is made of money," said the old gentleman, much amused.

"O grandpa, do take some of the money you're going to leave when you're dead," begged Dick. "I'm afraid Steve and lots of nice boys will freeze waiting for you to die. Why, he only has mush he makes on a little oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it. If you'd build a home for boys you could see all about it yourself, and you'd have more folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look down from heaven and see whether folks used your dead money as you wanted?"

"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away. I must get this work done before day after tomorrow."

Dick turned away much disappointed, not quite sure what his grandfather was going to see about. He had hoped Steve could have a better home at once. He did not know how hard it was for his grandfather to part with his dollars. The good old gentleman was waiting

for the cold hand of death to loosen his grasp, and then he hoped to bless mankind with what he no longer needed.

"Dead money," muttered the old man. "Pretty good, after all. A man's money seems to die or stop growth, with him. Why not make folks love me when I can feel it? And boys may freeze waiting for me to die! I hope they will wait for some years."



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Mary said you wasn't to be disturbed, but I couldn't wait. He's in trouble. You see he's in the college, but even the Preps and the Primes in our room make fun of him and call him 'Old Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you know. Well, some of the boys thought they would play a trick on him, so they went to his room and took his stove down and put it on the

Then he turned to his ledger, but in the row of dollars and cents he seemed to see other entries—"A long life," "A good wife," "Good children," "Bright, loving grandchildren," "Eyesight and hearing," "The hope of a life beyond."

"If I reckon like Dick, I have a good deal to give account for. This little college does need help," he thought.

The old gentleman sat thinking it over some time, then he said aloud: "I believe it is a foolish plan to leave your good deeds for other people to do. They don't always carry out one's wishes. I believe, my boy, I'll take your advice."

To think was to come to a decision, and that meant action with Grandfather Morris. Opposite the college building was a large frame house for sale. The last day of the year this became the property of Mr. Morris, and I must confess he made a close bargain. The deed was made to the college trustees in Richard's name. This the boy found under his plate New Year's morning, and when his grandfather explained, he was almost wild with delight.

"I have sent for Steve to come to dinner," Mr. Morris said. "To-morrow we will furnish what rooms are needed, and find some good woman to take charge of the new home."

"Steve's mother is a widow, and a very worthy woman, I hear," said Richard's mother.

"That might do. I want to make this a good comfortable home for young men who are deserving. Yet we will find some way so the boys can help themselves," said grandpa.

That was the beginning of the "Morris endowment," which made a fine institution in time out of a struggling little college. The old man lived to know that many blessed his name, and that his money was well invested.

"Richard," he said, just before his death, "if I had not given my money while it was live money, charity would not have gotten much, for that bank failure nearly ruined me. I can't leave my children and grandchildren the wealth I expected."

"You have a blessed memory, grandpa," said the young man. "The New Year's gift you gave me ten years ago has done more good than if you had left me a fortune."

"God blessed that gift and opened other hearts. Do good while you have a chance, my boy," said the old gentleman.—*Zion's Herald.*

One of the reasons why we do not enjoy our prayers better is because we do not take more time for them. A hurried prayer is a profanation. It is true that God does not reward us according to the length of our petitions, but he does require us to be thoughtful, serious and devout when we approach into his presence.

THE OLD YEAR.

If all the old year's days could speak—
Just think of it awhile—
Would their report bring bitter tears,
Or the sunshine of a smile?
Ah! Could they speak from week to week
Of honest work well done,
Of well-used powers in study hours,
Of fairness in the fun;

Of thankful thought for kindness wrought
When homes are rich and glad;
Of tender care to give or share
Where homes are poor and sad;
Of pleasant ways in dark, dull days;
Of little gentle deeds;
Of earnest hours among heart's flowers,
In plucking hurtful weeds?

—Angelus.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

SOME ELEPHANTS.

The other day I met an elephant in the street. He was too civil for a rogue elephant, and I turned and looked at the animal without any fear. He was not ten feet high, but might be ten inches. When he stubbed his toe and turned over, at the curb-stone, the boy who led him by a string stopped kindly to pick up his elephant and set him on his feet again. Ah, this kind comes from a toy store!

In India real elephants are too common for a show, but often are made useful. Sailors, when they reach Maulmain in ships, like to watch the trained animals at work in ship-yards, moving timbers. Besides drawing great logs by a chain they will lift them with their trunks and carry them on their tusks; and will pile up the

timbers evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelligent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes, in carrying, one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

One day some people were landing, when the tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady, and the captain would not let her soil her boots. He called to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed down the slope a log, fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it.

A DOG THAT IS A LIFE SAVER.

In the summer it is very warm in New York City and the people who live there are glad to go where it is cool. So hundreds of them spend the day at Coney Island. There is a fine beach there, and the boys and girls and grown-up people go in bathing.

Stella is a big dog whose business it is to watch these people and swim out to help them if they get in trouble.

Sometimes a little boy will venture out too far, and a wave will tumble him off his feet. The instant he screams with fright Stella dashes out, seizes his collar, and swims to the shore with him.

If a man who is swimming far out finds that the tide is too strong for him to make his way against it, he has only to call and Stella hastens to help him.

Stella has been taught to do this, and she has saved many lives.

If boys knew what golden capital "good name" is, they would work hard to get it. Well did the wisest man say that it "is rather to be chosen than great riches." It has helped many a man to acquire riches. It is of great importance to a boy what the men of his place say of him. Never fancy that they do not know you, that they have no interest in what you do. Every business man sees and estimates the boys who pass before him at pretty nearly their own worth. Every man with sons of his own takes an interest in other men's sons. There is nothing like obliging ways to make friends of people and to lead them to speak well of you. That will be a stepping-stone to your success in life.

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LO! THE STAR.

One star more bright,
On Christmas night,
Than any other shone.
Afar 'tis seen
By kings, I ween,
As on their quest they come.

For gifts they've brought,
And one they've sought,
By prophets long foretold;
A babe they find,
And quick unbind
Their frankincense and gold.

So let us bring
To Christ, our King,
Our choicest gifts to-day,
Although no star
Points from afar,
To show our souls the way.

But from God's Word,
We oft have heard
Of Jesus' wondrous birth;
We gladly bow
And hail him new
The King of all the earth.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 3.

THE BOYHOOD OF JESUS.

Luke 2. 40-52. Memorize verses 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How did the child Jesus grow? Where did he go with his parents? What feast was held there? Of what was the Pass-over feast to remind the people? The coming out of Egypt. How old was Jesus when he went with his parents to Jerusalem? Did he come away with them? What did his parents do? How long did they search for him? Where did they find him? What did his mother say? What was the answer of Jesus? Would Mary and Joseph understand it? What is said of the mother? What is said of Jesus? (Golden Text.)

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about Timothy's childhood. 2 Tim. 1. 5, 6; 3. 14, 15.
- Tues. Read about the call of the child Samuel. 1 Sam. 3. 1-21.
- Wed. Read of a little girl who was twelve years old. Mark 5. 22-24, 35-43.
- Thur. Find what Jesus said of little children. Matt. 18. 1-10.

- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read the lesson verses.
- Sun. Learn the song of the boy David. Psa. 23.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. There has been one pure and perfect Child.
2. That he began early to "dwell in the house of the Lord."
3. That he at the same time lived obediently with his parents.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 10.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matt. 3. 1-12. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 3. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where is Hebron? South of Jerusalem. Who lived there? How was he related to Jesus? What was his age? Who were his parents? To what did the Lord call him? Did he live among his people as Jesus did? Why did he live in the wilderness? Where did he first preach? What was his text? What prophet did he quote? Can you repeat the words of Isaiah? What did the people do? What did they name John? What did he call the Pharisees and Sadducees? Why would he not baptize them? What did he say of the One who was coming?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read a prophecy about John. Mal. 4. 5, 6.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses.
- Wed. Read one of John's sermons. Luke 3. 1-18.
- Thur. Tell the story of the baptism of Jesus. Matt. 3. 13-17.
- Fri. Find the testimony of John to Jesus. John 1. 29-36.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Read about the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Acts 2. 1-21.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. We repent by turning from sin.
2. By turning we enter the kingdom of heaven.
3. Then we may be baptized by the Holy Spirit.

NED AND POLLY.

Ned was not happy. He rested his chin on his hands, which were crossed on the back of his chair, and looked sad. He had quarrelled with his friend Joe because Joe had lost his best ball, and he had told Joe that he would never forgive him.

Polly was playing party with her dolls. She wore a train, which really was her

mother's kitchen apron. Right in the middle of the party Polly saw Ned sitting all alone and looking so sad. She forgot that he had teased her that very afternoon and pulled her dolls' hair. She was sorry for him and wanted to do something to comfort him. She would let him rock her dolls; that always was a comfort to her when she was sad. So she took two of her prettiest dolls, Flossie and Bessie, and went up to Ned. He was so busy thinking about his quarrel with Joe that Polly had to speak twice before he heard her.

"Ned, I know you are sorry about the ball. Wouldn't you like to rock my dolls? It always comforts me when I am sorry. I've brought you my dearest dolls."

Of course, boys don't care about rocking dolls. Ned almost said so, but he looked at the earnest little face and said instead:

"Thank you, Polly. I'm sorry I pulled the doll's hair this morning, and I'll be glad to rock them."

Polly was happy as she skipped away to put the other dolls to bed. Ned rocked Flossie and Bessie and did some hard thinking.

"Good little Polly! she forgave me for pulling her dolls' hair, so I'll just forgive Joe. To prove it I'll let him take my second best ball to-morrow."

JOHNNY'S LESSON.

There was a great commotion in the backyard. Mother hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

"Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirty, mother. Somebody shut her up in the coal-hole."

"Is that all?" mother wanted to know. "Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around."

Presently Johnny came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle, and was dripping with mud.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he cried, sure of help from her.

"Jane," she said, quietly, to the nurse who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare. "Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

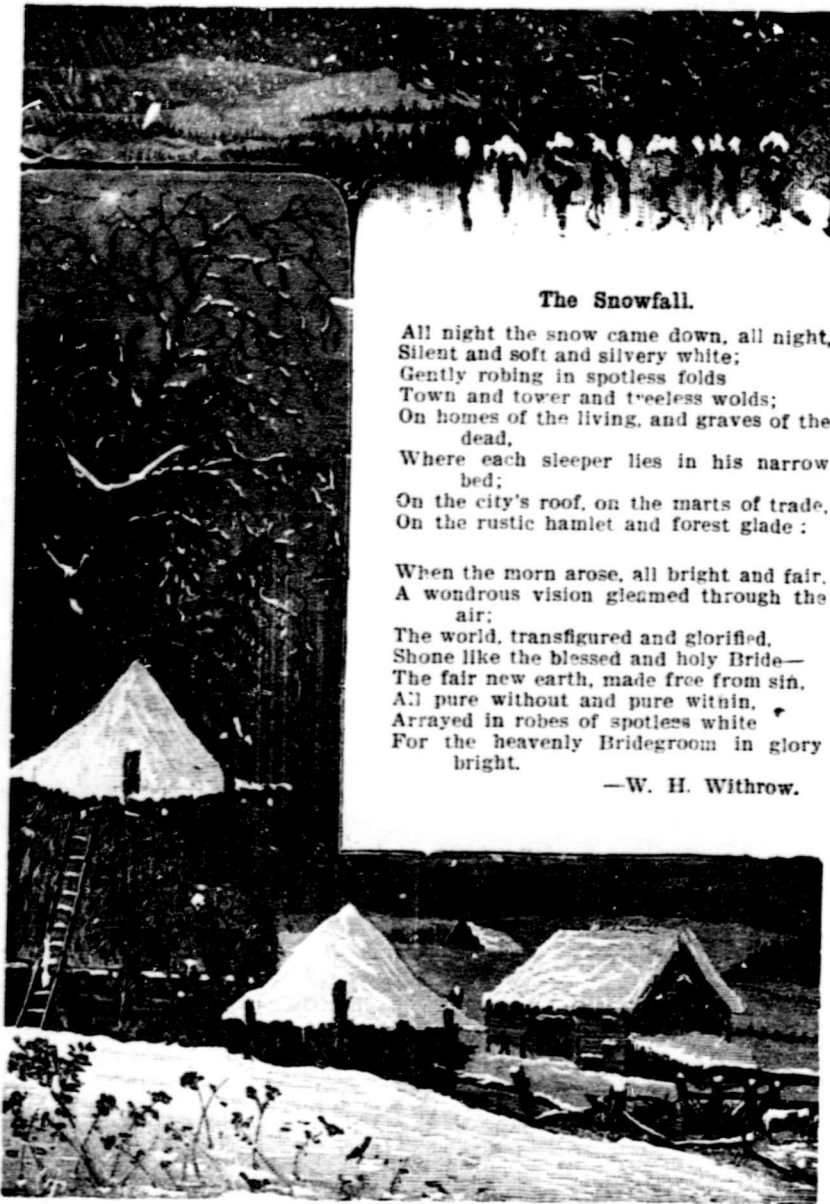
"Yes," said the mother, "to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid!"

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear.

"Please, mother, I'll never do it again!" he cried in bumble tones. "Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—

Child's Hour.



The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,
 Silent and soft and silvery white;
 Gently robing in spotless folds
 Town and tower and treeless wolds;
 On homes of the living, and graves of the
 dead,
 Where each sleeper lies in his narrow
 bed;
 On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,
 On the rustic hamlet and forest glade :

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
 A wondrous vision gleamed through the
 air;

The world, transfigured and glorified,
 Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
 The fair new earth, made free from sin,
 All pure without and pure within,
 Arrayed in robes of spotless white
 For the heavenly Bridegroom in glory
 bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

For us this is a time of gladness,
 Our every want supplied,
 And yet to some it comes with sadness,
 The snowy winter-tide.

How many little ones are crying
 Out in the bitter street,
 So sick and sad with vainly trying
 To get a crust to eat !

The winter time is chill and dreary
 To homeless waifs and strays ;
 And life to them is sad and weary,
 These dark and dreary days.

Though we have plenty, yet how many
 Can scarcely get a meal ;
 Our hearts grow sad to think that any
 Should want and hunger feel.

Then let this be our chief endeavour,
 Our fortune great or small,
 The poor to gladden, striving ever
 To help them one and all.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

BY LIZZIE D. ARMOND.

Before the New Year's festival comes
 there is a delightful rush and bustle, for
 though the Japanese are a very clean people
 the house must all be put in apple-pie
 order.

There is no Christmas in Japan, so this
 New Year's festival goes on for three
 days. The Mochi-man is the national
 Santa Claus ; he always appears very
 mysteriously some time the day before the
 1st of January. As there are no chimneys
 in Japanese houses, he is obliged to slip
 through the door, and right where the al-
 mond-shaped eyes of the little ones can
 watch him. He boils, mixes, and makes
 the delightful mochi that is formed into
 sticky cakes, after being worked about
 with a bamboo rod in a wooden bowl until
 as glossy as strained honey.

Night comes at last, and the children
 gladly scramble off to bed, though many
 of them do not sleep a wink. At mid-
 night some of the grown folks make it a
 point to throw a handful of beans and rice

in the face of the sleeping children ; then
 begins the frolic. The beans and rice fly
 about in lively fashion, because in this way
 the thrower is supposed to wish that
 through the coming year good health, luck
 and happiness may follow the receiver and
 that Satan may not trouble him.

On New Year's Day the tiny maidens
 have new dresses, just as fine and bright-
 coloured as their parents can afford. The
 girls play battledore and shuttlecock
 through the streets, and so wildly does the
 excitement rage that one has to dodge balls
 flying on every side, and be careful not to
 tumble headlong over the children, who are
 skipping about like so many grasshoppers.

The boys, dressed in their best, fly gaud-
 ily-decorated kites ; the fathers and
 mothers get up on the house roofs, and send
 their long, big kites skimming through the
 air.

The young folks are taken around to dif-
 ferent houses to make friendly visits. You
 might really call this the children's festival,
 for any games that suit their fancy are im-
 mediately arranged and played, the parents
 entering into the fun quite heartily.

It is really a wonder that the children
 are not sick after three days of continual
 stuffing, as the shops are filled with curious
 looking and tasting candies, and fathers
 and mothers are only too ready to buy
 these sweets.—*Good Cheer.*

GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three
 children she came to a story of a naughty
 boy who had stolen apples and pears from
 an orchard near his father's cottage. After
 reading part of the story, according to her
 usual practice, she made a pause to put a
 few questions. "William," she said, "why
 ought we not to do as this naughty boy
 did ? Why ought we not to steal apples
 and pears ?"

"O," replied William, "because they
 do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert ?"

"I say because, if they caught us, they
 would send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give
 a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to
 steal apples or pears or anything else ?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking
 meekly up at her mother, "because God
 says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said the mother. "That
 is the true reason, and the best reason that
 can be given. What God commands, we are
 bound to do ; and what he forbids, we are
 bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not
 steal' are his own words. If ever you are
 asked why you should not do what is
 wrong, let your answer be the same as the
 one you have given me : 'Because God
 says we mustn't.'"—*Early Days.*

A lazy boy is always going to do great
 things—after a while.