

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1901.

No. 10.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

Fold the little hands in prayer and say those sweet words which, wherever the English speech is known, are the last words of childhood night after night, year after year, throughout the world. Probably no other words are so often used. A touching story is told of a good old man of eighty, who lay dying, and he thought he was a child again; and just before he died he repeated the simple rhyme he had learned in his mother's arms eighty years before.

THE DOLL CLUB.

Twelve little girls formed themselves into a club for the purpose of sending dolls to poor children. The mother of one of the girls suggested that they name each doll for some one who had done good in the world. The girls liked this plan, and they had a fine time hunting up names.

One of the biggest dolls was called Florence Nightingale, for that good woman who spent so much time on battlefields and in hospitals, nursing the sick soldiers. One of the girls had a book that told the story of this dear woman's life; and she copied part of this on sheets of paper, and pinned them to the doll's dress. Then they sent it to a girl who had a sick mother to nurse.

In a Sunday-school paper they found a picture of Sister Dora, with a short account of the good work that she did. They cut this out, and pinned it on a doll, and named her Sister Dora, and sent her to another child.



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

When they heard of a little cripple who loves dearly to sing hymns they named a doll Fanny Crosby, and sent it to the little maid, with a collection of Fanny Crosby's hymns that they copied in a blank book.

They named another doll Louisa Alcott, and sent her, with a copy of "Little Women," to a dear little girl only seven years old, who minds her younger brother and the baby all day, while the mother goes out to work. It took a good while for

the club to save enough money to buy "Little Women;" but the girls said that they thought it would be a lovely keepsake, and Annie could read it when she got older.

Frances Willard went to a little girl whose father had lately signed the temperance pledge, and with her was a bow of white ribbon for the little girl to wear.

Pansy was the prettiest of all the dolls, and she was sent to a chubby little four-year-old who has just begun to go to kindergarten.

DAISY'S SCHOOL.

"Why, Daisy Dumpling!" said I, "what have the poor dollies done that you have to take such a big whip to them?"

"They haven't done anything. That's what's the matter. They will not learn their lessons. I've told them over and over and over to sit up and study. Just see that! Mary Ann will lean over on Rosa Bell Lee, and Yan Foo is the naughtiest child you ever did see. Dear, dear, dear,

what a trouble I do have with my children!"

"Do you approve of whipping?"

"Why, certainly."

"Then when you don't learn your lessons, I shall have to whip you, shall I?"

"Oh! why, that's different, I'm only playing, you know," she said.

Just to keep sweet and to repress uncharitable opinions is to go far toward commending the lovely Gospel of Christ.

A WISH.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fleece as white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

I wish I had a little lamb
With fleece as white as Mary's;
I'd have it sheared, and sell the wool
To help the missionaries.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1901.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

We present herewith a picture of the little Princess, who later became her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who swayed the sceptre over wider realms than ever monarch did before. Not Semiramis or Zenobia kept equal state, nor Caesar or Alexander ruled over such vast domains. The morning drum-beat of her garrisons kept pace with the rising sun around the world, and their sunset gun accompanied the closing day. Forty colonies, many of them many times vaster than the motherland, paid her allegiance.

Never was monarch so universally loved, and never "in the fierce light that beats upon a throne, and blackens every spot" did any live so pure, so blameless, so noble a life. Not for her pomp, her power, her crown and sceptre was she so beloved; but for the gentle womanly virtues which as maiden Queen, as wife, as mother, and as sorrowing widow she has shown. Well might Tennyson dedicate his poems in the following beautiful lines:

"Revered, beloved! O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old.

"Victoria, since your royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel, greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base;
"And should your greatness, and the care
That yokes with empire, yield you time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there;
"Take, madam, this poor book of song;
For though the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chamber, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

We have all heard the story how, when the archbishop of Canterbury came to announce her accession to the throne, her first act was one of prayer to God for grace and wisdom to bear the burdens thus laid upon her. This has been the secret of her beautiful life. Soon after the youthful Queen was crowned with royal state in Westminster Abbey, and soon after that the same venerable fane witnessed the pageant of her marriage to "Albert the Good."

The death of the Prince Consort was Her Majesty's great life-sorrow, which



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TEN YEARS.

"And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good;

"Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace; her land reposed:
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

darkened all her days. To this bereavement Tennyson refers in the following touching lines:

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure.
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made

One light together, but has passed and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

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Acts 2. 1-11.

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Tues. Find w
Acts 3

Wed. Learn w
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Thur. Find wh
Acts 4

Fri. Read w
Joel 2

A USEFUL GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden hies.
Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!
Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl,
Stepping around so briskly
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture,
With many a ringing laugh.
Coming whene'er you call her,
Running wherever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII. [May 26.]

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

Acts 2. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How long did the disciples wait for the promised gift? Ten days. On what day did it come? On the day of Pentecost. What was this day? "The feast of first-fruits." How long after the Passover did it come? Fifty days. How long was it now since Jesus rose? Fifty days. Where were the disciples on the morning of Pentecost. In an upper room. What were they doing? Praying and waiting. What did they hear first? A great sound. What did they see? Tongues of fire. What came upon them? A strange power. What could they do now? Speak in strange languages. Who came running to hear them? What did these strange things mean? That the Holy Spirit had come.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read a wonderful story. Acts 2. 1-11.
- Tues. Find what promise was fulfilled. Acts 1. 5, 8.
- Wed. Learn who came to be our teacher. Golden Text.
- Thur. Find who were filled with the Spirit. Acts 1. 13, 14.
- Fri. Read what Joel said long before. Joel 2. 28, 29.

Sat. Read about the Spirit's work. John 16. 7-13.

Sun. Learn the fruits of the Spirit. Gal. 5. 22, 23.

LESSON IX. [June 2.]

JESUS OUR HIGH PRIEST IN HEAVEN.

Heb. 9. 11-14; 24-28. Mem. vs., 24-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He ever liveth to make intercession.—Heb. 7. 25.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How did the disciples feel after Jesus went away? Full of hope. When did joy fill their hearts? As soon as the Holy Spirit came. When was this? On the day of Pentecost. What work did he send them out to do? To tell about him. What was Jesus to us? A true High Priest. How did he secure help for us? By giving up his life. Where does he now appear for us? In heaven. How often did the earthly high priest offer sacrifice for sin? Every year. What did our divine High Priest do? He made sacrifice once for all. What was it? His own precious life. To whom will Jesus appear the second time? To those who look for him.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Heb. 9. 11-14; 24-28.
- Tues. Learn where our High Priest is. Heb. 8. 1.
- Wed. Find what he is like. Heb. 7. 26, 27.
- Thur. Learn what our High Priest can do. Heb. 7. 25.
- Fri. Read about coming to Jesus. Heb. 10. 19-22.
- Sat. Learn how our High Priest feels for us. Heb. 4. 15.
- Sun. Find what he will give us. Heb. 4. 16.

THE MISCHIEVOUS DOGS.

"Ki-yi! ki-yi! I am a very much abused doggie, I am; and so is my friend Towser.

"What is the matter? O dear, ki-yi-yip! I've had such a whipping; and so has Towser.

"Who whipped us, and what for? Well I'll tell you all about it, if you'll excuse me until I lick my paw a little more. It's almost broken, and so is Towser's.

"You see, it's this way. Ow-ow, my back does ache so yet. My little mistress has a thing that looks just like a baby. She takes it in her arms and kisses it, and loves it. It made me dreadfully unhappy to see her love that thing; and so it did Towser.

"It's a stupid thing, anyhow. It never jumps about, nor barks, nor talks, nor cries, nor does anything but just lie still where it is put, and stare at one. I always wanted to get hold of it to see what it was, whether it was a live baby or not; and so did Towser.

"But we never had a chance till to-day. My mistress' mamma said, when the thing first came, 'Nellie, never leave your dolly where those mischievous dogs can get hold of it.' Mischievous dogs, indeed! My feelings were dreadfully hurt; and so were Towser's, and we made up our minds to wreak our vengeance upon that dolly if we ever had a chance.

"Well to-day Nellie went out of the room in a hurry, and forgot to shut that dolly up in the closet. I was in the room; and so was Towser.

"Now's our time, Towser," said I. 'Let's get that dolly, and see what the creature is, anyhow. Let's bite it, and shake it, until it cries. If it's a baby it will cry then, sure.' So we did. We shook it, and pulled it, and bit it; but it never cried one bit. A dreadful thing happened, though. We killed the thing. Its head tumbled right off. I'm sure I didn't mean to kill it; neither did Towser.

"Then Nellie came in the room. I saw by the look of her face that she was very angry. I hid under the sofa; and so did Towser. But she pulled us out. I begged very hard, but it wasn't a bit of use. I got a dreadful whipping; and so did Towser."

AN ALPHABETICAL EXERCISE.

"How many things come on the table that begin with A?" The children thought a minute, and one responded, "Apples;" another, "Asparagus;" another, "Almonds." "Is there nothing else which we eat that begins with A?" No answer. "Well, look it up after dinner. What do we eat that begins with B?" A simultaneous shout, "Beef;" then "Bananas," "Butter," "Beans," and "Bread" followed in quick succession.

"Now I want you to make up lists of all the articles of food used by us or any humans, except cannibals. You may hunt through the cook-books, through the dictionary, through the botany, through the encyclopedias and books of travel. Put each list under its appropriate letter, and at the bottom of each list the number it aggregates; then the sum of the whole. We shall then see on what the human race subsists. The one that gets the longest list is to have a prize."

Right after dinner the children made little blank books, leaving a page for each letter of the alphabet, and set to work on their quest. It couldn't be concluded in half a day or half a year, but it was decided that in three months they should compare notes and see which one had made the largest aggregate. The books were a curious study when they came in. If any one thinks this exercise is not interesting, let him engage in it, and see.

There is no oath in the Japanese language, and hardly a possibility of profanity. In this respect the nation stands alone in the world.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT THE AGE OF TWO, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, AGED ONE YEAR.

"GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

Little Peggy Peterkins said this text over and over to herself, and then aloud to grandma, who was knitting by the open fire. "Don't make any difference if I put a penny in my mite-box if I don't exactly want to, does it?" she asked. "I should think it did," was grandma's answer—"all the difference in the world." "Why, grandma, if the cent goes into the box, it goes," and here Peggy gave a decided jerk to her head, just as if she were putting a cent in the box, and it went hard. "And then," she added, "it goes to help little heathen children, if I would rather have candy or something nice for dolly, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes! Peggy, it goes, but we don't know how large the blessing is that goes with it; perhaps all the great blessings go with the willing, cheerful pennies; it always seemed to me so." But Peggy shook her head, and decided that God couldn't care much if she only put the penny in the box, notwithstanding her text said:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

Just then little Nathan came into the room with his hands and face pretty well covered with molasses, and a number of sticks of molasses candy on a tin plate.

"Please give sister some," Peggy said, in her most winning tones; "that's a good boy."

Nathan shook his head, and placed one sticky hand over his stock of candy. Some words followed that were not as kind as they ought to have been, and then Nathan

picked out the very smallest stick and gave it unwillingly to Peggy. She sat down by the fire and ate it; but somehow it did not taste so very good.

In a few moments her little sister Daisy came in, bringing on a piece of paper two sticks of candy. "These are yours," she said. "I made 'em, it's all I made, and it's all yours, Peggy." The loving smile, and the way she held out her little treat, touched Peggy's heart.

"You are just a darling," she said, giving Daisy a kiss. "It's ever so nice eating the candy; there was no fun eating Nathan's, he was so stingy."

"It's the same kind of candy, I suppose," said grandma.

"Yes, Harky fixed it for us," said Daisy.

"But I like Daisy's best; it's real good."

"Do you know why?" asked grandma.

"Not exactly."

"Both are made of molasses?"

"Of course, grandma."

"There's something in Daisy's that is not in Nathan's?"

"Oh, no! they were just alike."

Grandma smiled and shook her head, and said, "Yes, ther. is—guess what it is."

They both guessed many things, all very wonderful when thought of in connection with candy, and at last gave it up.

"Daisy put a great deal of her heart into her candy, Nathan left all of his out. We all love a cheerful giver, don't we, Peggy?" asked grandma, looking into the earnest face before her.

Then the little girl understood the text.

God loveth a cheerful giver, and if he sees your heart going with your missionary

money, he may pick out one of his large blessings to go with it. Try it, and see if he will not make your heart glad in helping others.

WILL HE LOVE ME?

An English paper tells of a native woman in India who came to the home of the missionary with bare feet and looking very weary, yet showing by her countenance that there was some matter about which she was most anxious.

When asked what she wanted, she drew a piece of crumpled paper from her dress, which proved to be a bit of a torn tract, and as she held it out to the missionary she said, "These are good words. They say that your God is love. Do you think he will love me?"

This was a strange idea to a woman of India. She had been taught from her earliest childhood that all the gods were full of hate. Every story she had ever heard about any of the numberless gods her parents and kindred had worshipped, was concerning their wars or the bloody sacrifices they demanded. Indeed, the word love had never been mentioned to her in connection with any divine being.

Can you wonder that it was a surprise to her to hear of a God who cared for his creatures, and whose very name was Love? I think that if we had been trained as she had been, and suffered what she had suffered, and one had come to us and told us of a loving Father in heaven, we should have been willing to go far and through the hot sun to ask something more about this gracious Being.

NEARNESS TO HEAVEN.

The nearness to heaven is suggested by the epithet, "veil." Christians, there is only a veil between us and heaven. A veil is the thinnest and frailest of all conceivable partitions. It is but a fine tissue, a delicate fabric of embroidery. It waves in the wind; the touch of a child may stir it; an accident may rend it, the silent action of time will moulder it away. The veil that conceals heaven is only our embodied existence; and, though fearfully and wonderfully made, it is only wrought out of our frail mortality. So slight is it that the puncture of a thorn, the touch of an insect's sting, the breath of an infected atmosphere, may make it shake and fall. In a bound, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, in the throb of a pulse, in the flash of a thought, we may start into disembodied spirits, glide unabashed into the company of great and mighty angels, pass into the light and amazement of eternity, know the great secret, gaze upon splendours which flesh and blood could not sustain, which no words lawful for man to utter could describe! Brethren in Christ, there is but one step between you and death; between you and heaven there is but a veil.—*Selected.*