

SUNBEAM

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No. 8

EASTER JOY.

At Christmas, as sang:

"Joy to the world,
The Lord is come,"

we seemed almost to hear that glorious hymn of the heavenly choir that came upon the midnight clear: "Peace, goodwill to men, glory to God in the highest." So at Easter we find ourselves again listening to the angel's "Fear not, he is risen." And as we sing

"Oh, joyful sound!
Oh, glorious hour!
When by his own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!"

our hearts rejoice, for Christ hath won the victory, death is vanquished, and, made like unto him, we too shall rise. Yet we feel that our Easter rejoicing has in it a tenderer, deeper joy than that of Christmas. Our hearts have been touched by that life of sorrow and suffering lived through for us before "love's redeeming work was done."

Have you ever noticed how often the words "joy" "gladness" and "thanksgiving" occur in the Bible? The Psalmist, though often bowed down with the weight of sin and sorrow, yet as often his heart is so filled with joy and gratitude that from his lips burst the psalm of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty.



EASTER LILIES.

St. Paul, "the sunny-hearted old prisoner of Jesus Christ," as some one has spoken of him, might also be called the apostle of joy. His epistle to his beloved Philippians rings with joy, and his life was an exemplification of what he

preached, "the fruit of the Spirit is joy." Wading through seas of trouble, yet ever rising above the sorrow, desiring to finish his course with joy, and looking for the crown of joy that awaited him.

Joy is our birthright by the new birth, and it should permeate our characters and manifest itself in every thought, word and act; it is a deep, abiding emotion — "there is no time set apart for joy." "Shall yet praise him." Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that we shall "yet praise him" through life more and more for his goodness? Oh! wonderful help that the Lord Jesus is to his children.

The song of praise begun while on earth rises higher, passes through death's portals to the land of joy, there to continue through endless ages the song of praise to the "Lamb who has bought us our pardon."

As little thieves, being let in at a window, will set open gates for greater thieves to come in at.

even so, if we accustom ourselves to commit little sins, and let them reign in us, they will make us the fitter for greater offences to get the advantage of us, and to take hold on us. Be ever on the watch against little sins.

THE SUNBEAM.

AT HAPPY EASTER TIME.

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
And still the pure white lilies blow,
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say:
"Good Christians, bless this holy day!"
For 'Christ is risen,' the angels say,
At happy Easter time!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1906.

AN EASTER LETTER SURPRISE.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

"I wonder if I will get one of them," said Nathan, as he raised his head and looked about the hospital ward where lay many, many other little boys as ill as he was.

"Course you will," answered freckled-faced Billy, who was in the cot next to Nathan's. "I was here last Easter, and there were plenty of Easter letters, and I don't see why there shouldn't be this year."

"Neither do I," said Nathan.

Then Billy turned to look for the twentieth time at one of the books which the hospital kept on hand for the children who were there, and Nathan began to think. He had much rather think than look at the new magazine mother had sent him from his pleasant country home; and of what was Nathan thinking? Well, he was thinking about Billy, for one thing—about poor little Billy, who had been in that hospital for two long years, waiting for his sore side to heal, and then he was thinking of Dave. Now Dave was his chum at home. That is, Dave and Nathan

used to be chums, but they weren't now. That is, not exactly. They wished that they were, both of them, for they had such sport before the quarrel came, and since then they had felt so lonesome, each without the other. The quarrel was all about an old jack-knife, which was not worth a dispute, much less a quarrel, and, by the way, I don't know as there are many things, if anything, that are worth either a quarrel or a dispute. The knife was lying upon the sidewalk when the boys were returning

"Say, Nathan, what are you up to?" It was Billy who asked this question, and it almost startled him.

"Oh, I was thinking how foolish I was to have a row with my chum," replied Nathan. "If we hadn't quarrelled before I came here, he'd be sending me letters and candy and apples, and lots of things, and I'd be letting you read the letters and helping me eat the candy and apples and things."

"I wouldn't care much about the let-



THE EASTER SONG.

from school, and Dave said that he had seen it first, so it was his; and Nathan said that he had seen it first, so it was his. Neither would give in to the other, and so the trouble grew until the boys no longer spoke to each other.

Thought was mean once. There have been "I was just as foolish as I could be not to give in to Dave," Nathan was now thinking. "Even if he did what I hundreds of times when he did good things, and I should have remembered all of those good things and have let the bad ones go. But, if I hadn't broken my leg, I believe I'd have made up with him by this time—yes, I do."

ters," remarked Billy, "but I could have helped you out all right on the candy and apples and things, and you'd just better believe that I could." Billy smacked his lips so loud that the boys in two or three cots near-by looked up and laughed.

All in the boys' ward were awake at an early hour that Easter morning. The night before the nurses had put under each pillow an Easter letter, for two days previous large packages of these had been received from Sunday-schools and King's Daughters' circles all over the State. Upon each envelope were the words, "An Easter letter for you," and, while they came from strangers, they were very welcome indeed.

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Billy.

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Nathan's letter was from a little girl. This amused him much, and Billy more. It was rather an entertaining letter, however, telling him about an ocean voyage the writer had just taken. Nathan read it aloud for Billy's benefit, for the two boys had all things in common as far as possible.

"Now I will read my letter," began Billy.

Here it is:

"Dear Friend: Our Sunday-school class are writing to the people in the hospital; so here's a letter for you. My name is David, and your name is—well, you know what it is, no matter whether I do or not."

"And that is my chum's name," broke in Nathan.

"I have some carrier pigeons and I send them down to my aunt's with letters."

"And that is what my chum does," exclaimed Nathan, in surprise.

"I am building me a boat in our shed," Billy went on.

"Did you ever?" cried Nathan. "So is Dave."

"Well, I do wish you would let me get through with the letter before you have anything else to say," said Billy, and his voice wasn't so pleasant as it might be.

"But it is so funny," exclaimed Nathan. Then Billy resumed his reading.

"Now I will tell you about my chum," read Billy in the letter. "He's the best chum you ever saw, and we've had piles of fun playing ball and baseball and everything else. I tell you what, it don't do for the other fellows at school to say anything against my best friend. Why, you couldn't have a better friend than he has been to me. Lots of times he's saved his candy so I could help him eat it."

Billy interrupted himself, and exclaimed, "Whew, wouldn't I like to have a chum like that, though?" Then, glancing at Nathan, he asked, "Why, what's the matter, boy, you are almost crying?"

Nathan made believe laugh, but he was not very good to make believe anything. "And isn't it enough to make a fellow almost cry to get his first letter from a girl?" asked Nathan. Then he and Billy both laughed long and loud.

"Now, let's hear some more about that chum," said Billy. Then he took up the letter again and read:

"This chum of mine and I had a quarrel, but we never had one before, and we will never have one again, for they say it takes two to make a quarrel, and I won't be one of the two; no, I just won't; and this quarrel was all my fault, for I ought to have given in, and I didn't, and now my chum has gone and broken his leg, and is at the hospital, so he don't know that I've made up with him. You see, I wouldn't be telling you all this stuff, but

you are a stranger, and will never know Nathan or me, and our teacher told us to write just what we were thinking of, and this is it.

"Well, good-bye,

"DAVE SMITH.

"P.S.—That's what everybody calls me, so that's the way I'll sign my name."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Nathan's sobs were so loud that they almost frightened Billy. "Say, boy, what's up?" he asked. "Why, there are tears in your eyes."

"But they're not cry-tears," answered Nathan. "They're tears that had to come. O Billy, Dave Smith is my chum, and I am his chum."

"And you are the best chum in the world, that is true," said Billy.

Then Nathan held out his hand for Billy's letter, and said, "I will answer it."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22.

JESUS THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Luke 7. 36-50. Memory verse, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.—Luke 7. 30.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful lesson Jesus taught that day he dined in the Pharisee's house. While they sat at the meal a poor woman slipped in and in Oriental fashion began to wash Jesus' feet with some sweet-scented ointment which she brought with her and to dry them with her long, dark hair. She bathed his precious feet with her tears of repentance and anointed them with the kisses of her love.

The Pharisee was shocked that Jesus let such a wicked woman come near him. Jesus knew the wrong thought in the man's mind and told a parable of a man who had two debtors, one owing him much and the other little. But he forgives both. Which will be most grateful and love him most? The one who was forgiven the most. So with Jesus. The greater the sinner the more he loves and longs to forgive, and the greater will that sinner's love be.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. At whose house was Jesus? At a Pharisee's.
2. Were they kind in their thought of sinners? No.
3. Who came in? A poor sinful woman.
4. What did she do? Anointed his feet and dried them with her hair.

5. What parable did Jesus tell? Of the two debtors.

6. What did it teach? The greater the sinner the greater his love when forgiven.

LESSON V.—APRIL 29.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Mark 4. 1-20. Memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the Word of God.—Luke 8-11.

LESSON STORY.

This is a very beautiful and true parable. Let every little child try to understand and learn it.

A sower went out to sow. He carried his seed in a big bag tied on like an apron.

As he would take a handful from the bag some of the seeds fell by the wayside and the birds quickly ate them up. Some fell on stony ground where there was no rich earth. It sprang up quickly but soon withered. Other tiny seeds fell among thorns, but when it tried to grow was choked by the thorns. But some fell on good ground and brought forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

Jesus explained the parable thus:

The sower soweth the word of God. The wayside ones are those who let Satan steal the seed from their hearts.

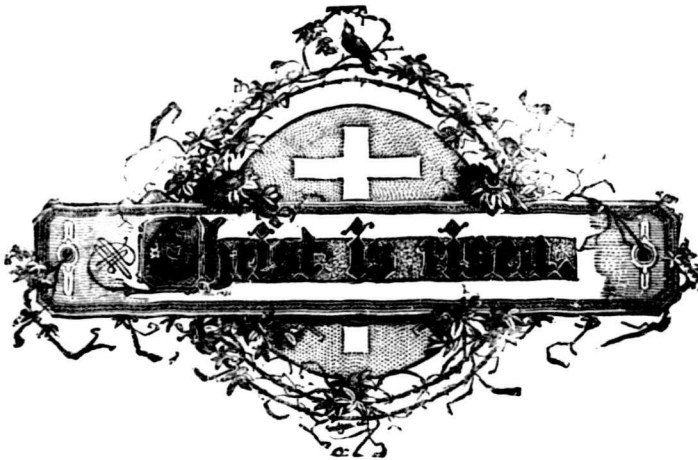
The stony ones are those who receive the word gladly, but when trouble comes they forget the promises and do not trust in God. The same way with the thorny ones. They let the things of this world choke out the things of the Spirit.

The good ground is that of hearts which receive the word of God and bring forth fruit.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What is a parable? A story with a lesson in it.
2. Is a parable hard to understand? No, they are always simple.
3. Who is the sower? Any one who tells us of Jesus.
4. What is the seed? The Word of God.
5. Where is the seed sown? In our hearts.
6. Is it our fault if our hearts are stony or thorny? Yes.
7. How can we make them? Like rich soil that will yield fruit.

My own baby brother,
There's not such another
In all the world round.
His eyes are the clearest,
His smile is the queecest,
His face is the dearest
That ever you've found.



EASTER.

When in the starry gloom
They sought the Lord Christ's tomb,
Two angels stood in sight,
All dressed in dazzling white,
Who unto the women said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

His life, his hope, his heart,
With death they had no part;
For this those words of scorn
First heard that holy morn,
When the waiting angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

O ye of this latter day,
Who journey the self-same way
Through morning's twilight gloom
Back to the shadowy tomb:
To you as to them was it said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need
Not in the grave, or in the sky,
But here where men live and die;
And true the word that was said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! the angels said,
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

FOLLOWING JESUS.

When Nannie went home, her cousin
Sibley went with her. On Sunday she
told him about the Sabbath-school that
there would be in grandma's room.

"We must learn the Golden Text," she
said; so Sibley found it.

"Ho!" he said, "it's just three words.
You and Harry'll not have such a hard
time learning it as you did the last one.
'They followed Jesus:' that is every bit
there is to it."

"It will not take long to learn it," said
grandma, "but it will take a lifetime to
do it, my boy. I was thinking what
would happen if you two should begin
to-day to follow Jesus in everything. It
would be the end of all trouble for you."

"Ho!" said Sibley, who was ten, and
thought he knew a great deal; "I don't
think so; people that do right all the time
have lots of trouble."

Grandma shook her head. "Not the
kind of trouble that I mean," she said,
"nor the kind that you and Nannie have.
If you watch, you will find that nearly all
your troubles come from doing or saying
what you know Jesus would not have done
or said."

Nannie always thought carefully about
anything new that she heard.

"I believe that is so," she said after a
few minutes; "I'm going to try it."

In less than ten minutes she had a
chance. She asked Sibley to go with her
to the play-room and play school.

But he said no; he wanted to go to the
attic and play bear. If she would not
play bear, he would not play at all; not
another bit that day nor ever any more
with her; she was nothing but a girl any-
how. Nannie's face grew red, and she
almost said that she was going to play
school and nothing else, and he needn't
ever play with her any more if he didn't
want to. But instead she stood quite still
for a minute and spoke not a word. Then
she said quite pleasantly: "All right;
come on, let's play bear."

A little while afterwards grandma put
her arm around Nannie and kissed her and
whispered: "This good little bear is try-
ing to 'follow,' I see."

"The Kings of Israel," said a bud-
ding theologian to a reverend examiner,
"must have been poor, because it is
stated that they slept with their
fathers. If they had been rich
they would have had beds of their
own."

ELSIE'S GARDENING.

Little Elsie felt herself quite a gardener
as she quietly walked across the lawn with
her new rake and watering-can.

"My garden will always look nice now,
for I can rake it smooth with my new
rake; and I shall water it every evening,
and then the seeds will all come up and
the flowers will look fresh."

Elsie held up her head, and looked quite
proud. She had not gone far before she
met her brother Dick.

"Ah," said he, "you are going to your
garden. Have you any seeds to set?"

"No," said Elsie; "it is not the right
time."

"Doll seed may be set at any time," said
Dick, taking two large beans out of his
pocket. "Don't set them very deep in the
ground, and come every morning to see if
they have come up."

Dick was very
fond of playing
tricks on his sis-
ter, though his
mother told him
it was wrong to
do so; and he
laughed as he
saw Elsie going
off with her
beans, which she
set near some
flower-pots.

One morning
Dick went off to
the garden with
a small paper
parcel under his
coat, and hid
himself behind
some bushes.

Presently Elsie
came along; and
when she looked
at her garden,
she spread out
her hands and
said: "Oh!"

Close by the
flower-pots lay a
little wax doll.
Elsie ran to the
house, calling
out: "Mother,
mother, my doll
seed has come
up! It has grown
into a real doll. Come and look."

But when her mother came and saw
Dick looking through the bushes, she said:
"O, Dick, Dick! you have been playing
your sister another trick."



HOW TO PRAY.

To say my prayers is not to pray,
Unless I mean the things I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak,
And with my heart God's favor seek.