

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

No. 24.

OUR BRAND NEW BABY.

This is our brand new baby,
He's come down from the skies,
And oh, he is so lovely,
And has such bright blue eyes!

I know he is the sweetest
Wee baby in the world,
Tho', perhaps, they have in heaven
Some babies like Arnold.

You see, he has a rattle,
'Twas I who gave him that,
With all the pennies I could earn
By selling my old cat.

And do you see my mamma?
Well, she's just awful good,
And tells us lovely stories,
Just like all mammas should.

HOW SHE PAID BACK.

"O dear! mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt, says the writer, who tells this story in "The Young Reaper," was busy ironing.

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful," she looked up and told Maggie. "Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her



OUR BRAND NEW BABY.

hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her: "The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I could hardly

of good. My head aches awfully."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when others are cross."

help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

She jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it's such a sunny morning?" she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said the mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world

BOYS, BE WORTHY BOYS.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys,
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys;
'Tis better than money and rank, boys.
Still cleave to the right;
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys;
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But whatever you are, be true, boys;
Be visible through and through, boys.
Leave to others the shamming,
The cheating and "cramming;"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

WHY NOT?

Tommy Brown was not at Sunday-school last Sunday. He was not there the Sunday before. What is the matter? That is a proper question. Had you not better look up the answer? Perhaps the boy is very sick. Or it may be the holes in his well-worn shoes have grown so large that he cannot safely tramp through the snow. Then, the winter winds are sharp and chilling, and the coat that did very well during the balmy summer days is not much protection now. See about

Tommy. If he is growing indifferent to the school your visit will re-enlist his interest. If the difficulty is with worn-out boots and coat, perhaps you can think of some way to remove that not very large obstacle. See about Tommy at once. A visit from the teacher will cause the boy's self-respect to go up with a bound, and it will please his mother to have her bare room brightened by the smiles of one who takes so much interest in her boy. The Browns live in Shabby Lane now, but they once lived on the avenue. Poverty and pride are closely linked together in that poor little home. That fact opens a door of opportunity to you, teacher. A little gentle kindness will win Tommy and Tommy's mother.

THE HIDDEN BLOSSOMS.

BY CORA S. DAY.

Did you ever spend your summer vacation in the country, you city boys and girls? And didn't you find it a delightful place, with lots and lots of things for you to learn.

I am sure you did, for this dear old mother earth has many wonderful secrets to tell you about her animal-children and plant-children; and they are stories she can tell you only in the country, with the breezes to carry the message and the daisies to nod a merry assent to the story.

I am going to tell you just one of the many beautiful stories that read like fairy tales and yet are true as true can be.

What do you suppose becomes of the pretty blossoms that fill the fruit trees in the spring?

They fall off and are blown away, you say. So they do, but the next time you have a big apple, cut it straight through the middle, halfway between stem and blossom ends, and there you will find, on each cut part, the blossom, plainly outlined in the pulp about the core.

Apples are not the only things that have the blossoms cunningly hidden inside, for a tomato cut in the same way shows the blossom still more plainly. A potato also shows it, and so do strawberries and many other fruits, vegetables and berries.

And now, when we think of the hidden blossoms, can we not let them help us remember the hidden blessings that fill our lives? So if you look for the hidden blossoms you can easily find them.

UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION.

Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good minister preaching, for their house was next door to the church. In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Now the min-

ister had for his subject, "Daniel." This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog was thinking, the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore-paws drooping, close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel" again, the sharp barks said, "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer. The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, took Dan in his arms, and said, "Please 'scuse Dan, papa; I went to sleep and he runned away."

Then he walked out, with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve that if ever he preached on "Daniel" again, he would not forget to tie up his dog.

PLAYING KITTY.

Louise had such a pretty, fuzzy, warm coat last winter. It was rose color, with fur all round it, and she had a little rose-colored bonnet to wear with it that was all bound round with pretty fur, too.

One day her mamma took her to see the Christmas toys in the store windows, and such fun as they had! There was a real live Santa Claus in one window, with a pack of toys on his back, and in another a circus procession of animals.

After a while Louise said she was so hungry, and mamma went into a big dining-room to get her little girl some lunch.

"Come on, Kitty," she said, and walked down the room. Every one looked at her and laughed. She turned round to see what they could be laughing at, and there was Louise creeping after her just like a little kitten, mewing with all her might.

"Oh, Louise," she cried, "what are you doing?"

"Oo called me a kitty, mamma," said Louise, "and I fought I'd be one."

POLITE TO GOD.

"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer, "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."

MY FA

BY W. E.

(Age

So rough and no
Tearing everythi
They're as jolly
And their jollin
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

Suppose they sh
Without a bit o
Ther be sure tha
"What's the ma
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

Then out of doo
When mamma t
And then they h
Doing the things
But it's ring, ri
bang;
That's the noise

There are just th
Growing strong
They'll get there
For they don't d
Then it's ring, r
bang;
That's the noise

LESS

FOUR

STUDIES IN THE

ELIJA

LESSON

HEZEKIAH R

2 Chron. 29.

Them that he
1 Sam. 2. 30.

QUESTION

Who was He
father? What
How old was H
reign? What o
What does it m
right in the sigh
Hezekiah's first
the priests and
After all was r
the temple? W
take? What di
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had they been?
How did they si
then bring? Ha
the great day o
find the hearts
better than sacr

MY FATHER'S GANG.

BY WENDELL MILLER.

(Aged nine years.)

So rough and noisy is my father's gang
Tearing everything to pieces,
They're as jolly a lot as ever sang
And their jolliness never ceases,
But it's ring, ring, ring and bang, bang,
bang;

That's the noise of my father's gang.

Suppose they should be very still
Without a bit of noise,
Then be sure that mamma will say,
"What's the matter with those boys?"
But it's ring, ring, ring and bang, bang,
bang;

That's the noise of my father's gang.

Then out of doors they all run,
When mamma tells them to;
And then they have such lots of fun
Doing the things they have to do.
But it's ring, ring, ring and bang, bang,
bang;

That's the noise of my father's gang.

There are just three boys in father's gang,
Growing strong and healthy and true;
They'll get there and that's no slang,
For they don't drink, nor swear, nor chew;
Then it's ring, ring, ring and bang, bang,
bang;

That's the noise of my father's gang.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 4.

HEZEKIAH REOPENS THE TEMPLE.

2 Chron. 29. 18-31. Memorize verses
28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Them that honor me I will honor.—
1 Sam. 2. 30.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Hezekiah? Who was his father? What kind of men were they? How old was Hezekiah when he began to reign? What do we read about him? What does it mean to do that which is right in the sight of the Lord? What was Hezekiah's first work? What did he set the priests and the Levites to doing? After all was ready, what took place in the temple? What part did the people take? What did the Levites do? What instruments of music were used? Whose had they been? What did they sing? How did they sing? What did the people then bring? How did the king feel about the great day of worship? How did he find the hearts of the people? What is better than sacrifice? Obedience.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the character of Hezekiah. 2 Kings 18. 1-7.
- Tues. Find the story of Hezekiah's great passover. 2 Chron. 30. 1-13.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron. 29. 18-31.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Read how the Lord saved Judah from the Assyrians. 2 Kings 19. 20-37.
- Sat. Read a psalm that Hezekiah knew also. Psa. 84.
- Sun. Read a song of the sanctuary. Psa. 132.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. It is wise to begin life with God.
2. To make his house and worship our first care.
3. And to let him order our whole life.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 11.

CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

2 Kings 17. 6-18. Memorize verses
16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil.—1 Pet. 3. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What rich and pleasant country did the Lord give Israel? Canaan. What did he say they must give him? Their love and obedience. What did he promise to them if they were faithful? His care and defence. What if they were faithless? He said that he would send them into captivity. Who was king of Israel in Hezekiah's time? Hoshea. What were the people doing? Why did they love idol worship? How far into idolatry did they go? What was the worst form of it? What was the name of a god to which they sacrificed their children? Moloch. Who at last fulfilled the word of the Lord against Israel? The king of Assyria. What did they have to leave? Who had foretold all this? The prophets.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. 2 Kings 17. 6-18.
- Tues. Find why all these things came upon Israel. 1 Chron. 28. 9.
- Wed. Find what commandments Israel broke. Exod. 20. 3, 4.
- Thur. See how the Lord tried to persuade Israel. Isa. 1. 16-20.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read about the first bondage of the Israelites. Exod. 1. 8-14.
- Sun. Read the story of Judah's return from bondage. Psa. 126.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Whatever we sow, that we shall reap.

2. We must reap our own harvest, and not another's.

3. It is wise to sow obedience, if we would reap happiness.

LADDIE AND POLLY.

Laddie owned a ship with sails. Uncle Bert sent it to him on his birthday. He could hardly leave it to go to bed, but his mother put it on a table near his crib so that he could see it the first thing in the morning.

The next day Laddie went to sail his ship in the pond in his own yard. Before he started, he said to his mother: "Course Polly'll want to come, too; she never will stay away."

Polly was his little cousin, who lived next door.

"Polly likes pretty things, too," said his mother. "She lets you play with her things. And I think that such a happy boy as our Laddie, who has so much, ought to try and make other people happy."

Out of the door went Laddie, his ship in his arms. "Polly isn't people," he said; "an' girls oughtn't to want boys' things; it isn't nice."

Just as Laddie had his ship ready to sail, some one crept up beside him. It was Polly.

Laddie turned to look at her, and when he saw her eager, bright face, his crossness went away.

"I'll let you sail it too, Polly," he said; "then two people will be happy 'stead of only one."

HIS WORD IS TRUE.

A miserable-looking man went into a grocer's shop and begged for bread. The grocer thought he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not —, who had once a good fortune and houses of his own. Yes; it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he had become so poor.

"Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead that I might have her property; but when I got my desire I never prospered; the money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want."

God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents; but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.

THE DRAWBACK.

"Don't you wish you were a postage-stamp, Polly?" asked Tommy.

"Why?" asked Polly.

"Oh, they travel so far."

"Boh!" said Polly; "they get a fearful lickin' first."



PARTRIDGE AND YOUNG.

PARTRIDGE AND YOUNG.

Look at the poor little partridges nestling under their mother's big feathers, to keep as much out of the cold as possible. She has turned her back to the driving snow, and feels the cold very little. But she well knows that her little ones have not got half such warm feathers as she has, so she makes a cosy hole for them in the snow, and they tuck themselves away inside, and are as warm and happy as can be, in spite of the weather.

THE WHITE PAPOOSE.

BY JULIA D. COWLES.

"Please tell me a story about when I was a little girl," coaxed Mattie, one evening, as she curled down by mamma's knee.

Mamma thought a moment and then she laughed a little as she said, "Well, I will tell you one about when you were a very little girl indeed.

"You know papa once kept a store where there were a great many Indians. We were living there when you were born, and your Aunt Carrie was visiting us.

"The Indian women, or squaws, as they were called, used to come into the store with their papooses tied upon their backs, and I often used to see them. The brown babies were a curiosity to me, and I always noticed them.

"One day, when you were about a week old, Aunt Carrie went into the dining-room and found that every chair in the room held a squaw. She stopped in surprise, for they had not knocked, and she had not known that anyone but ourselves was in the house. But she had learned a little of their odd ways, so she was not frightened. She said, 'How do you do?' and asked them what they wanted.

"'Wah-se'-cha e ches'-te-na's papoose,' said the oldest squaw, and then they all laughed.

"'Wah-se'-cha e ches'-te-na' means 'little

white man,' and this was the name they had given to papa. So they meant that they wanted to see papa's baby, and that was you."

Mattie gave a little giggle at this, but her eyes were very wide open.

"Aunt Carrie knew that the Indians were all right as long as they felt friendly toward anyone, but they were very ugly if they became angry, so she said that she would see about it, and came and told me what they wanted. Of course we decided that it was best to let them do as they asked, so Aunt Carrie took you out in her arms and handed you to the oldest squaw.

"She looked at you, examined your clothes, laughed, and handed you to the next squaw, who did the same and passed you on, and so you went to each in turn. They all laughed as though they thought you a very funny papoose indeed, and then they gave you back to Aunt Carrie and filed out as quietly as they had come in.

"Aunt Carrie brought you back to me, holding you very close in her arms, as if she thought you had escaped a great danger."

The story finished, Mattie snuggled up in mamma's lap; she rather thought she had escaped a great danger, too.

"JOSHUA KNOWS."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell."

Thereupon Joshua, looking very grave and wise, replied:

"In the fire."

THE PRAYING LITTLE CRIPPLE.

I once knew a little cripple, who lay upon her death-bed. She had given herself to God, and was distressed only because she could not labor for him actively among the lost. Her pastor visited her, and, hearing her complaint, told her that there—from her sick-bed—she could offer prayer for those whom she wished to see turning to God. He advised her to write their names down, and then to pray earnestly for them. Soon a feeling of great religious interest sprang up in the village, and the churches were crowded nightly. The little cripple heard of the revival, and inquired anxiously for the names of the saved. A few weeks later she died, and among a roll of papers that was found under her pillow was one bearing the names of fifty-six persons, every one of whom had been converted in the revival. By each name was a little cross, by which the little cripple saint had checked off the name of each convert as it had been reported to her.