

# SUNBEAM

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No. 17



THE SOLO.

## THE SOLO.

This pleasant picture represents what is a frequent and delightful incident in our Canadian Methodism—the employment by some fair girl of her voice for the

honour and glory of God in leading the devotions of the congregation. Leading the devotions, we say; for singing in the house of God should always be of a devotional character—never for mere aesthetic display, much less for the display of per-

sonal vanity. Very often the Gospel can be sung into the heart of the people when it cannot be preached into their hearts. We shall never forget the way in which we heard the passage, "I will wash my hands in innocency," sung in Cobourg thirty-six

years ago; and the exquisite pathos with which a lady sang,

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,"

haunts our memory still. Let our young friends employ their precious gift of song in thus giving wings to the Gospel, and it may be that they shall find the blessed results in eternity.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 22, 1903.

### WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO.

In a retired valley of Joshu, in India, there is a little hamlet of charcoal-burners. A few years ago their manner of life was the rudest possible. There seemed no glimmer of hope for better things. A missionary, in passing through the valley, spoke to the people. Two men became interested, and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men; it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sundays work was suspended; and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land around them, to plant wheat and garden stuff; and recently one has become forchanded enough to build a frame house in place of his old hut. His employers say that he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says that he owes his new vigour to his weekly day of rest; and that without it he could not do his work.

### PEACEMAKERS.

"You are a bad girl; I hate you!" said Ellen.

"O please don't say so! I don't want you to feel so; I want you to love me," replied Agnes, and her eyes filled with tears as she looked at her angry playmate.

Ellen's conscience troubled her; but she said nothing, and went away. She could not forget what Agnes had said, however. She thought of it all day, she dreamed of it all night. The next day she overtook Agnes as she was going to school. Her voice trembled as she said: "Please forgive me for my angry words yesterday; I am sorry that I was cross, and spoke as I did."

"Dear Ellen," replied Agnes, "I am so glad that you love me! Do let us always be kind to each other."

Was not that a pleasant way for two little girls to speak to each other. That was Christ's way; his teaching is that of love and tenderness, returned good for evil. O, my children, you must do that if you would be Christlike!—*Exchange.*

### GETTING TANGLED.

One Sunday, when Eva went to church alone, she met her friend Jenny, who was alone too; so they sat together. In the midst of the sermon they began to whisper, and then a dreadful thing happened. The flowers or something on Eva's hat became tangled with those on Jenny's; so when they wanted to get their heads apart they could not. How red their faces grew! for the pew was a front one, and everybody could see. Then a kind lady behind reached over and untangled their hats, but you may be sure that they did not whisper any more.—*The King's Own.*

### MARY AND DOG CARLO.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a familiar picture to me. I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a fine contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome. Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try hard to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as

she could go. One day when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought him too wise a dog to be mistaken; so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track. I felt sure the dog's quick ears must have heard the train which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough I can tell you. Carlo had never allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now, he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight. After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning.

### A FAMILY PARTY.

There was a family gathering  
Of insects, small and great,  
And some were sure to be on time,  
Though some were always late.

The great old lazy bumblebee  
Came bumping up the way;  
Said he: "I've on my Sunday coat,  
And I have come to stay."

A little cricket dressed in black,  
Skipped blithely by his side;  
A katydid in fair green gown,  
With gauzy wings spread wide;

A daddy-long-legs, clad in brown,  
(He scared the children so),  
A wasp in gaudy yellow dress,  
And buzzing sweet and low;

A dragon-fly, in brilliant hue,  
Emerging from the hay;  
And by and by a ladybug,—  
These all walked up the way.

Just then a house-fly, old and gray,  
Hummed as he came along;  
A dandy young mosquito-bug  
Completes the happy throng.

The ball-room was a grapevine leaf,  
The feast, 'twas fresh and new,  
With honey from the clover white,  
And early morning dew.

They sang and danced as best they could  
From early morning light  
Until the sunset's fiery glow  
Had melted into night.

Then homeward all they wend their way  
To get a wink of sleep,  
But leave that young mosquito-bug,  
His tireless watch to keep.

THE MONTHS.

January brings the snow,  
 Makes our feet and fingers glow;  
 February brings the rain,  
 Thaws the frozen lake again;  
 March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
 Stirs the dancing daffodil;  
 April brings the primrose sweet,  
 Scatters daisies at our feet;  
 May brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
 Skipping by their fleecy dams;  
 June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
 Fills the children's hands with posies;  
 Hot July brings cooling showers,  
 Apricots and gillyflowers;  
 August brings the sheaves of corn,  
 Then the harvest home is borne;  
 Warm September brings the fruit,  
 Sportsmen then begin to shoot;  
 Fresh October brings the pheasant,  
 Then to gather nuts is pleasant;  
 Dull November brings the blast,  
 Then the leaves are whirling fast;  
 Chill December brings the sleet,  
 Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

—Children's Friend.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IX. [August 30.]

DAVID SPARES SAUL.

1 Sam. 26. 5-12, 21-25. Memorize verse 21

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.—Luke 6. 27.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did David go to live? Why? Because Saul wished to kill him. What cave did he live in? Who came to him there? How many came finally? Six hundred. Who came into David's cave one day? What did David do to him? What did he do after Saul awoke? How did Saul feel? Did Saul follow David again? How many men were with him? What did David do at night? Who was with him? Abishai. What did David do on the hilltop? What did Saul answer? What good thing did he say? Did he still try to follow David? No.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read of Jonathan's visit to David. 1 Sam. 23. 14-18.  
 Tues. Read of David at Engedi. 1 Sam. 24. 1-22.  
 Wed. Find when Samuel died. 1 Sam. 25. 1.  
 Thur. Read lesson verses. 1 Sam. 26. 5-12, 21-25.  
 Fri. Learn the Golden Text.  
 Sat. Read a psalm about David hiding from Saul. Psa. 57.  
 Sun. Find how thankful David was. Psa. 34. 8-8.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God is life over death.
2. That he is good over evil.
3. That if we are his we are safe.

LESSON X. [Sept. 6.]

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 31. 1-13. Memorize verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.—Prov. 14. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where had David gone to live? What had their king given him? Could Saul trouble him there? What people did he gain a great victory over? What had the Amalekites done? Burned Ziklag and stolen the women and children. What had Saul become? Whom did he go to see? What kind of words did he hear? What happened to him then? What people came against Israel? What had become of Saul's three sons? Was Jonathan one of them? What was the end of Saul? What man was faithful to him? What did David do? How did he feel about Saul? What were his words about Jonathan?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about David's city of refuge. 1 Sam. 27. 1-7.  
 Tues. Find what Saul's troubles were. 1 Sam. 28. 3-6.  
 Wed. Read what was said to Saul in a vision. 1 Sam. 28. 15-20.  
 Thur. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 31. 1-13.  
 Fri. Learn the Golden Text.  
 Sat. Read David's song of faith. Psa. 71. 17-21.  
 Sun. Read David's song of praise. Psa. 40. 1-3.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That the wages of sin is death.
2. That to end right we must begin right.
3. That the Lord helps, but does not force, us to be good.

KITTY'S PARTY.

Glady and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kitty, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten; but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat, but they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other somewhat anxiously a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kitty had run away, and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina; "it wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, their papa and mamma looked very mysterious, and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other; but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast their papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once and their mamma followed them; and what do you suppose? There in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens. "You see Trot has sent out her own invitation," said their papa. And when such squeals of delight as there were from the girls. They fairly hopped from one foot to the other in their excitement.

And so Trot's birthday party was furnished with guests, and Trot was treated to the daintiest supper that two happy little girls could devise.

LETTING THE WORDS BUMP.

"Mother, I really don't mean to say naughty things," said Eddie.

"Then why do you say them?" answered mother.

"Why, when I feel cross, the cross words just rise up in my throat, and out they will come, or else I would choke."

"No," said mother, "don't let them out."

"How can I help it?" said Eddie.

"You must learn to shut your mouth and make a fence of your lips, so that the cross words cannot get out."

"They'll come again, more and more of them," said Eddie.

"No; if you will keep them back and not let them out, by and by they will stop coming."

Then Eddie stopped to think. After thinking, he said: "I know; it is just like kitty. When kitty came here she thought that she could jump right through the window glass; but she only bumped her head against the glass, and could not get through. Then she stopped trying. Perhaps the cross words would be just like Kitty. When they can't get through the fence, they will stop coming. I will just let them bump their heads against my lips.—Selected.



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

## IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

## UNSOBER PEOPLE.

BY PANSY.

Eben had what he called a "truly" watch. It would wind up and "go" for five minutes at a time. Eben wound it very often. He liked his new verse better than any he had learned in a long time because it had the word "watch" in it. He sat thinking about the verse and the watch; then he spoke to his Aunt Helen.

"Auntie, I couldn't be a watch if I should try, could I?"

"Why not?"

"Why, I haven't got any wheels inside of me."

"Oh, yes, you have! Don't you remember the wonderful little machines that I told you about which are in your body?"

"But I can't wind them up?"

"They don't need your winding, little boy; God has wound them for you."

"A watch watches the time every minute, doesn't it, auntie?" said Eben, looking at his watch. "But it can't be 'sober' or unsober, can it?"

"I am not sure of that," said auntie; "some watches are very 'unsober.' They

go too fast or too slow and sometimes they stop. Then we say they are of no use, because we cannot depend on them."

"Then you take them to the watch-maker's to get mended," said Eben.

"Yes, and if he cannot mend them they are thrown away. Nobody wants a watch that cannot be 'sober' all the time."

"Little boys don't have to be sober all the time," said Eben.

"Oh! do you think so? I should not like a little boy who wasn't."

"Why, auntie!" said Eben.

"I shouldn't at all. I don't mean that he mustn't laugh and shout and be merry; he can do that and yet be sober all the time."

Eben laughed. "Aunt Helen," he said, "you are talking criss-cross! How could he?"

"Because 'sober' in your verse means sensible, keeping his wits about him, laughing in the right place and not in the wrong one; being what people call 'sane.' Poor old Sam Bates is 'insane,' you know; he cannot keep himself from doing strange and foolish things."

"Neither can his brother Joe," said Eben.

"No, but there is a great difference between them. Poor Sam has been made insane by illness, and Joe makes himself insane by something that he swallows."

"I know what it is," said Eben, "he swallows whiskey. He doesn't 'watch and be sober,' does he? That's my verse, 'Let us watch and be sober.'"

"No," said Aunt Helen, "he is what you would call 'unsober' most of the time."

"But I never am," said Eben.

"Are you sure?" asked Aunt Helen.

"Only yesterday I saw a little boy no older than you who was intoxicated."

"Aunt Helen!" said Eben, in great excitement. "Who was he?"

"He wasn't intoxicated with whiskey, it is true," said his aunt, "for he has been carefully taught and whiskey doesn't tempt him yet; but he had been made 'unsober' by play. His mother called him three times, but he played right on; he even kicked and cried, when at last he was brought in, and said he didn't want to be washed and dressed! The trouble was play had stolen his good sense, just as whiskey steals from Joe Bates."

"Aunt Helen," said Eben, very gravely, "I know that little boy; it was I."

## THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

My heart keeps knocking all the day!  
What does it mean? What would it say?  
My heart keeps knocking all the night!  
Child, hast thou thought of this aright?  
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low;  
Hast thou thought what it means by  
knocking so?

No, child; 'tis a lively little bell,  
The dear God's gift who loves thee well.  
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,  
And by his hand it still is rung.  
And he stands without and waits to see  
Whether within he will welcome be;  
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win  
The welcome answer: "Come in! come  
in!"

So knocks thy heart now, day by day,  
And when its strokes have died away,  
And all its knockings on earth are o'er.  
It will knock itself at heaven's door;  
And stand without, and wait and see  
Whether within it will welcome be;  
And hear Him say: "Come, dearest guest,  
I found in thy bosom a holy rest.  
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;  
Come into the joys of eternity!"

## MARY AND HER DOG.

Such a pretty story I read the other day about a little girl named Mary, who lived in Pennsylvania. In some way she fell and broke her arm, and had to keep in bed for a long while. Her playmates came to see her, and often brought her beautiful flowers, of which she was very fond. There was something else, too, which Mary loved dearly, and that was her dog, whose name was Bob. He seemed to feel very sorry for his little mistress, and he noticed how happy the flowers always made her. So he thought he would give her a bouquet too. Away he went into the yard, and plucked a mouthful of plantain leaves. Then he hurried back to Mary, put his forepaws on her bed, dropped the leaves and wagged his tail, saying as plainly as any dog could, "Don't you think my flowers are pretty too?"