

# SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MAY 17, 1902.

No. 10.

## WEDDING IN PALESTINE.

It has been well said that the lands of the Bible are the best commentary on the books of the Bible, that the unchangeable manners and customs of the Orient explain a great many allusions and descriptions of the sacred Scriptures. This is especially so of the marriage and funeral customs, of which we saw many illustrations in our recent visit to Egypt and Palestine. These processions generally take place at night, with great illumination of the houses and brilliant array of torches or lamps, and a loud din of rather discordant music. The bride is thickly veiled and carried in a closed carriage or palanquin. Indeed, most of the women wear veils or strange mufflers like nose-bags, and even the little children, as shown in the picture, wear them. Sometimes this veil is so thin that the features can be seen through it, but that is only among the fashionable Turkish women. The peasant people sometimes wear figured veils over their entire faces, so that you cannot get the faintest glimpse of their features.

The use of lamps and torches in these marriage processions will explain the allusion in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. While the bridegroom tarried they all slumbered and slept, but when at midnight the cry came, "Behold the bridegroom cometh," those that had oil in their lamps went out to meet him, but those that had no oil had no time to buy, and were shut out of the marriage feast.

## HOW ROBBIE WENT TO CHURCH.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was a warm day, and Robbie was not used to going to church. At home he went to Sunday-school, and as the church service followed close upon the school hour, and Robbie was such a little fellow, his mother thought it too long for him to

stay, but he was 'out at grandpa's now, and he felt quite grown-up and important when, holding fast to grandma's hand, he really went to "church." Things that look grand in prospect are sometimes very disappointing, however, and Robbie soon grew dreadfully tired. There were no motion songs, no picture cards. The fans swayed sleepily inside, while outside there was a rustle of leaves and twitter of birds that seemed much more inviting. He slipped from his seat, and before grandma knew what he was about he was



EASTERN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

half-way down the aisle toward the wide-open door.

It was a little country church, and there were no streets for him to wander into and get lost, so, though grandma looked after him in a startled way for a moment, she settled back in her place again with a smile, and listened comfortably to the sermon. As for Robbie, he suddenly espied company. Over at the long "hitching-place" for the horses a row of heads were bowing to him, and kindly eyes seemed to invite him to come over. He promptly accepted the invitation.

"I like your shurch better'n I do that one inside," he remarked confidentially, and old Dobbin, Grey, and Whitey nodded.

When the meeting was over, and the people came out, grandpa found the small boy armed with a slender green branch, gravely keeping the flies off the horses. He was unusually quiet all the way home, but when dinner was over Aunt Martha left him in no doubt of her opinion.

"Robbie Martin," she said severely, "you said you'd go to church and be good."

"I guess—I did be good," answered Robbie, a little uncertainly, from his seat on grandpa's knee. "Grandpa, why don't the horses go into church?"

"Oh! they couldn't understand it if they did go."

"Well, neiver could I," said Robbie, triumphantly, "so I went out and stayed with them. I was quiet and didn't 'sturb anybody. I singed a Sunday-school song real softly, and I kepted the flies off the horses. God made 'em, and I kepted the flies off. I did keep Sunday."

Grandpa hugged the little fellow close, and when the blue eyes closed for their afternoon nap, he said reflectively:

"After all, I don't suppose any of us can get much farther than that; to not hinder others in their worship, to offer the best we can ourselves, and to make some of God's creatures happier."

A man who was very sad once heard two boys laughing. He asked them: "What makes you so happy?" "Happy?" said the elder; "why, I make Jim glad, and get glad myself!" This is the true secret of a happy life: to so live that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else.

Those who follow Christ here shall be with him hereafter.

THE FLOWER AND THE BEE.

I asked the little, lowly flower,  
Who gave her perfume sweet,  
And dressed her in her velvet coat,  
So beautiful and neat;  
And she told me it was God  
Who clothed her with such care,  
And taught her how to sweetly breathe  
Upon the evening air.

I asked the little busy bee  
I saw among the flowers,  
Who taught her how to gather sweets  
To eat in winter hours,  
From 'way down in a lily deep  
She sung these words to me:  
"Twas God the Father taught me how;  
He teaches every bee."

—S. S. Advocate.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1902.

"HE LIKES TO LOVE."

Said a dear little one, only seven, the tears streaming from her eyes, at the close of Mr. Hammond's Sabbath afternoon address, "And did Jesus die for children like me?"

"Yes, dear, he did; he died for those who trust him."

"What did he love me for?"

What did he love you for? Ah, little one, you ask the great question which has hushed ten thousand hearts in wonder, love, and praise. But the young mind was still thinking while we were silent.

"It must be 'cause he likes to love."

"Yes, dear, you have just said the truth. It was not because we deserve it, but because he loves to love; or, in other words, God is love, and there lies the key of the whole mystery."

"Why, then, I should like to love him, May I?"

"Surely, dear; if he loves us so, he will like to have us love him back again."

"As a little child." The words recurred to us, and we felt that the little one had already learned lessons some of us take long to learn.—*Good Words.*

WHERE HE WAS HURT.

Among the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey, so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his round at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office. One day an officer in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading and threw it at him. He missed his aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom, and thought he had been hit. He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine himself—felt his arms and legs, muttered and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passed his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again, beginning at his arms, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

As soon as he had convinced himself by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and, hurrying to the doctor, he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt the elbow, patting it, and expressing great sympathy. But this would not satisfy Joeko. He went toward the doctor's office, looking back and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed, and, having rubbed the elbow with some preparation, Joeko became very comfortable, jabbering his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the King's English.

SHOW YOUR LOVE FOR MOTHER.

Never forget to show your love for mother. If you do not in your youth, it will rest like a weight upon your age. The heart of man or woman must be made insensible by reason of its sinning, that does not know what it is to cry out for a mother and a mother's love. No less a personage than Lord Macaulay says:

"Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on

you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kindly anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—loved, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the dark, uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget the sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to be asleep; never her kiss of peace at night."

What heart does not echo to this sentiment from a man who won, by the grace of his head and heart, power beyond others? The love of her babies is very sweet to the mother's heart; but the watchful care of men and women who are privileged to say "mother" to the one who nursed them through infancy, is still more prized.

THE BUILDING OF THE FORT.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Let's go down and build a fort  
Beside the sea," said Willie.

"That is nice! come right along  
And build one," answered Tilly.

So off they went with pail and spade  
To build their fort of sand,

And frighten with their seashell guns  
All pirates off from land.

But oh, the sea it was so blue!

The sky—it was so sunny!

There were so many white-winged ships

That—well, 'twas really funny,

But sitting there upon the fence

To watch the shining sea,

They quite forgot their fort, and so

'Twas never built, you see.

THE POPULAR TOMMY.

I read of a little boy, Tommy, who would give his last marble, run on errands all day, and never grumble; give the best place to somebody else, no matter who; and feel so glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he forgot himself. Everybody liked Tommy. Grandma smiled all over when she saw him coming. Aunt Winnie, who was a busy woman, smiled at him and said: "Just in time, Tommy; run and ——" When Tommy went to spend the day with grandma or Aunt Winnie, the folks at home all missed him. One would say: "Where is Tommy? I wish that he was at home." And another: "If Tommy were only here!" Tommy was one of the unselfish helpers. Are there any Tommies at your house?

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THE CLEAN FACE.

O why must my face be washed so clean,  
And scrubbed and drenched for Sunday,  
When you very well know, as you've  
always seen,  
'Twill be dirty again on Monday?

My hair is stiff with the lathery soap  
That behind my ears is dripping;  
And my smarting eyes I'm afraid to ope,  
And my lip the suds is sipping.

They're down my throat and up my nose,  
And to choke me seem to be trying;  
That I'll shut my mouth you needn't sup-  
pose,  
For how can I keep from crying?

And you rub as hard as ever you can;  
And your hands are hard, to my sor-  
row,  
No woman shall wash me when I'm a  
man,  
And I wish I was one to-morrow.

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON VIII. [May 25.]

PAUL AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

Acts 13. 43-52. Memorize verses 46, 47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Through this man is preached unto you  
the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 13. 38.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go from Cyprus. To Perga, and then to Antioch in Pisidia. Where was this Antioch? On Mount Taurus. What day was it? The Sabbath day. What did they do? They went into a synagogue. Who were there? Jews and Gentiles. What were they asked to do? To preach. Who preached? Paul. What did he preach about? The Lord Jesus Christ. What did the Gentiles do? Many believed. Did the Jews believe? No; they were angry with the apostles. What did the apostles say? That they would turn to the Gentiles. What did the Jews then do? Made the apostles leave their city. Where did they go? To Iconium. Did this make the apostles sad? No, for they were doing right. Who are the happiest people in the world? Real Christians. What does God say to a Christian? "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Paul's sermon in Antioch. Acts 13. 13-12.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Acts 13. 43-52.

Wed. Find Pisidia and Antioch on the map.

Thur. Learn Golden Text. Acts 13. 38.

Fri. Find what Christ said about those who are persecuted. Matt. 5. 10.

Sat. Read what Paul said about Antioch. 2 Tim. 3. 10, 11.

Sun. Read a missionary hymn.

LESSON IX. [June 1.]

PAUL AT LYSIRA.

Acts 14. 8-19. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. 2. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Did Paul and Barnabas stay at Iconium? No. Why? The people tried to stone them. Where did they go? To Lystra. What did Paul do there? He cured a man who was a cripple. What did the people cry? "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." What was their chief God? Jupiter. Where did they worship him? In a beautiful temple. What did the priest of Jupiter try to do? To offer sacrifices to the apostles. What did they bring to them? Oxen wearing wreaths of flowers. What did they call Paul? Jupiter. And Barnabas? Mercurius. Would the apostles let them do this? No. What did they try to have them do? Worship the true God. Who came to make trouble? Jews from Antioch and Iconium. What was done? They stoned Paul and left him for dead. Did he die? No; he rose and went to Derbe with Barnabas.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about a lame man healed. Acts 3. 1-16.

Tues. Read about another in the lesson verses. Acts 14. 8-22.

Wed. Find how Paul was following God's plan for him. Golden Text.

Thur. Find another time when Paul was cured a god. Acts 28. 6.

Fri. Find whom an angel said should be worshipped. Rev. 19. 10.

Sat. Read a to whom all honour belongs. Rev. 7. 9-12.

Sun. Read what Paul bore for Jesus' sake. 2 Cor. 11. 24-28.

Never speak to papa or mamma unkindly; never be naughty or cruel to brother or sister; never contradict anyone who is telling a story; never tell anything that is not strictly true; never say "I can't," when told to do a thing that seems hard; never think about what you would not like to have papa and mamma know.

TEDDY AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Now, then! There is room for one more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him in, and we're off."

Room in the great big crowded sleight for only one more, and, alas! there were two eager little boys left standing on the curbstone, longing with all their little hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle George.

There was a moment's pause; then Teddy stepped back. "Let it be Harry," he said; "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the open place. The whip cracked, the bells jingled, and away they went, leaving Teddy alone, winking with all his might to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty soon he ran upstairs to visit grandma. Grandma was sitting by the window. She laid down her sewing and gathered Teddy up in her arm. "My dear little boy," she said, "has been trying to follow the Golden Rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said: "Grandma, does God up in heaven notice when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed, he does, and it makes him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn. "Can just a little boy like me make God feel glad?"

"Yes, dear."  
"Isn't that queer," said Teddy, "and—and splendid?"

"And isn't it queer," said grandma, gently, "that when little boys like you and old ladies like me can make God glad we sometimes forget and make him sorry?"—Sunbeam.

RIGHT SIDE UP.

A foolish dame once lived, 'tis said,  
In Topsy Turvey Town;  
Whene'er it rained the guineas bright,  
Her dish was upside down.

Now let us use this legend, dear,  
To illustrate a truth  
That should be learned most thoroughly  
By every thoughtful youth.

The dish, forsooth, may represent  
Your ever-active brain,  
And golden opportunities  
May represent the rain.

At home, abroad, in school or out,  
When drops of knowledge fall,  
Just hold your brain in readiness  
To catch them one and all.

For gems of truth more highly prized  
Than shining guineas are,  
Their brilliancy, my dear, outshines  
The most resplendent star.

—The Myrtle.



### THE QUEEN'S PET DOGS.

Man's most faithful friend, the dog, is specially dear to our Royal House. From Queen Victoria to her youngest grandchild, each member of the Royal Family had a favourite dog or two, and the Queen's collection was most complete and comprehensive. Wherever Queen Victoria went, her special pets accompanied her, whether in her own country or abroad, and deep was the sorrow felt when one of the old favourites passed away. It was only the favourite few, however, who were actually the royal companions, the majority being royally housed in the fine kennels in the Home Park, Windsor. These kennels were quite a model establishment, and it was one of Her Majesty's great delights to visit them with her grandchildren. The Queen knew every dog by name, and remembered their characteristics. Her Majesty was particularly fond of collies, spitz, and fox-terriers, and there were probably more collies than any other breed in the royal kennels.

Queen Alexandra is as great a lover of dogs as Queen Victoria was, and the Sandringham kennels are second to none. Every morning, when the Queen is staying at her Norfolk home, she goes round the kennels with two baskets of bread and biscuits, feeding each dog separately. Her Majesty has a curious influence over the dogs, for the most intractable animal yields to her voice and caress. A visit to the kennels is one of the amusements for the guests at Sandringham, the King and Queen showing their visitors not only their living favourites, but the handsome marble memorials to departed canine pets. Perhaps the most famous of the Queen's dogs is the magnificent Russian wolf-hound or Barzoi, "Alexis," who has carried all before him at many shows.

Prettiest of all these dogs, however, is the Tibet spaniel, "Little Billee," a fascinating tiny ivory-white creature with brindle markings and lovely appealing eyes. Directly "Little Billee" was taken out of his basket on his first arrival, he

ran straight to the Queen, and put up his forepaws to entreat him to take him up. "Little Billee" was taken to his mistress' heart at once, and from that time slept on a cushion at the foot of her bed, and was generally found in the daytime curled up in a fold of her dress.

### WHAT A TRACT DID.

A child a penny gave,  
With which a tract was bought;  
That tract a heathen chief  
Unto the Saviour brought.  
A little church was built,  
Men turned from idols old,  
Till fifteen hundred souls  
Were gathered in the fold.

If every little hand  
Shall sow the gospel seed,  
And every little heart  
Shall pray for those in need;  
If every little child  
Shall give to God his mite,  
Soon shall the heathen come  
To walk in Christ, the Light.

—*The Child's Gem.*

### PLAYING STAGE-COACH.

"All wanting the same place makes a great deal of trouble in this world," said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I tell you a little story about it—something I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" cried the children.

"It is a very sad story, but I will tell it to you," she went on, and the next time you are tempted to be selfish, stop and think of it. Once, long ago, there were four children playing stage-coach, just as you have been doing now, and, just like you, they all wanted the first place. Instead of playing on a log, however, they were in the spreading branches of the willow tree.

"'I want to drive,' said Lucy, getting in the driver's seat.

"'No, let me drive,' and Harry climbed up beside her. 'Let me sit there.'

"'But Lucy did not move.

"'Let me sit there,' repeated Harry, giving her a slight push and crowding his way onto the same branch where she sat. 'You must let me drive.'

"A moment more, a sudden crash, and they were on the ground. The branch had broken.

"Harry was on his feet instantly, trying to raise his sister, but there was a sharp cry of pain, then she lay very still. Mother and father came running out of the house and gently lifted the little fainting form, from which the arm hung limp and broken. There was sorrow and crying, but it was too late; nothing could turn aside the weeks of suffering and pain that must be borne before the little girl could take her place again among the

other children. I think they all learned a lesson of loving unselfishness in those weary days, each trying who could bring the most brightness and happiness into the dreary hours. I was that little girl and I learned to appreciate little kindnesses as I had never done before. It was then that I learned something else, too—something I want you all to remember," and mamma looked at the little group. "It is 'Even Christ pleased not himself.'"

### THE FAIRY NETS OF THE SPIDER.

John Burroughs, in his "Autumn Tides," thus discourses about the spiders in the fall:

"Looking athwart the fields under the sinking sun, the ground appears covered with a shining veil of gossamer. A fairy net, invisible at mid-day, rests upon the stubble and upon the spears of grass, covering acres in extent—the work of innumerable spiders. . . . At the same time, stretching from the tops and branches of trees, or from the top of a stake in the fence, may be seen the cables of the flying spider—a fairy bridge from the visible to the invisible."

Another writer thus defends the spider:

"Strange as many people may think it, the spider is really a very useful creature. We owe to it the destruction of numerous insects that would inflict upon us the most serious injury. . . . Even as it is, and in spite of innumerable spiders, as well as birds, farmers sometimes lose largely by the damage inflicted upon their crops by particular kinds of small insects. . . . The web of the common garden spider is a very beautiful structure, being composed of silken threads arranged like the spokes of a wheel, crossed at intervals by spiral filaments. . . . These silken threads are in reality composed of numerous threads twisted together in a kind of cable by the spinnerets of the spider."

