

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1904.

No. 16.

## FAR OUT AT SEA.

There was once a little swallow that had her nest in a hole in a rock near the sea. In the nest she had four young swallows that looked to her for care and food.

But one windy day, as she was in chase of a fly, a gust of wind blew her far from the shore. She struck against the mast of a ship, and fell stunned into the fold of the mainsail.

Here she lay for a long while. At length the sailors began to hoist the sail, and she flew off. On and on she flew; but there was no land in sight, and she grew very tired. She saw a fine large ship, and a little boy—his name was William—looking out from the side. "Come here to me, little swallow!" cried William.

On flew the swallow, over the ship's side, and fell on a coil of rope, close to where William was standing. He picked her up, and fed her; but the poor bird thought of her little ones in her nest by the sea-shore.

On and on sailed the ship, and soon land came in sight, and soon the little swallow saw her own home beside the rocks.

When they were within half a mile of the shore, William let her go, and she flew straight to her nest. There she found her

little ones all well, but hungry. Like a good mother she went to work, and before sundown all the little swallows had been fed, and were ready to go to sleep.

## DON'T BE LAZY.

A little boy was once walking along a dusty road. The sun was very warm and oppressive, but, as was his usual way, he stepped along quickly, thinking that the faster he walked the sooner he would reach the end of his journey. He soon heard a carriage coming, and when it had caught up with him, the driver reined in his horse, and kindly asked the lad to ride, which invitation he gladly accepted. When he was seated in the waggon, the gentleman, a good Quaker, said: "I noticed thee walking along briskly, and so asked thee to ride; but if I had seen thee walking lazily, I would not have done so by any means." Boys, think of this; and wherever you are, whatever you may

be doing, never be lazy, and you will always be repaid for your trouble in some way.



THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A GENTLE REQUEST.

The wide straw hat, with its daisy wreath,  
Shelters a bright little face beneath,  
With big brown eyes and a sunny smile  
That might the saddest soul beguile.

A frolicsome wind is out to-day,  
Tossing and blowing each leaf and spray;  
And it blows the little maid about,  
And ruffles her curls in its merry rout.

Curly Locks makes a little stand,  
Clasping the hat with each dimpled hand;  
And as she catches a sobbing breath  
The brown eyes fill and a soft voice saith:

"O wind, dear wind, don't blow me so;  
I'm only a little girl, you know."  
On goes the breeze with a parting puff;  
To such trust and faith what could be rough?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 6, 1904.

HAVING CHRIST.

I have read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed, a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered, in a faint voice, "Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here;" then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here;" and lastly, pointing upward, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible, as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh, stop and think before you answer that question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you, too, will be able to point up and say, "I have Christ there."—*ScL.*

A CLEVER ELEPHANT.

The little daughter of a missionary in Siam tells in an exchange of a clever baby elephant, who would select a flag, either black, white or red, whichever his master called for, and carry it to him. The animal would also carry a fan of bananas on his head and put them down before his master. Then he would salute the man by holding up his trunk, and crossing his front feet. After this the master gave him the bananas to eat, one by one.

HIRAM'S DOLL.

"Oh! oh!" cried Kitty, running into the barn. "Oh dear, I am so scared!"

Jack was making willow whistles, but he looked up. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh!" said Kitty, again, "I was coming across the corn-field, and there was a horrid man there, and he tried to catch me."

"A man?" said Jack.

"Oh, yes; a great, horrid, ugly man, like a tramp, and all in rags."

"Don't you be scared, Kitty," said Jack, who was a brave little fellow.

"Father and Hiram are over in the east meadow getting the hay; but I am here, and I'll go and see what he wants."

Kitty begged him not to, for fear the man might hurt him, but Jack said stoutly: "He might be after the chickens or the new calf, and I must look after things when father is not here. I'll take Towser."

He whistled to Towser, and ran off to the corn-field. Kitty was afraid to stay alone, and so she followed him, but at a safe distance. Baby Dick trotted at her heels. Just as they were getting under the fence, they heard a ringing shout from Jack, who was in the middle of the field, and when they came in sight they found him shaking the arm of "the tramp."

"O Kit, you goose!" he cried; "it's

only the scarecrow Hiram made yesterday to keep the birds away from the corn."

"Why," said Baby Dick, "he's nuffin but a drate big dolly."

"Yes, that's what he is," said Jack; "he's Hiram's doll."

Hiram's doll stood in the field all summer, and the children went often to see him.

And so, when things frighten you, if you can only be brave, like little Jack, and go right up and look at them, you will very often find them only scarecrows.

MOTHER'S LETTER.

Edwin Fellows and Ruth, his sister, were staying with an aunt in the country during the short Easter holidays. Ruth had just brought into the kitchen two loaves left by the baker's boy at the door, and Edwin said: "Oh, Ruth, a letter from mother."

"Read it out," exclaimed Ruth. "All right, I will, though I had nearly got through it," answered Edwin.

"DEAR TED,

"Though you left only yesterday, I send you a few lines, as I am anxious that you should not put auntie to any more trouble than is necessary. Remember that doors have handles, and that they should be opened by the handle, and not by the toe of your boot and a lunge. Remember, also, that gentlemen usually scrape the mud off their boots before entering a house, and they generally remember that they have finger-nails which should be kept clean. A boy who wants a brilliant necktie, and forgets that he has finger-nails, is neglecting an important part of his education. Don't call Mary 'the slavey' because Tom Jones thinks it rather smart to do so; servants are not 'slaveys,' and none but 'cads' call them so. I don't want my boy, sharp as he is, to grow up a young prig. Be as happy as you may, and if you spend all your pocket-money I shall not complain. Sometimes lend uncle a hand, if only to open and shut a gate. Ruth's letter will come in a day or two. Tell her the kitten is all right, and the canary merry. I miss you very much. Boys are noisy; but I had rather have half a dozen noisy boys keeping up a din all day long, than be as silent and still as we are now. One thing, Ted, makes me very glad, and it is that I believe you will never cause me sorrow by doing evil things. Always try to do what is right, and ask God to help you. Wishing you and Ruth a very jolly time,

"Your loving mother,

"RUTH FELLOWS."

Strange to say, Ted forgot to write before his week was up, and so Ruth, in her letter, had to tell her mother all the news. "Just like boys," said the mother.

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GOOD MORNING.

The sun has left his rosy bed,  
And from the sky the stars have fled;  
The birds are singing, blithe and gay,  
"Beautiful world, good day, good day!"

The bright sun gilds the treetops tall;  
The flowers unfold their petals small;  
They nod their heads and seem to say,  
"Beautiful world, good day, good day!"

The sunbeams through the windows creep  
To rouse each curly head from sleep;  
With tender kiss each shining ray  
Bids some wee child, "Good day, good day!"

The children rub their drowsy eyes,  
Blue and bright as the sunny skies,  
And then with folded hands they pray,  
"God keep us safe from harm to-day."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 14.

OBADIAH AND ELIJAH.

1 Kings 18. 1-16. Memorize verses 13-16. GOLDEN TEXT.

I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth.—1 Kings 18. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long had the drought and the famine lasted? How did Ahab feel about it? Whom did he blame? What had he done? What did the Lord at last tell Elijah to do? Whom did he meet on the way? What was Obadiah doing? Was he a good man? What had he done for the Lord's prophets? What did he do when he saw Elijah? What did Elijah tell him to do? Did he want to do it? Why was he afraid? What promise did Elijah make to Obadiah? Did Obadiah then go to tell Ahab? Why did he trust Elijah? Because he believed in Elijah's God.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read what Elijah did for the widow's son. 1 Kings 17. 17-24.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings 18. 1-16.
- Wed. Find a picture of Elijah. 2 Kings 1. 7, 8.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. How did Obadiah have the blessing of the Lord Jesus? Matt. 10. 41, 42.
- Sat. Find another instance. Matt. 25. 35.
- Sun. Find how Jesus talked with Elijah. Matt. 17. 3.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The good and evil often live together.
2. The Lord knows the heart of every one.
3. And he will take care of all who trust in him.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

1 Kings 18. 30-46. Memorize verses 36-39. GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Lord be God, follow him.—1 Kings 18. 21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Ahab say to Elijah? What did Elijah reply? What did he ask Ahab to do? Where was it done? What did Elijah say to the people? What did he propose to them? How long did the prophets of Baal cry to their god? Were they answered? What did Elijah then do? What did he pour over the altar? What did he then ask of the Lord? Did the answer come? What did the fire consume? What good news did Elijah have for Ahab? What did Elijah see in the sky? What did it soon become? Where did Ahab go? What came with the great rain? Water and the promise of a harvest.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how Elijah called the people to Mount Carmel. 1 Kings 18. 17-24.
- Tues. Learn how the false prophets failed. 1 Kings 18. 25-29.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses very carefully. 1 Kings 18. 30-46.
- Thur. Learn Elijah's wonderful prayer. 1 Kings 18. 36, 37.
- Fri. Learn a good text for us as well as for Israel. Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn the very best time to choose. Hebrews 4. 7.
- Sun. Tell some one this story in your own words.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. One who is right is stronger than a thousand.
2. We are always right when we are on God's side.
3. Only God can give true courage.

ALECK AND THE SUNSET.

BY KATE M. DUNCAN.

Little Aleck had had such a long, happy day with his brothers and sisters and several others who had gone from Peterboro' for a picnic to Stony Lake. Late in the afternoon one of the big girls, who was fond of children, took him down to the lower part of the boat to watch the spray from the paddle-wheels. How

pretty it was, and little Aleck's laugh rang out happily.

As the boat came nearer the shore, Katie pointed out the reflection of the trees in the water, and then the beautiful clouds. Presently the merry look passed from Aleck's face, and his eyes became thoughtful. "What is my little boy thinking of?" asked Katie. "I'm thinking of the shadows," said the dear little man.

As the sun went down behind a cloud, the little face clouded over, too. But in a few minutes the sky was brilliant with the sunset's lovely hues, and the cloud which had hid the sun was full of glorious beauty as only a sunset sky can be.

Aleck's face grew earnest and wondering, and in an awed whisper he said to Katie, "Isn't God a good man to make such pretty things?"

BORROWED FEATHERS.

Once upon a time, according to an ancient fable which will bear application to life in the twentieth century, the birds wanted a king. He was to be the one among them who had the most beautiful feathers, and the elephant was to decide for them which one it should be.

"I am not a pretty bird," said the jackdaw to himself, "but I would like to be king. I know what I shall do. I shall steal some fine feathers from the other birds, and put them in my own brown feathers; then I shall be the king of the birds."

The next day the elephant and all the birds came together. Each bird went before the elephant, and showed his fine feathers. Very soon it was the jackdaw's turn, and down he flew to show his feathers.

"What a very fine bird you are," said the elephant. "You have a tail like a peacock, a crown like a jay, a breast like a robin. You shall be king."

"He is a cheat! cheat! cheat! He is a great cheat!" screamed all the birds at once.

"Those are my feathers," said the peacock, pulling out the jackdaw's tail.

"Those are my feathers," said the jay, pulling off his crown.

"Those are my feathers," said the robin, pulling out his red breast feathers.

There stood the jackdaw in his plain brown dress. How ashamed he was. How the elephant roared at him, and how the birds scolded him! He was so ashamed that his wings became so heavy that he could not fly, and he crept away into the forest and hid himself under the leaves, and there he died—died of shame.—*Ex.*

Habit is a cable: we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS. —SEE LESSON FOR AUGUST 6.

### HOW JESUS IS LIKE A LION.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

A circus and menagerie came to a certain city. In the crowd which always gathers about such an exhibition there was a man whose little dog had just been beaten in a fight with another dog. The man in a fit of rage seized the bleeding and suffering brute, and hurrying into the circus tent, roughly thrust him through the bars of the lion's cage, expecting of course to see him devoured in a moment. The dog seemed to know his danger, and crouched upon the floor in terror. The lion fixed his gaze upon him, but did not stir, and the dog, at last gathering hope, crawled slowly toward the lion and looked up into his face, as if with a mute cry for mercy. To the surprise of the people the king of beasts, who could have crushed the dog with a single stroke, gently drew the helpless creature to his side, and then raised his lordly head and neck above him

like a wall of protection. Meanwhile the owner of the dog recoiled from his silly anger, and demanded his property. "You put him into the cage, go and get him," was the quiet reply of the keeper.

The man drew near and called the dog, but the dog did not stir. He acted as if he had found a better master and was satisfied with the change. The man called again and again, and whistled and coaxed, and then he began to scold. The lion growled and looked so fierce at the man that he was frightened and moved back from the cage. Then all the people laughed at him, and the two friends, the dog and the lion, were left in peace.

I have told you this story to let you know that lions are not always as fierce as you think they are, but are sometimes gentle and even loving. If you should go on, knowing only about the fierceness and bad ways of lions, you could not understand one of Jesus' names in the Bible,

for we may read of him there as the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

You have heard how a lion kindly cared for a little dog whose best friend was willing to see him eaten up. What may each lonesome, forsaken little child say to himself? "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

How many such little ones Jesus is taking care of now, giving his angels charge over them to keep them in all their ways, so that their little bodies may not be hurt, nor their hearts turned to wickedness!

Once a poor woman came to Jesus, who had a very sick little girl at home. Jesus did not seem kind to the woman at first; he told her that people like her were called "dogs." I suppose that was because she did not belong to God's people, the Jews, but was like a wanderer who had no particular place to worship. The woman answered Jesus by saying, "Yea, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs under the table." She was willing to be called a dog, if Jesus would but give her a few words of comfort and help for her little daughter. Did Jesus speak such words to the mother? Yes, for when she got home, her little girl was already made well.

How full of loving-kindness is this Lion of the tribe of Judah! When he might at any moment punish us for our sins, instead he has died for us that we might be forgiven, and he will save us if we will let him, even from the least to the greatest.

One of the good qualities of a lion is his courage. Nobody likes to see a coward, even among animals. Jesus was like a lion in courage. He stood among rich and proud and wise men, and told them that if they did not repent of their sins they could not go to heaven. Even when they sought to kill him he was both brave and loving, for he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Now you shall have a third reason why Jesus was called a lion. You have all read at school that the lion is the king of beasts, have you not? He is called so because he is the bravest and strongest of beasts. The Lion of the tribe of Judah is often called the King of kings. He is the greatest of kings. Most kings have a little country, and a few years to reign, but Jesus shall reign for ever, and his kingdom is the whole earth and heaven too. Jesus was not only the greatest king that ever came out of Judah, but he is the greatest king that ever came upon earth.

How wonderful that One so great should be so tender and loving to little children, and say about them, "Suffer little children to come unto me"!

Now, I will give you my text; it comes at the last end of my sermon instead of at the first, "The Lion that is of the tribe of Judah . . . hath overcome." Rev. 5. 5.