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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1889.

[No. 15.]

TOUGHENING THE BOYS.

PRINCE ALBERT'S father was of opinion that one of the most important things in education is to teach children to bear pain with composure. He never inflicted pain upon his sons, but if they suffered from toothache, or any other bodily inconvenience, he would not allow them to complain or cry out. They were expected to seek the proper remedy, but, in the meantime, bear it in silence—that is, without inflicting pain upon others. Prince Albert followed this system in bringing up his own children, and his son, the Prince of Wales, acted upon it also. A guest at Sandringham was much surprised when one of the Prince of Wales's children fell upon an oaken floor with great violence, to see him get up, rub himself a little, and limp away without assistance or sympathy from any one, though both the child's parents were present. The guest was informed that this was the rule of the house, the idea being to accustom the children to endure pain and inconvenience, of which princes and princesses have an ample share. There is, in truth, no profession in Europe more arduous and exacting than that of a prince.



BLACKBERRYING.—(SEE LAST PAGE.)

accept it. The hardening system can be carried too far, but surely it is an essential part of training to acquire the power to endure inevitable pains with some resolution and dignity.

SEEING WITH THE FINGERS.

BLIND persons have to use their fingers to find out about the objects around them, and learn a great deal by the touch. But those who have eyes should use them, and not run the risk of doing injury to the beautiful things about them by handling them.

"Once," says Aunt Lizzie, "I called on a lady to learn if she wished ornamental work taught in her school, and took with me a number of specimens that she might see what I could teach. I spread them out on the table for inspection. Her little boy stood beside her and asked if he might see too. 'Yes,' said she, 'if you will do just as mamma does.' Then she folded her hands behind her, and he did the same. By-and-by he spied something very beautiful. 'Oh! oh!' he exclaimed, and was just reaching his hands to grasp it. 'You must see with your eyes, my son,' said mamma, 'and not with your fingers.' That saved my work from destruction."

But we all have to bear an immense amount of pain. We all have to do many things we do not want to do, and to abstain from doing many things we very much want to do. This is the human lot, and there is no possibility of avoiding it. No people suffer so much as those who rebel against this law of our being, and no people suffer so little as those who cheerfully

he might see too. 'Yes,' said she, 'if you will do just as mamma does.' Then she folded her hands behind her, and he did the same. By-and-by he spied something very beautiful. 'Oh! oh!' he exclaimed, and was just reaching his hands to grasp it. 'You must see with your eyes, my son,' said mamma, 'and not with your fingers.' That saved my work from destruction."

JESUS, HEAR US.

Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We will answer gladly,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1899.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

YOU cannot be holy, my young friends, unless you in secret live upon the blessed word of God, and you will not live on it unless it becomes to you as the sacred word of his mouth. It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away. It is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter-time. A letter from the dear one at home is as music heard over the water; but half a dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score of pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and tone which paper cannot carry.

Now, I want you to get the Bible to be not a book only, but a speaking-trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of

his voice. You must read the word of God to this end; for it is while reading, meditating, and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it seems suddenly to change from a written book into a talking book or phonograph. It whispers to you or thunders at you as though God had hidden himself among its leaves and spoken to your condition—as though Jesus, who feedeth among the lilies, had made the chapter to be lily-beds, and had come to feed there. Ask Jesus to cause his word to come fresh from his own mouth to your soul; and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, you will make good speed in your pilgrim way to the eternal city.

BOBBY'S WOLF.

BY PANSY.

"It is a pretty hard verse for a little boy like Bobby," Mrs. Harmon said, as she looked thoughtfully at the card which had the verse for the day printed on it. But Bobby had keen ears and a good memory, and was soon repeating the hard verse glibly enough.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

Mr. Harmon laughed when he heard the verse.

"What can a four-year-old do with such grown-up words as those?" he asked. And the mother said she didn't know; perhaps they would be made useful to him in ways that "grown-up" people did not understand.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobby, complacently, having as little regard to grammar as he had to logic.

"O yes, there are," said mamma, as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could. Bobby was restless, and hummed a tune softly, once, while she was talking, because he "forgot." And once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" And, on the whole, Mrs. Harmon was disposed to think that Bobby would get little help from his verse.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, when Bobby sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house, and leaning against the great stone wall, listened to John Walker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way, not more than two blocks from here, and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially

with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother were here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobby put the tips of his fingers together, in a way that he had when he was thoughtfully interested in any thing, and looked curiously at John Walker.

At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnny Walker. You don't know it, but as true as you live, you're a wolf. I told mamma, I did not believe I'd see one, and she said p'rhaps I would; and I have. And you say 'Baa!' too, just as mamma said maybe you would. You make it sound like Baa, but it means a howl all the same; mamma said so."

"Don't you go to calling me no names," said John Walker, his face growing red, "because I'm three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it is in the Bible. And Jesus said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means, you take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only making believe be good. You are making believe my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you are a wolf, because mamma described it to me this morning. I'm a-going in now. I don't like to play with wolves."

And Bobby pulled his hat a little further on his head, and trudged off.

NOT YET.

"OUR little baby is dead," said a little boy with tearful eyes to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my dear?" asked his teacher, after a few words on the nature of death.

"Not yet," replied the child, thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?" the teacher asked, thinking that the child wished to see more of life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for so young a child. I hope the teacher told him the good news of the readiness of his good Father in heaven to give him a new heart at once without money or price. Whether he did or not, I will assure you that the Great Teacher waits to give you, all of you, new hearts just now. You need not live another hour without that precious gift. Let our whole SUNBEAM family cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in us clean hearts!"

THE CONSTANT FRIEND.

I AM but a little child,
Weak, and easily beguiled;
Foes without, and strifes within,
Tempt my little heart to sin.
Look in pity, Lord, on me,
Let me trust alone in thee;
Let me on thy bosom rest,
Clasp me to thy loving breast.

Daily as I older grow,
May I more of Jesus know;
Meekly learning at his feet
Wisdom's lessons pure and sweet.
Let me have His blessed mind;
Make me gentle, meek, and kind;
Let my words and actions tell
That I love my Saviour well.

With a meek and patient mind—
With a loving heart, and kind—
With a temper sweet and mild,
Though I'm "but a little child,"
Christ will be my constant friend,
He will keep me to the end;
He will take me when I die,
To my home beyond the sky.

How should we treat the Lord's chosen ones? With love and respect.

To what did Samuel invite Saul? To a feast.

Where did he seat him? In the highest place.

What did he give him to eat? The choicest food.

What did he tell Saul? Of God's choice.

What honour does God show to us? He chooses us.

What will he make us? Kings and priests.

What have we to do? To choose God.

What did he tell Saul? Of God's choice.

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What will he make us? Kings and priests.

What had they often done? Forgotten God.

How did God show them their sin? By sending trouble upon them.

What did he do when they repented? He forgave and helped them.

What did Samuel tell the people to do? To fear and serve God.

What did he promise them if they did this? The favour of God.

What did he say God would do if they rebelled? He would punish them!

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Questions to Think of.

Am I, like Samuel, a child who can be trusted?

Do I listen to hear God speak?

Do I remember that God is my King?

What kind of a man did Samuel grow to be? (See ver. 3.)

CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. Did their sin hurt any besides themselves?

Yes: their sin hurt all mankind.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The value of character.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1095] **LESSON V.** [Aug. 4

SAUL CHOSEN OF THE LORD.

1 Sam. 9. 15-27. *Commit to mem. vs. 15, 16.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

By me kings reign and princes decree justice. Prov. 8. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul's Coming, v. 15, 16.
2. Saul's Visit, v. 17-25.
3. Saul's Departure, v. 26, 27.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who was Saul? The son of Kish.
Of what tribe was he? The tribe of Benjamin.

How is he described? As a choice young man.

What was Saul sent out to do? To seek his father's asses.

Whom did the servant want him to see? The prophet Samuel.

Where did Samuel live? At Ramah.

What had God told Samuel? That Saul was coming.

What did Samuel understand? That Saul was chosen by God to be king.

What did Samuel show toward Saul? Great honour.

B.C. 1095] **LESSON VI.** [Aug. 11

SAMUEL'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

1 Sam. 12. 1-15. *Commit to mem. vs. 14, 15.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Only fear the Lord, and serve him in truth with all your heart; for consider how great things he hath done for you. 1 Sam. 12. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Just Judge, v. 1-5.
2. The Righteous Lord, v. 6-15

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

To what place did Samuel call the Israelites? To Mizpeh.

What did he tell them? Who was to be their king.

Why did the Israelites rejoice? Because they had a king.

Who was now an old man? Samuel.

Whom did he call to Gilgal? The people of Israel.

What did he want to do? To warn and to teach them.

How long had Samuel been with them? From his childhood.

What did he ask? If he had ever wronged anyone.

What did the people answer? That he had always done right.

Who led Israel out of Egypt? The Lord.

What had he given to the people? Good leaders.

JESUS ON THE CROSS.

JESUS hung on the cross about seven hours, and seven times he spoke, as the record shows, as follows: (1) "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (2) "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (3) "Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." (4) "Behold thy mother." (5) "Woman, behold thy son." (6) "I thirst." (7) "It is finished." Memorable words! He forgot not God in death, nor his mother. He remembered his disciple—probably the only one at the crucifixion—and he forgot not the penitent. In his last words he remembered his work. He came to save men, and this he did by the sacrifice of himself. What a blessed Saviour!

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

ATTENTION!

We have a few packages remaining of the back numbers of the Sunday-school papers, *Pleasant Hours, Home and School, SUNBEAM, Happy Days.* Each package contains 100 papers, nicely assorted, and is sent post-paid to any address for only TEN CENTS. Orders should be sent at once. Address WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Somehow the basket fell into a ditch and the berries were most of them lost amongst the nettles, and when they came to the gate in the fence a large crowd was there, and they had to wait a long time before she felt disposed to go away.

This caused them to be very miserably so it was very late when they



arrived home very tired, and having lost their blackberries, been stung by the nettles, and scratched by the thorns, we will hope they were not severely punished for their disobedience.



HYMN FOR A CHILD.

God, whose home is in the sky,
Far above the sun so high;
Far above the moon so bright,
And the stars which shine at night;
Thou art very near to me,
Though I cannot look on thee.

Yet I know it was thy hand
Formed the earth whereon I stand—
Made the grass, the flower, the tree,
Everything I love to see:
Thou didst make them all to raise
Even little children's praise.

Though thy home is far away,
Thou dost watch me night and day;
Thou canst hear my feeble tongue
Sound above the angels' song.
When they bow their golden wings
Unto thee, great King of kings.

I would love and praise thee too,
As the holy angels do;
Thank thee for thy mercies given,
Pray to guide my way to heaven,
And to join the glorious hymn
Obanted by the Seraphim.

TABB'S DOLLY.

A LITTLE girl, nine or ten years old, sat on the curb-stone, one summer day, in the city of Chicago. They call her Tabb. I suppose her real name was Tabitha. She was so busy with a poor little rag-baby that she seemed not to mind the heat or the glare.

One of the baby's arms had been torn off, and its head fell over on one side, and every time it was moved the sawdust fell out of a hole in its foot. As the child sat there, trying to make the poor baby whole again with a darning-needle and some string, a boy about twelve or thirteen years of age came along, and stopped to look at her.

The boy snatched the dolly out of her hands, in spite of her efforts to prevent him.

The eyes of the poor girl filled with tears, and her chin quivered, as she said:

"Is your mother dead?"

"Not as I knows on."

"But mine is, and she made that dolly for me when her hands trembled so much, and her eyes were so full of tears that I had to cut the clothes for her. That's why the baby looks so bad."

"I remember now 'bout seein' the crap on your door. I'm awful sorry I was rough. This 'ere linin' in my cap will make that baby a hull dress, and if you won't say nothin' to nobody about how I acted, I'll give it to ye."

Out came the lining with one pull. He laid it down by the doll, and then put two coat buttons down with it. These were all he had in his pockets.—*Selected.*

THE DEVIL'S FOUR SERVANTS.

THE devil has a great many servants, and they are all busy and active ones. They ride in the railway trains, they sail on the steamboats, they swarm along the highways of the country and the thoroughfares of the cities, they do business in the busy marts; they are everywhere and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust, but some are so sociable and plausible that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Among this latter class are to be found the devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

"There's no danger." There is one.

"Only this one." That is another.

"Everybody does so." That is the third.

"By-and-by." That is the fourth.

When tempted from the path of strict rectitude, and "There's no danger" urges you on, say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

When tempted to give the Sabbath up to pleasure, or to do a little labour in the workshop or the counting-room, and "Only this one" or "Everybody does so" whispers at your elbow, do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel.

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat you out of heaven. "Behold," says God, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He has no promise for "by-and-by."

SONGS OF PRAISE.

A DEAR lady, who loved the Lord Jesus with all her heart, was in prison. While there she wrote and sang hymns of praise to God. Do you want to hear what she said?

"It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies."

Nothing but sin can keep us from praising God. If we know Jesus our hearts will be so full of joy that nothing can keep us from singing praise to him!