

SUNBEAM

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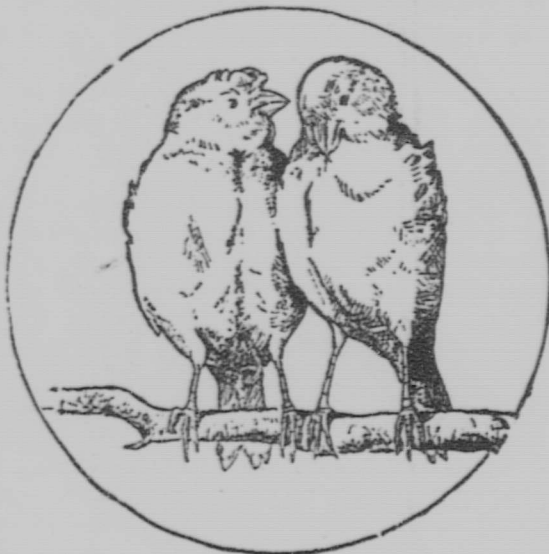
No. 3.

PERSISTENT PERCY.

Percy was a boy who stuck to things until he mastered them. He did not learn as quickly as some boys did, and this worried him sometimes; but he kept at it until he succeeded.

Percy was determined to learn to walk with stilts. All the other boys were walking around on them, and, although they were older than Percy, he wanted to do like them. So he set to work. The first thing was to make the stilts. He found some blocks in the pile of kindling wood, and two long sticks. He could use a hammer pretty well, and he knew where there were plenty of nails. Percy was allowed to play in the yard pretty much as he pleased. He was often busy for a long time "making things." So he did not tell any one about his plans, but just went to work. I wish you could have seen the pair of stilts he made all by himself. He enjoyed them the more because he made them for himself. It is a good thing for a boy to learn to do things, and to do them by himself.

When the stilts were made, and after they had been brought for mother to see, then began the work of learning to walk on them. It seemed so easy to the boys Percy had been watching. But it was not so easy when he tried it. The stilts would slip, or he would lose his balance, or something would happen before he could take more than one step. Percy had to get up against a wall, and start from there. He



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

would put his feet on the blocks and then straighten up his body, and put one foot forward, while he was still leaning against the wall. Then came the awful time when the other foot must go forward. That was the time when he fell, usually. It was two or three days before he could take that next big step.

How long do you think it took Percy to learn to walk? Why, about two weeks. Everybody around the house laughed at him, and told him he was too little, but Percy never said anything. He just kept on, sometimes working an hour or two at his stilt practice. At last he could walk a half-dozen steps, and after that it was only a question of time until he could walk around with the other boys.

He was persistent, and so he won the battle. It is the boy who keeps right on who succeeds in school, and who learns the many things boys can learn outside of school. Best of all, the persistent boy is learning something that will help him when he is a man. Then it will be that his persistence will be rewarded. It is a good rule never to stop until we have learned what we start out to learn. Persistence wins in every battle.—
Child's Gem.



"POLLY WOLLY BOO."

BY MAY G. MOSAR.

There were no two ways about it; Jack and Nan were quarrelling. The unhappy sounds reached even to Uncle Tom's room, where he was busily reading.

"Le' go, Nan; it's mine, I say!"

"Taint either, Jack Sawyer! I think you're real mean! I will have it!" screamed Nan.

And then came the unmistakable sounds of a push from Jack, and Nan set up a wail more from angry feelings than a hurt body.

Uncle Tom appeared suddenly in the doorway, and Nan rushed sobbing to him, while Jack stood defiantly in the middle of the floor, holding the new engine which had been the cause of this dreadful war in the nursery.

"Jack's real mean; he pushed me, and he won't let me play with the engine at all," wailed Nan.

Jack chimed in that Nan had had it all the morning, and mother said that he might have it this afternoon, and just as soon as he took it Nan was mad.

Uncle Tom picked up the two little quarrellers, and seated himself in the big rocking-chair, with one on each knee. "Now, chicks," he said, "you just listen while I tell you what mother and I did when we were children like you. We had a great time dividing our playthings so that each one was satisfied, and I suspect we sometimes



had as hard a time as you are having this afternoon. But finally we hit upon the plan of saying 'Polly Wolly Boo' over anything we wanted, and that meant it belonged to the one who said it first. If mother wanted Noah's Ark, she put her hand on the ark and said, 'Polly Wolly Boo,' and I never thought of touching it. If I wanted the rocking-horse, I said the same. So the one who thought to say it the quicker could have the thing he wanted. I can't remember that we ever quarrelled after we thought of 'Polly Wolly Boo.' Suppose you try it this afternoon, and tell me at supper time how my plan worked."

As Uncle Tom put the children down Nan ran up to Jack and whispered: "You say 'Polly Wolly Boo' over the engine; for I did have it this morning, and it's your turn now."

So Jack rushed over to where the engine lay on its side with the cars on top, and shouted "Polly Wolly Boo" so loudly that Uncle Tom heard him and smiled.

When supper time came, and with it mother and father, Nan and Jack told Uncle Tom that they had not quarrelled once since they had tried "Polly Wolly Boo," and they thought that they never should again.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

One evening, after the children had all gone to bed, a mother who sat up sewing thought that she heard a strange noise in the kitchen, as of some one fumbling about in the dark. Taking a light, she went to see what the noise was, and found her little boy Arthur climbing up to reach a cup. "What are you doing, Artie?" she said.

"I want to get a drink of water for little Johnnie, mother; he is so thirsty."

"But you should have called to me, and not come down in the cold," said his mother, as she filled the cup with water.

"O mother, do let me take it to him!" said Arthur, holding out his hands for the cup; and he carried it upstairs and held it to his little brother's lips while he drank.

The mother wondered at his eagerness, and the next day she asked him why he had been so anxious to carry the water to Johnnie himself.

"It was because I heard a text about it on Sunday," said Arthur.

"What was the text?" asked his mother.

"Something about giving a cup of cold water to the little ones," said Arthur; "and I thought that Jesus would be pleased."

You know the verse that Arthur meant.

"Whosoever," says Jesus, "shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

PREPARATION FOR DINNER.

BY LILLIE MONTFORD.

I think every one is pleased to see children useful, and most children like to be usefully employed. Little Mary Morris is paring the potatoes very handily, and I expect is gratified to have a hand in the preparation for dinner. I suppose the butcher-boy is glad to have a chat with the bright child, or else it is scarcely the thing for him to stand about idling, when he has business to attend to. I knew a woman who took her dinner to the baker's, and then stayed in the shop gossiping with the baker's wife for so long that at last when she said, "Well, I really must go," the baker cried out, "Your dinner is quite ready, ma'am;" and she took it back with her. If she had a handy little girl at home to get the vegetables ready and cook them, it might have been all right when her husband came home, otherwise I think he would not have been pleased to have to do without his potatoes.

I am glad Mary keeps on with her work, for a little heedlessness on her part, and the knife might slip and cut her finger. Let us hope no such accident will happen, but that the dinner will be ready in time, and Mary have the pleasure of telling father that she got the potatoes ready. Then a smile and a pat on the shoulder from "father," and his cheery voice crying, "Well done, little woman!" will please Mary for the whole day. I quite think that if Mary Morris grows to be a woman, she will be an industrious one, for early habits generally remain with us.

I wonder how many of our readers will help to get the dinner ready. May you have health and appetites, and be sure you have bright faces and loving hearts, or

roast beef, potatoes, and apple-pudding will none of them taste good; for Solomon was right when he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

OLD BOREAS' PRANKS.

"Mabel, where are you going with that parasol?" called mamma, as her little girl went out at the door.

"I'm going to school, mamma," answered Mabel.

"You'd better not take that, or old Boreas will play pranks with it," answered mamma, as she hurried back into the dining-room, where little brother was crying loudly for "Mum—mum."

"Who's 'old Boreas'?" I never heard of him before," said Mabel to herself, hesitating.

"I'm not afraid, anyhow. Mother didn't say I mustn't, she only said 'better not.' And I promised to bring it to-day to show Helen Raymond. She said hers was prettier than mine, because hers had only a ruffle on it, and mine had lace. I'm going to take it. Mother wouldn't want me to break a promise.

So, feeling guilty, and somehow knowing in her inmost heart that she was doing wrong, Mabel started out. She held the parasol shut lest mamma should see it and call her back. But after she turned the corner she stood still as well as she could for the wind, and raised it.

"Whisk, whoo—snap!" and the parasol turned wrong side out.

"Oh, ho! what a parasol!" shouted two mocking boys. Just then the wind whizzed and whirled, and the parasol was snatched out of her hand and went flying down the street.

Mabel sadly carried the broken, torn, and muddled parasol home at recess.

"I told you old Boreas would play pranks with it. Perhaps this will teach you to mind your mother," said mamma.

"'Old Boreas' must be the wind. Well, he did teach that, mamma knows best," said Mabel to herself.

WHEN TO PRAY.

In the morning early,
When the dew is bright,
When the flowers are smiling
In the blessed light,
When the happy song birds
Thankful homage pay—
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

When the night is settling
O'er the dreary wold,
And the darksome shadows
All the earth infold;
When the winds are sighing
'Neath the starry way—
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

Right into our house one day,
A dear little angel came :
I ran to him and softly said,
"Little angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,
But smiled a beautiful smile,
Then I said: "May I go home with you;
Shall you go in a little while?"

But mamma said: "Dear little angel,
Don't leave us! Oh, always stay!
We will all of us love you dearly!
Sweet angel! Oh, don't go away!"

So he stayed and he stayed and we loved
him,
As we could not have loved another.
Do you want to know what his name is?
His name is—"My little brother!"

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 16.]

THE SECOND PERSECUTION.

Acts 5. 33-42. Memorize verses 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they which are persecuted
for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the
kingdom of heaven.—Matt 5. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What power was given to the apostles?
The power to work miracles. In whose
name did they do this? In the name of
Jesus of Nazareth. What was the high
priest's command? That they should be
put in prison. Were they there long?
No, for an angel set them free in the night.
What did they do the next morning?
They preached in the temple, as the angel
told them to do. Where were the judges?
In the hall of judgment. What surprised
them? To hear where the apostles were.
What did they do then? They sent for
them again. What did the high priest
ask? Why they kept on preaching about
Jesus. What did Peter answer? "We
ought to obey God rather than men."
Whose counsel did the judges follow?
Gamaliel's. Who was Gamaliel? A wise
doctor of the law. What did he see?
That it is foolish to fight against God.
What did they do to the apostles before
letting them go? They beat them. For
whose sake did they suffer? For Jesus'
sake.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn how the people treated the
apostles. Acts 5. 12-16.
Tues. Read the lesson very carefully.
Acts 5. 32-42.
Wed. Find what are the words of this
life. John. 6. 63-68.
Thur. Learn why the apostles were blessed.
Matt. 5. 11.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Find why it is wise to obey God.
Jer. 38. 20.
Sun. Tell this story to some one.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 23.]

THE ARREST OF STEPHEN.

Acts 6. 7-15. Memorize verses 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not them which kill the body, but
are not able to kill the soul.—Matt. 10. 28.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Why did the apostles ask for helpers?
Because the work was too great for them.
How many helpers were chosen? Seven
men, who were called deacons. Who was
the head deacon? Stephen. What do we
learn about him? That he was full of
faith and power. Why did the Jews hate
him? Because he was like the Lord.
What did they do? They arrested him.
How did they treat him? They brought
false witnesses against him. What should
a witness speak? Only the truth. What
did they tell about Stephen? False and
cruel things. Did Stephen answer them?
No, he spoke not a word. How did his
face look? Like that of an angel. Why
did he look like this? Because the Holy
Spirit in him shone through his face.
What did the Holy Spirit give him power
to do? To speak the truth, and not be
afraid. When should we be afraid?
When sin is hiding in our heart. When
may we be as bold as Stephen was? When
we obey God as he did.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read why deacons were chosen.
Acts 6. 1-7.
Tues. Read about Stephen's trial. Acts
6. 8-15.
Wed. Read of another case of false wit-
nesses. Matt. 26. 59-62.
Thur. Learn why Stephen was so brave
and true. Acts 6. 5.
Fri. Learn why he had no need to be
afraid. Golden Text.
Sat. Learn what to do in time of trouble.
Psa. 71. 3.
Sun. Think: In what ways was Stephen
like Jesus?

HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

"Well, Twinses, did you have two good
times?" asked Mrs. Grey, when her little
girls came back from the beach.
"Yes'm," said Lacy, and "No'm," said
Lula, in the same breath.
"Why didn't you have a good time,
little sister?" mother asked Lula then.
"I don't know," said Lula; "maybe I
didn't feel dood."
"Did Lacy let you play with the
bucket?"
"Yes, I played wif it all the time."
"All the time? And how about the
shovel?"
"I played wif it all the time, too."
"Ah," said the mother, looking very

wise. "And who played with the flag,
little sister?"

Lula hung her head. "I played wif it
all the time, too," she said presently.

"And what did my other little girl play
with?" mother asked Lacy.

"I dess I played wif myself," said
number two with a merry laugh, "but I
had a dood time."

"Now I see what was the matter with
Lula," said mother; "the sun may be
shining, but it never looks bright to a little
girl who keeps everything to herself."

Lula did not say anything, but she
understood just what mother meant.
When I saw them on the beach the next
day Lacy had the bucket, and Lula had the
flag, and they used the shovel turn about.
—*Lessons for the Little Ones.*

MARIE'S APRONS.

Far away across the sea, in the sunny
land of France, lives a little girl named
Marie. The day she was eight years old
her mother gave her two pretty white
aprons. For many days Marie wore these
aprons to school, but after awhile they
got torn and worn out, and at last they
were put in the rag-bag.

One day an old man came and bought
the bag of rags and carried them down to
the wharf and sold them to the men at
the warehouse. Several weeks after this
all the rags in the warehouse were carried
on board a ship and the vessel sailed for
America. When the ship came to this
country, the rags were all taken to a paper
mill, where they were cut into strips and
sorted, the white ones in one heap and the
coloured ones in another.

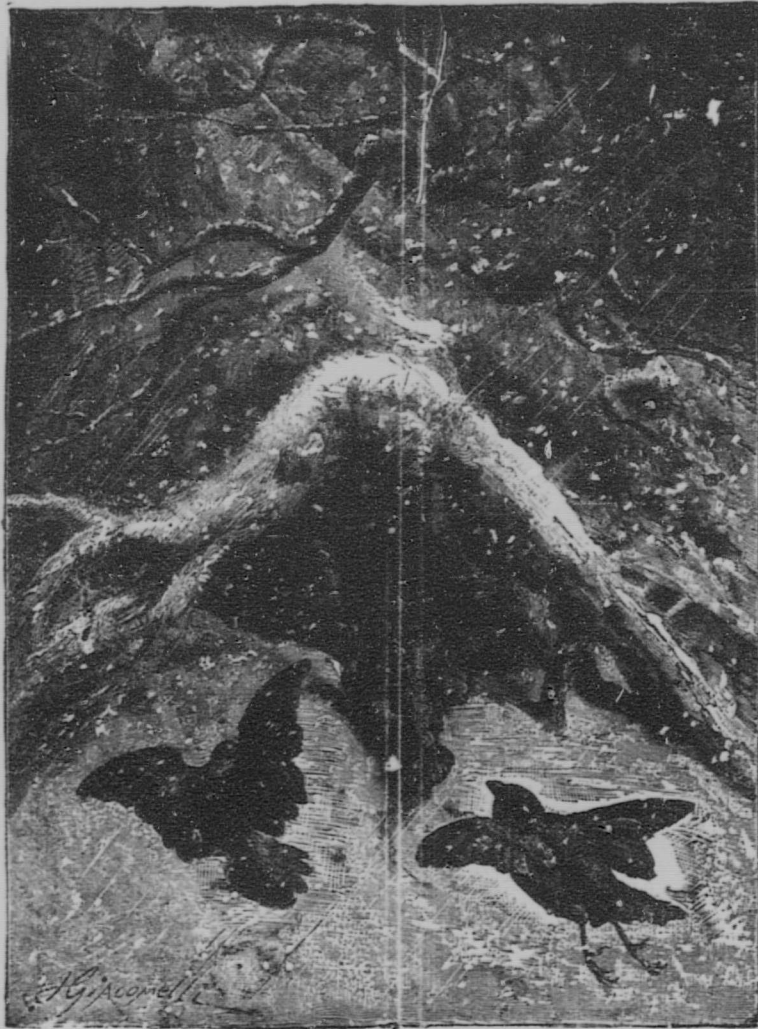
Then the rags were boiled in soda
water, and pounded into a pulp. By this
time Marie would never have recognized
her pretty aprons. The pulp was then
bleached and washed until it was very
white and clean. Then it was put into
moulds the size of writing paper, and
pressed; after this it was dipped in a
mixture of alum and glue, and when dried
again, it came out nice letter-paper.

This paper was sent to a store in Phila-
delphia, to be sold, and one day a girl
went into the store and bought some of it
to write a letter to her cousin Marie in
France. When Marie received her letter,
she never dreamed that she held in her
hand her two old aprons.

Do not wait until next Sunday morning
to study your lesson. Begin now. Get
mamma or papa or somebody to help you.

If you want knowledge, you must toil
for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for
it. Pleasure comes by toil, and not by
self-indulgence and indolence. When one
gets to love his work, his life is a happy
one.—*Ruskin.*

Evil pursueth sinners: but to the right-
eous good shall be repaid.



THE BIRDS' REFUGE.

THE BIRDS' SHELTER.

Our Saviour says, "are not two sparrows sold for one farthing, and yet our heavenly Father feedeth and careth for them?" One often wonders, when the ground is covered with snow, how the little birds live. They often come twittering about my window to feed on the boughs of the vines climbing the wall, but sometimes these are frozen hard. I sometimes put bread on the roof of the verandah, and they have quite a feast. They are hearty little fellows, and seem to be happy and gay in the coldest weather, a lesson for all boys and girls. In our picture we see the sparrows out in the rain, and flying for shelter to the hollow in the old tree where they will be snug and warm from the rain.

MISS LILY BULB.

Miss Lily Bulb thought there surely never was a bulb as unhappy as she.

Here she was, wrapped around very tightly with a hard, brown skin, and she knew she must be very ugly on the outside, and no one could tell whether she was pretty or not on account of that skin.

Her mother told her to be patient and happy, and some time she would be as pretty as a lily. And presently she began

to grow very sleepy. She forgot about her unhappiness, and only wanted to go to sleep. So her mother put her in the soft, dark earth, and she went to sleep, and slept a long time, for weeks and months.

One warm morning she awoke with a start, and thought she heard some one calling her from above. She listened very carefully, and soon heard some wee voices all around, calling: "Wake up, Lily Bulb! spring has come, and it is time for you to get up!"

Lily Bulb did not know who it was calling her, but I think it was the little April raindrops pattering on the earth above. Don't you?

So Miss Lily Bulb began to stretch, and crack went the hard coat around her.

Oh, how happy and fine Lily Bulb felt then! She pushed her little brown feet down into the earth, and stretched her head so that she could look at the world above her. What a happy world it was! Everything was putting on new dresses, and the sunbeams were calling all the little plants to grow faster and faster.

Lily Bulb herself put on a coat of soft green, and soon grew very tall and stately. She was so glad that she could be beautiful! Presently she blossomed into a lovely lily, and made every one glad and happy that breathed her fragrance. And she

thought that there never was anything that made one so happy as to be able to give happiness to others.—*Child's Hour.*

THE HARVEST.

A few little seeds by the wayside
Were sown with loving care;
A few little seeds by the wayside
Dropped with a silent prayer.

Though I may not see the springing
Where in other hearts 'tis sown,
Yet, O what a golden harvest
I've gathered within my own.

So a little work for the Master,
Though love's reward be dim,
Yet the world is purer and better
For a single thought of him.

TAKING A WALK.

Dottie and Davie went to take Dorothea out for a walk. Dottie carried the little blue silk parasol that grandma had given her last summer, and Davie had brother Fred's cane. They saw the minister coming, and they were so interested looking at him, they did not notice how Dorothea's feet dragged on the ground. When the minister came up to them, he said: "As I passed your house I heard your mother say she was looking for you."

"We will go right home," said Davie, while Dottie picked Dorothea up in her arms so they could walk faster. "That is right; always honour your mother's wishes," the minister said.

"I wonder what he meant," said Dottie. "We will ask mamma," said Davie. When they did so, mamma said, "Honour means a great deal. It is to obey because we love to obey, and to do all that we can to make others love them too. God says that children should honour their parents, and God always tells us the best thing to do."

NETTA'S LESSON.

Netta was a little girl who liked to have her own way. If mamma said, when Netta was out playing, "It is time for you to come in now, dear," she would answer, "I want to stay a little longer." If mamma said, "Will my little girl do an errand for me this afternoon?" Netta would say: "I want to go and play with Edith Gray this afternoon; Fred can do your errand."

Netta's auntie brought her a beautiful bird. Netta loved to hear it sing, and feed it, and care for it. One day she said, "I am going to let birdie out of his cage." Mamma said, "I would not, dear; he may fly away." The little girl pouted, and said, "But I want to; it is my bird." So Netta let him come out. He stood on her hand a few minutes, and then birdie spread his wings and flew away.