

# SUNBEAM

VOL. XXV.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1904.

No. 7.

## THE EASTER LILY.

Through all the winter chilly  
There slowly grew a lily,  
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,  
To soft expanding  
leaf;  
Though scant the sun-  
shine that it felt,  
Long as the days  
were brief.

We knew a lovely  
blossom  
Was hid within its  
bosom,  
And that its one green  
calyx-sheath  
Did tenderly enfold  
A snow-white flower,  
upon whose breast  
Would shine a dust  
of gold.

We watched, and,  
ah, we waited,  
It seemed so long  
belated;  
We gave it freely light  
and drink,  
Though filled with  
fear and doubt;  
Would ever that green  
prison burst  
And let its captive  
out?

Behold, on Easter  
morning,  
With no unusual  
warning,  
Our lily stood in per-  
fect bloom,  
All gloriously white!  
And thus our question  
had reply;  
Our doubt became  
delight.

Out from its folded  
prison  
We felt it had  
arisen

To prove to us Life's narrowing  
bounds  
Will blossom and unclose,  
Until the soul is freed and fair,  
As Christ himself arose.

## A GUIDING VOICE.

A touching story came to us last winter  
from Minnesota. A farmer living on the  
edge of one of the many lakes of that

covered with large masses of floating ice.  
The farmer was an expert swimmer,  
and struck out boldly toward that part of  
the shore where he thought his house  
stood; but he grew  
confused in the dark-  
ness; the ice formed  
rapidly over the whole  
lake.

He was in a small,  
quickly-narrowing cir-  
cle, in which he beat  
about wildly, the chill  
of death creeping over  
his body. He gave  
up at last, and was  
sinking in the freez-  
ing water, when he  
heard a sound.

It was the voice of  
his little girl call-  
ing him. "Father!  
father!"

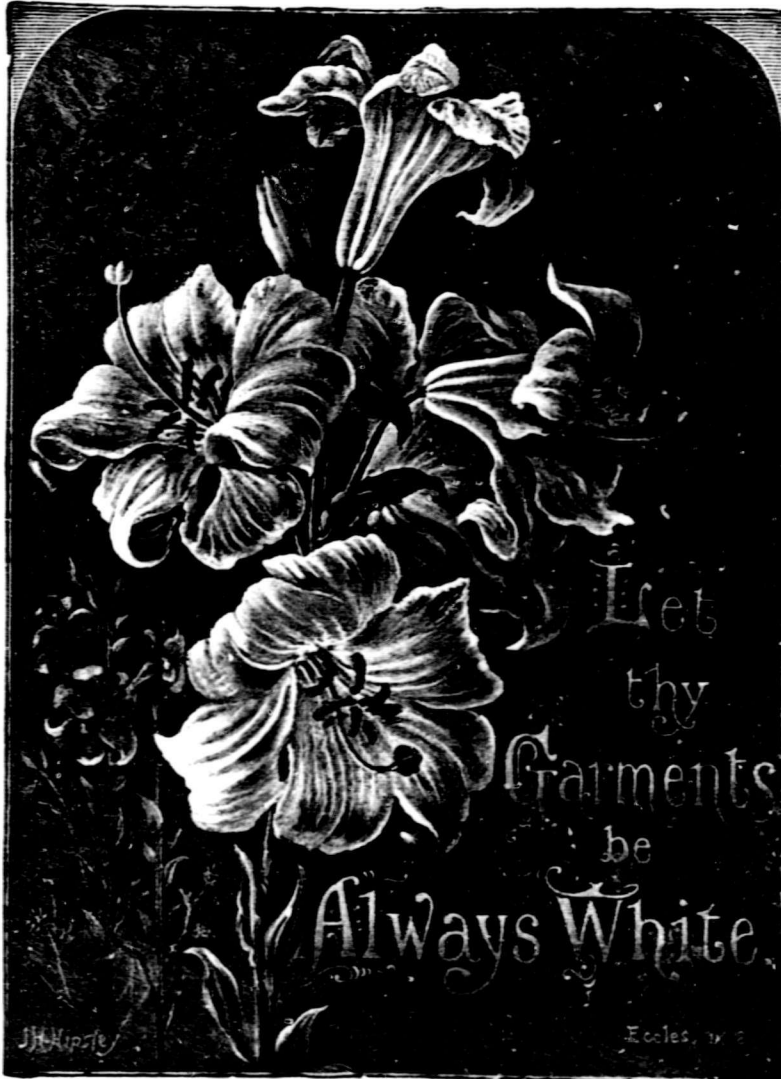
He listened. The  
sound of her voice  
would tell him which  
way home lay. It  
put fresh life into  
him. He thought, "If  
she could only call  
once more. But she  
will be frightened at  
the dark and cold. She  
will go in and shut the  
door—"

But just then came  
the cry, loud and  
clear. "Father!"

"I turned," said  
the man afterwards  
in telling the story,  
and struck out in the  
opposite direction. I  
had been going away  
from home. I fought  
my way; the ice  
broke before me. I  
reached the shore and  
home at last. But if  
my dear little girl  
had not persisted in

calling me, though hearing no reply, I  
should have died there alone under the  
ice."

The story of many a man's life is like  
that of this voyage. He sets out, happy



Let  
thy  
garments  
be  
Always White.

and eager in the sunshine, to make a passage to his heavenly home, and presently, in the storms and chills of the world he loses his way and sinks. He is vicious or a drunkard, or maddened by money-making; he has lost the faith in God, the love for his neighbour, the hearty fellowship which other men have; he has lost the guiding which the light of the conscience gives; he is sinking down to death in freezing depths.

But there is always one spot warm for him while he lives; there is always one voice calling to him, which, if he will hear and heed, will bring him home.

It may be his child, with most men it is the remembrance of their mother. It may be the love of music, or of green growing things, or a hidden reference for the long neglected Bible. It is often a single, noble, fine trait in himself which gives the lie to his coarser nature.

But whatever it be, when we see the sign of it in any man, however criminal he may have been, we may know that the ice is not yet closed over his soul, that home still waits for him yonder, and that God has sent his messenger to summon him to come to it.

While God thus calls him home, and shows him the way, it is not for us to condemn and thrust him downward, but rather to help and encourage him.

You have been told of the horses and cows in Holland that wear shoes made of broad, flat boards, to keep them from sinking into the soft earth. Here is another fact to put with it: In Bohemia, when geese are to be driven long distances to market, they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore-footed.—*Selection.*

#### THE WATCH MENDED.

A little boy had a very nice watch, but it would not go right. It had a very pretty case and face; but it sometimes went too fast and sometimes too slow. He asked his mother what he should do about it. She told him to take it to the watchmaker's. He did so, and he said, "Master John (the little boy's name was John Wilson), it has its hands all right, but it will not go right. Therefore leave it with me, and come again in a few days, and I will tell you what is the matter with it." John went again to him in a few days, and the watchmaker said to him, "I opened your watch, and I found there was the right number of wheels, gears, pins, and screws; but I found a little part called the 'spring' which was wrong—it had a bad spring—and because the main-

spring was wrong it sometimes went too fast, and sometimes too slow."

Boys are all like watches. Something within them goes tick-tick—and they have hands, and inside works. But how do they go? Sometimes too fast, and sometimes too slow. Does not the tongue sometimes go too fast or too slow? Are not the feet sometimes too fast or too slow? Are not the hands sometimes going wrong? How is this? Let us examine. We must look at the mainspring—the heart, "for out of it are the issues of life." Everything depends upon the "heart." Go' always looks most at the "heart."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1904.

#### EASTER IN RUSSIA.

Some one has said that "All Russia kisses all the rest of Russia at Easter," and this is pretty nearly true. To be sure, Easter in Russia does not fall on the same day as with us, since in that country they reckon time by the "Old Style;" but the same wonderful fact is celebrated, and some of the Easter customs are very curious. The Easter kissing is one of the most peculiar of these customs, and the person who should refuse to take part in it would be looked upon as a churl, or even something worse. For the ceremony is closely connected with the religion of the country, and how can one be considered glad that Christ has risen unless he kisses his neighbour—no matter who or what the neighbour may be?

When day begins at midnight, and a little before midnight all good Russians go to church. The Emperor and all his family, to the great delight, no

doubt, of the little princes and princesses, assemble in the imperial chapel, and the commoner people all over the Empire fill the churches and chapels. Solemn, prayerful silence reigns, as the clock begins striking the hour of midnight. At the last stroke inner doors are thrown open and priests come forth, carrying censers, and chanting, "Christ is risen." The song is taken up by the choir, and the priests respond, "Christ is risen from the dead," walking through the congregation, and swinging their censers as they go.

And now the kissing begins. The church is a blaze of light, for, with the appearance of the priests, the illumination, both inside and outside, begins; bells are ringing, cannon are thundering, and rockets are blazing in the sky.

The kissing goes on. Little groups of friends and acquaintances kiss each other rapturously. Those who have only the slightest possible acquaintance kiss each other, and at every kiss they say, "Christ is risen," and "Christ is risen from the dead."

And the kissing does not end here. All night and the next day, and for several days thereafter, relatives, friends, and chance acquaintances salute one another in this way. The peasants kiss as generally as do the upper classes. Clerks in public offices kiss one another. The general of an army kisses all the officers under his command; the colonel of a regiment kisses all the officers below him, and the captain of a company kisses all his soldiers!

Maybe you think the Emperor is excused from this ceremony. Not at all. It is his duty not only to kiss all the members of his household at this time, but the poor man has to kiss all his officers on parade, and a delegation of soldiers besides, who represent the grand army. These military parades last several days, for the army of Russia is very large, and comprises many regiments, and the Emperor must get very tired of the performance. Think of kissing a whole army, as it were!

This custom does not seem so strange in this strange land as it would seem to us in Canada. In Russia, kissing is not confined to women and children, as it is largely with us. Dignified officials salute each other in this way. The simple peasant labourer greets his friend with a kiss, and these signs of cordial friendship, which would excite mirth here when displayed between man and man, are quite the thing there.

Easter should be a time of heartfelt rejoicing among all people, and what more natural expression of joy can there be than a loving recognition of one's neighbour? So, before we laugh at the Russian custom, let us ask if it does not hold some hints for our Easter gladness.

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As Mary  
She saw  
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SIX MONTHS

LES

PETER  
Mark 8. 27-

Thou art  
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QUEST

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teach them?  
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is greater th  
soul.

Mon. Learn  
Tues. Read

Wed. Learn  
Ma

THE LIFTED GATE.

As Mary looked inside  
 She saw two angels where  
 They laid the Crucified.  
 And, like a palace fair,  
 The rocks in beauty shone,  
 And like a gate of gold  
 The lifting of the stone,  
 A rapture to behold.

She wept no more that day,  
 For lo! her eyes had seen  
 The light from far away,  
 In realms of love serene;  
 And evermore she knew,  
 The open portal there,  
 Was but the gateway through  
 To thrones and mansions fair.

This was the vestibule  
 Where Mary stood that day,  
 The Palace Beautiful  
 Could not be far away;  
 For, waiting there, behold!  
 He came and spake to her,  
 And to a gate of gold  
 He turned the sepulchre.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON II.—APRIL 10.

PETER CONFESSES THE CHRIST.

Mark 8. 27-38. Memorize verses 34, 35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matt. 16. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Jesus read in the hearts of men? Why, then, did he ask them questions? To help them to speak their thoughts. What did he ask his disciples? What did they answer? What second question did they ask? Who answered? What was his answer? What does Matthew say that Jesus did? Can you repeat what he said? What is the meaning of the name Peter? How does it also mean faith? What is the Christian Church built upon? Faith in Jesus Christ. What did Jesus then begin to teach his disciples? Did they like to hear it? Who spoke against it? What did Jesus do? He reproved Peter. What did he try to teach them? Is it a hard lesson? How can it be learned? By living it. What is greater than the whole world? A single soul.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn the Golden Text.  
 Tues. Read the lesson verses. Mark 8. 27-38.  
 Wed. Learn who was Peter's teacher. Matt. 16. 17.

Thur. Find the reward of confessing Christ. Matt. 10. 32.

Fri. Learn who may witness for Christ. Isa. 43. 10.

Sat. Read what Jesus said another time. Matt. 20. 17-20.

Sun. Learn what Jesus came to do. Matt. 20. 28.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. A true believer confesses his divine Master.
2. In confessing him we become a part of his Church?
3. If we die with him we shall also live with him.

LESSON III.—APRIL 17.

JESUS TRANSFIGURED.

Mark 9. 2-13. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Mark 9. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus take three of his disciples? Who were they? What mountain did they go up? Probably Mount Hermon. What did the disciples do? What was Jesus doing? What did the disciples notice about Jesus when they awoke? Where did the light come from? From within. What kind of light was it? Spiritual light. Who stood beside Jesus? What did they talk with him about? Of his coming death at Jerusalem. What did Peter wish to do? What overshadowed them? What words did they hear? What became of Moses and Elias? What did Jesus tell them as they came down the mountain. What question did they ask? How did Jesus answer them? What prophet called John the Baptist Elias or Elijah? Malachi.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses carefully. Mark 9. 2-13.  
 Tues. Learn the words spoken from heaven. Golden Text.  
 Wed. Find a proof that men live after death. Verse 4.  
 Thur. Find a proof that Jesus was divine. 2 Pet. 1. 16, 17.  
 Fri. Learn a good thing to desire and seek. Psa. 27. 4.  
 Sat. Read of another time when God spoke from heaven. Matt. 3. 13-17.  
 Sun. Find who once had a transfigured face. Exod. 34. 29-35.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. To be with Jesus is to be in heaven.
2. He is also the Light of the world.
3. We may each have his light within us.

MARY'S PRAYER.

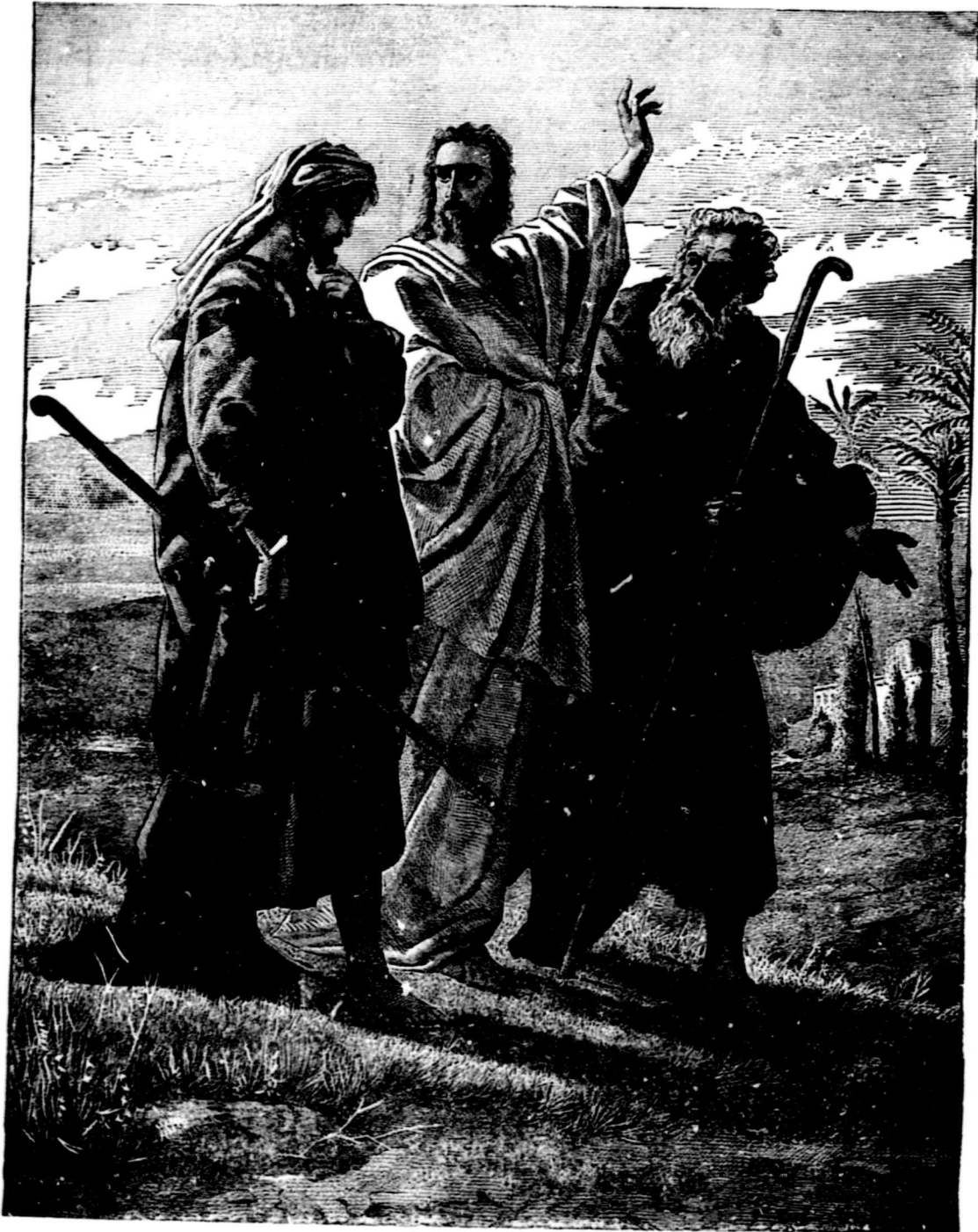
Little Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said: "God bless papa, and don't bless mamma." Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered: "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer;" and clasping her little hands, she cried: "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had in the world." That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that, be they long or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read: "Honour thy father and thy mother?" Remember that every wrong committed against loving parents, will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

EASTER DAY.

BY L. EVA KINNEY.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye saints,  
 'Tis Easter Day.  
 O, hush all your sad complaints  
 On Easter Day.  
 For Christ the Lord has come,  
 He's burst the bars of the tomb,  
 And taken away death's gloom,  
 This Easter Day.  
 O, that all would praise the Lord  
 This Easter Day.  
 Believing the truth of God's Word  
 This holy day,  
 Accepting the wisdom and light,  
 He gives by the power of his might,  
 To save from an endless night,  
 On Easter Day.  
 O, how sweet to think of his love  
 On Easter Day,  
 Of the glories of heaven above  
 This Easter Day.  
 Prepared by our Father above,  
 Through Christ, who was given to prove  
 The wonderful depths of his love  
 To all who obey.  
 Yes, his praise we will ever sing  
 On Easter Day,  
 And humble tribute bring  
 On Easter Day,  
 For had Christ not risen again,  
 All our prayers and faith would be vain,  
 And no hope of salvation remain,  
 Nor Easter Day.





THE WALK TO EMMAUS.—THE FIRST EASTER EVENING.

## THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

What a wonderful walk those two disciples must have had as they went to Emmaus and knew not the whole time that their companion was Jesus himself, whom they thought to be dead. At first they were alone; but after some time a third person drew near and entered into their conversation. They discovered not

who their guest was, for we read "their eyes were holden that they should not know him." He began to expound the Scriptures to them, and to explain the Scripture concerning himself. When the two disciples had reached their destination, they asked their fellow-traveller to come in, and "it came to pass that as he sat at meat with them, he took

bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to them," and "their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he ceased to be seen of them."

The farther you travel the road to destruction the harder it will be to change your course and get into the way of life.