

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

No. 18.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Phil had been a very restless boy that day, and mother had answered questions until she felt like a dry sponge. Worse than that, Phil had been cross to Mildred and Maud; fretful and rough in his words.

"Oh dear!" sighed mother at last; "I wish that door would stay shut."

"What door, mother?" asked Phil in surprise; for it was a damp, foggy day, and all the doors were shut tight.

"There is a door in this house that flies open very quickly," said mother, shaking her head gravely; "and as soon as it is open out come nimble little servants and run abroad here and there. If they were always as kind as they are busy I should not mind; but to-day every time the door is opened bad-mannered messengers spring out, and no man can catch them when once they slip over the threshold of the door."

"Did you say that door was in this house, mother?"

"Yes, I said so."



MOTHER'S KISS.

Good-night, good night! the silver tone is ringing,

Like a sweet bell that chimes at even-tide;

And round my neck the childish arms are clinging,

With the soft clasp that none can turn aside.

Watch her to-night for me, thou dear Redeemer;

Give her thine own best gift of sweet repose;

Let angel guards surround the little dreamer,

With folded wings, and eyes that never close.

Thy blessing maketh rich, nor addeth sorrow;

Thy love can turn life's darkness into day.

Be with my child when she shall wake to-morrow,

And keep her feet from every evil way.

Then, when the last gray shadows have descended

Over the lonely valley still and deep,

Let angels whisper, "Lo! the toil is ended;

Good night; He giveth his beloved sleep."

"And that you saw it opened to-day?"

"Several times to-day."

"Then why didn't I see these wicked servants?"

"Perhaps you were not looking for them."

"Where can I find them, mother?"

"Well," said mother, smiling and speaking slowly, "I don't believe you can find them at all; but you might run down to the meadow and look around, and if you don't see anything of them I will tell you more about this door when you come back."

Phil ran down to the back yard, climbed the fence—as boys will—though the gate was unlatched, crossed the road and climbed another fence, and then he was in the meadow. It was nice and breezy down there, and he ran and skipped about, forgetting what he had gone for; but suddenly remembering the open door and the disagreeable servants, he pulled up short and gazed about him.

The sky was gray with clouds, and a heavy mist shut off the mountains beyond; a

few grasshoppers were whirring about, a swallow darted through the damp air, but no such servants as his mother had told him of were to be seen.

When he went in again he was in a better humour because of his run in the open air. And what do you think his mother had meant by the open door? Why, she meant Phil's own lips, and his cross words were the naughty servants. One of them had made Mildred cry, another had put the cook in a bad humour, and all of them had made mother herself uncomfortable.

Phil did not know whether to laugh or cry when he heard the end of mother's little parable about the open door. He took it pretty soberly.

"But what made you send me down to the meadow, then?" he asked.

"Because fresh air and plenty of it sometimes changes those naughty servants into good ones," answered mother, gaily.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian.*

FREDDY AND THE FLOWER.

A little boy named Freddy was very fond of flowers. He came in from the garden one morning before breakfast to show his mother a beautiful violet. It was the first that had come out that season.

"It is so beautiful, mother," said Freddy, "and smells so sweet, that I am going to put it in my buttonhole, and carry it with me all day."

"I think you might do something better with it than that," said his mother.

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nellie Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over, Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynolds' cottage. She was a widow, and supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nellie was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the seaside.

Nellie was sitting at the window, longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough of itself to do one good.

"Good morning, Nellie," said he. "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has bloomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nellie's face, how it brightened up when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Master Freddy!" she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it and smell it and talk to it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nellie," asked little Freddy in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"Oh, I can," said Nellie. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so

happy, and when mother comes home she will be so glad to see it!"

"Well, good-bye, Nellie; I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy; and off he ran, feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nellie was made happy by the sight of the flower and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good; that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.

HOW NANNIE GAVE.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her father to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of it."

When she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of the ten.

"There," she said; "I will keep that until Sunday."

When Sunday came, she went to the offering box in the church vestibule and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you only gave one tenth to the Lord?"

"I said one tenth belongs to him, and I cannot give him what is his own. So, if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."—*Selected.*

A LITTLE BROWN GIRL.

Silvo is a little brown girl who lives in South America. Her father is a rubber-gatherer, and has a rude hut built on stilts. It stands in the water, and is very different from our houses. Silvo is awakened early in the morning by the chattering of the monkeys. She likes to go with her father to the rubber grove, where he taps the trees with a hatchet, and places a little cup underneath to catch the sap as it runs out. Silvo's father tells her to keep close to him, because if she strayed away she might get bitten by a big snake or some wild animal. They stay all day in the forest, making their dinner of coconuts and dates. At night the sap from all the trees is put into one large jug and carried home, where it is changed, over a fire of palm nuts, into thick rubber.

Then it goes down the river in canoes to the English traders, who send it to our country, and it is made into balls, dolls, overshoes, and all sorts of nice things for us.

Once Silvo went with her father when he carried the rubber to Para; she saw a great many new things, and heard about the little girls in this country. Don't you think she must have had a lovely time?

The first commandment with promise is, "Children, obey your parents."

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STUDIES 12

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A WONDROUS STORY.

What a strange and wondrous story
From the Book of God is read;
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.

How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die;
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory, where he reigns above.

There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON XI. [Sept. 15.]

JACOB A PRINCE WITH GOD.

Gen. 32. 24-30. Memory verses, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke 18. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Jacob going when he saw a vision? What was the vision? Why did he go away from home? What did God promise to do? To bring him back to Canaan. Where was he going now? Back to his old home. Who were with him? His wife and children and servants. What did he have besides? Great flocks and herds. Who had been with him and helped him? God. What did he hear at Gilead? That Esau was coming to meet him. Who were with him? Four hundred men. What made him afraid? The memory of his sins. To whom did he go for help? To God. With whom did he wrestle all night? With a man. What would he not do? Let the man go. Who was the man? The Lord himself. What did he give Jacob at last? A blessing and a new name, Israel. What does this name mean? "A Prince with God."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read God's promise to Jacob. Gen. 28. 14, 15.
Tues. Learn some things about Jacob's family. Gen. 32, 22.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. Gen. 32. 24-30.
Thur. Read how Jacob lived in Haran. Gen. 29.
Fri. Learn what Jesus says about praying. Luke 18. 1.
Sat. Learn how merciful God is. Psa. 103. 10, 11.

Sun. Find how we have a right to pray. John 1. 12.

LESSON XII. [Sept. 22.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Memory verses, 29-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who has woe? The drunkard. Does God send it to him? No; he makes it himself. How? By using wine and strong drink. What does this do to his body? It spoils it. What did God make our bodies to be? Our strong servants. What does alcohol do to the body? It burns it up, slowly. What faith can we put in wine? None; it is a "mocker." Who says so? God. What does it promise? Pleasure and happiness. What does it give? Woe and death. What does God tell us? Not to look at the wine. Who are the only safe people? Those who obey God. What should we hide in our hearts? God's word about wine and strong drink.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Prov. 23. 29-35.
Tues. Learn what God says to you. Ver. 31.
Wed. Learn the fate of the drunkard. Prov. 23. 21.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Find why we should be temperate. 1 Cor. 6. 19.
Sat. See why we need help. Eph. 6. 11, 12.
Sun. Learn who cannot enter heaven. 1 Cor. 6. 9, 10.

A BRAVE BOY.

A twelve-year-old boy, coming from Liverpool, was urged by the sailors to take a drink. He answered quietly, "Excuse me; I would rather not." One day the captain said to him, "You must drink." Still he said, "Please excuse me, captain; I would rather not." "Take that rope," commanded the captain to a sailor, "and lay it on; that will teach him to obey orders." The sailor beat the boy most cruelly. "Now drink that grog," said the captain. "Please, sir, but I would rather not." "Then go into the foretop and stay all night." In the morning the captain looked up and cried, "Halloa, up there!" No answer. "Come down!" Still no answer. One of the sailors went up and found the boy nearly frozen. He brought him down and worked with him till he showed signs of life. Then the captain said, "Now, drink that grog." "Please sir, I would rather not. Let me

tell you why, and do not be angry. In our home we were very happy, but father took to drink, and at last we had to sell the house we lived in and everything we had. In sorrow my mother pined away. Before she died she said to me, 'Jamie, I want you to promise that you will never taste drink.' Oh, sir, would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother?" Tears came into the captain's eyes, and folding the boy in his arms, he said: "No, my little hero! Keep your promise; and if any one tries to make you drink, come to me, and I'll protect you."—*Westminster Junior Lessons.*

A BEAUTIFUL DOLL HOUSE.

In the museum of Utrecht, Holland, is the most wonderful doll house in the world. It has nine rooms and a hall, and has two stories. The kitchen has everything that a kitchen should have in it, and a jolly cook is there. In the dining-room some gentlemen are sitting, and look as if they were telling funny stories. In the parlor, which has very beautiful furniture, are two gentlemen and three ladies. The ladies wear lovely dresses, and each holds a fan. One of the gentlemen seems about to entertain the company with a violin.

Upstairs in the nursery two children are in bed, and two nurses are taking tea. In a beautiful bedroom a lady dressed for dinner stands before a looking-glass, and the toilet table has jars and bottles and vases on it. In a study a gentleman sits writing, with papers scattered about, and in the laundry maids are busy washing and ironing clothes. Isn't that a fine playhouse? Yet I think you would soon tire of it, and long for your own little house and the dear old dolls you love.

ON HAND.

I saw a boy sitting on the edge of the wharf fishing, and said to him, "Well, my boy, you don't seem to have caught any fish."

"No," said he, "but I think I shall. I'm expecting a shoal of fish in at any time now. I've been fishing here three days, but have had no luck; but I'm sure the fish will be in soon. They came in just about this time last year."

"Why not wait till they come, and then do your fishing?" I asked.

"Oh, sir!" said the plucky little fellow, "I'd rather be here when they do come."

I left him and walked on down to the end of the wharf and in about an hour returned. As I came near where the boy was fishing, I saw that he was landing the speckled beauties on the wharf in true Izaak Walton style. The fish had come in! The persevering lad had taught me a useful lesson, which I have not forgotten.—*Sunday-School Evangelist.*



ME AND MY DOG.

ME AND MY DOG.

This little lad wishes to make our young folks' acquaintance, and is also anxious that his very dear friend and playmate should not stand in the background, but should have a large share in their notice. Toggie seems likely to come in for this, sure enough, for he is so well placed that he really makes the most conspicuous figure in the picture. Animals are good playfellows, and faithful friends in their way if used kindly, but if maltreated they know, too, how to make due response. Kindness to inferiors, whether of the higher or lower creation, is an amiable characteristic, and one which should be carefully cultivated. It is the close ally of superior qualities, and wherever present indicates a really good heart.

Let us not merely come ourselves, but also bring our friends to Jesus.

WHAT GOD WANTS.

"Boys," said Miss Helen, "if I did not know about God, how would you tell me?"

"God is very strong," said Walter. "God can do anything," said Charlie; "he made the world." "God sees us all the time," said Ted, thinking of some wrongdoing that he wished God hadn't seen. "God is good," said Phil.

"That is true," said Miss Helen; "but he is more. What was your text card this morning, Nelson?" she asked of the smallest boy in the class.

"Dad is love," he piped up quickly.

"Don't you see, boys," said Miss Helen, "that love means all the good and beautiful things that God does? Where does God live?" she continued.

"In heaven." "Everywhere." "I don't know," came the answers thick and fast.

"God is everywhere; but where is the place he likes best to be, and will come, if we don't keep him away?"

"In our hearts," said Charlie, gravely. "Good!" smiled Miss Helen. "Now, how can you keep love out of your heart, Ted?"

"If I'm cross, I don't love any one," said Ted. "Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, Ted. How can we get ugly feelings out and let love in?"

"By being sorry, I guess," said Ted.

"Yes, dear," said Miss Helen. "You remember, John the Baptist came to prepare the way for Christ. What did John teach?"

"He told people to be sorry," said Walter.

"Right! We must be sorry for sins, and then love can live in our hearts."

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

Dear youthful souls, the Saviour desires to enter your heart. Have you opened its doors to him? You have been born to a high and noble end: you are meant to be a temple of God; he made you for that selfsame purpose. Have you heeded his tender, loving voice? If you have, cherish his presence; hand over to him the reins of all your affection; give him supreme rule over you. You are safe, and safe only in his power. Prove your fealty to him by forsaking all others, and cleaving to him only.—*S. S. Messenger.*

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A little girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman who was taking a walk stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and, after he had rested himself awhile, he set out again on his walk. Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?" "Task, sir? No," replied she. "Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked. "Because I love it, sir." The gentleman went away, but the little child's words and her evident sincerity laid hold of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't." He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from his landlady, and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in them Jesus Christ and "eternal life."

Dannecker, the famous sculptor, made a statue of Christ, and when it was finished he called in a child and asked her who it was. She said that it was some great man. Then the artist studied the life of Jesus, and put into the face of his statue tenderness and beauty as the Scriptures reveal them. Again he called the child to the unveiling, asking: "Who is it?" At once she exclaimed: "It is 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"