

SUNBEAM

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No. 15.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

In the hot summer months a good many persons go to the country or to the sea-side for the good of their health. The little fellow in the picture seems to be having a good time of it. It is such rare fun to dig in the sand and to make harbors and docks for a tiny toy fleet, and then go sailing in the fishers' boats and paddle in the water and lie upon the sand. But for those who cannot go to the sea I think it is even better to roll in the clover, and ride on the hay cart and gather flowers in the meadows. God has made this world very beautiful both by sea and land.

HIS OBEDIENCE.

Stephen Girard, the famous Philadelphia philanthropist, was a very rich and very eccentric old man. He had a nephew whom he had told to come to him when he was twenty-one years old, and perhaps he might then do something for him. Years went by, and one day a young man walked into Mr. Girard's office, and when the old gentleman looked up from his ledger he saw his nephew standing before him.

"How old are you?" inquired Girard.

"Twenty-one, sir."

"And I promised that if you would come to me I might do something for you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the nephew.

"Well, go make me a barrel."

This was an astonishing command. To make a barrel the young man would have to learn the trade of a cooper. To learn

the trade properly, so that he could make a thoroughly good barrel, would require a long time. Bidding Mr. Girard "Good day," the young man left the office, the incident has it, and engaged himself as an apprentice to a cooper. A year or

"Well, go into my office."

The young man went into the office and there had a long talk with his uncle. Mr. Girard was so well satisfied that he at once gave him money to start in business. He had told him to make the

barrel in order to learn whether he was willing to work, and whether, if he were willing, he could learn to work; also to learn if he had any false pride about him. When he was satisfied on all these points, he was ready to place the young man in a high place of usefulness.

Now, so it is when Jesus calls us. If we obey the first call, we show that we love him and are willing to give up everything for him. Then he at once gives us something to do for him. It may be a very small task, and it usually is. If we discharge that duty faithfully, then he calls us to something higher.

HEAVEN BEGUN.

It was said of an old Puritan that heaven was in him before he was in heaven. That is necessary for us all; we must have heaven in us before we can get to heaven. If we do not get to heaven before we

die, we shall never get there afterwards. An old Scotchman was asked whether he expected to go to heaven. "Why, man, I live there," was his quaint reply. Let us all live in those spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven.

Bare to be honest, good and sincere.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

more went by; and then the merchant saw the young man coming toward his office trundling a wheelbarrow, on which lay a fine barrel.

"Here's the barrel, uncle," he quickly said.

"Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Without help from any one?"

"Yes, sir."

TWO STUDENTS.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

A little boy sat on the shore of a pond
While a bullfrog sat in the pool;
And each one gazed on the other one
Like scholars in a school.

Then at last the little boy spoke and said:
"Why, Frog, do you gaze at me?
Pray swim or jump, that I may learn
Some Natural History!"

The frog he croaked out his reply:
"That's what I'm here for, too.
I'm studying Boys, and their curious
ways,
For I've nothing else to do!"

Then the boy he turned and went away,
And the frog he sank below;
While circling ripples on the pool
Were all that was left of the show.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1906.

HAROLD'S LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.

"Meow-ow," said Duffy. "Meow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Harold!" This time it was his mother's voice. "Let go of Duffy's tail this minute! Go upstairs and take off your clothes," she added.

As his mother pulled off a stocking, Harold cried out: "O, be careful; that is my sore knee! Harry Lloyd pushed me down and hurt it;" and at the thought he cried harder than ever.

"Just think how poor Duffy's tail hurts," said his mother, severely.

"Duffy's tail doesn't hurt," said Harold.

"Yes, it does; it hurts just as much as your knee, Harold."

When Harold was ready for bed, his mother said: "Now ask God to forgive you for hurting Duffy."

After he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said, again: "Did you mean what you said when you repeated, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?' Did you mean that you forgave Harold Lloyd for hurting you, and wanted God to forgive you for hurting Duffy?"

Harold hesitated. There was a bit of a struggle in his heart; but at last the good conquered, and he said: "I'll forgive Harry." Then, as he jumped into bed he asked: "Will God forgive me now?"

"Yes, dear; he will," said his mother, kissing him good night.

Some time later, as his mother went into the room, Harold turned to her and said: "I'm so glad because I forgave Harry and God forgave me. I am not going to hurt Duffy any more; and, mother, I don't think Harry meant to hurt me."

True to his word, Harold hasn't pulled Duffy's tail since he received his lesson on forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS.

"I'm mad at Harriet Todd! I shan't speak to her again so long as I live!" Mary Hepburn burst into the library with these words, her face flushed with anger.

Mary's gentle-eyed mother looked up in surprise. A strange smile dwelt on her lips as she said: "I'm sorry for you."

Mary turned in astonishment. She had expected sympathy, or at least an invitation to relate her grievances. This was a queer sort of sympathy, indeed.

In answer to her daughter's inquiring glance, Mrs. Hepburn continued: "I'm truly sorry for you—sorry that you will miss Harriet's company, for you always have had good times together. Then I'm sorry that you'll not let her forgive you."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mary, still puzzled.

"Well, you know we must forgive before we can be forgiven, and that is true outside of the Bible as well as in. So long as you feel as you do about Harriet, of course you cannot expect her to forgive you."

Then Mrs. Hepburn gathered up her sewing and went to the kitchen, ending the conversation at a very strange point. Mary thought. Nothing more was said on the subject, until that night, when Mary kissed her mother good-night.

Instead of "pleasant dreams," Mrs. Hepburn's words were: "I am sorry that you cannot say your prayers to-night."

"Why, of course, I shall say my prayers!" said Mary.

"How will it sound to say, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,'

when in your heart you have not forgiven Harriet Todd? Surely, you do not want God to forgive you as you are forgiving Harriet Todd?"

Mary colored, and for a moment she sat in embarrassed silence and thought. "Well, I'll forgive her this once!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"How many times did Peter think he should forgive his brother?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, with an odd twinkle in her eyes.

"Seven," replied Mary mechanically. "And how many times did Jesus say he should forgive him?"

"Seventy times seven."

"And that means—"

"Why, I guess that means as many times as he needed forgiveness."

"And my girlie is going to forgive her chum only once?"

"O, mother, I was very foolish and very naughty! I'm sorry."

"Then suppose you tell God that to-night, and thank him, too, that you have learned that we must forgive our enemies as often as they need forgiveness. And I suppose," with a light laugh, which restored Mary's spirits wonderfully, "there will be no very great difficulty about making up with Harriet in the morning."

WHAT MARION FOUND.

Little Marion had sat at the window long enough watching the boys outside making their snow man, and now she wanted to go out and help.

Now she was a sensible little girl for one of her years. Instead of crying, as most little girls do, she went to mamma and asked the following question:

"Mamma, please, can I help Charlie make his snow man?" She had such a pitiful look on her face that mamma put on her little red cloak and fur-lined bonnet, and armed her with the fire-shovel, so that she might shovel snow.

But her older brothers did not want her in the way. She had to content herself with shovelling snow all by herself. She said to Charlie, "I'm going to shovel a path under the clothes-line for mamma." She trotted off merrily and went to work, but made no perceptible progress, so far as the path was concerned.

Charlie was a little lame, and could not play as long as the other boys, so he concluded to see what his little sister was doing. As he approached her, with a big lump of snow in his hand, he heard her calling to him and holding something up for his inspection.

"Why, Marion, what have you found in the snow?" he asked. "Why, it is a little sparrow that has been frozen."

"Poor little sparrow," responded Marion. After showing it to mamma, they buried it, and Marion went to find poor sparrow's brothers.

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WATCH THEM WELL.

There are four T's too apt to run,
'Tis best to set a watch upon:

Our Thoughts.

Of't when alone they take them wings,
And light upon forbidden things.

Our Temper.

Who in the family guards it best
Soon has control of all the rest.

Our Tongue.

Know when to speak, yet be content
When silence is most eloquent.

Our Time.

Once lost, ne'er found; yet who can say
He's overtaken yesterday?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON V.—JULY 29.

JESUS DINES WITH A PHARISEE.

Luke 14. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke 14. 11.

LESSON STORY.

What wonderful life-lessons Jesus taught. Every parable has some gems which show how he would have us act. To-day lesson teaches **humility**. Some of the people of Christ's day were always finding fault with him. They would like to have proved that it was wrong to heal on the Sabbath day, but he questioned them so plainly they could not. He told them how they should act when invited to a friend's house to dine. They should not seat themselves in the best places and try to draw attention to themselves. It is far better to be humble and modest and unselfish, and leave the best things to others. Very true are the words, "Who-soever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who did Christ heal on the Sabbath day? A dropsical man.
2. What did the Pharisees try to do? To prove it was wrong.
3. Did they succeed? No.
4. Why did they not succeed? Because they admitted that they would pull an ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day.
5. What did he teach in his parable? Humility.
6. Is it better to take a lowly seat? Yes.
7. What shall happen to the humble? They shall be exalted.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 5.

FALSE EXCUSES.

Luke 14. 15-24. Memory verses, 23, 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.—Luke 14. 18.

LESSON STORY.

What a wrong thing is an excuse. It is never quite the truth, and is a mean way of getting out of something. A good reason is very different from an excuse. Let us never make excuses. Here is Christ's parable on those who make excuse, and it teaches a very solemn fact. A certain man made a feast and invited many. But they all made different excuses. This angered the man, so he sent his servant to bid the poor and the lame and the blind. They gladly accepted, but yet there was room. So the servant went again and brought in all the poor and outcast. The master gave them a good supper, but said that none of the first invited would be allowed in, for they had refused.

Christ's lesson from this is that God is the one who invites all to partake of the good things he provides. If we make excuse and refuse to accept them, they will be at last denied us and given to some one else.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did a certain man make? A feast.
2. What did those he invited do? They made excuses.
3. Who then was invited? The poor and outcast.
4. Did they accept? Gladly.
5. Were the first ones allowed after? No.
6. What does the parable teach? Those who reject God he will reject.

BE A BOY.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

Many people are trying to be something that they are not, and they cannot be. Many a boy wishes to be a man, and street urchins gathered into Sunday-school have been heard singing,

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;"

though it is possible that many of them would sympathize with that Sunday-school scholar who, when asked whom he should most want to see in another world, replied, "Gerliah."

But it is not well for persons to try to be what they are not and cannot be. God did not make us to be angels, and it is much better for people to be what God made them, and content themselves with the position and duties which he has appointed them.

Many a lad to-day who is ambitious to be something great will do far better to try to be a boy, as God has made him to

be. A good boy, a kind boy, an honest boy, a faithful boy, is one of the noblest works of God; and if many of the boys who are trying to be great, and wishing that they were taller and stronger and richer than they are, would simply attend to their own daily work as boys, fulfilling all their duties and obeying the divine precepts, they would not only find that God would bless them, and good men and women would love and praise them, but they would also find that the good boy, before he is well aware of it, grows to be a good man, and finds waiting for him honor and influence and blessing and prosperity, and all the good which he has expected and desired.

No one can hinder boys from being men, if they are faithful and careful. A boy may smoke cigarettes, and die a stunted little runt; just as a girl may pucker in her waist, and never get her growth; or a boy may make himself so vile and filthy that he will never reach a vigorous manhood. But the boy who loves God, obeys his parents, and takes good care of himself will find himself a man before he knows it; and his manhood will be a joy to himself and a blessing to the world.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand

To their fair estate in the Grown-up-Land.
—Selected.

WHAT OLD BEN KNEW.

Little Delia came into the hotel with her papa and mamma the other day. She had never been there before. The dining-room was quite full of people, and she looked rather sober, for the place seemed strange to her.

But almost as soon as she was seated at the table her papa said, "The hostler at the stable remembered old Ben."

"Why, yes, he was down here three years ago, and we took Harry to the train," answered mamma.

"Then Ben knew him!" said Delia with her face all covered with smiles, "and I don't mind how strange the place seems to me if he feels 'quainted and 'joys his dinner."

I didn't wonder that a lady whispered to a friend, "She's a dear, kind-hearted child."

It was so nice to have a little girl think so much of old Ben, the horse.

A JINGLE FOR BABY.

Ten little fingers,
Ten little toes,
Twenty little dimples
In four little rows.

Can baby show his fingers?
Can baby show his toes?
Can baby find the dimples
And show how much he knows!



ALFRED'S MOTHER TEACHING HIM SAXON SONGS.

A POOR RULE.

Said Mary to Johnny, "O dear,
This play is so poky and slow;
There's only one hubble-pipe here;
O Johnny, please, I want to blow!"

"No, I'll blow them for you," said he;
"Just watch and you'll see every one.
That leaves all the labor to me,
While you will have only the fun."

Said Johnny to Mary, "O my,
That apple, so big and so bright,
You can't eat it all if you try;
O Mary, please, I want a bite!"

"No, I'll eat it for you," said she,
And show you just how it is done.
I'll take all the labor, you see,
And you will have only the fun."

GOOD KING ALFRED.

As many boys in Canada know, the year 1901 was the thousandth year since King Alfred the Great's death. The anniversary was observed in many parts of England with jubilee addresses and memorials. Alfred was certainly a good king, and Sir Walter Besant terms him, "The one blameless king in our history, the great heroic figure of our Saxon forefathers, the very type of our race." From an excellent article in *The Outlook*, describing King Alfred's character and work, we abridge the following:

You have read in books the broad facts of his life; the nine years' struggle; the nine years' battle; the overthrow and ruin that seemed complete; the sudden upspringing, as of the strong man restored by contact with the earth, and the rout of the invader. It is a wonderful story. Alfred raised an army, filled it with new confidence, and led it to victory. Remember that the Saxon kings not only led their armies, but fought in the very

forefront. In those days no king could keep throne and crown who was not, first and above all, a soldier.

It has been pointed out by Sir Frederick Pollock that Alfred laid the foundation of our military system, and in place of tribal levies, which could be kept together only for a short time, made distinct provision for a field army, garrisons and reserves. As regards the navy, he created it. He gave the nation its fleet. He taught them the great lesson that the safety of an island must be found in a fleet. The fleets which bear the flags of our race are the heritage of King Alfred.

He made of London an impregnable fortress. When we think of the part that London has played in the national history; when we consider that every municipality all over the English-speaking world, with its mayor, aldermen, common councillors and officers, is the direct descendant of the municipality of London, we may acknowledge that this part of Alfred's heritage was valuable indeed.

It is strange that Alfred's educational dream should have had to wait in England for nearly a thousand years. It is only forty years since the English brain was able to persuade itself that safety, not to speak of justice and equal rights, lies in the education of the whole people. This doctrine, though we knew it not, was part of Alfred's heritage. "My desire," said the King, "is that all the free-born youths of my people may persevere in learning until they can read perfectly the English Scriptures."

The chief monument of Alfred's reign is, perhaps, his code of law. The great honor and glory of Alfred's lawgiving must be ascribed to the fact that he was wise enough to amend old laws or to make new, in accord-

ance with the national character. Alfred laid down two principles: first, that justice was the right of every one, rich or poor; and, next, that the laws of men must be in accordance with the laws of God. How far Alfred was a scholar is doubtful; but he was undoubtedly a writer. He collected and preserved the ancient poetry and the old legends. And he speaks of himself with pardonable satisfaction. "This," he says, "I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to work worthily; and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works."

The creation of a navy; the government by advice of the wise; trial by our peers; equal justice for rich and poor; the harmony of our law with the law of God; education for all; the foundation of English prose; the encouragement of English scholarship, enterprise, and the arts—is not this a noble heritage? And is there any part of it which is not shared by every soul born to our language and to our laws?

WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Lord hath work for little hands,
For they may do his wise commands;
And he marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway straight and sweet.
One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night;
And there are words for little eyes
To make them earnest, true, and wise.
One little voice may lead above,
By singing songs of Jesus' love.
One little heart may be the place
Where God shall manifest his grace.
Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring
To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.



ALFRED THE GREAT IN HIS STUDY.