

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1901.

No. 9.

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY HANNAH SHEPPARD.

Now, mamma, take me on your
lap, and hold me tight,
just so,
And I'll tell you all about it
—how I let my darling
go,
For I didn't know 'twas
naughty until you said
to-day
That I must not give my
playthings, without your
leave, away.

Oh, but it was so drefful hard
to let Angeline go!
For she is my oldest child,
and my dearest one, you
know.
"Why didn't I send Nellie,
or my new wax doll so
tall?"
Because I loved my precious
one the very best of all!

Don't you 'member all about
it—how papa said that
night,
That when we gave to Jesus
it must be our dearest
quite?
And I saw the mission boxes
being packed so full
downstairs,
For the little heathen chil-
dren who've not been
taught their prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my
Angeline—now, mamma,
don't you cry—
I'd have let you say good-bye
to her, but I knew you'd
ask me why;
And papa in his sermon said,
"Don't tell 'bout what
you do,
But help a little if you can,"
so I thought that meant
me too.



THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

And I hope that ragged, heathen girl 'way
out in Timbuctoo
Will love my sweetest Angeline, and treat
her well, don't you?
Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just
at first, you see,
For she is not used to strangers, 'cause
she's always been with me.

Don't tell the boys: they'd tease
me 'bout my missionary child!
And I couldn't bear it very well if even
papa smiled—
For I tucked her softly in the box when
no one saw, you know,
Though it broke my heart in pieces to let
my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very
Tuesday night,
That when we gave with all our hearts it
must be a hard fight,
But that Jesus knew about it all, and
would help us to be glad,
If we only gave, for love of him, the
dearest that we had.

OUR HEROES.

BY PHOEBE CABY.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight;
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honour to him if he conquers:
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're
tempted.
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colours of manhood
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life,
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the
strife.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1901.

EVELYN'S MOTTO.

BY SARAH TOWNSEND.

"Even Christ pleased not himself." It hung in gold letters upon the wall of Evelyn's room, right where she could not help seeing it whenever she raised her eyes from her book.

It was her motto for the year. Everybody in the Merrick family had a motto. The mother chose one for each of

the children at Christmas, and they tried to live by it the next year. Their mother said it was a good plan to have a motto, because it kept the wheels of the domestic machinery well oiled. Little Kate did not understand, and went peeping round in corners and under tables after the wheels until mother explained what she meant—that a motto helped them over hard places and kept them happy together.

But Evelyn did not look quite happy just then, although she was in her favourite corner with Ramona and a dish of apples. Unhappy sounds kept coming up to her and mixing themselves in with the most absorbing part of the story.

It was the afternoon when the mother entertained her Sunday-school class. Eight of the little girls had come that afternoon, and they, with Ted and Jack and little Kate, made eleven children. Now, eleven children sometimes need help, and this eleven needed it right then, as Evelyn well knew.

"O, that was my flower!" said one little grieved voice.

"But it's mine now, 'cause I found it. You can't expect to keep things after you lose them," asserted another.

Then there was a little whimper, and a third shrill little voice broke in: "You can just give her back that flower, or I'll tell teacher to send you home."

But "teacher" had a caller in the house. Evelyn felt that it was very unfortunate that Mrs. Brown should have chosen to come that afternoon of all others; but Mrs. Brown had come.

Evelyn looked up impatiently at the end of her twelfth chapter, and her eyes rested upon the golden letters opposite: "Even Christ pleased not himself." She shut her book slowly and went downstairs.

When Mother Merrick returned to her small guests the threatening clouds had all disappeared, and she saw nothing but good nature upon the faces of the small people, who were busy playing games with Evelyn.

A LITTLE RESOLUTE EFFORT.

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

"I can't do that," thought Benny, disconsolately, as he closed his arithmetic and pushed his slate to one side; "I tried 'most an hour yesterday. It's too hard."

He raised his elbows to the desk in order that his hands might afford a comfortable position for his head, and gazed about leisurely.

Tommy Brown was just ahead of him and studying hard. Tommy always studied hard. He was one of the bright boys whom Benny envied. It was no trouble for him to keep at the head of a class or win a prize. Then there was Ed Whaley, three or four seats down, another bright boy who was studying hard; and as his gaze wandered about the room, he could pick out a dozen or more clever boys and girls to whom lessons and com-

positions always seemed to come easy, and of course, like Tommy and Ed, they were all studying hard. His gaze rested upon them, one after another, with a little scowl of envy. "Why could I not have been clever like them?" he asked himself, rebelliously. That was his great grievance. He did want to be bright and quick, and he did want to know how it would seem to stand at the head of a class or have one of the leading compositions.

Opposite him was a boy like himself, with arithmetic closed and slate pushed back, and he felt a certain sense of relief as he remembered that Sam Potter had never been at the head of a class or had a leading composition. Now his gaze began to seek out other boys who were not studying, because their lessons were too hard, or possibly because they did not care to incur the bother of learning; and he found much satisfaction at the number of these idlers which his gaze encountered.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by something the teacher was saying, and his face screwed itself up into an incredulous grimace, which he sought to convey to the boy opposite.

"There really isn't any such thing as 'can't' in ordinary life," were the words he caught. "A little resolute effort, and difficulties will disappear like magic. A boy can't get his lesson, a girl can't write a composition, a man can't do this and a woman can't do that. Why, it is absurd! First find out positively that you cannot do a thing before playing the craven and trying to slink out."

Benny's elbows suddenly slipped from the desk and he sat upright. Even more than being dull-witted did he abhor being a coward. Out in the school yard he was an easy leader among the boys of his own size, and he boasted that he never backed down from a dare. Was it just possible that he had been mistaken about his studies, and that he could get them if he tried hard enough? It was absurd, of course; for he had worked on that problem almost an hour the day before. But even as he said this to himself, he coloured a little at the thought, for he remembered that during the most of the time his slate pencil had been between his lips, while his eyes were fixed upon some men who were working in a field opposite the window.

Well, anyhow, he knew that he could not do the sum; but he was not a craven, and he would give it another and fairer trial.

So he opened the arithmetic and drew the slate back, and then fixed his mind resolutely upon the problem. What do you think? In less than five minutes the answer was upon the slate there all right, and he was gazing at it with a puzzled look of almost incredulous delight. More than that, he was already wondering if the head of his classes could be reached in the same way. Anyhow, he believed he would try.—*The Morning Star.*

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BY J.

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Matt. 28. 16-

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THE LITTLE WILDFLOWERS.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLIS.

The little Wildflowers to sleep have gone,
Way down in their cozy beds;
A thick brown blanket of leaves they've
drawn
Right over their little heads,
For well they know cold weather's about—
The time when Jack Frost appears,
And that some night if they don't watch
out,
He'll come and bite off their ears.

They know that his partner, Mr. Snow,
Will also in time be due,
For old Mother Nature told them so,
And they know that it must be true,
So, tightly tucked in their beds, they lie,
And laugh in their dreams so fair,
To think that neither, in passing by,
Will be able to find them there!

The little Wildflowers are tired of play,
And weary of field and sun;
The birds and the bees have gone away,
The song of the rain is done;
So now they nod on their beds of sod,
While winter winds o'er them sing,
And sleep so deep knowing well that God
Will awaken them in the spring.

—Outlook.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VI. [May 12.]

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

Matt. 28. 16-20. Memory verses, 18-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the
end of the world.—Matt. 28. 20.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How long was it since Jesus rose from
the dead? Forty days. Who tells of
some of his visits? Paul in 1 Cor. 15. 5-8.
What did he tell the disciples in some of
his last talks to them? What he wanted
them to do after he went away. What
was the work he gave them to do?
Preach the Gospel. To whom? To
every creature. Where did he want
them to begin? In Jerusalem. Did
Jesus care for the poor heathen? Yes;
and he told the disciples to preach to them,
too. What have Jesus' disciples now to
do? The very same work. What can
little disciples do? Love and obey him.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Lesson verses. Matt. 20. 16-20.
Tues. Learn the wonderful Golden Text.
Wed. Find where Jesus told them to go.
Matt. 26. 32.
Thur. Learn who has all power. Verse 18.
Fri. Find a great promise. Psa. 22. 27.

Sat. Learn how disciples could do this
work. Acts 1. 8.

Sun. Think—what have I to do?

LESSON VII. [May 19.]

JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN.

Acts 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

While he blessed them, he was parted
from them, and carried up into heaven.—
Luke 24. 51.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who wrote about Jesus before he came
to earth? Moses and the prophets.
Where are their words about him? In
the Psalms. What will surely come to
pass? All these things. What did Jesus
tell the disciples? To remember these
words. What did he do for them? He
opened their minds to understand his
word. What did he say they were to be?
Witnesses. What is a witness? One
who can say, "I know." What did the
disciples know? That Jesus died and
rose again. How did he promise to help
them? By giving the Holy Spirit.
Where did he tell them to wait for this
gift? In Jerusalem.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts
1. 1-11.
Tues. Read more about the resurrection.
Luke 24. 44-53.
Wed. Learn the promise Jesus gave to
John. John 14. 2.
Thur. Find who are witnesses. Isa.
43. 10.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Read more about the ascension.
Acts 1. 9-11.
Sun. Find a cause for great joy. Heb.
7. 25.

AN ACORN.

BY ZOETH HOWLAND.

Norna had been sick a long while, and
she was so tired of lying in bed that
all the family tried to amuse her.
Her papa brought her a little music-box,
and her mamma gave her picture-books,
Tom bought a new game for her, and
Dotty bought her a bunch of grapes; even
the baby offered her an acorn which he
picked up under the great oak-tree.

What a beautiful little thing it was, fit-
ting neatly in its tiny saucer! And what
a dainty saucer, too, with row after row of
wee brown scales folded so prettily over
each other!

Her mamma tied a string around the
acorn, hung it over a glass of water, and
told Norna that now she could see it grow.

"But how can it find its way to the
water, mamma?" asked Norna.

"Watch and see," said mamma smiling.

The next day Norna thought the acorn
looked a little larger; but soon after
that—O dear!—there was a dreadful crack
all along its side.

"It is spoiled, mamma," sighed Norna.
"It will never grow now."

"Watch and see," said mamma again.
Norna did watch. At last she saw some-
thing white and something green coming
out of the crack. The white shoot grew
down into the water and made a root, but
the green shoot grew upward and made
two little leaves; and so the acorn turned
into a baby oak.

And Norna so enjoyed watching it all
that she forgot she was sick, and was
almost as happy as if she had been well
enough to play outdoors in the sunshine.

"Your little girl is much better," said
the doctor to her mamma. "She is well
enough to play in the yard. This
medicure has helped her."

And nobody knew that the little acorn
had helped as much as the medicure.

WHAT "SING A SONG OF SIX-
PENCE" MEANS.

Everybody knows this rhyme, but does
everybody know what it really means?

The four-and-twenty blackbirds rep-
resent the twenty-four hours. The bottom
of the pie is the world, while the top crust
is the sky that overarches it. The open-
ing of the pie is the day-dawn, when the
birds begin to sing.

The king, who is represented sitting in
his parlour counting out his money, is the
sun; while the gold pieces that slip through
his fingers, as he counts them, are the
golden sunbeams.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen,
is the moon, and the honey with which she
regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the
garden at work before her king, the sun,
has risen, is the day-dawn, and the clothes
she hangs out are the clouds. The bird
which so tragically ends the song by "snip-
ping off her nose" is the sunset. So we
have the whole day, if not in a nutshell,
in a pie to make good use of.

HOW GERTIE WAS NEIGHBOUR.

The children were on a picnic. During
their games they ran races down a hill.
The one who reached the post first was to
have a bunch of flowers as a prize.
Jennie Smith was running with the rest.
She fell over a stone and hurt herself. All
the rest of the children ran on, except
Gertie, who stopped and helped Jennie up.
Then she bathed her face at the spring
and wiped away the tears with her own
handkerchief.

"You might have got the prize, Gertie,
if you had not stopped to help that cry-
baby, Jennie," said Tom Jones.

"Jennie is not a cry-baby," said Gertie.
"She hurt herself when she fell, and I
would much rather help her than to take
the prize."

"I think the prize for kindness ought to
go to Gertie," said their Sunday-school
teacher, Miss Adams. "Don't you think
she acted like the good Samaritan when
she helped her neighbour?"



A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

LITTLE MRS. MAMMA.

Isabel Gray was not to be found anywhere in the house or on the grounds. Everybody was sure that every possible and impossible place had been searched.

Mildred, who had been told by nurse to "mind her little sister," while she mended the big pile of stockings, was sobbing her heart out, because she "had only just run to the gate one little minute to speak to her best friend, and when she came back, Isabel was gone." She "s'posed that the child was with mamma," so she "never thought to tell nurse." And it was ever so long ago, and nobody had seen her since.

Nurse was scolding everybody sharply, one minute, and crying the next. She was sure those wicked tramps had carried her off.

Mamma looked very white, and Bridget was trying to reassure her:

"She'll be after havin' taken a walk to her grandmother's, and the old lady'll be sinding her home in a jiffy, ma'am. I wouldn't worry, so I wouldn't."

Just then there came a funny voice, saying: "Good afternoon. How de do? I'm Mrs. Mamma come a-visiting." And there stood the lost child dressed up in all of her mother's best clothes and bonnet.

"Where have you been, Isabel Gray? We have been searching the whole place for you, and you've frightened us almost sick."

"I've been in your closet all the time, mamma."

"Did you hear us calling you?"

"Yes'm," answered Isabel, hanging her head, "but those old fings wouldn't go on right, and I wanted to s'prise you, coming a-visiting, all dressed up."

Isabel was promptly put to bed for not coming when she was called, and for putting on mamma's clothes without permission.

"Oh dear me!" she sighed; "this is a hard place for little girls who don't mind."

A LIVE CANDLE.

It seems strange to find ready-made candles in the sea—and live ones at that—but it is true that just such queer things are found along the coast of Alaska.

The candles are really little fish of the smelt variety. In colour they are a rich green and gold, and when held up to the light one can almost see through them.

On bright moonlight nights these pretty little fishes like to come to the top of the water, and the Alaskan Indian, knowing this, goes out in his canoe with a big tool like a comb, the teeth being made of sharp bones or pointed nails.

Noiselessly he brings his boat in among the pretty fish sporting about at the top of the water, then with a sweep of his comb he brings up a quantity of the sparkling fellow, all sticking to the sharp points.

When his canoe is full he goes home and turns his catch over to the care of his wife. She strings them on a long stick, as we do dried apples, and hangs them up in the wigwam to dry and smoke.

When the long winter evenings come and the Alaskan is snowed in without a light, his wife takes a wooden needle threaded with a stringy bark and draws it through one of these dried, shrivelled fish from tail to head. This is for the wick, and when lighted, the fish is so fat that it burns like a candle, and gives as

much light as three ordinary tallow candles.

Not all of these beautiful little fish are burned, however, as their flesh is much liked by the Alaskans, and many of them are eaten.

THE READINESS OF TOMMY.

"Tommy is such a good boy," said Mrs. Taddells to the minister, as she served the pastry. "You know, Dr. Choker, that pie isn't good for little boys."

"That is very true, Mrs. Taddells," the minister assented, as he put a mouthful of the custard pie where it would do the most good—or harm—"that is very true, Mrs. Taddells. When I was a boy I was not allowed to eat pastry, and all mothers must watch their children's diet very carefully."

"But I am not at all harsh with Tommy, you will understand, Doctor," Mrs. Taddells went on. "Whenever I have something for dessert which Tommy cannot eat—pie, for example—I give him twopence to pay for his deprivation. And Tommy takes it so cheerfully, Doctor. He never objects in the least. Tommy is such a dear boy, Dr. Choker."

"I am very glad to hear it, Mrs. Taddells. No, thank you, I could not think of eating more than one piece of pie, excellent as it is. But I am truly glad to hear of Tommy's manliness and cheerfulness when deprived of pie, for most children act in a very disagreeable manner when they can't have what their elders have at table, and when they are prevented from indulging in something they like. I suppose, Tommy," the clergyman went on, "you like pie." "Yessir."

"What makes you take the twopence so cheerfully to go without?"

"Oh, with the twopence I can get a whole pie at the grocer's around the corner."

LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light.
Like a little candle
Burning in the night
In this world of darkness
We must shine:
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for him;
Well he sees and knows it,
If our lights be dim,
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine:
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around.
Many deeds of darkness
In this world are found:
Sin and want and sorrow,
So we must shine:
You in your small corner,
I in mine.