

# SUNBEAM

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No. 6

## IN MISCHIEF.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is this naughty fellow about? Surely he cannot be thinking of gathering a bouquet. No, he has no use for the pretty flowers; it is merely in play, because it amuses him, that he so ruthlessly destroys them. Now all this was not so very bad for the playful, unthinking puppy; but what do you think, dear young readers, of boys and girls who act in this way? Is not such conduct on their part very sad and wicked? And yet children, and sometimes not very young children, either, will often be guilty of just such conduct, and when called to account declare they "meant no harm by it." But see, dear young friends, what an idle excuse. We have reason and good sense to direct us, and it will not do to go stumbling through life doing things unintentionally, harming where we ought to help, and making a nuisance of ourselves generally. Annoying as puppy's antics are, we can afford to laugh at them, though he may be brought to grief for them by some one by and by. But when boys and girls perform such pranks, there is only one side to the picture, and that is a pretty serious one which should be seriously held up to their view."



IN MISCHIEF.

## HOW TOMMY TOLD THE TRUTH.

One day last spring Tommy's cousin Ethel came to spend the day, and Tommy took her out into the garden after lunch, when their mothers were sitting telling in the parlor, and showed her his new rake and his flower-bed, where the Johnny-jump-ups grew, and the little fountain at

the end of the gravel walk. Ethel thought it was quite the nicest garden she had ever seen.

"What's that, Tommy?" she said, as they passed the garden roller that was used to roll the walk smooth.

Tommy told her, and then he took hold of the handle and pushed it, to show her how the roller ran.

Then Ethel wanted to try, but she couldn't make it move, so Tommy took hold with her, and they pushed hard together and made it go quite a little way down the walk.

Ethel thought that was great fun, and they tried it again, and then again. They were pushing so hard that they did not notice when the roller ran on the grass, where the garden went down hill. But suddenly they found it pulling instead of being pushed, and down the slope it went, and right into mother's new flower-bed at the bottom. Some of the flowers had been planted only that

morning, and the empty pots were still standing by. The poor flowers! the heavy roller crushed them all down and left them all bruised and flattened as it passed. Then it stood still on the level ground beyond.

Ethel sat down on the roller and began to cry. "We didn't mean to, Tommy,"

she sobbed. "Let's not say anything about it."

Tommy put his hands on his knees. He was puzzled for a moment. But Tommy was a brave little fellow, and he knew that only cowards are afraid to tell the truth. "Never mind, Ethel," he said. "I'll tell mother. You're my company, you know, so you're not to blame one bit. It's my roller; 'tisn't yours, so it isn't your fault. But I've got to tell mother, 'cause I always tell mother." Tommy stood up straight when he said that, and Ethel stopped crying.

"I guess I'll go tell, too, Tommy," she said; " 'cause it's just as much my fault as yours, and I'm not afraid either."

So two little figures went bravely up the hill, and two little voices told the whole story to the two mothers in the parlor; and, though they were not allowed to play in the garden any more that afternoon, and had to stay close to the porch instead, Ethel whispered to Tommy, as they ate gingerbread on the steps a little later.

"I'm real glad we told, aren't you, Tommy?"

Tommy answered "Yes!" with great emphasis.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1906.

### A NEWFOUNDLAND HERO.

A thrilling story is told of the noble faithfulness of a dog out West, which, I'm sure, will interest all our readers.

A ranchman, named Sam Dodge, left home on business, and after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old little girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Her mother missed her about

two hours afterwards. After searching in vain for some time, Mrs. Dodge called the neighbors and told them of Bessie's disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the next evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep in an old road. Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and his grateful owner ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

### AN EASTER LESSON.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

On the Sabbath before Easter the weather was so unfavorable that Miss Rush took her Sunday-school class into one of the small vestries at St. Mark's Church, believing that she could there teach to better advantage.

"I think we will spend the hour talking about Easter," she remarked, after the boys and girls were comfortably seated.

"Oh, do," implored Lida Merry. "Has Easter been kept a very long time?"

"Yes," began Miss Rush, trying to collect her thoughts, "this day was kept as an important festival of the year in the first century of the church's existence; and before another hundred years had passed, the keeping of it had become of such importance that some wise men held a meeting in Rome, to find out the true time of its observance."

"Why, isn't Easter on the first day of the week?" queried Wilmot, in surprise.

"Yes," answered the teacher, "the early Christians made sacred the first day of the week, and made it of special prominence for all that was holy."

"Did all the people celebrate that day?" asked one of the children.

"There seemed to be a division among the reckoning of Hebrew or Gentile Christians. It is, however, a fact that our Lord's resurrection occurred on the first day of the week, as also on the third day after the Jewish Passover, which came at the time of the full moon of the month Nisan.

"The Western churches observed Easter on the nearest Sunday to the full moon in Nisan, without taking into account the Passover. The Asiatic churches adopted the 14th of Nisan as the day on which

Christ was crucified, and celebrated Easter on the day commemorating the resurrection on the third day after."

"It seems queer that people should differ about such a matter," commented Hugh White, who was listening attentively to all Miss Rush was saying. "After much controversy," the teacher continued, "and many meetings in different parts of the world, it was finally decided to adopt the Western practice. By the way, the original name of this festival was the Pascha, the Passover."

"What does the Passover mean?" asked Margaret.

"Why, don't you know," volunteered Wilmot, "about the angel passing over the door posts where blood was placed on the dwellings of the children of Israel?"

"O, yes," she assented, "when the first-born of the Egyptians were slain."

"We know," continued the teacher, "that this festival was kept in the north of England, where the Easter eggs are still called 'pasque' eggs."

"What does Easter mean?" inquired Mary.

"The word is traced 'way back and has reference to the spring, the time of year upon which the festival falls. I think that the time is very suggestive of the resurrection, when all nature springs forth into bud and beauty."

"There was an Easter even before the time of Christ, wasn't there?" inquired Life.

"Certainly," replied the teacher. "There was once a goddess, Estra, whose festival was celebrated in the spring by the Saxon people, and when a Christian Easter was celebrated, it made it easier for them to depart from their heathen gods."

"The early Christians had a very nice way of saluting each other with the words, 'Christ is risen,' and receiving the response, 'Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.' The Greek Church still holds to this custom."

"People celebrate this day about as much as they do Christmas, don't they?" asked one of the boys.

"Certainly," Miss Rush replied, and then she went on to explain about the Easter service and beautiful music to be heard in all the churches of Christendom. She likewise spoke of the custom of making presents of colored eggs, symbolic of the hidden life ready to burst forth some day. She told them about the patriarch of the Greek Church, who blesses those who kneel before him at his Easter reception, and gives to each a bag of eggs which are elaborately ornamented.

Just then the superintendent rang the second bell, which called the class to the large room, and thus the Easter lesson came to a close.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

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## AN INDIAN CRADLE SONG.

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft  
 Deep in the dusky wood;  
 Swing thee low and swing aloft—  
 Sleep as a papoose should;  
 For safe in your little birchen nest,  
 Quiet will come and peace and rest.  
 If the little papoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,  
 And the owl hoots in the tree;  
 And the big moon shines on the little child  
 As it slumbers peacefully;  
 So swing thee high in thy birchen nest,  
 And swing thee low, and take the rest  
 That the night wind brings to thee.

Father lies on the fragrant ground,  
 Dreaming of hunt and fight,  
 And the pine-trees rustle with mournful  
 sound  
 All through the solemn night;  
 But the little papoose in his birchen nest  
 Is swinging low as he takes his rest,  
 Till the sun brings the morning light.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
 IN THE GOSPELS.

## LESSON XII.—MARCH 25.

## TEMPERANCE LESSON.

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

## GOLDEN TEXT.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and  
 stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23. 32.

## THE LESSON STORY.

How many good things to eat God in  
 his kindness has put on this earth! What  
 a lovely world it is we live in! We have  
 all seen the big ripe grapes on the vines.  
 How rich they are and how good to eat!  
 But what a pity when man takes these  
 beautiful grapes, crushes them all up,  
 sometimes in not a very clean way, and  
 then lets the juice turn sour! Also the  
 lovely rosy or yellow-skinned apples. We  
 know how good they are to eat, but when  
 they are crushed like the grapes and  
 allowed to rot they are no longer a health-  
 ful food. In the same way rye and bar-  
 ley when put to their proper use make  
 good, wholesome food, which makes people  
 healthy and strong, but when allowed to  
 decay and fermented into whiskey and  
 beer it is no good as a food, and indeed  
 does the body a great deal of harm.

How sad that these good products of  
 nature should be turned to such a wrong  
 use. For when they are made into wines  
 and liquors they are poison that destroys  
 not only the bodies but the souls of the  
 people. That is the dreadful part, for  
 their use nearly always leads to all sorts  
 of misery and unhappiness. It is unsafe

to touch the beautiful sparkling liquid,  
 for although it looks so pretty it can do  
 you more harm than the bite of a serpent  
 or the sting of an adder. If we never  
 touch it it cannot get any power over us.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Are grapes, apples, rye and barley good for one? Yes, they are good food.
2. When they are rotted and made into liquors are they good food? No, they are a poison.
3. Will they do the body harm? Yes, and the soul also.
4. What brings about more sorrow and wretchedness than any other thing? The use of intoxicants.
5. What does "intoxicants" mean? That which takes away our reason and makes us like beasts.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## LESSON I.—APRIL 1.

## THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.

Matthew 7. 15-24. Memorize vs. 24, 25.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not  
 hearers only.—James 1. 22.

## THE LESSON STORY.

If we would only do all the things  
 Jesus tells us to do in his wonderful Ser-  
 mon on the Mount we would be good  
 Christians. It is exactly what he did  
 himself, for he was full of love and charity  
 to all men, and even his bitterest enemies  
 he tried to help. Of course he preached  
 against the evils of his day, and de-  
 nounced those who did wrong. Two of  
 the great sins of his time were "greed"  
 and "hypocrisy." These words mean,  
 first, a love of getting more than one's  
 neighbor or of coveting what he has, and  
 the other word means pretending to be  
 good when secretly one is not. Hypocrisy  
 is a dreadful sin, for it is so false.

Christ likens people who know how to  
 be good and have heard the right way to  
 live to either the wise or foolish man. If  
 he does the thing he knows to be right he  
 is like the man whose house is on the rock.  
 Neither floods nor storms can make it fall.  
 His character is strong. But if he does  
 not do what he knows to be right his char-  
 acter has no foundation, and like the  
 house on the sands can be easily swept  
 away.

It is most important to build our lives  
 on Christ's teachings and promises.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. To what is a Christian's life likened? To a tree.
2. What do trees produce? Fruit.
3. How shall we know a Christian? By the fruits, or character, of his life.
4. What is hypocrisy? Pretending to be good when one's heart is bad.
5. How does God judge? By the motives of the heart.

## THE STAG BEETLE.

(See fourth page.)

The largest British beetle is that known  
 as the stag beetle, which is sometimes two  
 inches or more in length. It is of black  
 or dark-brown color, and lives in the  
 trunks of trees by day, and flies about at  
 night. Our illustration shows one of these  
 giant beetles. No wonder that pussy looks  
 terrified at her unexpected encounter with  
 this queer-looking beetle. "Is it an enemy  
 or friend," pussy is wondering, and so she  
 timidly puts out her paw. These stag  
 beetles are very strong, and can pinch  
 the finger pretty hard, though they will  
 not do so unless provoked. Pussy had  
 better be careful, therefore, or she will  
 have her paw squeezed more tightly than  
 is pleasant in the stag beetle's manner of  
 handshaking.

## POLLY'S MIRRORS.

Polly has to scour the spoons every  
 Saturday. That is all that mother asks  
 her to do, and it does not take much  
 time; but Polly has always dreaded it so  
 long beforehand, and grumbled so while  
 she rubbed them, that it seemed like very  
 hard work indeed. Every week it was  
 the same old story, and you would think  
 that the little girl was asked to clean the  
 family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday mother heard her  
 laughing all by herself in the kitchen and  
 asked her what she was doing. "Making  
 mirrors, mother!" shouted Polly plea-  
 santly. So mother came to see. Polly  
 was rubbing away on a spoon, and when  
 it grew quite bright and shiny, sure  
 enough, there was a little mirror in the  
 bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly  
 reflected there, with very fat cheeks and  
 very small eyes and no hair. When she  
 moved her head her cheeks grew thin and  
 her eyes as large and round as an owl's.  
 How Polly did laugh! Then she scoured  
 another spoon, and soon there was another  
 tiny looking-glass, and another queer little  
 Polly as funny as the first. When she  
 had twelve of these droll little mirrors,  
 her work was done, and she was surprised  
 to find that it was only play after all.

A Sunday-school boy went into the  
 country to spend his vacation, a visit that  
 he had long looked forward to with  
 pleasure. He went to help the men har-  
 vest. One of them was an inveterate  
 swearer. The boy, having stood it as long  
 as he could, said to the man: "Well, I  
 guess that I will go home to-morrow."  
 The swearer, who had taken a great lik-  
 ing to him, said: "I thought that you  
 were going to stay all summer." "I  
 was," said the boy, "but I can't stay  
 where anybody swears so. One of us  
 must go, so I will leave." The man felt  
 the rebuke, and said, "If you will stay,  
 I won't swear;" and he kept his word.



STAG BEETLE.—SEE THIRD PAGE.