

SUNBEAM

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No. 25.

AROUND THE LAMP.

Is any hour so sweet as when, after the day's busy cares and toils are over, the household gathers round the evening lamp? In our picture the aunt or mother reads, while all the young folk, down to little Mabel, attentively listen, and their nimble fingers fly all the more swiftly for the charming story in which they are interested. Our long winter evenings give a fine opportunity to get through a good course of interesting reading in this way.

What a contrast this Christian family presents to the heathen of whom we sometimes read. And yet our English ancestors, before they heard the Gospel, were almost as barbarous as any savages on the face of the earth. So much do we owe to the influence of Christianity.

ONLY A DOG.

We were all crying, every one of us. Father declared that it was smoke that had got into his eyes and made them smart, but mother threw her apron over her head, and sat rocking and sobbing for ten minutes. Phæbe and I just threw ourselves down on the floor by poor Leo, and I took his dear old shaggy head in my lap, and the hot tears dropped one by one; and Phæbe patted

his old stiff ears and smoothed out his thin grey hairs; and then we took off his brass collar that was marked all over with

hieroglyphics that we had scratched with pins in the proud days when he first wore it; then we cried again, and just then in walked Squire Toots, and he didn't seem to know what to do when he saw us so distressed; he looked at us and then at Leo. Then he took out his handkerchief

body would suppose it was a person; and it's only a dog!"

That just made us feel all the worse! There wasn't any heaven for him to go to, and we knew we could never see him again, and we couldn't remember any life without Leo, we were such little tots when

he came to us, and he had been one of the family all the time. Father used to lecture him just as he did us children. "Where did I see you to-day, sir?" he would say; "over at Mr. Mason's associating with that dog that steals? Shame!" and then Leo would whine, and pretty soon father would say, "Leo, go to bed, sir!" and he'd sneak off to his box in the back shed and lie awake all night to protect us while we slept, and he never once in fourteen years was forgetful of his trust—and he was "only a dog."

Only a dog! Why, was there ever a time that we went racing home from our school that Leo hadn't met us half-way to race with us and do all sorts of funny tricks at our bidding? And how proud we had always been of him with his handsome stately presence and superior manner, and how safe we felt to hear his deep-chested bark as we went to sleep!

Well, death had found him sure enough, and we buried him out in the grove in a little hollow where he loved to lie on hot summer days, and there



AROUND THE EVENING LAMP.

and gave his nose a real blowing, and said huskily:

"Why, it's wicked to feel so bad. Any-

will be no resurrection for him, though there will be for the vilest thief he kept from our doors; but none the less, in looking over his honest, blameless life, we see he was never faithless to any. He was a good and faithful servant, although he was "only a dog."

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Sunbeam.

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A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back of their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which formed the aims and future habits of their future life.

Bayard, the flower of French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home at fourteen to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart, "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind to all. Beware of flatterers, and never become one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.

TURNING CLOUDS TO ROSES.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

Letty knew what was in the parcel before she opened it. For Aunt Louise had told Letty that on her birthday she would send her what she wanted most—and that, of course, was a dear parasol, all her very own.

Oh, what a pretty, dainty, silken, rose-colored parasol it was! Letty propped it up on the chair, and took a peep at it now and then while she read Aunt Louise's letter, for Aunt Louise had tucked it in the box beside the parasol. This is what it said:

"My Darling Letty:

"I hope the sun will always shine upon you through the roses of this parasol. If you have a chance to turn anybody's clouds to roses, too, be sure to do it. Begin on your birthday, and do it all the year round."

Letty laid down the note and took up the rosy parasol.

"I guess I know what Aunt Louise means. And I'm going to begin right away."

So our little girl went down into the sunny garden and picked a great bunch of the sweet June roses. Oh, how beautiful they were! Letty took them in one hand, and the parasol in the other, and went through the gate and down the street. She had the roses all ready, and she did not have far to look for the clouds that morning.

The first children she met were Johnny Price and Dick Lloyd. The little fellows were very angry about something, and Johnny was just going to strike Dick, I am afraid, when Letty stopped and handed each of them a great, sweet rose. Then she laughed, and they had to laugh, too, and so that cloud of anger turned to roses without any trouble, in less than a minute.

Further down the street Letty found little Bessie Turner, crying, oh, so hard, because she had fallen down and bruised her knee. But when Letty kissed her and gave her a red rose, Bessie forgot all about her knee, so I don't suppose it was a very bad bruise—do you?

Then Letty, with her roses, met an old Irish laborer, going from his work. He was dusty and tired, but he smiled when our little girl gave him a blossom, and said, "Sure, it's a rose you are yerself, my little lady!" And he carried the rose home to his wife, who loved flowers and had no place where she could grow them.

Last of all, Letty came home by Jean Willis' house, and when she saw the sick girl sitting by the window—for Jean had been very sick all spring, and was just beginning to get better—she held up all that were left of her bunch of roses and dropped them over the sill into Jean's lap.

"Oh, Letty!" said Jean, "they're just like sunshine out of a dark cloud. I was ready to cry a minute ago, because I couldn't get out among the June roses, but now the roses have come to me. And, oh, what a pretty parasol that is of yours!"

Letty looked pleased. But when she went home she said, "Mother, isn't it queer I had a happy day with my new parasol, but it wasn't the parasol that made me happy at all—it was giving away the roses! I guess Aunt Louise meant it to be like that when she wrote about turning clouds to roses, didn't she?"

"Yes," said mother, smiling. "Aunt Louise was once a little girl herself, and so she knows the best way for little girls to be happy."

"It's a very good way," said Letty. "I wish I'd tried it before. Now I know about it, mother. I'm going to try it always."

LET JESUS IN.

A wee little girl was playing Sunday-school. She sang and talked as if she was a teacher with a class. She told the scholars they must read the Bible, and mind what papa and mamma say. After while she looked to ward the door, and quickly said, "Let Jesus in." She imagined that Jesus was standing there waiting to come in. Jesus does stand at the door of our hearts, and wants us to let him in. To love Jesus with all our hearts is to let him come in.

You may learn the beautiful words of Jesus: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

A MUTUAL IMPULSE.

If we think lovingly of others we will always find a good excuse for doing something for them. A really generous and affectionate heart will give out of abundance or out of poverty, and finds a sufficient reason for the gift in any circumstances. A Jewish rabbi tells this beautiful story, about two such natures:

"Once there were two affectionate brothers who tilled the same farm. On a certain night, after the gathering of the harvest, one of them said to his wife, 'My brother is a lonely man, who has neither wife nor children. I will go and carry some of my sheaves into his field.' It happened that on the same night the other said, 'My brother has wife and children, and needs the harvest more than I; I will carry some of my sheaves into his field.' So the next morning their respective heaps were unchanged, and thus it happened night after night, until, at length, one moonlight night the brothers, with their arms full of sheaves, met midway face to face."

LITTLE

Little recruits
Come work
And get out y
And seek it
For round an
This drink—
Is crushing th
From weak

Though war n
And pestiler
And famine r
The land w
All these fear
Are lighter,
Than havoc c
By drink ev

There's only o
This curse t
'Tis each keep
And workin
This work all
Come work
And get out
And seek it

Try father an
Try cousins
Try brother a
Aunt, uncle
Try each and
At ease do
Till this giant
Is hurled fr

LESS

FOUR

STUDIES IN THE
ELLJA

LESSON XI

Thou shalt w
and him only
4. 8.

Titles and So
oughly studied.
Titles.

- E. S. E.
- The W. O. I. . .
- E. and the S. . .
- E. and N.
- E. at D.
- J. the B. K. . . .
- J. R. the T. . . .
- I. M. to J. . . .
- W. T. S.
- H. R. the T. . .
- C. of the T. T. .
- R.
- The P. of P. . . .

LITTLE RECRUITS.

Little recruits,
Come work with a will,
And get out your pledge-book
And seek it to fill.
For round and about you
This drink—cruel wrong—
Is crushing the manhood
From weak and from strong:

Though war may be raging,
And pestilence rife
And famine may darken
The land with their strife;
All these fearful scourges
Are lighter, we fear,
Than havoc created
By drink every year.

There's only one way,
This curse to expel,
'Tis each keeping true
And working as well.
This work all must do,
Come work with a will,
And get out your pledge-book
And seek it to fill.

Try father and mother,
Try cousins as well,
Try brother and sister,
Aunt, uncle, too, tell.
Try each and try all,
At ease do not stand,
Till this giant monster
Is hurled from our land.

—Chatterbox.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
ELIJAH TO ISAIAH.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 18.

REVIEW.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God,
and him only shalt thou serve.—Luke
4. 8.

*Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.*

Titles.	Golden Texts.
E. S. E.	Let a double—
The W. O. I. ...	Trust in the—
E. and the S.	The gift of—
E. and N.	Heal me, O—
E. at D.	The Angel of—
J. the B. K.	When the righteous—
J. R. the T.	We will not—
I. M. to J.	Cease to do—
W. T. S.	They also have—
H. R. the T.	Them that honor—
C. of the T. T. ...	The face of—
R.	Thou shalt—
The P. of P.	His name shall—

LESSON XIII.—DECEMBER 25.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE (CHRISTMAS
LESSON).

Isa. 9. 1-7. Memorize verses 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His name shall be called Wonderful,
Counsellor, The mighty God, The ever-
lasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—
Isa. 9. 6.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did Isaiah live? About seven
hundred years before Christ. What kings
reigned in Judah in his time? Uzziah,
Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. How does
he stand among the prophets? First.
What were his prophecies like? What
made the clouds? What always makes the
light? Did he foretell the birth of
Christ? And his death? How far into
the future did he see? What time far be-
yond us did he foretell? What has he
tried to tell us in the Golden Text? How
many names are there? What did he say
of his government? What prophecies do
we know as true? What shall we believe
that we do not yet see.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find a prediction of our Lord's
birth. Isa. 7. 14.
- Tues. Read the chapter about Christ's
sufferings and death. Isa. 53.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 9.
1-7.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Read a chapter about the Re-
deemer. Isa. 54.
- Sat. Find a prophecy about Sinim
(China). Isa. 49. 12.
- Sun. Read a song of the coming king-
dom. Isa. 35.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. The Lord always loved us and tried
to save us.
2. At last his love led him to be born
one of us, and to die for us.
3. And that love is drawing the world
to himself.

FACTS ABOUT FLAGS.

To "strike the flag," says an authority,
is to lower the national colors in token of
submission.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank
and command, the officers using them being
called "flag officers." Such flags are
square to distinguish them from other
banners.

A "flag of truce" is a white flag dis-
played to an enemy to indicate a desire for
parley.

The white flag is the sign of peace.
After a battle parties from both sides often
go out to the field to rescue the wounded
or bury the dead under the protection of
the white flag.

The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is

often used by revolutionists. In our service
it is a mark of danger and shows a vessel
to be receiving or discharging her powder.

The black flag is the sign of piracy.

The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in
quarantine or is a sign of a contagious
disease.

A flag at half-mast means mourning.
Fishing and other vessels return with a
flag at half-mast to announce the loss or
death of some of the crew.

THE CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

A missionary in one of the mission-
schools in Africa had been examining a
class in Mark's gospel. Turning to a
bright girl of about thirteen years, he
said, "What can you tell about this Jesus
which is not in this book?"

After a little hesitation the girl an-
swered:

"I used to be very naughty; I would
fight with other girls. My teacher told me
of Jesus, that he would help me. One day,
after I had been very bad, I went to the
place where I sleep and threw myself
upon the floor, and said, 'O Jesus, if there
is a Jesus, take this bad out of me and
help me to be good, so that I shall not
fight with the girls any more;' and he did
help me, and I am not so bad now—and
this is what this Jesus does for me."

A HOME MISSIONARY.

The minister had preached a sermon
urging every one to try to do something
for Jesus. When the service was ended, a
little girl came to him, and the following
conversation took place:

"I think I can do something for Jesus."

"And what do you think you can do,
dear child?"

"If, sir," she replied, "you would put
some little tracts, on keeping God's day,
into envelopes, and address them to people
who keep their stores and shops open on
the Lord's day, I could carry them to
them."

The minister adopted her suggestion,
and put the addressed envelopes into the
dear little one's hands, and, acting as a
missionary in the district, she has been
instrumental in shutting up six places of
business which were formerly kept open
on Sunday.

GOD WANTS THE GIRLS.

"God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,
The worst of girls.
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace.
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity—
God wants the girls."



THE CHINESE BOY.

This little boy lives in China, a country that is far away—on the other side of the world. He does not look much like the little boys that we see here in America, does he? Though I think it is mostly his dress that makes him look so different. I suppose one of our little boys would look just as odd to them as this little boy does to us. God loves the little Chinese boys as well as he loves us, and he is pleased when we send the story of the love of Jesus to them; for they do not all of them know about the wonderful love of Jesus and how he died to save us. Should we not gladly aid his cause?

MAKING QUITE SURE.

Charlie Andrews had been working very hard all through the half with the firm determination of carrying off the first prize if he possibly could. He knew he had a very good chance, for there were only one or two other boys who were at all to be feared, and he made up his mind to leave nothing undone which should enable him to come out first prize-winner and head of the school.

He felt pretty safe about it. He knew very well that he was a match for any of the other boys at most of the studies. If he had a weak point it was in arithmetic, but he hoped that the number of marks he was certain to get in the other branches would carry him through the examination, even if better arithmetic papers were sent in by some of the other competitors.

The time for the examination drew nigh, and the questions were issued to the boys. As soon as Charlie read them he saw that there would be no difficulty for him, with the exception, perhaps, of the arithmetic paper, and in that there was one question which he felt a little doubtful about. This answered, the prize was his.

Then temptation came to him just when he was least able to resist it. He knew where Mr. Ashton kept the "key" to the arithmetic questions, and the very day before the answers were to be sent in, Mr. Ashton, going out for a walk, happened to leave his bunch of keys lying upon the hall table.

There they were, almost hidden behind a flower basket, and there Charlie saw them as he was passing.

He knew that one of the keys fitted the lock of the drawer where the book he wanted was kept, and the next moment he was struggling with the temptation to use them.

"Make quite sure," said the tempter. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said conscience. But Charlie wanted so much to make quite sure about the prize that he yielded, and presently was creeping like a thief to the drawer, and then furtively glanced at the answer he wanted in the "key."

How lucky! The answer he had arrived at before was quite wrong. What a fortunate thing he had looked at the "key"! He had now made quite sure of the prize.

So he sat down to the sum and worked it all over again. But he couldn't get the answer to tally with that in the key. He began again and again, and at last contented himself with working out the sum as he felt it ought to be done, and putting the answer according to the key.

Next day, with a guilty conscience which interfered sadly with his feelings of satisfaction as to the result of the examination, he took his place amongst the other boys in the school-room.

Now Mr. Ashton reads out the names of the prize-winners. The first name is not Charlie's, nor the second, nor the third, nor indeed any of them. Charlie has not got a prize at all.

Then Mr. Ashton says that one boy has answered well on every subject, and would have had the first prize but for an error in his arithmetic. Who could have answered so well? Only Charlie, and every one is turned to him, whilst he feels ready to sink through the earth.

Mr. Ashton further says that he would like that boy to come to his study presently.

To the study, therefore, disappointed Charlie slowly repairs, agitated, and wondering, and with a great lump in his throat. Mr. Ashton is waiting for him with a stern and sorrowful look.

"How did you get at the 'key'?" says Mr. Ashton, coldly.

How could Mr. Ashton know it, thought the wretched boy, and flinging himself on his knees, with many sobs, he confessed everything.

Mr. Ashton knew it, because the answer Charlie had looked at was printed wrongly, and he knew that such an answer could

not have been given unless the "key" had been consulted.

Charlie was not expelled from the school, as Mr. Ashton had at first intended, but he remained in it long enough to thoroughly redeem his character, and in after life he was saved many times when about to yield to temptation by the recollection of what happened when he made quite sure, as he thought, of obtaining the prize.

TEDDY AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Now, then! There is room for one more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him in, and we are off!"

Room in the great, big, crowded sleigh for only one more, and, alas! there were two eager little boys left standing on the curbstone, longing with all their little hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle George.

There was moment's pause, then Teddy stepped back.

"Let it be Harry," he said. "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the empty place. The whip cracked, the bells jangled, and away they went, leaving Teddy alone, winking with all his might to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty soon he ran upstairs to visit grandma.

Grandma was sitting by the window. She laid down her sewing and gathered Teddy up in her arms.

"My dear little boy," she said, "has been trying to follow the Golden Rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said:

"Grandma, does God up in heaven notice when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed he does. And it makes him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn.

"Can just a little boy like me make God feel glad?"

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't that queer," said Teddy, "and—and—splendid?"

"Isn't it queer," said grandma, gently, "that when little boys like you and old ladies like me can make God glad, we sometimes forget and make him sorry?"

A TINY PARABLE.

Once there was a fair apple, rosy-cheeked and mellow, but it was bad at the core, and had to be thrown away. A boy or girl may be ever so sweet for us to look upon, but the heavenly Father, who sees straight to the heart, may see bad thoughts and angry temper there. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," says the Bible.

A lie that is half the truth is ever the blackest of lies.