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LEADING THE BLIND.

Few things appeal more strongly to our sympathies than the condition of the blind. To see no sun, no moon, nor the sweet face of nature—and, worse still, never to behold the faces we love—is one of the saddest afflictions of earth. Yet many who are blind are happy and cheerful, notwithstanding their affliction. It is surely the duty of those who can see, to help those who cannot. The young girl in our picture is doing this. Amid the crowded streets she is carefully guiding the poor boy, who is probably an utter stranger, across the road. If he could only see the look of sympathy on her face, he would be still more thankful than he is.

"BUNNY."

Several years ago, in her vacation time, Miss Louise met a boy who wanted to sell a little rabbit. So she gave the boy a quarter of a dollar and he gave her the rabbit. It was only a little brown bunch of soft fur with long ears, brown eyes and white, bunchy tail, but the young school-teacher began to love it as soon as she took it into her kind hands. She



LEADING THE BLIND.

called him "Bunny." The school-children called her "Miss Louise"—but Bunny didn't call her anything, he just loved her. Nobody had ever been so kind to him before since he had been parted

from his mother rabbit. But unhappily, after a few months September came and school opened. Now, Bunny didn't know anything about school, and he had never even heard of September. All he knew he had learned among the green leaves in the hedges, but he was to suffer bitterly because of these two unknown things; for Miss Louise was forced to go away and leave Bunny behind. She left him in kind hands and she knew he would be tenderly cared for.

The second Saturday after school began Miss Louise went home to stay over Sunday. She wondered what Bunny would be doing when she got there. But she did not have a chance to ask; something soft came whirling into her arms, and there was Bunny. He crouched in her lap as if he would never let her go again.

Then Miss Louise's mother told her that Bunny was sick. She said he had not eaten anything for a long time, and just moped all the while. Miss Louise at once got some tender lettuce leaves and coaxed Bunny to nibble them. He ate readily enough with her

fond hands smoothing his coat, and all the family gathered about to see Bunny eating again.

But Miss Louise must go back to school on Monday, and two weeks passed before she went home again. What was her grief then to learn that Bunny was dead. As soon as she had left him he had refused to eat. No one could persuade him to touch a morsel of anything.

So the affectionate little creature pined with loneliness for his dear Miss Louise and soon the loyal, loving heart had ceased to beat; but many summers passed ere Miss Louise forgot her pet.

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Sunbeam.

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GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes; and he had sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack. I worked drearily hard for him, and he never said, 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one; and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And throwing his arms around my neck, he said: "It's God's thank you."—*Domestic Journal*.

A HARD WORD TO SAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish that I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's faults does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like the rest of us: he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say.

But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So he went to the one that he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

"I FORGOT."

"I forgot" is a little fox that does a great deal of harm. Annie had a beautiful canary. But one day she forgot to put fresh food and water in the cage. For several days together she forgot all about her bird; and when she did think of him, and went to take him food and water, there he lay dead on the bottom of his cage.

She cried very bitterly, but this did not make Dicky bird live again.

Tom lighted a candle one night, and carelessly threw down the match. His mother had often told him that he must not do this; but he forgot, and the match fell into a basket of rubbish. That night, while the people were asleep, the fire spread from one thing to another, until at last the whole house, and all that was in it, was burned; and all because Tom "forgot."—*Olive Plants*.

MORNING PRAYER.

Father, help thy little child;
Make me truthful, good, and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak;
What is right may I pursue,
What is wrong refuse to do,
What is evil seek to shun:
This I ask through Christ, thy son.

—*Selected*.

AN ACORN.

Norna had been sick a long while, and she was so tired of lying in bed that all the family tried to amuse her. Papa brought her a little musical box, and mamma gave her picture books; Tom bought a new game for her, and Dotty a bunch of grapes. Even baby offered her an acorn which he picked up under the great oak tree. What a beautiful thing it was, fitting 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! Mamma hung the acorn 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; and Norna began to watch it. The next day she thought that 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," again said mamma.

Norna did watch. At last she saw something 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 that she forgot she was sick, and was almost as happy as if she had been outdoors in the sunshine.

"Your little girl is much better," said the doctor to mamma. "She is well enough to play in the yard. This new medicine has helped her." And nobody knew that the little acorn had helped her as much as the medicine.—*Youth's Companion*.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I'm not too young to love the Lord
Who does so much for me ;
My blessings come alone from God :
How thankful I should be !

I'm not too young a prayer to raise
To God who dwells on high ;
He'll listen to my song of praise
And hear my feeble cry.

I'm not too young for Christ to save ;
He even died for me.
Yes, he his life for children gave
And will their Saviour be.

O Saviour, listen to my prayer,
And change this heart of mine :
Oh, take me in thy loving care,
And make me wholly thine.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII. [August 16.]

SAUL TRIES TO KILL DAVID.

1 Sam. 18. 5-16. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Saul do for David ? Who became David's close friend ? What did he give him ? What did the people think of David ? What did the women sing when they met Saul ? How did Saul feel about it ? What old enemy came back into his heart ? What did David try to do for him ? Could he help him ? What did Saul do to David ? Who saved David from death ? Why was he always spared ? *Because he was to be king of Israel.* What office was given David ? What did Saul always hope ? *That he would be killed in war.* What did Saul know ? Did he try to kill David again ? *Yes ; many times.* Which was the happier, the king or his servant David ?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read how David found a friend. 1 Sam. 18. 1-4.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 18. 5-16.
- Wed. Learn the Golden Text.
- Thur. Tell some one the story of David and Goliath. 1 Sam. 17.
- Fri. Find what David said of his enemy. Psa. 18. 17-19.
- Sat. Find what enemies David had later. Psa. 40. 12.
- Sun. Read a promise for us. Luke 1. 71-75.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That when in trouble God gives us friends.
2. That no enemy can harm us if we trust in God.
3. That if we trust we cannot be afraid.

LESSON VIII. [August 23.]

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 12-23. Memorize verses 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18. 24.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was Saul doing ? Whom did David love for ? Did he go to him ? What did Jonathan try to do ? What did the two make ? What did Jonathan advise David to do ? At what great stone were they to meet ? Can you tell what the arrows were to tell David ? How did Saul act at the feast ? *He was angry.* What did he do to Jonathan ? Where did Jonathan send his arrows ? *Beyond ; meaning, "the Lord hath sent thee away."* What did he then do ? *Sent away his armour-bearer.* What did David and Jonathan do ? What then became of David ?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read how Jonathan made peace. 1 Sam. 19. 1-7.
- Tues. Read how Saul broke his promise. 1 Sam. 19. 8-17.
- Wed. Find who gave David a home. 1 Sam. 19. 18.
- Thur. Read a talk between two friends. 1 Sam. 20. 1-10.
- Fri. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 20. 12-23.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Find the words of the best Friend. Matt. 28. 20.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That friends are better than riches.
2. That love is of God.
3. That true love lasts for ever.

THE HAPPY BOY.

A deaf and dumb boy was once asked if he was happy. His answer was:

"I have God for my Father, Jesus for my Saviour, the Holy Spirit for my sanctifier, and heaven for my home. Yes, I am happy."

Dear little friend, can you say as much ?

In some parts of Africa salt is so hard to get that people will sell their children to buy it. Think of that ! And if the children are given their choice between sugar or salt, they will choose salt !

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese ;
It tickled so a mouse's nose,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old mouse said, "There's danger ;
Be careful where you go."
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight ;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite ;
Closed the trap together,
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousie fast there,
Because he "didn't think."

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.
She said, "I am not a baby,
Here I am half-grown ;
Surely I am large enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass ;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass ;
So she made a supper
For a sly old mink,
Because she was so headstrong
That she "wouldn't think."

Once there was a robin,
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no," said his mother ;
"You must stay with me,
Little birds are safest,
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said the robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Ere he'd time to blink ;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
You who hear this song,
Don't you see that trouble
Comes of thinking wrong ?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late ?
Don't think there's always safety
When no dangers show.
Don't suppose you know more
Than your parents know.
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
Don't go under headlong,
Because you "didn't think."



IN THE ORCHARD.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

Dear and blessed Saviour,
Hold our little hands;
Lead us in thy footsteps,
Heeding thy commands.

Help us to please our parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all our friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

So shall we in gladness
Spend our earthly days,
Till thy voice shall call us
Home to prayer and praise.

—Lessons for the Little Ones.

IN THE ORCHARD.

Why are these three children looking up into that tree. What do you suppose they see there? It is a harvest-apple tree, and amid its spreading branches,

hidden behind the leaves, the luscious golden fruit is hanging.

These children all live in the city, but they have come to spend the day in the country, and the kind old farmer, at whose house they are visiting, has told them that in the fine big orchard across the road, they will find all the apples they can eat, and as many as they wish to take home with them too.

So all four run off gleefully, and are soon gathered beneath a fine old tree with splendid big apples on it. Quite a few have fallen to the ground, but there are some specially tempting ones on the tree. So it was decided that one of the boys should climb up and shake the branches.

Here we see Harry trying it. He is a wee bit nervous, for he never climbed a tree before, but though he has not got very far, if he is persevering and cautious and holds tightly to the limbs he will be able to get up to the higher limbs and shake the fruit down.

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled, and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—O no, I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said her father tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry to old Peter my orange that I saved from my dessert."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes; and I think we too often forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to Peter's, and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the bill on the orange.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH

One winter a little boy six or eight years of age begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs. "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" asked the lady. "Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little." "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The child looked up with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt. "Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in him, and who then does the best he can?" Oh, for a childlike faith!