

# SUNBEAM

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## HARRY'S EASTER EGGS.

Harry had been lying on a lounge for three weeks, for he had broken his leg. It is very hard for a little boy to keep quiet all day, but it gives him a good chance to show a patient and sweet-tempered spirit. Harry's mamma and all his friends were doing whatever they could to help him pass away the time. They read to him and told him stories. They brought him pictures and flowers and fruit and nuts.

nave your choice, because you have to keep still. Which do you like best?"

"I want them all," said Harry, putting up an ugly lip.

I am very sorry to say that Harry was not showing any patience or sweet temper. Indeed, the more people tried to be kind to him, the more cross and selfish he seemed to become.

"Don't you want to give some of them to little Jessie?" asked his mother.

"Very well," said mamma, "which will you keep?"

She felt sorry when she saw how careful he was to pick out the four prettiest for himself, leaving what he thought the dullest and plainest for his sister.

Next morning a cheery voice cried, "Good-morning, brother!" and Jessie's two arms went about his neck as she gave him a loving kiss. "See!" she said, "mamma has given me two Easter eggs.



"HE IS NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN."

"What have you got for me?" he asked one day in a fretful voice.

His mamma had just come in. She showed him something in a little box.

"What are they?" asked Harry.

"Easter eggs, dear. See how lovely they are!"

They were lovely. Each one was colored all over, and had a pretty flower painted on it, with some reading.

"They are for you and your little sister," said his mother. "I will let you

"See!" said mamma, taking up one of the eggs. "Do you remember when you went to find wild flowers last spring? These are the little purple and white anemones that used to peep at you almost from under the dead leaves. And don't you know how the blue violets smile up from the grass? The dear Lord has made all things beautiful for children, and he wishes them to love one another."

"I'll give Jessie two," said Harry, "and I'll have four."

I'll give one to you, Harry—the prettiest one, too, because you can't run about as I can, poor Harry!"

Oh, how ashamed Harry felt as his little sister offered him the prettier of the two eggs, chatting all the time!

"Or, I'll give you both. Mamma says this is Easter Sunday, when Christ arose from the grave to show people the way to heaven. And he loved little children, and wants them to love one another."

"Jessie!" said Harry. "I'll take your

eggs, but I'll give you mine, every one. Yes, you must take them."

She had to, for Harry insisted. His gentle little sister had taught him a lesson. She then ran to the garden for a few snowdrops to put beside his plate, and brought them to him singing like a bird:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me."

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**Sunbeam.**

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1905.

**ERNEST'S GOOD FAIRY.**

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

"It won't seem like a holiday to me this year," said Ernest, "if we can't go to grandfather's. I don't see why he had to go off just now and shut up the house! And then Aunt Anna has moved away off, and I'll have nowhere to go. I think to-morrow will be a horrid day!"

His mother said nothing. The next morning when Ernest came down to breakfast, there by his high chair stood a new wheelbarrow, painted red, with its name in blue letters on one side: "The Good Fairy."

"Oh! I've always wanted a wheelbarrow," shouted the little boy excitedly. "Oh, mother, where did it come from?"

"Grandfather sent it; and he wrote me to tell Ernest that if he really had a thankful heart he could show it by making his 'good fairy' help others whenever he can," said his mother.

Ernest was quite sober while he ate his oatmeal. After breakfast he trundled off with his new present to the kitchen.

"Biddy," he said to the cook, "you want some kindling. I'm going to bring you some."

Off went the little fellow to a field near by where Ben had cut down a tree. It took nearly an hour to pick up the chips, but Biddy was so glad to get them. Then Ernest sat down in his barrow in the cornfield to rest. He had his rake, for he wanted to help Ben. He felt very happy.

The Kings lived in the country, and Ernest's cousins were to come home from church with the family to spend the day.

The youngest child was about Ernest's age. Her name was Lucy. She wanted to play with the new wheelbarrow all the time. It was so new and dear to the boy's heart that he felt at first that he couldn't give it up. Then he remembered his grandfather's message.

"There, Lucy," he said, "you can ride your doll awhile, and then I will give you a ride."

His father wanted his slippers and in a moment Ernest had them before him in his barrow.

After his cousins were gone and the big feast was over, Ernest said:

"I've had a lovely time, and I think I've lots of good things." He came up very close to his mother. "I think God was very good to me when I was so cross yesterday," he said.

**ON EASTER DAY.**

BY MALTBE D. BABCOCK.

At Christmas time we looked on the face of the Babe, and wondered with the shepherds and adored with the angels; we have followed him through the years as he went in and out of his mother's house; we do not know when the consciousness of his real Father came to him, but we have seen him thrilling under it; we have traced him through his years of ministry; we have sorrowed with him in Gethsemane; we have stood before his Cross, but there our sympathy failed, when, oh, wonders of wonders, we found that we had died with him and risen again! Death hath no more dominion over us. We are sons and daughters of the Resurrection.

**NO PRAYER IN THE PILLOW.**

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nellie trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O, Annie, do look!" she said, over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayers and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in so many minutes.

Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O-dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin with renewed energy.

"My pillow—it's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There is no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it is true; but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must be what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

We think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn—there are no prayers in them.

**ADVENT ANGELS.**

BY REV. WILLIAM CHAMBERS WILBOR.

Whirr of swift wings through the keen frosty air,  
Bright forms alight on the elm's branches bare.

Evening's star in the cold western sky,  
Warbles of song from sweet voices on high.

Robins have come from where warm breezes blow,  
Bravely to face northern rigors and snow.

"Cheer up, now cheer up, O sad hearts," they say,  
"Springtime and sunshine are not far away."

They flutter and chirp and hop, and are flown  
O'er forest and orchard, meadow, and lawn;

Hastening ever glad tidings to sing,  
To farmhouse, village, and city, "'Tis spring!"

They're musical heralds, brimming with mirth,  
Their coming's God's message of good-will to earth:

Prophets of bounty, from garden and field,  
"Flavors and fragrance rich harvests must yield."

"Courage, sad hearts," they seem ever to say,  
"Blue skies and blossoms are not far away."

Repeat, as they sing, at twilight and dawn,  
"Winter and darkness will quickly be gone."

**EASTER TIME IS HERE.**

BY ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

Soft fell the snowflakes through the winter hours,  
 Now the fields are smiling with the spring-time flowers:  
 Would you know the reason? O 'tis very clear,  
 'Tis because the happy Easter time is here!  
 And the merry song-birds have been long away  
 Singing summer ballads in the Southland gay;  
 Now they're all returning with the opening year,  
 Singing, gaily singing, "Easter time is here."

Winter storms have vanished, clouds no longer frown,  
 Million little sunbeams now come hastening down;  
 Fields no longer barren, skies no longer drear,  
 Tell the happy story, Easter time is here!

Earth is bright with beauty, after Winter's strife:  
 Nature is rejoicing in a risen life:  
 Silver chimes are ringing in a chorus clear.  
 "Wake, O world, to gladness, Easter time is here."

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

**LESSON IV.—APRIL 23.**

THE ENTRY OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM. John 12. 12-26. Memorize verses 12, 13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Matt. 21. 9.

**DAILY STEPS.**

- Mon.* Read the lesson story carefully. John 12. 12-26.
- Tues.* Read of the children in the temple. Matt. 21. 12-17.
- Wed.* Find the words of a prophet. Zech. 9. 9, 10.
- Thur.* Find the Golden Text in a psalm. Psa. 118.
- Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat.* Find what the Bible says about children's praise. Psa. 8. 2.
- Sun.* Tell the story of the lesson to some one.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

When did Zechariah live? Can you remember anything that he said about the coming King? When did Jesus go up to Jerusalem? Whom did he meet? Where did he send two disciples? What for? What did he do with it? Who followed him? Who came to meet him? What

did they carry? Where did the children sing later? Why did not Jesus ride upon a horse? What did the people spread on the ground before him? Could any understand how great a King he was to be? Why? Because the Holy Spirit was not yet given. Who were angry at all this? Who wanted to see Jesus? Who brought them to Jesus? What did he say about a grain of wheat? About being willing to give up one's life?

**THREE LITTLE LESSONS.**

- We have learned that—
1. Once, when on earth, Jesus rode as a king.
  2. Little children chanted his praise the longest.
  3. He was, and is, and always will be, King.

**LESSON IV.—(SPECIAL).—APRIL 23.**

**EASTER LESSON.**

Luke 24. 1-12. Memorize verse 6, 7.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

He is risen from the dead.—Matt. 28. 7.

**DAILY STEPS.**

- Mon.* Find how and where Jesus was buried. John 19. 38-42.
- Tues.* Learn what his enemies did. Matt. 27. 62-66.
- Wed.* Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Luke 24. 1-12.
- Thur.* Read what happened early that morning. Matt. 28. 1-4.
- Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat.* Learn a beautiful text about the resurrection. Rom. 8. 34.
- Sun.* Find who knew the voice of Jesus. John 20. 16.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

When was the first Easter morning? Where? Who went to the tomb in the early dawn? What were they carrying? What were they going to do? What did they find? And who was gone? Whom did they see beside them? What question did they ask? Can you remember what they told the women about Jesus? What did they help them to remember? What did the women then do? Can you give the names of the women? Did the disciples believe their word? What did Peter do? Who went with him? John, the beloved disciple. What must we do to know the whole story of the resurrection.

**THREE LITTLE LESSONS.**

- We have learned that—
1. Christ died for our sins.
  2. He rose for our salvation.
  3. Because he lives we shall live also.

**LESSON V.—APRIL 30.**

JESUS WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET. John 13. 1-14. Memorize verses 12, 13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

By love serve one another.—Gal. 5. 13.

**DAILY STEPS.**

- Mon.* Read about the passover supper. Exod. 12. 3-11.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses. John 13. 1-14.
- Wed.* Learn who is the greatest in the kingdom of God. Matt. 18. 4.
- Thur.* Learn what makes service sweet. Golden Text.
- Fri.* Find what happened to a boastful spirit. Luke 22. 55-60.
- Sat.* Learn how we may have a lowly mind. Phil. 2. 5.
- Sun.* Learn where we may go for humility. Matt. 29. 30.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

What feast did Jesus hold with his disciples? What did it become? What lesson did he teach them there? Can you tell what had been brought to make the paschal feast? What did Jesus do when he rose from the table? What did he use? Why did he kneel? To show humility? What gives humility? Love. What had the disciples been talking about? Did Jesus hear them? Whose work was it to wash the feet of guests? What did Jesus say the greatest should be? What did Peter say? Can you remember any of the words of Jesus? What did Peter say again? And what at last? What did our Lord say that we all must be?

**THREE LITTLE LESSONS.**

- We have learned that—
1. The greatest man who ever lived was the humblest.
  2. To be like him we must have his humility.
  3. We cannot have humility until we have love.

**BEAUTIFUL LILIES.**

BY ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

Beautiful lilies,

Fragrant and sweet,  
 We thy glad presence  
 Once more would greet;  
 Once more we welcome  
 Thy words of love,  
 Telling of Jesus  
 Reigning above.

Out from the darkness  
 Of their low tomb,  
 Lilies of Easter  
 Burst into bloom,  
 Fair types and symbols  
 Unto us given,  
 Of life and gladness,  
 Waiting in heaven.

Fair Easter lilies,  
 Cease not to bring,  
 Message of Jesus,  
 The glorious King,  
 Till all shall welcome  
 Thy wondrous word,  
 Till all shall worship  
 The risen Lord.



#### THE EASTER LILY STORY.

Would you like to hear a little Easter lily story?

Once upon a time in a very large, old house, there was put to bed a little Easter lily baby. It was a funny little thing, round and hard, and wrapped tightly in a yellow-brown jacket. And it was so sleepy that as soon as it was made comfortable in a warm bed, and nicely covered over with a soft, brown cover, it went to sleep.

The old house was very still and very dark. There were no doors; no windows; only a few cracks, and these not near enough to let in any light. So the baby slept on and on, through many nights and days.

The sun shone warm and bright over the great brown house, and it was very comfortable.

After a long time the rain began to fall, then the sunbeams danced and played again; and the baby moved in its little bed.

Its yellow-brown jacket felt tight, and it twisted and turned, and swelled, till all at once, the jacket cracked open! Then the baby felt better, and began to be really awake.

There was plenty of food by it that its mother had put there, and several times the rain-drops brought it water to drink. So it had all it needed to help it grow. And it did grow, larger and larger every day.

And when the lily bulb baby was fairly awake, and growing every day, it changed! And it was a very wonderful and beautiful change that came to it. It was given a new body.

Every day the lily grew, and changed, and became more beautiful. The life that was in the little bulb body was taken up into the new plant body.

One by one, glossy green leaves grew from the stem, and the stem grew tall and strong, and lifted them up higher and higher, till the lily plant had grown as tall

as some of you little children. And, then, when it was able to reach far up in the light, at the very top of the stem, it put forth a new bud, a soft, pale, green, tender thing, that grew, and swelled, and turned silvery white.

It was spring time, and the bluebirds were singing. The most beautiful day in all the spring came—Easter Day—and the white bud opened, and curled back its pure, white petals, and breathed forth a sweet perfume on the still air.

The lily grew just as God meant for it to grow, pure and beautiful. God gave it the plain bulb body, and God gave it the lovely plant body.

And, little children, the Easter lily tells you, that God means for his little children to grow more pure, more lovely, every day, by doing just the things he means for you to do. He wants you to keep your body pure and clean, and your heart pure and clean, and so he is always sending you his loving help, as he sends the sunshine to the lily, that some day you may rise in new beauty.

How many a poor boy has been led to commit some crime that seemed small, and was small in itself, but it led to greater and still greater crimes, until a sad end was reached. We remember one poor lad who, standing on the scaffold, with the black cap on his face, said that his first crime was stealing a pin, the next one an apple, the next a knife, and so on, until he had at last killed a man. Beware of the little sins that ruin the life and damn the soul.

#### EASTER.

Give flowers to all the children  
This blessed Easter Day—  
Fair crocuses and snowdrops,  
And tulips brave and gay.

And tell them, tell the children,  
How in the dark, cold earth  
The flowers have been waiting  
Till spring should give them birth.

All winter long they waited,  
Till the south wind's soft breath  
Bade them rise up in beauty,  
And bid farewell to death.

Then tell the little children  
How Christ our Saviour, too,  
The flower of all eternity,  
Once death and darkness knew.

How, like these blossoms, silent  
Within the tomb he lay,  
Then rose in light and glory,  
To live in heaven for aye.

So take the flowers, children,  
And be ye pure as they,  
And sing to Christ our Saviour  
This blessed Easter Day!