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NELLIE'S UNLUCKY DAY.

"After this I shall always believe that it is bad luck to put things on wrong side out!" cried Nellie, flinging herself into the room and tossing her hat and books in an untidy heap on the floor. "I was late to school, and did not have time to study my history lesson, so it wasn't perfect; and besides that, the girls were just horrid all day. I knew how it would be when I put this old waist on wrong side out this morning; that's what has made all the trouble!" and when she had finished this speech she looked at her mother, for she knew well what she thought of such silly superstitions; but Nellie was in a reckless mood to-day, and rather enjoyed the idea of shocking somebody. What, then, was her surprise to hear her mother say, "Yes, Nellie, I think that was the cause of all your trouble."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Nellie, "I thought you did not believe in such things!"

"Nor do I, Nellie, in the way that you mean," said her mother; "but come and sit beside me here, and I will try to make you understand. Putting your waist on wrong side out had nothing whatever to do with your unlucky day, any further than putting you out of temper. You were in a hurry, and when you found that your waist was on wrong you were very angry, much more so than you had any occasion to be. It was provoking;

but if you had taken it off quietly your whole day would have been different."

"Why, mother," said Nellie, in an injured tone, "I don't see why you say that."

"Listen," said her mother, "and I will tell you. I was watching you, Nellie, and

fast, consequently late to school, where you must have arrived in such a bad temper that I am not at all astonished that you could not learn your history, or that the girls were 'just horrid,' for girls are very apt to treat you as you treat them, Nellie. And I have

no doubt that you might have heard them say how disagreeable you were;" which Nellie could not deny, as Fanny Brown had told her she was "as cross as two sticks."

"And now do you see, Nellie," her mother asked, gently tushing back the hair from Nellie's flushed face, "who has been to blame for this unlucky day?"

"Yes, mother, I do," said Nellie honestly. "I was really trying to believe that the horrid old waist had had something to do with it; but now I see that after all it was my own fault. Don't you suppose, mamma, that that's why people say it's unlucky to put things on wrong side out, it makes you so dreadfully provoked that you just bring the troubles on your self?"

"I certainly think that is the most sensible view to take of it, Nellie, and I hope

that when you feel inclined to be provoked you will remember this unlucky day." And Nellie felt sure that she would.

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.



I saw you take your waist and jerk it roughly off, so roughly that you ripped out one of the sleeves and were obliged to sew it in again. You twisted your thread, made knots in it, and took so much longer than was necessary, because you were angry, that you were very late for break-

THE JAY AND THE THRUSH.

One summer day a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush
In accents loud and clear;
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spoke unto a jay,
Who sat and listened near:

"How lovely, friend, the dress you wear!
When perched on bough or in the air,
How gay your coat of blue!
While I am clad in plainest brown,
I'd give the world, were it my own,
To be arrayed like you."

"And gladly would I change my dress,"
Replied the jay, "could I possess
The gift you have for singing.
I'd sing above the cotter's shed,
Above the brook and grassy mead,
And keep the woodland ringing."

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour.

"Such strains I never heard!"
The blind man said. Meanwhile the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,
Who cried: "Delightful bird!"

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TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1903.

THROW THE REINS TO CHRIST.

An interesting story is told of Professor Drummond. He was staying with a lady whose coachman had signed the pledge, but afterwards gave way to drink again. This lady said to the professor: "Now, this man will drive you to the station. Say a word to him if you can. He is a good man, and really wants to reform; but he is weak."

While they were driving to the station, the professor tried to think how he could introduce the subject. Suddenly the horses were frightened and tried to run away. The driver held on to the reins, and managed them well. The carriage swayed about, and the professor expected every moment to be upset; but after a little the man got the better of the team, and as he drew them up at the station, steaming with perspiration, he exclaimed: "That was a close shave, sir. Our trap might have been smashed into matchwood, and you wouldn't have given any more addresses."

"Well," said Professor Drummond, "how was it that it did not happen?"

"Why," was the reply, "because I knew how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the professor, "look here, my friend. I will give you a bit of advice. Here's my train coming. I hear you have been signing the pledge and breaking out again. Now I want to give you a bit of advice. Throw the reins of your life to Jesus Christ." He jumped down and got into the train.

The driver saw in a flash where he had made the mistake, and from that day ceased to try to live in his own strength.

HOW THE MOUSE GOT THE COOKY.

Ponto, the spotted dog, came trotting into the field behind the barn. He held in his mouth a fine bit of cooky which the baby gave him.

As he ran, he growled to himself, "I do wish babies ate bones instead of cake. I am tired of cookies. I will hide this till to-morrow."

The wise old mouse was in the field just then, seeing the grass grow. He heard the dog, and he thought the cooky would be nice. So he squeaked, "Do you want a bone, Ponto?"

"Yes; have you got one?" barked he.

"I think the dog fairy has one for you."

This pleased Ponto. He had never heard of the dog fairy. He thought a fairy bone must be very sweet indeed. So he said he should be thankful for one.

The mouse squeaked to him to run around three times in a circle; then he was to lie down in the grass, and shut his eyes for three minutes; then he could open them, and look for the bone.

Ponto at once dropped the cooky. He ran around and around after his tail ever so many times. Then he lay down and shut his eyes. After awhile he jumped up again. But there was no bone. And the cooky was gone! The wise old mouse had carried it off to his children. Ponto was puzzled. "I must have turned around too many times," he snarled.

Ever since then some dogs have a habit

of walking about in a circle before they lie down in the grass. Perhaps they are thinking of the fairy bone.

Whenever an educated mouse sees a dog going about in this way he laughs in his sleeve.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Not long ago a singular incident occurred at the brickyard at Seabrook, illustrating a faculty in animals which closely approximates reason.

There is in the yard a horse and mule, which are much attached to each other, the mule especially showing attachment to the horse.

After work hours they are turned loose on the high ground formed by the canal bank through the marsh, flanked on one side by marsh land, which is not firm enough for them to walk over, and on the other by a deep canal with steep banks.

The other evening they were turned loose as usual. Not long afterwards the hand, who lodged in a little house by the brick kiln, heard a most unearthly bray. At first he paid but little attention to it, recognizing that it was the mule's unmusical voice. Soon it was repeated even more startlingly than before. Leaving his supper, the coloured man went to the door, and, looking up the bank, saw the mule standing on the verge of the canal with every indication of intense alarm. He repeated the bray, and the man ran toward him. When he came near, the animal made a sound expressive of delight, but remained looking into the canal.

The cause was soon found. The horse, in grazing too near the canal, had slipped in, and, with only his head out of water, was vainly struggling to climb the steep bank. With difficulty he was finally brought to a place at the bridge where he could be helped out, the mule accompanying the process with every mark of delight.

Without the mule's intelligent call for help, the horse, a valuable one, would have been lost. We have often heard of horse sense, but in this case the mule certainly exhibited a high degree of it.

A MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

"I feel very happy to-day," said a mother, "because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned around a moment after, of his own accord, and said that he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe that I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

SO BIG.

"I'm so big, mamma," and the little hand
Marked where her brown head reached
Against the wall;
"Don't hold me, mamma, I don't need
your arm
Around me; such a large girl cannot
fall."

The twilight shadows gathered o'er the
hills,
A childish figure nestled close to me:
"I'm such a little girl," she pleading said,
"Please, mamma, take your baby on
your knee."

Flushed warm with youthful hope and
strength and pride,
"The world is ours to have and hold,"
we cry;
"We'll conquer it alone; no help we need:
Courage like ours fails not of victory."
But when the shadows of declining years
Over our pathway fall, we humbly pray,
"Dear Father, take us in thy sheltering
arms,
We are such children, put us not away."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON IV. [April 26.]

PAUL'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

Acts 21. 3-12. Memorize verses 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The will of the Lord be done.—Acts.
21. 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

To what city did Paul and his friends
come on a ship? What people did they
find there? What women once came to
Jesus there? (See Reading for Tuesday.)
How long did they stay? Where did the
ship stop at last? To what city did they
go next? How did they get there? What
disciple of Jesus lived there? What can
you tell about Philip? He was a deacon
and a good man. What did his four
daughters do? Who spoke through them?
The Holy Spirit. What prophet came
from Judea? What did he tell Paul?
Why did not Paul listen to him? He be-
lieved the Lord had called him to Jerusa-
lem.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Acts 21.
3-12.
- Tues. Read of the women of Tyre who
came to Jesus. Mark 7. 24-30.
- Wed. Find what once took place at Mount
Carmel. 1 Kings 18. 19-39.
- Thur. Read a story about Philip. Acts
8. 27-40.

- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn what Paul had learned.
Matt. 16. 25.
- Sun. Find what gave Paul comfort now.
2 Tim. 4. 7, 8.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That the way of duty is not always
easy.
2. That only love makes it easy.
3. That when God calls we must go.

LESSON V. [May 3.]

PAUL ARRESTED.

Acts. 21. 30-39. Memorize verses 30-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian: let
him not be ashamed.—1 Pet. 4. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Why did Paul go into the temple at
Jerusalem? To help some men to make
an offering. What was done to him there?
Who did it? Who came together? Was
his life in danger? Who took him from
the people? How were the words of
Agabus fulfilled? Where did the captain
and his band take Paul? To the Tower
of Antonia. Where was it? How was it
connected with the temple? What did
the soldiers have to do? What did Paul
say to the captain? Who did the captain
believe him to be? What permission did
he give him? Where did Paul stand?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how Paul was welcomed at
Jerusalem. Acts 21. 17-19.
- Tues. Read the good advice they gave
him. Acts 21. 20-25.
- Wed. Read Paul's speech on the prison
stairs. Acts 22. 1-21.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Acts 21.
30-39.
- Fri. Find why Paul was not ashamed.
Golden Text.
- Sat. Find why Paul was not to be pitied.
Matt. 5. 10-12.
- Sun. Read what Paul says about it. 2
Cor. 4. 8-11.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God lets his children go into
danger.
2. That he goes with them.
3. That he gives them power over his
enemies.

KITTEN WAYS.

Of all little kittens, Flop and Fluff had
surely the coldest kind of a welcome into
the world; for the snowflakes were falling
fast and thick on the day of their birth,
and the frosts were making their little bodies
shiver. But Flop and Fluff's good temper
seemed by no means ruffled by their un-
pleasant surroundings in the barnyard,
and as the days grew warmer again their

growth was watched by two little girls.

"I should just like to know if they
never fall out," said May one day.

The words were no sooner out of her
mouth than the time to find out came.
Into the yard came Mother Tabby with a
choice little mouse in her mouth. In a
moment she had given a call, and little
Fluff bounded to her mother's side to enjoy
the dainty morsel. Meanwhile Flop went
on playing with his straw until Fluff
joined him once more.

Again Mother Tabby went off, and in
a few minutes brought another tiny mouse.
As she called, Flop this time ran to her,
and quickly took his dinner.

Maybe Mother Tabby had a different
call for each of her children. At any rate,
each little kitten was well satisfied, and
did not try to snatch away the mouse from
the other.—*Christian Observer.*

NUMBER ONE.

"He is a Number One boy," said grand-
mother proudly; "a great boy for his
books. Indeed, he would rather read than
play, and that is saying a good deal for a
boy of ten."

"It is, certainly," returned Uncle John;
"but what a pity it is that he is blind!"

"Blind!" exclaimed grandmother, and
the Number One boy looked up too in
wonder.

"Yes, blind, and a little deaf also, I
fear," answered Uncle John.

"Why, John, what put that into your
head?" asked grandmother, looking per-
plexed.

"Why the Number One boy himself,"
said Uncle John. "He has been occupy-
ing the one easy-chair in the room all the
forenoon, never seeing you, nor his mother
when she came in for a few minutes' rest.
Then, when your glasses were mislaid, and
you had to climb upstairs two or three
times to look for them, he neither saw nor
heard anything that was going on."

"O, he is so busy reading," apologized
grandmother.

"That is not a very good excuse,
mother," replied Uncle John, smiling.
"If Number One is not blind or deaf, he
must be very selfish, indeed, to occupy the
best seat in the room, and let older people
run up and down stairs while he takes
his ease."

"Nobody asked me to give up my seat,
nor to run on errands," said Number One.

"That should not have been necessary,"
urged Uncle John. "What are a boy's
eyes and ears for if not to keep him posted
on what is going on around him? I am
glad to see you fond of books; but if a
pretty story makes you forget all things
except amusing Number One, better run
out and play with other boys, and let
grandmother enjoy the comfort of her
rocker in quiet."—*S. S. Advocate.*



THE MAY QUEEN.

In a grassy wood the first of May
These children met to spend the day;
A throne was built, an arch was raised,
And Annie T. was crowned and praised.

Her sceptre mild o'er subjects gay
She waved, while they their tribute pay
In roses red and violets blue;
The lovely queen so tender and true.

A NEW LESSON FOR TWO.

Little Emma had come to Cousin Grace's house one morning on an errand for her mamma.

"Come in," cried Grace, "and take off your hat, do."

"I can't," replied little Emma; "mamma said come right home."

"Oh! but you must see my dear new rabbits anyway. Come, they are just down here a little way."

Emma was much younger than Grace, and allowed herself to be led down through the garden to the rear of the shed where the pretty white rabbits blinked their pink eyes in the sunlight.

Little Emma was delighted and forgot all about going home for some time; then when at last she said again, "I must go right home, mother is waiting," Grace said quickly:

"Oh! I'm going to feed them now; you must see them eat. It don't take but a very few moments," and again little Emma became so interested she forgot all about going home. After all the lettuce leaves had been eaten, Grace found some-

thing even more delightful than the rabbits to keep her little cousin busy and interested.

At last Emma's mother became alarmed and came to find her. "Emma, I have always trusted you. How does it happen you neglected to obey this time?"

Her mother's tone was so severe little Emma looked ready to cry; she looked at Grace, and Grace looked at Emma, until all at once it occurred to the older cousin that it was her fault that Emma had not obeyed her mother, and her eyes fell in dismay.

"How did it happen?" repeated mamma.

Emma could not tell, so she began to cry very softly. That touched Grace's heart and made her brave.

"Auntie," she said, quickly, "it was all my fault. I coaxed her and coaxed her to stay. She was going right home, but I kept showing her my rabbits and

things so she couldn't get away. I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It is very brave of you to own it, dear," said auntie. "I'm sure you only meant to be kind to little Emma, so we will forgive the thoughtlessness, and Emma will soon learn to resist even kindness when it causes her to disobey."

So the two little girls walked back to the house together, feeling quite comforted and happy again, and each little girl had learned a new lesson that morning.

REST.

A mother was talking to her sick and dying child, trying to soothe the suffering one. First she told the little one of the music in heaven that she would hear, of the harps and songs of joy.

"But, mamma," spoke the feeble child, "I am so sick; it would give me pain to hear that music."

The mother, grieved at the failure of her words to comfort her darling, next told her of the river of life gushing from the throne of God and of the lovely scenes of the New Jerusalem. She talked at length and finally paused.

"Mamma, I'm too sick," lisped the dying child, "too tired, to like those pretty things."

Deeply pained, the mother tenderly lifted the child, and pressed it to her bosom, and the little one said: "Mamma, this is what I want—rest; and if Christ will take me to his breast and let me rest, then I would like to go to heaven now."

UNDER THE STARS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said his father; "don't it strike you so?"

Father and mother and Sam had been sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool night breezes.

"Are you going up with me, farder?"

"Going up with you? Hallo, stranger, who are you? I thought this was my big boy, almost six years; but he goes to bed by himself."

"I know, farder, but it's kind o' lonesome up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?" asked mother, softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy in surprise; "course I ain't 'fraid, cause there ain't no rattlesnakes nor nothin' like that livin' here, but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter," said father, "and then I'll holler good-night to you."

"Papa," said Sam, "you aren't afraid for your little boy to sleep by himself, are you?"

"Not a bit."

"You wouldn't be afraid for him to sleep out-of-doors, even?"

"Out-of-doors, hey?"

"God would be certain to take care of me, even out-of-doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, then," said the little boy, triumphantly, "I want to sleep out here in the hammock to-night!"

"Oh, Sammy, you'd get scared in the night," cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he asked, innocently, "there wouldn't be anybody out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him put his Heavenly Father to the proof; he went upstairs and put on his little gown, said his prayers, and came down hugging a pillow in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him up in a big shawl, and before he had been in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit like leaving their only little boy out under the trees all night, but after watching his quiet sleep for a long time, they went to bed themselves. And all through the night, first papa and then mamma would steal to the window and look out at the little dark bundle rolled up in the hammock.

Once several dogs tore through the yard, growling and fighting; this brought the father and mother both to the window, but there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked mother in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little man of faith, "but course I knew God wasn't 'fraid of dogs!"

Give soft answers to harsh questions.