

SUNBEAM

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No. 23

THE BOY JESUS.

BY BISHOP J. W. HOTT.

The writer shall never forget his sitting beside the Virgin's Fountain, just below Nazareth, the only spring for the town, and looking upon the mothers and their children coming down at eventide for water, which these women and children carried away in large earthen jars upon their shoulders and heads. How the very heart toyed with fancies and images of the child life of Jesus! Did he tread these streets a barefooted boy? Did he come down this street to this same fountain at eventide, barefooted, beside his mother, and with her carry the water from this gurgling fountain to their humble home? What conflicts the mind had, not to believe the story of the youth-life of Christ, but to have a realization, a conviction, that such a life was lived here at Nazareth! Once fully grasped by the heart, the child-life of Jesus is a precious truth. This child-life sanctified and hallowed motherhood. It fitted his arms to receive and his hands to bless those who were carried to him. To-day, as then, he gathers the children to his bosom; and receiving them he also takes our hearts.

A HINT TO MEDDLERS.

A little white rose bloomed all by herself in a nook in the hedge. "Ah," cried the wind in passing, "what a pity you should be suffocated there! I will blow a hole in the hedge, and the breeze shall find you through it."

"I pray, sir, you will leave me as I

am; I breathe well enough," said the rose.

"I know better," said the wind, rending the hedge as he passed on, and the boys rushed through and made her tremble with fear.

"You are not well placed there," he said, as he came by again; "I will give you a better berth than that."

"I beg you will leave me as I am; I like my place well enough if it were not for the gap you made," said the rose.

But the wind would not listen; he

plied the hedge: "There are some folks who are never satisfied but when they are meddling in other folks' business. They think nobody can be happy except in their way; and you are one of them, and this bare stem is a specimen of your work.—*Sunday Hour.*"

RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys;

but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round, said:

"This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"



THE FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH.

broke her stem, and she fell to the ground. "Oh, you mustn't lie there!" he cried; "I will carry you to the spot that will suit you exactly."

"Nay, I entreat you to let me lie and fade in this pleasant grass," said the rose, beseechingly; but he caught her up and whirled her on a few yards, when her petals were scattered and her leafless stem was cast on the hedge.

"How is this?" exclaimed the wind.

"How is it? This is how it is," re-

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—*Selected.*

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

MINNA'S "WHATSOEVER."

The prize was to be a lovely little red Testament, with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one other class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think that I can get it," said Minna, to herself. "I know that Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy. He'll forget to study the verses, and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learned the first two chapters, and said them over to mother. Then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit traps, and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." There she stopped.

"If you had forgotten about the prize," whispered Conscience, "you would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated awhile, and then said, with a sigh, "Yes, I 'spect that is my 'whatsoever';" and a little while later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the class met at Miss Lucy's to try for the prize, Charlie won it. He had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said, as he saw the teacher take up her pen, "write 'Charlie and Minna Brent' in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me I would never have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah," said Miss Lucy, "I see that some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."—*Our Boys and Girls.*

A TRUE SOLDIER.

From the time Bertie was a baby he liked soldiers. Nothing delighted him more than to watch a parade, and the toys he liked best were a drum and soldier cap.

When he grew older his favourite play was to drill his little friends, and pretend that he was the captain of a regiment.

One day, when his cousin Arthur came to see him, Bertie wanted to play soldier.

All went happily while Bertie was the captain and could drill Arthur and the two little sisters, Netty and Mary; but as soon as Arthur wanted to be the captain, Bertie grew very angry and began to quarrel with his cousin.

His mother heard the angry voices and called Bertie in.

"But I want to be captain all the time," said Bertie. "I am going to be a real true soldier when I grow up, and then I shall be captain all the time and make everybody mind."

"If you would be a true soldier, Bertie," answered his mother, "you must learn first of all to control yourself. It is only a man who can govern himself that is fit to govern others. To command, you must first learn to obey, and then you will make a true soldier."

SHINING IN AT EVERY WINDOW.

We went, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it," I thought; and what a pity it was that her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my Sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks."

I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness—Jesus," she said, softly. "He shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked

happier than any one I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and every home happy.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

ONLY A CHILD.

I'm only a little child;
But mamma said one day
The smallest hands some work can do,
And the youngest heart can pray.

And O, I am so glad
To know that this is true,
That God has in his harvest-field
Something that I can do!

Some little corners where
My little hands may glean,
So I may bring a golden sheaf
When the grain is gathered in.

I'm only a little child,
But Jesus died for me,
Lord, give me every day new grace
To work for love of thee.

—*Selected.*

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

"Children," said Mr. Brown, "what is my watch good for?"

"To keep time," the children answered.

"Suppose it can't be made to keep time, what is it good for?"

"It is good for nothing," they replied.

"And what is this pencil for?"

"To mark with," said the children.

"Suppose it has no lead, and won't mark, what is it good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "what is the use of my knife?"

"To cut," answered the little ones.

"Suppose it has no blade," he asked again, "then what is the knife good for?"

"Good for nothing."

"Tell me, now," said Mr. Brown, "what is a boy or girl good for? What is the chief end of man?"

"Oh, that's catechism," cried Willie Brown. "To glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever."

"Very well. If a boy or girl does not do what he or she is made for, what is he or she good for?"

And the children all answered without seeming to think how it would sound: "Good for nothing."

Dear boys and girls, if you are not seeking "to glorify God and to enjoy him for ever," is it not just as if you were good for nothing?—*Selected.*

How much courage we have is proved not only by how we can use our fists but by the way we can meet a difficult problem in school or a hard disappointment outside. "I can't" or "just like my luck" are not very brave utterances, boys.

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HUMILITY.

BY DR. FABER.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord,
The simple are thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,
Thou makest there thy nest.

Dear Comforter, eternal Love,
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a nest for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy nest.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON VIII. [Nov. 24.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Isa. 5. 11-23. Memory verses, 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.—Isa. 5. 22.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

With what word does this lesson open? What does it mean? What is one of the great causes of woe? Strong drink. What are the people who follow strong drink? Slaves. Does God make them slaves? No; they do it themselves. When does this kind of slavery often begin? In childhood. How does it begin sometimes? In loving self more than God. Why do men often become slaves? Because they have not knowledge. Who knows all things? God. What does he say always follows strong drink? Woe. Does God's word ever fail? Never! When should we learn what God thinks of these things? Now; while we are young. Why should we never drink wine or strong drink? Because it causes woe.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses slowly. Isa. 5. 11-17.
- Tues. Learn the Golden Text.
- Wed. Read about others who have woe. Isa. 5. 18-23.
- Thur. Find out about man's kind of wine. Prov. 23. 29-32.
- Fri. Learn about heavenly drink. John 4. 14.
- Sat. See what God thinks of strong drink. Prov. 20. 1.
- Sun. Learn a good Bible pledge. Jer. 35. 6.

LESSON IX. [Dec. 1.]

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Ex. 3. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Certainly I will be with thee.—Ex. 3. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Moses living now? In Midian. What was he doing? Keeping the flock of Jethro. Who was Jethro? His father-in-law. To what mountain did he lead his flock one day? To Horeb. Who appeared to him there? The angel of the Lord. How did he appear? In a bush that burned, but was not consumed. Who called to Moses out of the bush? What did he tell him? That he had seen the troubles of his people. What did he say he would do? Deliver them. What did he call Moses to do? Lead the Israelites out of Egypt. Did Moses think he could do it? No; he was afraid. Who said he would be with him? Golden Text.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Ex. 3. 1-12.
- Tues. Find why Moses was in Midian. Ex. 2. 11-15.
- Wed. See God's love for his people. Psa. 135. 4.
- Thur. Learn why Moses was safe. Golden Text.
- Fri. Read about the faith of Moses. Heb. 11. 24-27.
- Sat. Find how God cares for us. Isa. 63. 9.
- Sun. Read a song of deliverance. Psa. 107. 8-14.

BEST LESSONS.

"Oh, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much. She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chatted this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton.

"What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are unfailing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is very sorry about it. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you go out in the world no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre.

But be sure of this: every one who meets you will know without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—*Union Signal*.

ALL SORTS OF DOLLS.

"When I was a little girl," said Auntie May at the breakfast table, "I had a china doll with a smooth head. Of course it was too fine to play with every day; for that I had a corn-cob dressed up."

"And you loved it, I suppose?" said Miss Alice.

"Indeed I did," answered Auntie May.

"Well, when I was a little girl," said Aunt Kate, "I used to have a crooked-neck squash for a doll."

"What fun!" cried both little girls together. "Mamma, won't you buy us some crooked-neck squashes when you go down town?"

"I had the best time you can think of with spoons for dolls," said Miss Alice. "I have forgotten their names, except one. There was always an unmarried aunt in the family, and she was called Sister Roxy."

"I had a different kind of a doll from any you have named," said mamma. "I would take my knee and wrap something around it, and sing to put it to sleep. It was so nice, because it was real skin, and alive, you know. The play was so real that I'd forget the doll was fastened to me till I had to get up."

"I do that, too," said Dollikins. (Dollikins' dearest delight is to do things just as her mother did when she was a little girl.) "And Mamie and I have something for dolls that I guess you never played with. Mamie takes my foot and plays it is her little baby, and I wiggle it and make it cry; and then I take her foot, so we're just crossed so [crossing one little arm over the other], and we rock them together. The toes are hair, you know."

We all laughed at the funny picture of the two foot babies, and then it was time to go to work.—*S. S. Advocate*.

Let the little hands that are ready to take
The things that our Father so freely
has given
Be ever ready to do a kind deed,
Till love to each other makes earth
seem like heaven.

He who does wrong because of his surroundings shows that he is wrong apart from his surroundings.

SUNSHINE.

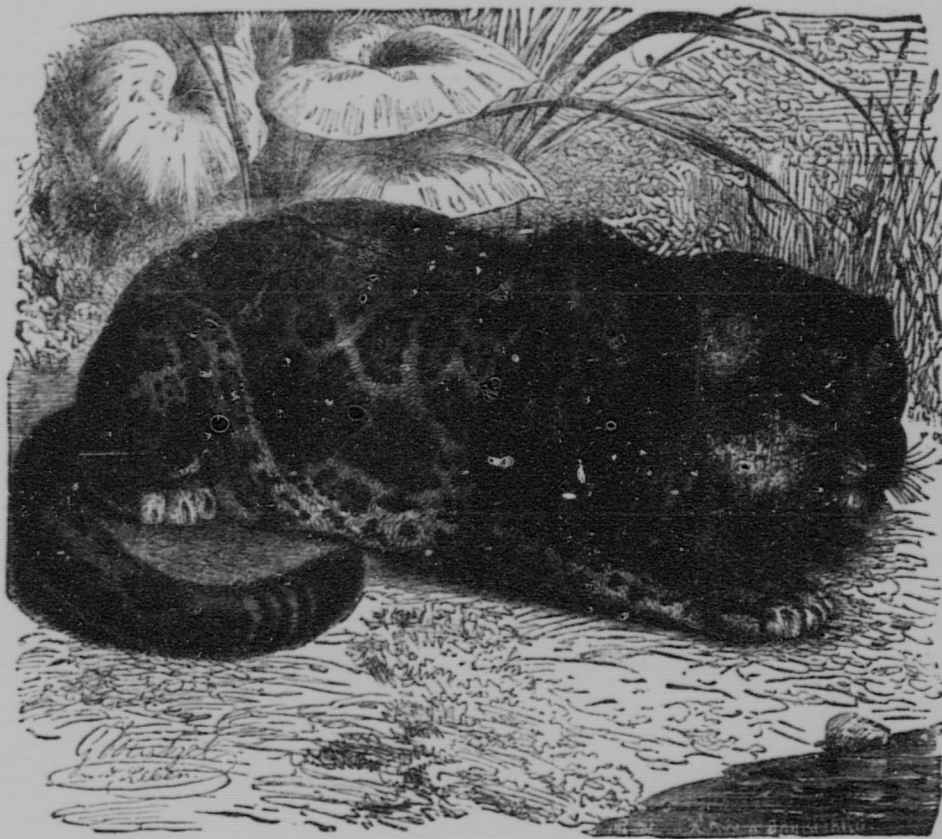
A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.

LET IT BE.

"Tell me a story, mamma, please,"
begged Jackie boy.

"Well, once upon a time there was a
mamma cat with two kittens. The mam-
ma cat said to the baby cats, 'Never touch
anything without first asking me, for
there are many things in this world that
hurt cats, that you would not dream could
unless you were told, for they look very
pretty and innocent.' The baby cats
minded until they grew pretty big for
babies, then they thought they knew as
much as mother cat. One day they saw
something crawling about that they had
never seen before. 'You'd better let it
be until we ask mother what it is,' said
Tabby. 'Pooh!' said Tommy. 'It is
too small to hurt. I'm going to play with
it.' Oh, my! what yelling and squall-



THE LEOPARD.

ing! The big horned beetle had caught
Tommy's paw between its sharp horns.
'I told you to let it be,' said Tabby."

"Oh!" said Jackie. "I know why
you make up that story. I'm always med-
dling with things and getting hurt. I
won't any more."

WE MUST WORK.

It is a terrible thing not to be earnestly
at work. You remember what the ant
said to the grasshopper. A grasshopper
went to an ant, when winter was coming
on, and said he wanted help. "But," said
the ant, "what have you been doing all
the summer?" "Well," the grasshopper
said, "I spent my time chirping and
jumping about and enjoying myself."

"Then be off," said the ant, "for I spent
the summer working hard to prepare for
winter time."

Dear little workers, here is a stronger
lesson still, and from that Book of books,
the Bible. Oh, what a warning it is!

"Then shall they answer him, saying,
Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or
athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or
in prison, and did not minister unto thee?
Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily
I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not
to one of the least of these, ye did it not
to me. And these shall go away into ever
lasting punishment: but the righteous
into life eternal."

THE WAY TO DO.

"I'm afraid they'll laugh at me!"

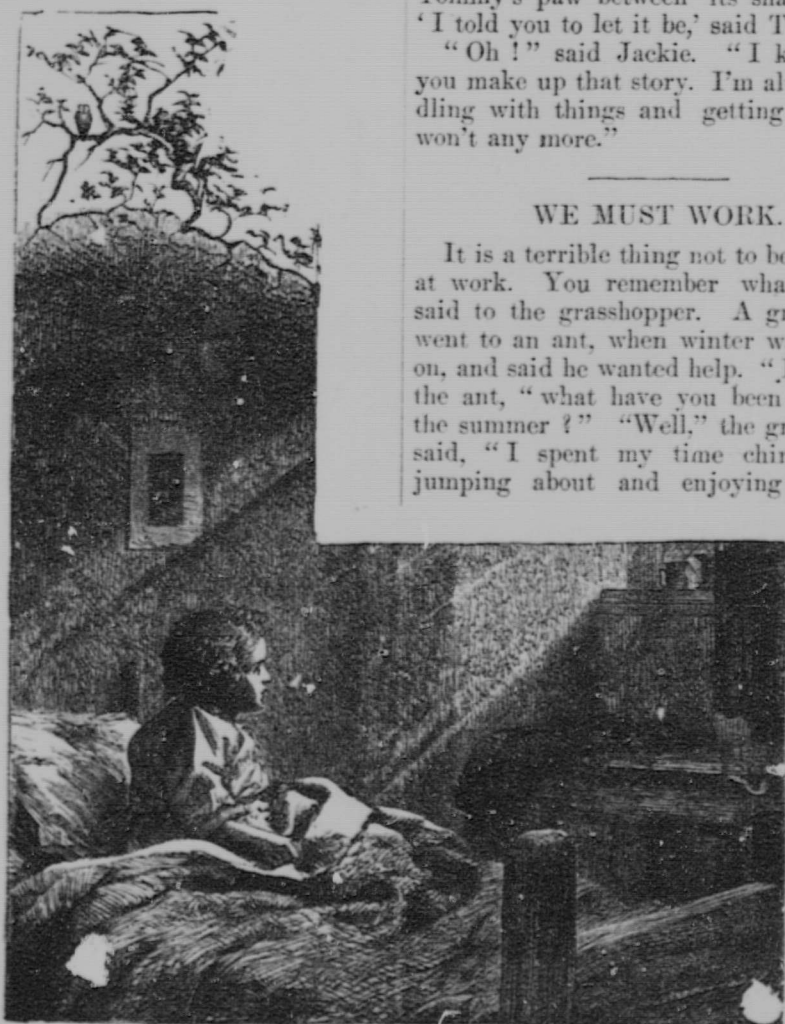
It was little Tot's first day in the kin-
dergarten school. Phil was taking her
on the way to his school.

"I'm 'fraid they'll laugh at me!"
cried little Tot.

"What if they do? You must just
laugh back again; that's what we do.
When you see them laughin', laugh as
hard as you can, and they'll like you for
it. People like people that laugh."

Tot was very much afraid that she
would cry instead of laugh; but every-
body was good, and when she remembered
what Phil said she smiled a great deal,
and they liked her very much.—*The May-
flower.*

Mind your hands! Don't let them steal,
or fight, or write any evil words.



WAKING WITH THE SUN.