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GOD LOVES TO HEAR.

BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Little children, kneel in prayer
When the morning throbs with light,
Thanking God for kindest care
Through the watches
of the night.

Little children, live in
prayer
Through the changing
hours of day;
For God's presence
everywhere
Stop and thank him
by the way.

Little children, kneel in
prayer
When the sun sinks
in the west;
God has given boun-
teous fare,
Now he gives you
peace and rest.

Little children, for your
prayer,
Welling from an hon-
est heart,
God will give a Father's
care.
And from you will
never part.

SAGACITY OF A FAVORITE DOG.

BY MRS. C. R. JOSSELYN.

Bonaparte, or Bony,
as usually called, was
the name borne by our
old friend, purchased on
account of his immense
size and build, for a
watch-dog at the store.

But for all his ferocious
appearance, his
demeanor was so noble and—when off
duty—gentle and do-
mestic qualities soon

caused him to become the pet of the house-
hold; and children on the street frolicked
with him as one of their own playmates.

Bony was much attached to a little
child, just old enough to sit alone upon

the floor, who for some months was an
innate of the family. He would lie down
beside her, allow her to pass her tiny
hands through his long hair, and use her
fists as hammers upon his prostrate body,

damp, left prints upon the white matting;
and as he approached the babe, his mis-
tress, fearing for the clean white frock, in-
voluntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bony, your
dirty paws!" The dog immediately raised
each paw in succession;
licked it clean carefully,
and then stretched him-
self contentedly beside
the child. The remark
was made at the time
"If we had read this
we would not have
credited it."

Changes occurring in
business, the store was
closed and Bony became
the home dog. His fa-
vorite position on sum-
mer evenings was at
the open street door, in
the front hall, his fore-
paws hanging over the
threshold. One evening
it chanced his mistress
was to be alone through
the night. Heavy clouds
were gathering, and a
thunderstorm of con-
siderable violence was
imminent. A caller ex-
pressed regret, on going
out of the door, to have
the lady stay alone, and
remarked, "I wish Pat-
rick" (a former servant
in the family, then liv-
ing some quarter of a
mile below) "could
come and sleep in the
house." The evening
was sultry, and the lady
afterward sat reading
with open doors. By
and by the dog sprang
to his feet, hunted a
short distance down the
road, rushed back to his
mistress' side, repeating
it several times, with



BONAPARTE.

with apparent delight. During a summer
shower, he ran in through an open door
to the room where the child sat upon the
floor, at her mother's feet, busy with play-
things scattered about. His feet being

apparent anxiety, so that at last the lady
followed him to the door, if possible to
ascertain the cause. The night had become
fearfully dark, footsteps were approach-
ing. Bony left her side, and sprang joy-

ously on the man, who proved to be Patrick on his way to the store. Whether the dog intended it or not, he conveyed a pleasant message to his mistress.

Bony had two bad tricks, of which, in spite of punishment, he was never broken. One was sucking hen's eggs on the sly, thus getting into disgrace with his neighbors sometimes. And though the cruel joke of filling an empty shell with pepper for his benefit was played upon him, the fault remained. Barking at horses was another grave offence, which nearly cost the life of the old village physician as he passed one day on horseback.

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TORONTO, JULY 8, 1905.

WHY TOM AND MAISIE DIDN'T GO.

BY DALY RHODES CAMPBELL.

"There, now! didn't I tell you to go away, and yet you keep on standing right there!"

The speaker was a boy who stood near the gate leading out of a large yard. In the path before him was a little girl. But she never moved, although the boy came nearer, as if to push her away.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, in an angry tone.

"Tom," said the little girl, "you know you'll be sorry if you go; you know father don't 'low us to go off to picnics and fishing without asking. And then there's Ben Arden: he's not a nice boy. Don't you know how wet you were and how you hurt your foot when you went wading with him, and how he threw big stones at you?"

"Girls don't know about boys," Tom said crossly. "Father is away off in the

country. Of course I can't ask him. Maisie, I don't believe you want to go, one bit."

"Yes, I do," said his sister, the tears springing to her eyes; "but father said he trusted us. Just think how he would look when he came home and didn't find us!"

Tom growled: "Oh, bother! I never saw such a girl! I'm going, anyhow, so you'd better let me get to that gate."

But Maisie stood there. "Now, Tom, stay with me," she said; "you know, with Biddy gone, how 'traid I'll be!"

Tom turned away. "You're the biggest trouble!" he said; but he stayed.

When father came home, he said the minute he saw them: "I met a crowd of people going to a picnic, but I felt sure my boy and girl wouldn't go without leave."

"It was Maisie that was all right," Tom said; for Tom was honest. And he told his father the whole thing.

"Never mind," his father said: "I've brought home a whole picnic in my pocket; Biddy isn't going to get supper—she's off—but I am, and you're going to help."

So father took off his coat, and into the kitchen they all went and at once set merrily to work. What fun they had together! And such a fine supper you never saw in all your life.

THE WEE SOLDIER.

Harry's vacation, to use his own words, was "just no good at all, cause the very first week I was took down with the measles."

In justice to the little man, however—who, early in the summer, coaxed his mamma to buy him a uniform, and who ever since has "made believe soldier"—I must tell my little readers that he showed the spirit of a hero during the long days of the quarantine; for, according to his mother's statement, the dear boy never murmured, not even when denied the food he longed for. At such times he would bite his lips as if to keep back complaints, and then say: "I'm a truly soldier now, ain't I, mamma?"

"As soon as the horrid card was took down," Harry's uncle took him for a drive into the country, where, greatly to the boy's delight, at a farm-house where they stopped for dinner he saw many things which to him were strangely new. Nothing so took his fancy, however, as the dear little chicks, which, as the farmer's children told him, were hatched late "'cause Biddy stole her nest." Imagine, then, if you can, children, Harry's joy, when he had taken a seat in the carriage and was about to say good-bye, to have pressed into his hand a box by the country lad who had so admired the uniform, like a "truly soldier," and on opening it to find two little chicks. He screamed so with delight

when told that they were his own to keep that the giver blushed with pleasure.

The thoughtfulness of one child, however, and the joy of the other, placed the one who held the reins in an awkward dilemma; but at last he ventured: "You are very kind to give Harry some of your little pets, but I cannot consent to his taking them from you. They are so little that they would surely die without the old hen to scratch for them."

"But I can't part with them," said Harry, ruefully, holding the box tightly. "Do let me keep 'em, uncle! I won't let 'em die. I can't give 'em up!"

"But, Harry, dear, how would you like it if I should give you away to some strange man at the roadside?"

At this query the boy's face grew very red, but he showed no signs of relenting and so his uncle continued: "What would you have done when you had the measles if you had not had any mamma to care for you? If you leave the chicks with the mother hen, she will care for them and so that no harm comes to them; but if you insist on taking them away from her, they will die."

Harry is not only a brave boy, but he has a tender heart as well, and in evidence of it I am glad to be able to state that he at once returned the chicks to the farmer boy. Then, with a sob in his voice, he said, "Please drive fast;" adding a little later, with an effort at self-control, "If hadn't been a soldier, I should have been a cry-baby."

A CHILD'S LOVE.

A lady friend is intimately acquainted with a family in which there is a sweet bright little boy of some five years, between whom and herself there has sprung up a very tender friendship. One day she said to him, "Willie, do you love me?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, with a kiss. "How much?"

"Why, I love you—I love you up to the sky."

Just then his eye fell upon his mother. Flinging his arms about her and kissing her passionately, he exclaimed: "Oh mamma, I love you 'way up to God!"

Christ has come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to fling off the oppressor in the strength of faith in him.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of thy heart come all the issues of life.

IF I WERE YOU.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That every one would turn to say:
"Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my girl, that's what I'd do
If were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might

To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in days of old.
"Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy I know
I would be so.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON III.—JULY 16.

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

Isa. 52. 13 to 53. 12. Memorize vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity
of us all.—Isa. 53. 6.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Compare Isa. 53. 3 and Mark 14. 65.
- Tues. Compare Isa. 53. 4, 5 and Matt. 26. 36-42.
- Wed. Compare Isa. 53. 6-8 and Mark 15. 1-20.
- Thur. Compare Isa. 53. 9 and Mark 15. 42-47.
- Fri. Compare Isa. 53. 12 and Luke 23. 32-46.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Compare Isa. 53. 11 and Rev. 1. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did Isaiah live? What visions did he have? Who gave them to him? How could he understand them? Why can we understand them? Because Jesus has come into the world. What kind of a picture does the prophet make? Of our Saviour's suffering and death for us. Is this easy for children to think about? What is

much easier? A story. Can you see love? How do you know where it is? How did God show his love for us? Through Christ. Why have you an eye within your heart? To whom does Jesus make himself known? What may we ask him to do within us? What does he want us to be?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Love who made us also redeemed us from sin.
2. He followed us down through sorrow, pain and death.
3. Love is the greatest thing in the world.

LESSON IV.—JULY 23.

THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.

Isa. 55. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.
—Isa. 55. 6.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find Isaiah's picture of the Good Shepherd. Isa. 40. 11.
- Tues. Find also his picture of the Redeemer. Isa. 61. 1-3.
- Wed. Read his poem about the latter days. Isa. 60.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 55. 1-13.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn a beautiful promise. Isa. 43. 2.
- Sun. Read another prophecy about Christ. Isa. 42. 1-4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the prophet Isaiah? What did he make? How were they kept for us? What kings reigned in his lifetime? Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah. Who was the best of these kings? Hezekiah. What did Isaiah see in the temple? What was done to him? What did it do for him? Of what may it have been a sign? What kind of words did he sometimes have to speak? What very different words did he speak also? What have some people thought? What kind of words are in our lesson? Gracious and encouraging words. What does he offer the people? Heavenly food and drink. Why does he want them to take these things from him? That their souls may live.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. A man may be God's voice to men;
2. But he must first be touched by God's Spirit,
3. And be willing to do anything that he is sent to do.

That which a man suffers for this world fills his heart with darkness; but that which he suffers for the other fills it with light.

A LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY LOUISE BAKER.

Helen said her catechism to her mother, the first whole page, mother asking the questions in her sweet grave voice and Helen answering without missing a word. "That was well done for a little six-year-old girl," said mother, smiling into Helen's blue eyes.

Then a smaller girl came to mother's knees. This was Frances, the baby, aged three.

"Want to do to Tunday-tool," said Frances.

"Sunday-school doesn't begin until two o'clock, dear," said mother. "If you promise to be good you can go with Helen."

"Want to do to Tunday-tool now," said Frances eagerly. "Want to do to 'ittle Tunday-tool."

"She calls it little Sunday-school when there's nobody but her and me," explained Helen. "Sometimes I preach, and she does too."

"Want to tay my 'esson," declared the baby.

"Say your lesson, indeed!" said mother, with a soft little laugh. "Why, Francy, you can't talk yet!"

"Want to—to tay 'esson," repeated Frances, and her lip began to quiver.

So mother reopened the book and asked, "Who made you?"

"Dod," said Frances.

"What else did God make?" asked mother, looking at Frances instead of at the book.

"All t'ings," said Frances.

Mother was so surprised at the way in which her little bit of a girl answered the second question in Helen's catechism that she kept on down the page until she had heard every one of the questions.

"There, she said every word," said Helen, delighted at her little sister's success.

"Now we had 'ittle Tunday-tool," said Frances, quietly.

"This afternoon we'll go to big Sunday-school," said Helen, laughing.

The little six-year-old girl was very happy leading the little three-year-old girl into the Sunday-school room at two o'clock sharp.

"Why, she's a baby!" said the teacher.

"She can't talk plain yet," said Helen, "but mother heard her say my lesson this morning and she knew every word."

Then Frances looked gravely into the smiling eyes of Helen's Sunday-school teacher and said slowly, "Dod made all t'ings."

And what did the teacher think?

She thought that one of the sweetest things God had made was a little yellow-haired girl who could say her Sunday-school lesson before she could talk plain.



THE ESCAPED BIRDIE.

Grace's thrush has flown away. She had opened the door, just a little, to put something in his cage, and somehow or other, Pete had all that morning been thinking of his first home in the woods, and longing, oh, so intensely, for his freedom. So the minute Grace opened the door of his cage, the naughty bird saw his chance, and away he flew before his little mistress could move to prevent him. In the picture we see Gracie, with the open cage before her, beseeching the truant to return. He did not come that day nor the next, but the day after that, when they had almost given him up, what should they hear but a few sad little "cheeps," and, looking towards the cage, for the door had been left always open, there he was, very much the worse for his travels, and, like the prodigal, very, very glad to get back. And Gracie was just as glad as he.

JESSIE'S NEW FRIENDS.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Pretty little Jessie Hopkins lived in a big, crowded city. When the summer came she drooped like a flower without sunshine. Dr. Barr looked at her and said: "This little girlie ought to be in the country. She cannot stand the long, hot summer here."

Jessie's mother hardly knew what to do. She was not rich and she could think of no relative or friend to whom she could send her little girl. Then something happened. A letter came from Cousin Amy Blair, whom Mrs. Hopkins had not heard of for years. She wrote that she had

heard that little Bessie was not well, and begged them both to visit her at her home in a little village near Lake Lemon.

Jessie had never been in the country, and she had three friends she didn't like to leave.

"Why, mother, Cousin Amy hasn't any little children; I'll be very lonesome," she said.

But she did not seem to feel the lack of playmates when she reached Cousin Amy's. Such a big, big yard near a meadow, with flowers to find, fruit to eat, and so many new things to see every day!

One day she rushed into the house very much excited at one of these "new things."

"Come, quick," she cried, "there are lots of little ants out here building a house."

"Just think how many friends I have!" Jessie said one day.

"There are the ants, the birds and the flowers, and the cunning little stones in the walks and a funny frog I call 'Grumpy'; and there are little wriggley worms and caterpillars—oh, they're the nicest friends. And there are Cousin Amy and Cousin Artie and old Auntie Barnes.

When the beautiful summer came to an end, Jessie went back to her father, a bright, plump, healthy girl.

Next summer, Cousin Amy says, they must come again.

UNDER THE HAYCOCK.

"Please, sister, give me your rake, it all slips through mine."

"No, no," said Mildred, shaking her big sunbonnet, "this is mine, father gave me this one; you mustn't take mine, that would not be fair;" and the little haymaker bustled hither and yon, dragging a scattering trail of new-mown hay after her.

But Dora stood still and whimpered; she was the little sister, and she always thought Mildred's things were better than hers; she wanted to drink out of Mildred's cup, and eat from Mildred's plate, and wear her sunbonnet, and sleep on her pillow. But she loved the bigger sister with all her warm heart and thought her the greatest person in the world.

Mildred went on raking, but the distressed little face under the other sunbonnet spoiled all pleasure for her, and it was not long before the two rakes had changed hands and the little rakers were flying about the haycocks.

Now the sun was hot and the field was wide, and long before sunset the farmer found his two little workers, like Boy Blue, "under the haycock, fast asleep."

Mildred woke with a start: "Why, here's Dora!" she cried.

"Where did you expect her to be?" asked the farmer.

"Oh-h-h," said she, with a sigh of relief, "it was all a dream."

Farmer asked about the dream as his two little girls walked home across the sweet-smelling fields, with their hands in his.

"I thought I had lost Dora," Mildred told him. "Then I thought God must have taken her to heaven, and I felt lonesome, oh, just dreadful lonesome! But Dora," (and the little face was bright with smiles) "I certainly was glad I had given you my rake when you asked for it!"

"Ah, my little girls," said the farmer, "I've often heard of people being sorry, yes, heart-sorry, for kind deeds they had not done, but no one was ever yet found who was sorry for having done a kind and loving act!"

THE BOY WITH TWO TEMPER.

A little bad boy with a little cross face

Came slowly down-stairs in the morning;

Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace;

He fretted and cried without warning; He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not play!

If you spoke, he just answered by snarling;

He teased his pet kitty; and all the long day

He really was "nobody's darling."

A little good boy with a little bright face

Came down in the morning time, singing,

And indoors and out, and all over the place,

His laughter and music went ringing; He ran grandpa's errands; his orange shared

With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;

To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,

And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys who are wholly alike,

Though they live in one house, are brothers;

That good little lad and that bad little fellow; Have not two kind fathers and mothers

But there are two tempers to only one boy; And one is indeed such a sad one

That when with the good one he brings all joy,

We ask, "Has he really a bad one?"

"Ma," said a little girl, "Willie was the biggest piece of pie, and I sink I ought to have it, 'cause he was eatin' pie years 'fore I was borned."