

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, MARCH 19, 1904.

No. 6.

EASTER EGGS.

What could be more beautiful or more appropriate than the symbolism of the Easter eggs? Each year, at this spring-

tide festival, they seem to come to us with new meaning and fresh power. The dainty little book of Anna Barrows, so recently published, with its "Facts and Fancies" concerning "Eggs," is so timely and appropriate that we cannot resist giving copious extracts from its pages for the benefit of our readers:

"The most prevalent and characteristic custom of the Easter festival has always been the giving of eggs. Sometimes they were eaten, oftener kept as amulets, or used in playing games.

"The pagan people at their New Year feasts presented each other with eggs as a type of the new life of nature—which they coloured to show their joy at the return of spring. The Druids used eggs in the worship of the Goddess Eoestre. The early Christians continued this practice and coloured the eggs red to symbolize the blood of their redemption.

"The contrast between the cold, lifeless egg and the warm, downy chicken, full of life and motion, may well have made the former an emblem of the endless life of the soul. A German writer says: 'The egg as a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus, who broke forth from the grave as a chicken from the shell, has been from very ancient date

an Easter gift with Christians. After the fourth century the church prohibited the use of eggs, as well as of other animal food during Lent, but the

churches allow their use during the Lenten feast.

"From the custom of giving Easter eggs we have derived the pleasant fashion of sending cards and small gifts at that season. Naturally many of these take the form of the egg, though resembling it in no other way.

"The shop windows at this season seem like huge bird-nests filled with all manner of fanciful eggs. There are eggs of all sizes, made of confectionery and more enduring materials, chocolate eggs with cream where the yolk should be, eggs adorned with mottoes, eggs of soap, of glass and china, ostrich eggs for bombon boxes, egg-shaped boxes, baskets and lockets, notepaper to imitate egg-shells, etc.

"At the pagan New Year festivals many games were played with eggs. In this country there has of late been a revival of some of these games with other quaint Easter customs. Many children in days past have matched their eggs or rolled them over the green grass lots in the grounds of the White House at Washington.

"Passion week in Paris may be called the feast of eggs. In the streets may be heard the cries of 'des oeufs' from women bearing piles of red and white eggs on barrows, and everybody presents his neighbour with an egg, real or artificial."

Jesus is the best friend to have.



hens were heretical enough to keep on laying and the accumulated eggs were dyed for the children at Easter. The Greek Church still forbids the use of eggs during Lent, but other

THE SWEETEST BABY IN THE LAND.

"Sweetest baby in the land,
Sweeter none could ever be—
Sister thinks it, sister knows it."
Who's a better judge than she?

"Little footies soft as down,
Rose and snow in them I see,
Lumps of sweetness, sister knows it."
Who's a better judge than she?

"Eyes of blue and bright as stars,
Looking up with wondrous glee—
None so bright, and sister knows it."
Who's a better judge than she?

"Little lippies, dewy tender,
How they strive to talk to me!
Angels teach them, sister knows it."
Who's a better judge than she?

"All sweet babies in creation
Are not half so sweet to see.
Sister thinks it, sister knows it."
Who's a better judge than she?

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Subs
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday school helper, 45 pp., 8vs., monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly under 4 copies	0 50	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 20	
Over 20 copies	0 25	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
New Drops, weekly	0 18	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2156 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUENES, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1904.

PERSEVERANCE.

A little girl being given a task in needlework by her mother, took a chair out under a shady tree in the yard and prepared to finish it. The surroundings out there were very pleasant. The birds sang merrily as they flew from limb to limb; the air was mild and balmy; and everything looked cheerful and bright; yet she was unhappy and discontented. She did not want to work; and while the task was not hard, she imagined it was

and thought she was tired before she began it. So, instead of beginning at once and getting it done soon, she let her work lie idly in her lap.

Then her gaze fell on a little busy ant which was trying to drag along a crumb of bread very much larger than itself, but it came to a twig which it found hard to crawl over with its burden. The ant tried to pull it over the twig, and after getting it up a little tumbled off. Next it tried to push the crumb over, and the burden tumbled over on it. The insect could have easily gone round the twig, but it did not seem to think of this, and went on dragging and tumbling in the same old way. Finally it got over, and proceeded on its way.

This set the little girl to thinking, and she wondered what made the ant do as it had done. Something said it was perseverance, and the birds seemed to sing over and over again, "Perseverance," until she picked up the sewing, and was surprised to find how soon it was finished. Often afterwards, when tempted to neglect or put off some duty, the little girl thought of the ant, and whispering to herself "Perseverance," soon put the tempter to flight.

CARL'S PROMISE.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

"Hurrah! There's a picnic to-morrow, a ride to the lake, then fishing and swimming—a jolly good time all round!" and Carl Hammond ran into the house, tossing his cap in boyish delight. "It isn't to cost us a cent. Tom Kingman's Uncle Frank has invited all the members of the Nature Club!"

Carl didn't notice the look of disappointment that suddenly came into his sister Bessie's face, but Mrs. Hammond did.

"And you're going?"

"Why, yes; if you and father are willing," replied Carl, in surprise. "You don't want me to stay at home, do you, mother, when the club's invited, and I'm the president of it?"

"But haven't you a previous engagement, dear? Haven't you promised to go somewhere else?"

"Not that I know of. Oh, yes; I told Bessie I'd take her to the pony show in the afternoon; but then, she can wait. We can go some other time."

Bessie left the room while Carl was speaking.

"But it closes to-morrow, dear," replied Mrs. Hammond. "There will not be another opportunity. Bessie has set her heart on going; she's very fond of animals! The paper says it's the finest exhibition in a number of years."

"But there'll be another some time, and the club doesn't get a chance very

often to go away on a picnic like this one."

"However pleasurable such an outing would be," said his mother, slowly, "you should remember that a promise should never be broken. It should be a principle of every boy always to keep an agreement."

"But I'll go some other time."

Bessie unselfishly concealed her disappointment the next morning, as Carl was preparing for the day's picnic.

"Hope you'll have a lovely time, Carl," she called gaily, as he went slowly down the path.

"I wish the picnic hadn't come to-day," thought Carl as he turned the corner. "Bessie doesn't care, though, as I thought she would. I guess she didn't want to go so much, after all."

He was silent a minute.

"The promise, though—I oughtn't to—"

When Carl entered the Kingman yard, his mind was made up.

"I'll just tell them I can't go. Picnic or no picnic, I'll keep my promise!"

"Hallo! We're waiting!" called Tom, jovially. "We're all here now but Dick Needham."

"He's coming! There he is!" called a chorus of voices, as Dick came hurriedly down the street.

"That's good!" said Tom's uncle. "There are two qualities every boy ought to possess—promptness and the habit of keeping an agreement. The team will be here in a minute."

"I think I can't go, boys," said Carl.

"Not going!" exclaimed the boys.

"And you're president of the club!"

"I forgot yesterday that I had another engagement," declared Carl, manfully.

"I must keep my agreement."

"Certainly," replied Uncle Frank.

"He's right, boys. We're sorry, but we'll go again, some time."

"You back!" cried Bessie, a little later, in surprise, running down to the gate. "Don't you want—"

"To take you to the pony show?" interrupted Carl. "Why, of course!"

Carl wondered why he had such a good time that afternoon. Don't you imagine it was because of the promise kept.—*The Morning Star.*

Bessie was early taught about Jesus, and she cannot remember a time when she did not love him; nor can she remember a time when she did not pray to him morning and evening, and she knows that her prayers are heard. Once her teacher asked her: "Bessie, have you found the Saviour yet?" "Why, teacher, I have never lost him," was the sweet reply. Can you say you have never lost the Saviour, but have always felt that he was with you?—*Olive Plants.*

LES

FIR

SIX MONTHS W

LESSON

And Jesus v
ing in their
the gospel of t
manner of sic

Titles and
oughly studied

1. The B. of
2. The P. of
3. B. and T.
4. J. R. at N
5. J. C. F. I
6. A. S. in C
7. J. F. S.
8. J. and the
9. H. and D.
10. J. C. the
11. D. of J. d
12. J. F. the

SECU

LES

JESUS VI
Mark 7. 24-37

Without fai
him.—Heb. 11

QUESTIO

Who asked
Why? How d
did he go after
call the "gr
anean Sea.
Who followed



JESUS CONDEMNED.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 27.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.—Matt. 4. 23.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The B. of J. And Jesus—
2. The P. of J. the B. Repent ye: for—
3. B. and T. of J. And lo a voice—
4. J. R. at N. He came unto his
5. J. C. F. D. If ye continue—
6. A. S. in C. He laid his hands
7. J. F. S. The Son of man—
8. J. and the S. It is lawful to—
9. H. and D. of W. Be ye doers of—
10. J. C. the S. He maketh the—
11. D. of J. the B. Be thou faithful—
12. J. F. the F. T. Jesus said unto—

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

JESUS VISITS TYRE AND SIDON.

Mark 7. 24-37. Memorize verses 27-29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Without faith it is impossible to please him.—Heb. 11. 6.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who asked Jesus strange questions? Why? How did he answer them? Where did he go after this? What do we now call the "great sea"? The Mediterranean Sea. What did he try to do? Who followed him? What had come into

her daughter? What did she ask Jesus to do? Of what nation was she? How did Jesus try her faith? Did this trouble her? What did she reply? What did Jesus say to her then? What made her so humble? Faith in Jesus and love for her child. What did she find when she went home? Have we faith and love like this? Who did Jesus heal after his return to Galilee?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Mark 7. 24-37.
- Tues.* Find answers to as many questions as you can.
- Wed.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Thur.* Read of one who taught the truth of God in this land. 1 Kings 17.
- Fri.* Find that Jesus was known to this people.
- Sat.* Learn a reason for being in earnest. Jer. 29. 13.
- Sun.* Find a promise for the Phœnician woman and for us. Psa. 145. 19.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. No one is a stranger to Jesus.
2. Though he may seem to be a stranger to us, he is not.
3. Faith, hope, and love always win at last.

LESSON I.—APRIL 3.

EASTER LESSON.

John 20. 11-13. Memorize verses 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.—John 20. 20.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Why was it that Jesus could rise from the dead? Because he is the Lord of life.

What does his resurrection promise to us? A resurrection to life. Who has shown us this great truth? Jesus. On what morning did he rise from the dead? On the morning of the first day of the week. What has this day been called ever since? The Lord's Day. Who was the first to see Jesus alive? Mary. Which Mary was this? Did she find Jesus in the tomb? Whom did she see there? What did she do? What caused her to weep? She thought the body of Jesus had been taken away by his enemies. What did she hear a voice say? Whose voice was it? Who did she think spoke to her? What did Jesus say then to her? "Mary." Did she know his voice? What did she call him? "Dear Master." What did he tell her to do? "Go and tell the disciples."

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses carefully. John 20. 11-18.
- Tues.* Learn the Golden Text, and ask "Am I glad?"
- Wed.* Find why Mary was not afraid. 1 John 4. 18.
- Thur.* Read L. ke's story of the resurrection. Luke 24. 1-11.
- Fri.* Read who has conquered death. 1 Cor. 15. 57.
- Sat.* Read a beautiful Resurrection hymn. 242 in Methodist Hymnal.
- Sun.* Learn something about the resurrection of plant life.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord is our life. He has said so.
2. Life from the Lord cannot die.
3. If we love and obey the Lord we shall live for ever.

A GOLDEN SECRET.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

There was a little maiden who had a little purse,
She freely used the money she always found within it;
And though she spent without a stint, she never was the worse,
For back and back the bright coins came and filled it every minute.

And so the little maiden went spending every day,
A happy life was hers, indeed, and full of friends and brightness;
Yet any one can follow her along her joyous way,
For (in your ear I whisper it) the purse was called "Politeness"!

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.



SIMON THE CYRENIAN BEARING THE CROSS.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

In the Master's harvest-field
There is work to do;
Gleanings we may gather
Though there be but few.

Little golden clusters
Gathered in the field
By the busy gleaners,
Will a harvest yield.

Toiling in the morning,
Toiling through the day,
Using every moment,
Ere they pass away.

Gathering, gladly gathering,
As the moments fly,
Toiling for the Master—
Resting by and by.

THE TOILET OF THE FLY.

The toilet of the fly is as carefully attended to as that of the most frivolous of human insects. With a contempt for the looking-glass, he brushes himself up and wabbles his little round head, chock full of vanity, wherever he happens to be. Sometimes after a long day of dissipation and flirting, with his six small legs and little round body all soiled with syrup and

butter and cream, he passes out of the dining-room and wings his way to the clean white cord along which the morning-glories climb, and in this retired spot, heedless of the crafty spider who is practising gymnastics a few feet above him, he proceeds to purify and sweeten himself for the refreshing repose and soft dreams of the balmy summer night, so necessary to one who is expected to be early at breakfast. It is a wonderful toilet. Resting himself on his front and middle legs, he throws his hind legs rapidly over his body, binding down his frail wings for an instant with the pressure, then raking them over with a backward motion, which he repeats until they are bright and clean. Then he pushes the two legs along his body under his wings, giving that queer structure a thorough currying, every now and then throwing the legs out and rubbing them together to remove what he has collected from his corporal surface. Next he goes to work upon his van. Resting upon his hind and middle legs, he raises his two forelegs and begins a vigorous scraping of head and shoulders, using his proboscis every little while to push the accumulation from his limbs. At times he is so energetic that it seems as if he were trying to pull his head off, but no fly ever committed suicide.

Some of his motions very much resemble pussy at her toilet. It is plain, even to the naked eye, that he does his work thoroughly, for when it is finished he looks like a new fly, so clean and neat has he made himself within a few minutes. The white cord is defiled, but floppy is himself again, and he bids the morning glories a very good evening.

THE PET FOX.

A fox had been eating the chickens, and Julius and David set a trap to catch him. They did not catch the old one, but one morning they found a young fox in their trap.

"We won't kill him," said Julius: "we'll keep him in this barrel, and chain him so he can't get away, and we'll teach him good manners."

"Yes," said David, "we'll train him up to behave well and not meddle with the chickens."

The boys were very kind to the baby fox. They fed him every day and played with him and taught him tricks, and by and by thought they could trust him out around the yard. For awhile all went well, but as the little fox grew larger and his sharp teeth came, he began to act out the fox nature. He was tempted one day to catch and eat a chicken, and when he had once got a taste he made sad havoc in the barnyard.

The boys were grieved, and their father said, "He must die! we'll shoot him; he is not a safe pet to have among the fowls."

We can't change the nature of an animal. A fox will be a fox, a pig will be a pig, a tiger will be a tiger, no matter how much pains you take to train them.

And what does this teach us? It teaches us that sin will always be sin, and God says we cannot of ourselves get sin out of our hearts. But God can change our sinful nature, and he will if we will let him. He sent his dear Son into the world to save us from sin. "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins," said the angel when Christ was born. Yes, Jesus can take the sinful nature out, he can put his own spirit within, and then we can live pure and holy lives.

STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE.

Little Johnnie's papa is forgetful. One day his wife asked him the name of a cough medicine that she wanted him to get for her. He answered: "I declare, I can't remember. My memory is getting worse and worse every day. Let me see, I had it on the end of my tongue a minute ago."

Little Johnnie spoke up and said: "Stick out your tongue, pa, and let me see it. Perhaps the name is on it yet."