

SUNBEAM

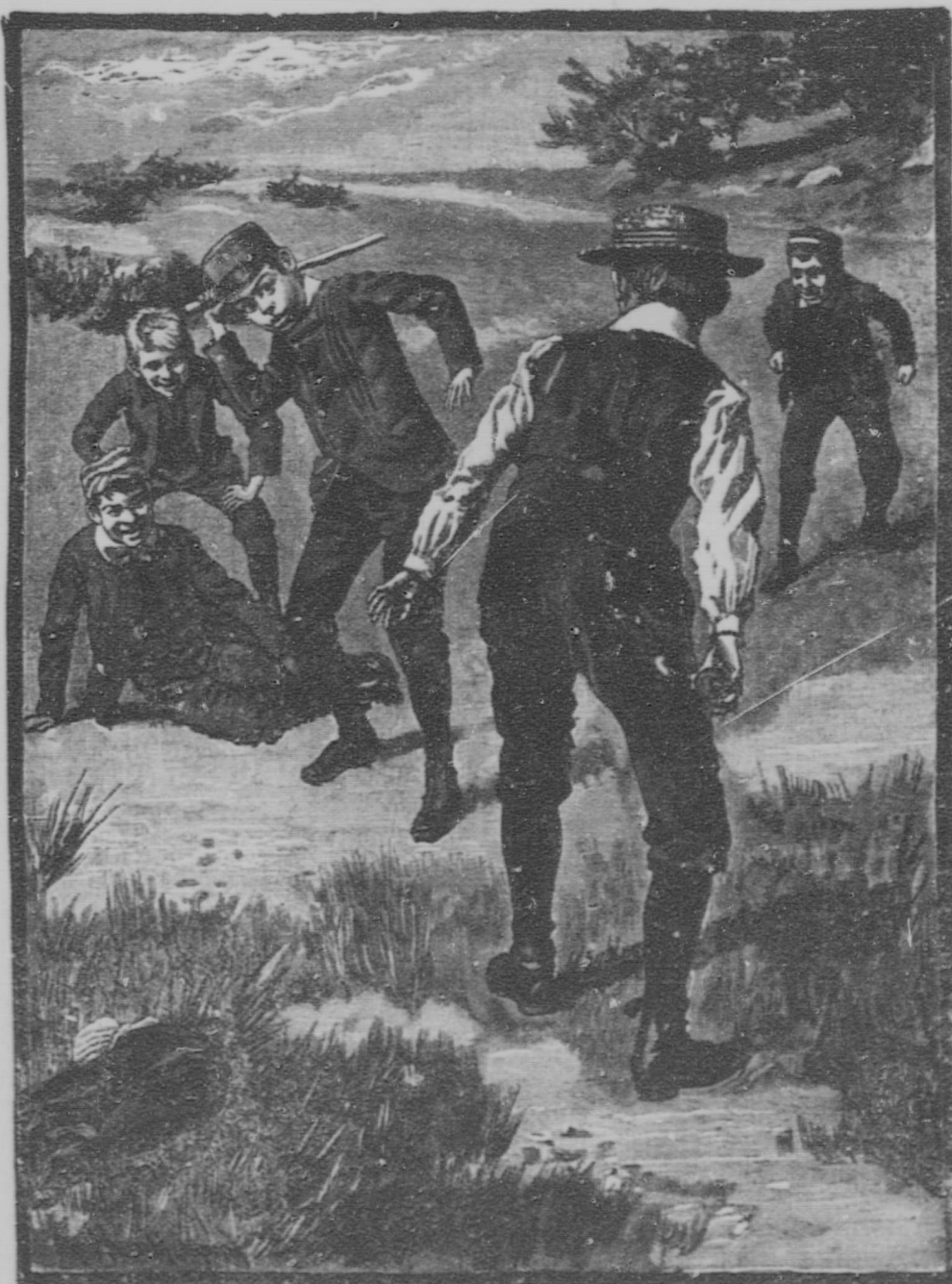
Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1901.

No. 17.

BASEBALL.

What boy does not enjoy a good game of baseball? While it is less dangerous than almost any game that boys enjoy, it is splendid training for the eye in "fielding," gives exercise to the arm in pitching and striking the ball, and has enough running in it to please the sturdiest boy. But it sometimes happens that the very jolliest game is spoilt by some boy's quarrelsome spirit. He must have his own way every time. If he fails to strike the ball it is because it was "a bad ball." He is always sure that every one on the opposite side is trying to cheat, and does his best to keep up a sort of "war of words" the whole gamethrough. Have you ever seen a boy like that? If you have you do not ask him to play with you any oftener than you can help, and he is not the boy you want to imitate, is he? What merry-faced boys we see at this game in our picture! They know how to play a brisk game and keep their temper at the same time.



BASEBALL.

The lad who is starting out for the goal had better be careful, or he will lose his run and be put out.

A GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.

The lamps which gave light to the peo-

ple of the olden days must have been very inadequate, we think, as we see them now and then in museums. But although they are small, many of them are pretty, and all are quaint.

One of the most beautiful of which we

know, we are accustomed to hear spoken of as a candlestick, but it was really a lamp-holder, a candelabrum. This was the seven-branched candlestick which Moses was commanded to make for the tabernacle. It was placed on the south side of the tabernacle, opposite the table for the shewbread.

The candlestick was made with a base and a central shaft, out of which six branches extended, all beaten out of solid gold, and made beautiful by raised work of little bowls like half an almond shell, and with knobs and flowers. In the end of each branch, and in the top of the central shaft were sockets for seven lamps.

The lamps were filled with cotton and the purest olive oil, and they held enough to keep them burning from evening until morning; and three of the lamps, according to Josephus, who wrote much about the Jews, were kept burning all day also.

When Solomon built his magnificent temple, he made ten candlesticks sim-

ilar to this one of the tabernacle; but these were carried away to Babylon when Nebuchadnezzar overthrew Jerusalem and took the Jews captive.

The one golden candlestick which stood in Zerubbabel's temple was seized by Titus,

the Roman emperor, who captured Jerusalem after one of the most famous sieges of history. The triumphal arch of Titus is still standing in Rome, with the figure of the candlestick still sculptured upon it. —*The Morning Star.*

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Sunbeam.

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FOR JESUS' SAKE.

"Mother," said a little five-year-old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should like so much to do something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are do for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face, and said:

"Why, mother, I could run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor, old, sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for, when upon earth, he said: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

"Whenever you do a kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth, and you were doing it for him." —*The Illustrator.*

HOW JOHNNY BURNED HIMSELF.

Johnny saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle. His mother cried: "O Johnny, take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear!"

"The team cannot burn!" cried wise Johnnie. "Only fire burnth."

"You must not try it. It will burn you. Do stop, Johnnie!"

"O dear," cried Johnnie, "why cannot I have my own way thometimeth? When I'm a big man, I mean to thtand and poke my finger in the teakettle all day, thometime, and have my own way and"—

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The little white fingers were sadly burned, and Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma, I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live! When I'm a man I'll never put my fingerth in the teakettle. O dear, dear!"

Take care, young folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam.—*Selected.*

HOW TO BE A KNIGHT.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

Ernest loved to play, and his Cousin Greta had always suited him until now. She had been quite sick, and everything made her "so tired." She liked best to sit and hold her dolly, Mimi Pangamonk. This made Ernest cross, and he said such sharp things to Greta that she cried a great deal.

At last Aunt Elsie said: "If I were such a nice, brave boy as you, Ernest, I should want to be a knight."

"What's that?" asked the boy.

"They used to help the weak and helpless, whether women, children, old or sick people. They were soldiers, too, and you like soldiers. They wouldn't see any one hurt or sorry—that is, a true knight was like that."

"I'm going to be a knight, but where can I find weak folks?" Ernest spoke very eagerly.

"I know a little girl in this house who is very weak. You never were sick, and you do not know how hard it is not to be strong and do as you always have done. Sometimes animals are old and helpless, too."

Aunt Elsie looked at Ernest and he hung his head. He remembered how roughly he had spoken a little while ago to Greta, and he had kicked poor Fido, because he didn't run faster. He went out on the piazza, and there was Greta looking very white.

"Come to the settee," Ernest said; "I'm going to tell you a story mother read to me."

Greta smiled. She loved stories and so did Mimi, especially when they were about little girls and boys that lived far away in other countries. This story was about a little brother and sister who lived in Japan, and had a great many wonderful things happen to them. She listened to

every word, and then all at once, at the very end, Ernest looked down, and there was his little cousin, her head fallen over, Mimi down on the floor, fast asleep. Softly Ernest crept down not to waken her.

"The doctor said that Greta must sleep," he said; "I'm going to be kinder." Then he stopped to pat Fido.

Do you boys want to be knights every day?

GOOD MORNING.

"O, I am so happy," a little girl said, As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle bed.

"Tis morning—bright morning! Good morning, papa!

O, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!

The bright sun is peeping straight into my eyes—

Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise

Early to wake up my parents and me, And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Yes, happy you may be, my dear little girl,"

And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—

"Yes, happy you can be, but think of the One

Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."

The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—

"Mamma, may I say, 'Good morning' to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may; Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,

"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;

For taking good care of me all the dark night,

And waking me up with the beautiful light;

O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,

Dear Father, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;

But she saw not the angel, that beautiful child. —*Selected.*

Sadie was eleven, and Alice was seven. At lunch Alice said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?" "Of course not," returned Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?" —*Youth's Companion.*

The chain whose links are loving deeds is the strongest that can be forged to bind two friends together.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Our Father made the shining sky
That stretches out so far,
The glorious sun, the silver moon,
And ev'ry twinkling star.

Our Father made the thunder clouds,
The lightning swift and bright,
The rolling waves that on the shore
Come dashing in their might.

Our Father made the thunder-clouds,
Each green and spreading tree,
The little birds that on the boughs
Are singing cheerily.

Our Father made the wide, wide world,
And all that it contains;
And over all things, small and great,
For evermore he reigns.

If but a little sparrow falls
Our Father knows and cares,
And everything that lives and breathes
His love and pity shares.

But ah, for us he gave his Son—
His only Son—to die,
That we might have our sins forgiven,
And dwell with him on high.

Shall we not trust him? Shall not we
His gracious word obey,
Give him our heart, our life, our all,
And praise him day by day?

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON IX. [September 1.

ISAAC THE PEACEMAKER.

Gen. 26. 12-25. Memory verses, 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5. 9.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who was Isaac? Abraham's only son. Whom did he marry? Rebekah. In what land did Isaac live? In the land of the Philistines. Who were the Philistines? People who did not know Isaac's God. What made them envy Isaac? Because he grew so rich and great. What did their king at last tell Isaac to do? To go away from them. Where did he then pitch his tent? In the valley of Gerar. How did the Philistines make trouble for him? By spoiling his wells. How did Isaac bear it? Patiently. What does God want us all to be? Peacemakers. Who was pleased with Isaac's peaceable spirit? The Lord. Who came to make peace with him? The king of the Philistines. What are peacemakers called? "The children of God."

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Learn who became Isaac's wife. Gen. 24. 63-67.
- Tues. Find why Isaac lived in Gerar. Gen. 26. 1-6.
- Wed. Learn how Isaac was prospered. Gen. 26. 12-14.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Gen. 26. 16-25.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find how Isaac won his enemies. Gen. 26. 26-31.
- Sun. Learn how to meet ill-treatment. Matt. 5. 44-48.

LESSON X. [September 8.

JACOB AT BETHEL.

Gen. 28. 10-22. Memory verses, 13-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28. 15.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where did Jacob and Esau live? In Beer-sheba. Who were their parents? Isaac and Rebekah. Where did Jacob go? To Haran. How far from home was this? Four hundred miles. Why did he go? Esau was angry with him. What did Rebekah fear? That Esau would kill Jacob. Where did Jacob sleep at night? What dream was sent to him? Who came and spoke to him there? What great promise was given to him? What surprised Jacob? To find God in that place. Can any one ever get away from God? What did Jacob name the place? Beth-el. What did he set up there? A stone to mark the place. Who is our ladder to heaven? Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about Esau and his birth-right. Gen. 25. 27-34.
- Tues. See how foolish Esau was. Heb. 12. 16-17.
- Wed. Learn why Esau hated Jacob. Gen. 27. 41-45.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Gen. 28. 10-22.
- Fri. Find what Jacob learned. Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn something to make you glad. Matt. 28.
- Sun. Read a beautiful hymn. No. 642 in Hymnal.

LITTLE GRANDMA.

BY EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

One day Grandmother Dillon had a birthday, and grandfather gave her a beautiful surprise. He asked all the children and grandchildren to come home for a week.

Now Bessie's father and mother had been away from the old home since before Bessie was born, so grandfather had never seen the little girl. You may be sure they were very much delighted to know her and loved her at once. As for

Bessie, she thought "dranma and dranpa" were so nice.

You may be sure they were a merry party in that old house. Imagine six grown-up visitors and eight children! But Bessie was the pet of them all, for she was the youngest.

One evening as the little girl was standing in front of the fire, Aunt Jessie said in quite an astonished tone, "Why, mother!" Everybody looked to see what was the matter. "Look at that picture of mother up there and then at Bessie. If she were dressed as mother was then she'd be the image of her."

They all looked and declared that Bessie indeed was "the image" of the picture of grandmother when she was a tiny girl.

Suddenly grandmother rose and said, "Come with me, dear," leading Bessie away by the hand. When they both returned a few moments later, Bessie was dressed in almost the very same clothes grandmother had worn in the picture. They were in a trunk up in the garret.

The little girl felt very shy at first to have every one talking about her, but she grew used to it, and she always laughed after that when they called her "Little Grandmother," which they did till she grew to be a big girl.

HEROES.

"Mamma, tell me what's a hero."

Robbie said to me one day;

"When I grow to be a man
I will be one if I may."

"What's a hero? That's hard telling
To a little boy like you.

Let us fancy what might happen;
You can think what you would do.

"Just suppose your little brother
Spoiled your very nicest toys;
Just suppose at school to-morrow
You should find the other boys

"Planning to do something naughty
To plague the teacher, 'just for fun';
Suppose papa should say, 'Come, Robbie,
When you wanted one more run.

"Patience under little trials,
Courage to resist the wrong,
Prompt obedience to duty—
These are what make heroes strong."

Robbie stood a moment thinking;
Then he said: "When I'm a man
I should like to be a hero,
Mamma, dearest, if I can."
—Our Little Ones.

God is light. In him is no darkness at all. Whatever of perplexity or trouble we see around us in this life is not of God, but of the evil one; and whenever we trust God, he will bring peace to us out of sorrow, and light out of darkness.—Selected.



OUR MISSION SCHOOL.

REX'S BURNED HAND.

BY A. L. H.

It was a dreadful thing to have a burned hand. Rex did not believe that any one knew how dreadful it was; and how could any one help being cross under such trying circumstances? and was it any wonder, when he could not go out to play, that he wanted to be amused all the time? Mamma had been very kind; she had read to him, played every game that he could play with his left hand, and finally had gotten out one of her most beautiful books—a book of birds—to show him the pictures. All day long Rex had never left her side, nor allowed her to leave his, and now at twilight he still stood beside her.

"Rex! come here, my boy; I want to dress your hand."

It was his father's voice calling from the other side of the hall. Rex's father was a doctor, and Rex went gladly.

"Well, how has the day passed?" his father asked as he took off the sling and unwound the bandages from the injured hand.

"It's been so long! It was horrid not to be able to go out; it's dreadful to have a burned hand." Then Rex looked up into his father's laughing eyes as he said: "You're laughing, papa; I s'pose you think burning my hand will make me remember about minding the next time you tell me not to play with the fire, and I guess it will."

"But you think that you deserved it?" asked the doctor.

"I suppose so," answered Rex.

"And do you think that mamma deserved to be punished for it, too?"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Rex, "the idea! why should she?"

"Why I'm sure I don't know; but as you have kept her in all day, and insisted upon her reading, playing, and amusing you from morn till night, till she is worn out, I suppose you must have thought so."

Rex peeped through the doors into the sitting-room. Mamma did look very tired, as she sat leaning back on the couch where he had left her. Hardly waiting till his father had arranged the sling, he

ran across the hall, and getting down on his knees beside the couch, put his one arm about her neck.

"Mamma," he whispered, "I'm sorry I was cross, and I thank you very much for being so good to me all day."

It made all the difference in the world. Rex was surprised to see how quickly the tired look went away; and I do not think that he ever forgot again that we must not punish other people for our faults, or burns.

LOOKING FOR FLOWERS.

Ella wanted to make her little cousin's visit very happy. She had taken him out to see the guinea-pigs and rabbits, the chickens and ducks and geese, the cows and horses and dogs, but still he did not seem quite satisfied.

At last she said, "Georgie, what is the matter? Is there something else you want to see that Cousin Ella has not showed you?"

"Yes, please. Mamma said there were lots of flowers, and I want some."

"Oh, flowers! Well, Georgie, we have lots of them in the flower beds, but they are not out yet. The daffodils and hyacinths have all gone, and the roses and pinas and peonies and verbenas are only in bud," answered Ella carelessly.

"Oh, dear! I did want some flowers. 'Tisn't the country with no flowers. Mamma said I could pick bushels almost anywhere," objected Georgie.

"Well, if you mean daisies and buttercups and violets and apple blossoms, and such like, why so there are just bushels of them, only they are not around the house. Come with me and look for them."

Ella led the way first to the orchard, and there were beautiful flowers all over the trees. They pulled great bunches of them. Then they went into the meadows and pulled buttercups and daisies, and at last they went down to the pond, where violets and all sorts of wild flowers grew.

Georgie was happy as a king. "Why don't you have 'em around the house?" he asked.

"What, weeds and wild flowers? Just wait until our beds are in bloom, and then you will see some flowers worth having," said Ella.

"I love weeds and wild flowers," said Georgie.

"Well, so do I, only they're so common," admitted Ella, as they walked happily home with arms and hands full of flowers.

Some little boys were trying to tell their teacher the difference between "like" and "love." Joel said that he thought he knew: "Like" was just to like somebody, and "Love" was to mind. Don't you think that is a good way to show your love to mother and father and, best of all, to Jesus. He said: "If ye love me, keep my commandments."