

SUNBEAM

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No. 14

HIDE AND SEEK.

Found at last! And what a good hiding-place these two little girls have chosen, behind the broad stem of the tree. Perhaps they have been hiding there for a long time, and the seekers have had a hard job to find them. It is a delightful game to play out of doors in the woods, and to judge by the bright faces of the players in our picture, they certainly seem to be enjoying it.

"SAY, COME."

The verse was this: "Let every one that heareth say, Come."

Rachel read the words over and over. "I have heard the Saviour say 'Come,'" she said aloud, though no one was near for her to speak to. "I have heard him in the Sunday-school lessons, I have heard him in church when the pastor was preaching, and often my mother has told me how he wants us all to love him. And now I have heard, I must say, Come. How can I?"

"Mamma," said Rachel not long after, "just listen to my verse; it was in my book this morning: 'Let every one that heareth say, Come.' But how can I, a little girl, do it?"

"There was once a little boy," said mamma, "who had saved up a dollar in his bank. He could spend it in many ways for his own pleasure, and it took him a day or two to decide how to use it. At last he came to his mother and said he wanted it sent to the missionaries, that they might buy books and Testaments for the heathen children. Didn't those books say, Come?"

"I knew a little girl who loved Jesus, and was very careful that all her words and actions should please him. When asked why she was so careful, she said she wanted, by example, to invite her little friends to love and please Jesus, too. Didn't she say, Come?"

"I knew another little girl who wrote a letter to a young man who had once worked for her father and had done some great wrong. She told him how sorry she felt for him, and how sorry Jesus was too,



HIDE AND SEEK.

and that she hoped he would repent and begin all over new. Didn't she say, Come?"
"Four little girls had learned a new hymn. They went and sang it to a poor old man who was dying. That hymn led him to Jesus. They said, Come."
"I see, I see," said Rachel. "I will try to say, Come, too."

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"O, not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And he wiped his eye
And fluffed his jowl. "Tu-who!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!
I'll scratch any one who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid, mi-iew!"
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter—
Whatever's the matter.
Squeak!"
Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round.
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared all three
That you never did see
One of them afraid
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his
head.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1906.

QUEER ANIMALS.

Some animals and birds have not only been seen to do very funny things, but have evidently known how funny they were.

There is a story of an Englishman in India who had a monkey. One day the native cook was busy "plucking" a fowl ready for boiling; and having finished preparing it, put it into the pot on the fire. He then went away.

Now all this time the monkey had been lying close by, pretending to be asleep, but really keeping one eye on the cook and another on the flock of crows which had flown down, attracted by the cooking operations. No sooner had the cook gone than the monkey sprang up, seized a crow, killed it, "plucked" it just as he had seen the cook do, took off the lid of the pot, drew out the fowl, popped in the crow, and retired. When the cook came back and found his fowl turned into a black crow, his face was a picture, and so was the monkey's.

Practical jokes are sometimes dangerous; but this was really very funny, wasn't it?

A magpie's trick was also very odd. He lived in a stable yard with a pair of kestrels (a kind of hawk), which had a habit of sitting on the edge of the water pails set to warm in the sun. The magpie had nothing to do, and got up to mischief. He quietly came behind the kestrels, and seizing one of them by his long tail, gave it several strong pulls and pushes. The kestrel lost his balance; and then the magpie gave one push more, and sent his victim toppling into the pail of water, from which he emerged flapping and screaming. But by that time the magpie had flown off and hidden himself in the haystack.

The tormentor, however, tried this trick once too often. One of the kestrels saw him coming, and catching him by the leg, gave it such a nip that Mr. Magpie squealed for help, and had to be rescued.

NELL'S MISTAKE.

Next day was little Nell's birthday, and early in the morning there was sure to be a package on a chair in the dining-room tied with big bow-knots, which were easy to undo. Nell could hardly wait for morning to come. It was next best to Christmas! As she fell asleep that evening, she thought: "When I open my eyes again it will be morning."

At last her eyes flew open. How light it was! She did hope breakfast wasn't over! She couldn't wait for Ellen to dress her.

Down the stairs she hurried in her little bare feet into the lower hall; then into the library. It was very dark here. What in the world was the matter?

Then she ran against something and it fell over with a crash.

Nell fell down too, and screamed, "Mother! father!"

It wasn't but a moment before the light streamed into the room and Nell was in her mother's arms.

Sobbing, she told her story.

Father laughed. "Why, my little girl, it's night yet. The light you saw was the moon. In here the blinds are all down and you couldn't see it. All that noise

was from this old screen you like so much," he said.

Nell sat up and wiped her eyes. "I don't feel a bit afraid now," she said.

Father went off to bed, but mother held her little girl closer. "God is always with my baby, in the dark and in the light."

"I forgot," Nell said quite softly.

The next time the little girl came downstairs it was really morning. The package was on the chair, and held a pair of red shoes and a lovely new doll.

There is one place where it is very hard for every one to be good. Where is it? At school? It is hard to be good at school, but that is not the hardest. At church? Dear me! who would be bad there, with the dear, kind pastor looking right down into your eyes and talking about Jesus? When visiting? Why, every one is on his best behavior then. Then the hardest place in the world to be good is in your own home. One who is good there can be trusted anywhere.

Never neglect to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

MY OLD DOLL.

BY VERA REDING.

I will take you out once more and look at you,

My old Dutch dolly, as the light gets low,

And you will help me to recall anew

The golden days that seem so long ago.

I look at you, and think you plain and quaint;

I thought you once surpassing fair and dear.

Lips pressed to yours—small curves of rosy paint—

I whispered every secret joy and fear.

The dreams and fancies of those childhood's days,

They all come back, dear dolly, once again!

The sunlight and the happy, flowery ways,
Until the memory deepens into pain.

Oh, lie upon my heart, my childhood's treasure;

In those days it was never, never sore.

Alas, the innocence and simple pleasure
Of that bright land in which we'll dwell
no more!

Some day again, in Heaven's bliss untold,
(Ah, dolly, see, I'm weeping, though I smile!)

The flowers will bloom, and birds sing as of old,

And I shall meet the joys I've lost
awhile!

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WORDS

Luke 10

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WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Travelling the King's highway,
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight:
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsoiled, pure, and white;
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through,
To ask this simple question,
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread,
O let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation,
"What would Jesus do?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—JULY 15.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10. 25-37. Memory verses, 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall
obtain mercy.—Matt. 5, 7.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful quality is mercy. If
it were not for God's great mercy, it would
go hard with us who are all sinners. This
lesson shows what being merciful means.

Jesus tells of a poor man who fell among
thieves, who stripped him of all he had
and left him naked and half dead. While
he was lying by the roadside in this sad
state three men passed. It is easy to see
which was merciful, and therefore a real
neighbor, to the needy man.

The first was a priest, who ought to
have been kind, but he passed by on the
other side. The second was a Levite, who
pride themselves on their goodness, but he
likewise passed on the other side. The
third was a Samaritan. When he saw the
wounded man he was filled with pity, and
bound up his bruises and took him to an
inn and cared for him. On the next day
he left, leaving money for the care of the
poor man. That was true charity, and
showed a tender and merciful heart.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Why did Christ tell this story? To
show who is one's real neighbor.

2. What does it teach? What is true
mercy.

3. What happened to a certain man?
He fell among thieves.

4. What did they do? Stripped him
and left him for dead.

5. Who passed by him? A priest, a
Levite and a Samaritan.

6. Who alone helped him? The
Samaritan.

7. What did he show? Mercy.

LESSON IV.—JULY 22.

JESUS TEACHING HOW TO PRAY.

Luke 11. 1-13. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

LESSON STORY.

I am sure every little Happy Days
reader knows this beautiful prayer, which
Jesus taught his disciples. He taught it
to them to say every day, and we as his
disciples should say it also. We have daily
need for that of which it asks.

Last Sunday we learned of mercy. This
Sunday of charity and love.

Jesus tells of a man who went in the
night to borrow bread for his guest. His
neighbor was in bed, and did not wish to
rise to get it. However, because the man's
need was great he was willing to trouble
himself and to give all that was needed.

So Jesus says that God is willing to give
us all we want, for he knows how great is
our need. Let us remember the beautiful
promise, that every one who asks shall
receive, every one who seeks shall find,
every one who knocks shall find the door
open. We know that earthly fathers are
good to their children. How much more
good is our Heavenly Father!

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What do we call the prayer in this
lesson? The Lord's Prayer.

2. What does Jesus teach in to-day's
parable? Love and charity.

3. Who came to a neighbor by night? A
man who had a guest.

4. What did he want? Bread.

5. What did the neighbor do? He arose
and gave him all he wanted.

6. Why was he so generous? Because
he knew his need.

7. What did Jesus say? That all who
ask of God shall receive also.

8. Why? Because God loves us more
than any earthly person can.

HORSE CHESTNUTS.

Grandpa was starting out for his morn-
ing walk, and Harold, George, and An-
nette ran after him to ask if they might
go, too. They dearly love to walk with
grandpa, and he is always glad to have
them. It was a warm morning, but all
along the street were rows of large trees,
whose spreading branches made it cool
and shady.

"I wonder," said Annette (you would
hardly believe how many times a day An-
nette says "I wonder"), "why we call
these trees 'horse-chestnut trees.'"

"O," said Harold, who says, "I guess,"
as often as Annette says "I wonder,"
"I guess it must be because the nuts are
as much bigger than the chestnuts we eat
as a horse is bigger than a man."

"No," said George, who seldom
guesses, but can almost always tell you
something he has heard or read; "John,
down on the farm told me last summer
that they are good for horses to eat when
they have colds and coughs. That's the
real reason they are called 'horse-chest-
nuts,' isn't it, grandpa?"

Grandpa smiled. "It is a very good
reason," he said, "but I am not sure that
it is the only one. What do you think of
this?"

He broke a stout leaf stalk from one of
the lower branches of the tree under
which they were passing, and held the
thick end of it for the children to see.
They looked at it closely for a moment,
and then each gave a little exclamation of
surprise.

"Why, it's exactly like a tiny horse-
shoe!" cried Annette.

"So it is," said the two boys, "with
marks for the little nails and all!"

When they had examined the ends of
several other stems which grandpa obli-
gingly broke off for them, and found them
all alike, they agreed that this was the
most curious and interesting of all the
reasons for the name of the horse-chestnut
tree.—*Youth's Companion*.

ALEC AND HIS PETS.

Alec Fite had two pets; one was his
donkey, Stonewall Jackson, and the other
was his dog, Maceo. Alec bought this
dog for a dollar and a half from a boy on
the street. He was an intelligent crea-
ture, and he and Alec became fast
friends. Stonewall Jackson, Maceo, and
Alec were inseparable; and as Maceo
was the last to join the firm, he had to be
trained. One of the tricks he was taught
was to ride on Stonewall Jackson's back.
It takes a great deal of patience to teach
a dog tricks; and when the dog is full of
mischief, as was the case with Maceo, it
takes more than usual.

Alec kept at it, day by day, until he
had taught Maceo many tricks not usual
in dogs. Stonewall Jackson would stand
still for a while; but when he got tired,
off he would trot, leaving Alec to run
after him, and sending Maceo flying to
the ground. It would all end in a great
frolic, in which Alec, Maceo, and Stone-
wall Jackson would join. But the next
day the lesson would have to be gone over
again, for Alec was determined to make
something of Maceo. He finally suc-
ceeded, and the three gave no end of
amusement to all who came to the house.



OUR BABY.

Patter, patter, patter
Of the sweetest feet.
Shining of two blue eyes
Raised for mine to greet.

Dearest little darling,
Brightest little flower,
Sent direct from heaven
My glad heart to dower.

Oh! that head so radiant,
With its sunny hair;
Oh! those eyes so star like,
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,
Limbs so round and white,
Lips that smile upon us
With a rosy light.

Dearest little laddie,
Darling little boy,
God himself looks on thee
As a wondrous joy.

And in heaven the angels
Sweeter sing for thee,
And the gentle Jesus
Loves thee tenderly.

And on earth the flowers
Put on colors gay
For the little laddie
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter
Since you came to earth;

All things dark must
vanish
By your baby
mirth.

Loved beyond de-
scription,
Loved beyond com-
pare;
No one else can
rival
Baby anywhere.

A SHEPHERD-
BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was
keeping his sheep
one Sunday morn-
ing. The bells were
ringing for church,
and the people were
going over the fields
when the little fel-
low began to think
that he too would
like to pray to God.
But what could he
say! for he had
never learned any
prayer. So he knelt
down and commene-
d the alphabet—A,
B, C, D, and so on
to Z. A gentleman

happened to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneel, with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"
The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew he would put it together and spell all I wanted."

"Bless your heart, my little man! he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window, he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" said Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly; a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I

can do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy. "What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it;" and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air; and if we had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and the baby and your mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not!" cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy, soberly. "I'll never catch flies again, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

Did you ever try to keep a cork from coming to the top of a glass of water? Every time it is put at the bottom, it refuses to stay there. Its place is on the top; it belongs there. So whatever circumstances may be in the way, the noble, the truthful, the pure, the helpful, the industrious boy and girl belongs at the top, and cannot be kept down.

SUNSHINE MAKING.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the one about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear so soon.