

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1905.

No. 5.

IN THE NURSERY.

Dolly is having a bath, but we hope her little nurses will not make it too thorough to be healthy for a person of her peculiar constitution. It is pleasant, indeed, to peep in upon a scene like this, where little ones play so nicely together. Sometimes a nursery is more like a battle-ground than the very dove-cote it ought to be. It is painful, indeed, to see the fierce conflicts and ugly disputes children will often engage in. Savages of the same capacity could scarcely be more vindictive and violent than we sometimes find the little ones of cultivated—yes, Christian—homes. Why this is so seems at first glance difficult of explanation, for, surely, of all the sweet and gentle things of earth, a little child should rank the foremost. To try to solve the riddle would not benefit; the study for you, young readers, is to avoid the disagreeable contrast this reflection presents.

HOW BABY LEARNED TO WALK.

Baby Fay was eighteen months old. She did not walk or even stand alone. She seemed to think her little pink feet were two pretty playthings. She cooed over them and patted her cunning blue



IN THE NURSERY.

boots. She did not even try to use them. She did not seem to know why feet were given to her.

"I am afraid her feet are too small," sighed grandma.

"Will she be a cripple, mamma?" asked sister Lou, sadly.

"Oh, no; she will walk when her limbs are strong," answered mamma, hopefully. Old Rover, the house-dog, came into the

nursery. He often came into the nursery, and was always welcome there.

He walked up to Baby Fay, and looked into her face with his big brown eyes. He seemed to say, "It's too bad dear baby cannot walk. I will try to teach her."

He touched her soft cheek with his cold nose. Baby frowned and clutched his long hair with her fat fingers. She pulled herself up on to both tiny feet. How proud and pleased she was.

Then Rover took a step forward. Baby stepped too, clasping his neck with both little arms. Rover now took four steps, and baby toddled along beside him. Then Rover thought the baby must be tired. He lay down slowly so that she should not fall. After this, Rover gave baby a walking lesson every morning.

She soon learned to walk alone. Do you not think Rover was a kind, thoughtful dog?

A gentleman once saw a little girl weeping by a new-made grave. When she saw him she said: "Poor little Willie lies here. We are too poor to buy a tombstone; but we and the angels know where it is, and that is enough." God never forgets where his children live nor where their bodies lie after they are buried.

LITTLE ACTS.

Little acts of kindness,
How they cheer the way;
Rays of light that brighten
Many a shadowed day.

Little acts of kindness
Soothe the tired heart,
Bringing joy and gladness,
Bidding care depart.

Little acts of kindness
Charm the darkest hours
Make a desert pathway
Bloom with lovely flowers.

Little acts of kindness
Angels work below;
None can tell their power
Or their sweetness know.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1905.

DANNY'S GIFT.

"Hello! Danny, don't you want to sell that lamb? I'm needing a pretty, gentle, trained lamb for a city man who has a lame little girl, and yours would be just what's wanted. I'll give you five dollars; and that's more than you can get at the butcher's."

"Sell my lamb! I guess not!" answered Danny, indignantly.

"You might, now, seeing as it is wanted for a little girl that can't run around as you can. 'Tisn't as if I was asking you to sell it for somebody to kill and eat it. You know it'll be well taken care of."

Danny put his arms around his pet, and said, defiantly: "There's no use asking. Nobody can make me sell my lamb."

The next day was Sunday, and Danny went to church as usual. But up there in the pulpit was a stranger, instead of his own dear pastor.

The stranger proved to be a missionary. He told a story that made Danny's heart beat loudly, and that made him wink very hard to keep back the tears. The missionary ended by an earnest appeal for money to help carry the good news of Jesus' love to the poor people among whom he had lived so many years.

"I wish I had something to give," thought Danny to himself. Suddenly a remembrance came that made him gasp and shut his teeth hard together. He had his lamb.

The next morning Danny went to the man who had wanted to buy the lamb and said: "Mr. Brown, if you haven't found a lamb to suit you I'll let you have mine. Give me the money, quick, please, and take Nanny."

In a few moments Danny was at his pastor's house with five dollars for the missionary.

When the good man heard the story, he declared that this was among the most precious gifts he had ever received.

Jesus, I would love thee;
Thou art meek and milk,
Help me now to serve thee,
And be thy little child.

WHO COMES HERE?

Maggie and Madge have started for a walk together down the lane that leads from their house to the brook. But now they have met with a stranger in the path, and they hardly know whether to go forward or backward.

Madge stands stock-still looking at the new-comer, to see what he is like, but Maggie looks scared, and if Madge were not in front as a kind of protector, I think she would have run away by this time.

Yet this strange-looking object is only a harmless turtle, and it means to do no harm to these little girls. This is a land-turtle or tortoise, as it is often called. It is often kept as a pet, and perhaps some of my little readers have owned a pet turtle themselves.

Turtles are also found in the great ocean, and sometimes they are of enormous size. There is one kind of sea turtle that weighs over eight hundred pounds.

I suppose you have all seen the beautiful tortoise-shell that comes from one kind of land turtle, and is used for making combs and ornaments.

Little Maggie and Madge haven't learned anything about turtles as yet, but after they have reached home and told papa and mamma about the queer-looking animal that was in their way, they will hear all about turtles, and learn what curious and wonderful creatures they are.

"JESS GOINGTO."

"Jess Goingto!" I hear some one say. "Why, who is she? Do you know her? Tell us what she is like."

Yes, I know her only too well. Her name is often on the lips of certain of my young friends, but I am sorry to say that my opinion of her is not very good. It is said that you can always tell a person's character, even that of a child, by the company he or she keeps. Now Miss Jess Goingto may generally be found hand in hand with that very questionable character, Procrastination; and it is singular that when a boy or a girl is about to give way to the persuasions and temptations of old Procrastination he or she will very frequently assume the name as well as the disposition of this objectionable young lady.

"Have you washed your face yet, Kitty?"

"No, mother; but I'm Jess Goingto."

Kitty's features present an unmistakably soiled aspect for perhaps an hour afterwards.

"Fetch me that shovel of coal, Harry; the fire is getting very low."

"Yes, mother; I'm Jess Goingto."

Ten minutes later the fire goes out.

"Water those cuttings for me, Tom, before you forget it; they are very dry."

"Yes, father; I'm Jess Goingto."

In the hot sunshine two hours later father's choice cuttings droop and die. Peculiar, isn't it?

Another bad habit which results from association with Miss Jess Goingto is the making of idle excuses.

"Here's a dreadful mess you have left from your fretwork, Herbert," says his mother. "Why didn't you clear it away when you were done?"

"I was Jess Goingto, mother; only Addie called me to look at something, and then I forgot."

"I don't believe you have given your bird any fresh water this morning, Nellie. How thoughtless of you!"

"No, mother; I was Jess Goingto when Lucy came for me, and I hadn't time."

Many are the scrapes into which those fall who are much in the society of Miss Jess Goingto, and many tears does she cause them to shed. Having, then, been an eye-witness of so much evil that she has wrought, who can wonder that, though I have never seen Miss Jess Goingto, and my knowledge of her is only hearsay, my estimate of her character and influence is unfavorable in the extreme? I wish to avoid becoming personally acquainted with her, and I hope that she isn't a friend of yours.

"While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear
And do thy holy will."

A LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero whose face is brown with tan,
 But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
 A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way—
 It does me good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sews for bread.
 "She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said:
 And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!—
 And he added: "'Cause I love her, I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear
 To the mother who has kept you, in long and loving care.
 Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can,
 To pay the debt you owe her, as does this little man.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 12.
 THE SLAVERY OF SIN.

John 8. 31-40. Memorize verses 31, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.—John 8. 34.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find where Christ first taught in the temple. Luke 2. 46-50.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. John 8. 31-40.
- Wed. Find where Jesus calls himself the Truth. John 14. 6.
- Thur. Find what a servant may become. John 15. 14, 15.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find a picture of a slave to sin. Psa: 107. 10-16.
- Sun. Find another of a nation of slaves. Exod. 1. 8-14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus often teach? Who listened to him? How did they feel toward Jesus? What had made their hearts hard? How did they think of Jesus? Who believed on him? What kind of words did he speak to them? What must one do to be a disciple? What did he tell them about the truth? Did they understand this? Were the Jews spiritually minded? No. What alone can make a slave? What is said of a servant? What of a son? What did he say of himself? What is he to us? Our Elder Brother in

the household of faith. What can he do for us?—Make us free from sin.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Sin would make us slaves.
2. Christ would make us free.
3. We may choose to follow Christ and be free.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 19.
 HEALING OF THE BLIND MAN.

John 9. 1-11. Memorize verses, 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the light of the world.—John 9. 5.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read what Jesus came to do. Isa. 61. 1-3.
- Tues. Read the story of blind Bartimæus. Luke 10. 46-52.
- Wed. Find why Christ is the light of the world. John 1. 4.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. John 9. 1-11.
- Fri. Read of the blindness and the healing of Saul. Ac s 9. 1-19.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text
- Sun. Read about the light of heaven. Rev. 21. 23-25.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who were walking with Jesus one day? Whom did they see? What did the disciples ask of Jesus? What did Jesus want to teach them? What did he tell them? When must God's work be done? What is said about the night? Can you repeat what Jesus said that he was? How did he heal the blind man? Did he ask if he would be healed? Where did he send him? What Syrian captain does it remind us of? How did he come back? Did his neighbors know him? What did he tell them? What did the Pharisees do to him? What did he afterward find out? Did he become a disciple?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. For blindness of body.
2. And for blindness of soul.
3. We may trust to the healing hand of Jesus.

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

"Dear me," said Grandma Barlow, "I'm sure I don't know what we shall do with it."

"With what, grandma?" asked her little granddaughter, Elsie.

"With this one little chicken the old white hen has hatched. She deserted her nest, and after she had left it, here came this one little chicken peeping out of its shell and crying for some one to take care of it."

"I'll do it, grandma," Elsie cried, covering the warm little thing in her hands; "do let me have it."

"No, dear," said her grandmother, "it would only die if you tried to keep it; but suppose you take it out and give it to the

turkey hen that has a brood of little turkeys. Perhaps she will consent to take care of one more baby; she has so many now."

So the chicken was taken to Mrs. Turkey and set down in the middle of her family, but the moment Mrs. Turkey saw it she gave it a cross peck with her beak, which said, as plainly as words:

"Get away! My family is too large now."

The little chicken ran peeping off, but presently it came back, and found among the little turkeys one which had a hurt leg, and so could not run around as quickly as the others. It soon became a fast friend of the little lame turkey, and the two would wander around all day together. When night came, all the little turkeys were tucked up in Mother Turkey's soft feathers, and the little chicken was plainly told to go away, for she wasn't wanted there.

Poor little chicken! It was dreadful to be thus left out when it was so tired and so lonely and so sleepy.

The chicken did get in, however, for after all the turkey babies were safely tucked under Mother Turkey's wings, Mrs. Turkey would begin getting ready for bed by smoothing out her own wing feathers and oiling them a bit. The minute Mother Turkey's head was turned around, away would run the little chicken and dive in under her feathers and sleep with the rest of the babies, as happily as could be. And Mother Turkey, feeling her run under, would only spread her wings a bit wider, and fancy that one of her own babies was a little late getting home.

A Sunday-school teacher who had been teaching her class about the prophets feared that she had not made the stories connected with them interesting to her boys. Her fears were groundless, however, as the mother of one of the boys called on her one day, and told her the following incident: "My boy came home Sunday, and after sitting silent awhile suddenly burst out at the dinner-table: 'Well, I do think Elijah was a fine fellow; and if I ever have a kid of my own, I mean to call him Elijah.'"

There are whole towns in Germany that do little else than make dolls for American children. They are mostly simple countryfolk. England's children spend nearly a million dollars annually for French and German dolls, and American children nearly double that.

Let the little hands that are ready to take
 The things that our Father so freely has
 given

Be ever as ready to do a kind deed,
 Till love to each other makes earth seem
 like heaven.



A CHINESE TEA GARDEN.

A TEA GARDEN.

While not such a gay, pleasure-loving people as the Japanese, from the fact that the conditions of life are harder, the country more crowded, and population much poorer than in Japan, the Chinese have yet one great holiday, the New Year, and are fond of picnics to their tea-gardens and other picturesque places. One of these is shown in our cut, a pretty pavilion, with numerous plants and flowers, and a pond in the pleasure-garden. There is this to be said in their favor, that, using the cup that cheers but not inebriates, their holidays are free from the disgraceful scenes of drunkenness and vice that characterize the holidays of many so-called Christian lands.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The lion had got him. It was wounded, enraged and at bay. Springing at David Livingstone it bore him to the ground, and seizing him by the shoulder shook him as a dog would a rat. Fortunately for Africa the beast was driven off, and the missionary escaped with a crushed shoulder. Lions infested the country at Mabotsa, where Livingstone had gone to form a new missionary station. They made nightly attacks on the herds of goats and sheep belonging to the natives; and the natives, believing themselves to be bewitched, were only too glad to know

the "good doctor" would try to get rid of these fierce brutes. So the missionary turned hunter, and thus in the first years of his work endured suffering for Africa's sake.

From that time for thirty-three years Livingstone labored almost continuously for Africa, working at first as missionary, and then as traveller and geographer he explored and mapped out portions of the country unknown to white men. In these long journeys he was away for so long a time without a message reaching England, that at times it was almost feared he was lost, and expeditions were sent off to find him and give him relief. What sufferings must have been his in those journeys. Alone amongst savages, at times without food, exposed to constant danger and disease, losing

his medicine chest, returning not once nor twice to appointed places for new medicines and stores, only to find them stolen or plundered. Yet gentle and uncomplaining, ragged and footsore, he patiently takes up his work again, hopeful that all will come right at last, and penetrating into the heart of the Dark Continent again, he is once more lost to us as completely as "if he had been swallowed up by the waves." Then our hearts are filled with sorrow when tidings come, that on May Day morning, 1873, his faithful black boy, Majwara, had found his "Bwana" (dear master) kneeling at his bed, but dead.

How those black lads loved their "Bwana." Regardless of superstitions, they embalmed the body, but buried his heart in the land that was dear to him. Then for nine months these devoted servants carried and guarded the precious body of their master to the coast, and in our Westminster Abbey his remains lie under an unassuming stone slab.

A little child in India said that she liked her teacher's religion better than hers. "Why?" asked her teacher. "I like your Jesus because he loves little girls," she said.

Keep aloof from quarrels; be neither a witness nor a party.

THE BEST BEGINNING.

She was only one wee maiden,
But with willing heart and hand
She pursed her rosy lips and said,
"I'm going to be a Band."
Of course she asked her mother,
As any maiden would,
And got some help in drawing rules,
And "seeing if she could."

Then off she started down the lane,
This dainty missionary;
She had to talk, and talk, and talk,
For folks are "real contrary."
"D'you know about those heathen girls,
How every single one
Is shut up in a horrid house,
And can't have any fun?"

"And nothing nice to eat at all—
Just like sour milk or tea
Without a scrap of sugar?
(I'm very glad 'tain't me.)
And then they're so afraid to die;
They don't know 'bout our Lord,
Who came to take us all to heaven
By trusting in his word.

"Don't you think we ought help them
Before we're grown up quite,
To save these little heathen girls
By sending them the light?"
She didn't have to go so far,
This little maiden wee,
Before she found another one
Who did with her agree.

So they 'lected Molly secretary,
And Ethel took the chair,
And though their minds were hazy
As to what their duties were,
That day they made an iron rule
That each who joined must seek
One other member; then the Band
"Adjourned to meet next week."

And Molly brought Clarinda,
And Ethel found out Dan.
And him they made the president
Because he was a man.
Now it wasn't very long, be sure,
With such a stringent rule,
Before there really was a throng—
In fact 'twas all the school.

And they studied about the heathen,
Prayed for their souls so sad,
And they worked to gather pennies
To send the tidings glad.
They had exhibitions, concerts,
And all such things, you know,
For the bigger people all waked up
By the stirring going on below.

So, just one little maiden,
Who works with heart and hand,
Is the very best beginning
For the Missionary Band.