

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1902.

No. 16.

A HARD BATTLE.

"A box? A box for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "And all the way from Chicago, too. From Aunt Emma, I do believe.

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft, white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colours. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar-plums. But these

"I don't wish to think about it! I don't wish to think about it!" he replied, excitedly. "I want the good one." After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room. His face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, he was so busy reading the newspaper.

After walking awhile, he went to the other side of the room, where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He

her "blessed boy!" But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting that she took no notice of him whatever. This was dreadful!

He climbed up into a chair, and sat down. An evil spirit seemed to whisper, "Don't give up;" and so he began again his miserable walk. For nearly one hour did this little boy fight his terrible battle with selfishness, until at last he could stand it no longer. He came to mamma and said:



FOND OF PICTURES.

lovely boxes were very frail, and in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that. I'll have the good one," said the little boy.

He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow.

"My dear," asked mamma, "would you do so selfish—so unmanly a thing as that? Go away, and think about it."

was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! Kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mother did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories; and she called him

"I will take the broken one; sister can have the perfect one." Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart!

The scholar who expects to get his lesson on Sunday morning is apt to forget all about it as soon as the recitation is done.

A SERIOUS PUZZLE.

"I wonder why," said little Sue,
 "You say, mamma, 'If I were you,
 That's not the way that I should do,
 So many times a day!"

"I 'spose I'm wrong; but I don't see,
 If you were turned right into me,
 Why, truthfully, you wouldn't be
 'Most sure to do my way!"

"I'm very sure I cannot see
 Exactly how this thing can be,
 She says when she was small like me
 She did as she was bid."

"That she tried always to be good
 And true and kind, just like I should.
 I think I'll ask my Grandma Hood
 Just how my mamma did."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1902.

THE BEST PLAN.

"Mother," said Cliff, "What am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face, and her eyes roved past the angry little questioner to the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails.

"Why, we are building a fort, mother; and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out to sea."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation; "I've tried and tried, and I can't."

"How did you try?" asked the mother.

"Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said that he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him that he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came; "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time his mother thought that she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head: "Then I knocked him over, and made him cry."

"O, my, my, my!" said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. "You have tried your own naughty way, and failed; now suppose you try God's plan. He says that you must suffer long and be kind: go back and try that, little son."

Cliff went back very slowly. He didn't at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarrelling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.

NELL'S HAT.

"O mother, such a dreadful thing has happened! Just look at Nell!"

"What's the matter, 'Nelly Bly'?"

"Don't you see, mother? She's got her hat on wrong side before."

"Why, so she has," said mother, laughing; "but why is that such a dreadful thing?"

"Why, mother, we went to see those new little girls who have just come here to live, and they have most beautiful clothes and things, and they will think that I didn't know any better."

"I don't believe that they noticed it at all, darling," said the mother.

"You see, the wind blew my hat off just as I got to the door, mother, and I clapped it on again without looking."

"And I was so busy looking at the new girls," explained Grace, "that I never once looked at Nell till we got away."

The next day mother herself went to call on the strangers. When she came home she had a story to tell of a little girl who had gone visiting, and who had made two little homesick strangers feel acquainted right away by offering to call for them on her way to Sunday-school, and by giving them a hearty kiss when she came away. "When they told me the little girl's name, I asked them if they had noticed her hat. 'No, indeed!' The little visitor's name was Nell."—*Selected.*

HAROLD'S GRANDFATHER.

"About when you were a little boy, grandpa," said Harold, as he climbed into grandpa's lap for a story.

"Little boys had many things to do then which they have not now," said grandpa. "I was no larger than you are,

Harold, when I drove the cows every day to the pasture. When I got home, mother had the churn full of cream and it was my task to churn. If I was faithful and worked the dasher up and down smartly the butter came pretty quick, but if I dawdled, and only half worked, I had to pay for it by spending a long time at the churn."

"And you slept up a ladder?" said Harold, remembering some of grandpa's former stories.

"Yes, my child," said grandpa. "There was no staircase leading to the loft where my little bed was. As soon as I was old enough my brother taught me to go up the ladder. I felt like a big boy, then."

"Were you afraid, grandpa?" asked Harold.

"Oh! no, Harold; the stars kept me company, for I could see them. They used to remind me of the eye of God. My mother taught me that God knows all the stars, and can tell them by name."

Some time afterwards grandpa told him the names of some of the planets, and how Harold loves to watch for them!

BABY'S CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, little baby, sleep;
 The holy angels love thee,
 And guard thy bed, and keep
 A blessed watch above thee.
 No spirit can come near,
 Nor evil beast can harm thee.
 Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear,
 Where nothing need alarm thee.
 The Lord which doth not sleep,
 The eternal arms surround thee;
 The Shepherd of the sheep
 In perfect love hath found thee.
 Sleep through the holy night,
 Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
 Until thou wake to light
 And love and warmth to-morrow.

A WAY TO MAKE TWO PEOPLE HAPPY.

By and by you will know how to read books, and you will be able to find out thousands of things about this great world that we live in, and what the greatest and best people have thought and written. This will make you very happy, if you do not use books for yourself alone. A lady whom I know often reads aloud to her friends at home when they are sewing, or to those whose eyes are not clear; and once a week she goes to read to poor Mrs. McGinness, who never learned to read, and who cannot walk, though she can do a little work with her hands. Share with others what God gives you, and he will give you more, just as he gives new flowers to the plants that freely give their flowers away. If you try to give sunshine to other people, you will always have enough yourself to make you happy and beautiful.—*Picture Lesson Paper.*

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A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

Jesus, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,
Keep my soul from sinful stain,
Bread supply for daily need,
Help me on thy truth to feed.

May I do all things I ought,
May I hate each evil thought,
Let no false or angry word
From my lips be this day heard.

Faulty I have often been,
Pardon me and make me clean,
Give to me a holy heart,
Never let me from thee part.

Lead me in the narrow way,
Let me neither slip nor stray;
Guide thy little pilgrim band,
Bring us to the promised land.

May I serve thee here below,
Serve thee when to heaven I go,
Serve and love and trust in thee,
Now and through eternity.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VII. [Aug. 17.]

JOURNEYING TOWARD CANAAN.

Num. 10. 11-13, 29-36. Mem. vs. 33, 34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.—Psa. 31. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did the Israelites camp a long time? In the wilderness of Sinai. What did they wait for? The moving of the cloud. Who was their real leader? The Lord. Why was it necessary to journey slowly? Because of the old people and the little children. Who did Moses ask to go with them on their journey? Hobab, his brother-in-law. What did he say to him? "Come down with us, and we will do thee good." Where did Hobab's people live? Near Mount Sinai. Who went before the people? The priests with the ark of the covenant. How far did they go? A three days' journey. What did they seek for? A resting-place.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the cloud and the tabernacle. Num. 9. 15-23.
- Tues. Read about the silver trumpets. Num. 10. 1-10.
- Wed. Read the lesson story. Num. 10, 11-13, and 29-36.

Thur. Learn what the Lord had promised Israel. Exod. 6. 7, 8.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn who has promised to lead us. Isa. 48. 17.

Sun. Read Hymn No. 622 in the Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON VIII. [Aug. 24.]

REPORT OF THE SPIES.

Num. 13. 26 to 14. 4. Mem. vs. 30, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.—Psa. 40. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where were the children of Israel now? Not far from Canaan. What had God promised them? All the land of Canaan. What did he tell Moses to do? To send men to spy out the land. How many did Moses send? Twelve. What did he choose them from? From the twelve tribes of Israel? How long did they stay? Forty days. What did they bring back? Fruits of the land. What did they say of the people? That they were giants. Did they want to go and take the land? No, they were afraid. Who were not afraid? Caleb and Joshua. What did the people do? Wept to go back to Egypt. Did they trust in God? No.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Num. 13. 26 to 14. 4.
- Tues. Find what trouble unbelief can cause. Num. 14. 1-4.
- Wed. Learn why the Israelites need not have feared. Deut. 9. 1-3.
- Thur. Learn a sweet assurance for us. Rom. 8. 37.
- Fri. Learn who are the blessed. Golden Text.
- Sat. Learn a comforting promise. Isa. 41. 14.
- Sun. Find who will overcome enemies for us. John 16. 33.

THE BLIND BOY'S PATIENCE.

The other day I went to see a little blind boy. Scarlet fever had settled in his eyes, and for many months he had not seen at all. He used to be a sprightly little fellow, upon the run everywhere. "Well, my dear boy," I said, "this is hard for you, is it not?"

He did not answer for a moment; then he said: "I don't know that I ought to say hard; God knows best." But his lips quivered, and a little tear stole down his cheek.

"Yes, my child, you have a kind heavenly Father, who loves you and feels for you even more than your mother does."

"I know it, sir," said the little boy, "and it comforts me."

"I wish that Jesus was here to cure Frank," said his little sister.

"Well," said I, "he will open little Frank's eyes to see what a good Saviour he is. He will show him that a blinded heart is worse than blinded eyes, and he will cure it, and make him see and enjoy beautiful heavenly things, so that he may sit here and be a thousand times happier than many children who are running about."

"I can't help wishing that he could see," said Lizzie.

"I dare say, but I hope that you don't try to make Frank discontented."

"Frank isn't discontented," said Lizzie earnestly. "He loves God, and love sets everything right and makes its own sunshine, does it not, Frank?"

"I don't feel cross now," said the little blind boy, meekly. "When I'm alone I pray and sing my Sabbath-school songs, and sing and sing; and God is in the room, and it feels light, and—and—I forget that I am blind at all," and a sweet light stole over his pale features as he spoke. It was a heavenly light, I was sure.

UNSELFISHNESS.

BY FRED G. STEVENS.

There are two little girls who go to school at Beausejour in the Province of Manitoba.

They are both under ten years of age. Their names are Tottie and Gertie. They are both of them pretty, fair-haired children, and the very joy and light of their mothers' hearts. The teacher loves them too, because they are so kind to each other. One day Tottie and Gertie and Tottie's brother, Willie, had a copy to write on their slates. When they were done, they all three came up to show their slates to the teacher. He asked them which looked nicest of the three. Of course Willie loved his sister best, so he said that Tottie's slate was best. Tottie said, "No; Gertie's is best," but Gertie said, "No, it isn't; Tottie's is best."

These children, instead of each wanting the praise for herself, wanted the other to have it.

Then the teacher noticed that one had a much nicer slate than the other, but they made that all right by changing the slates in turn. Here again we see the spirit of unselfishness shown forth. This spirit of unselfishness is a very beautiful spirit and makes the lives of those who possess it very bright and cheerful.

Every little boy or girl may have it for his or her own if they will ask Jesus to give it to them. Then they will find it easy to keep the golden rule: "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

What could a small boy have been thinking of when he spelled the word "slippers" slappers?



THE MOTHERLESS KITTEN.

THE TOMPKINS FAMILY.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

The Tompkins family live in a big chestnut-tree right in front of grandpa's house. I may as well tell you that the Tompkinses are a family of squirrels. This is the way they happened to have their name. Papa once knew a man by the name of Tompkins who was a great rascal, and as Father Benny is one, too, we children made up our minds to name him after the one we had heard papa tell about; and when you know our squirrel friends as well as we do, you will say the name is a good one for Papa Squirrel, at least.

Early in the spring a blackbird built a nest in the chestnut tree, and what do you think Mr. Tompkins did? Whenever Mrs. Blackbird would step out for awhile to get rid of the cramps in her legs (I know she had them, 'cause if you just tuck your feet under you, and sit that way for ten minutes, you'll feel all twisted up), that bad Papa Squirrel would run over to the bird-house and suck the eggs.

At last Mr. Blackbird caught him at his

feast, and, oh! what a drubbing he gave him. His hide was so sore that he lay in the leaves in his own house for two days.

Mrs. Tompkins takes her family out every day for exercise, and what fun it is to watch them scampering about, leaping from branch to branch and chattering like so many magpies.

Once I saw one of the little squirrels pull its mother's tail real hard, and she turned round and boxed its ears, first on one side, then on the other, till it ran crying away.

The Tompkins family are very interesting. I hope they will live in the old chestnut tree as long as we stay at grandpa's.

A TINY FAMILY.

Once upon a time two young people made up their minds that they would go to housekeeping. They had no house. They had to build one. They built it in what you would think a very strange place, and they built it out of what you would think very strange things. As time went on there were four little babies in the

house. Their papa and mamma did nothing but feed them and sing to them.

One day when the parents were away getting food a great creature locked in on the babies. He was a hundred times bigger than they were. What do you think he did? He took that little house, babies and all, and was going away with it. Just then the parents came back. They gave loud cries of distress at seeing their babies carried off. Then the big creature stopped. He thought to himself: "If I take these little ones away they will die. I will not be so cruel." He put the little home back, and their parents chattered their gladness to themselves.

They never fed the babies anything but flies and worms; they never taught them anything but to sing and to fly. Have you ever seen such people? I think you have. Their house was built on the sunny side of a great elm. It was made of twigs and hair and feathers, and bits of string. It was called a nest. The young people were named Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast.

The great creature was a boy. Ah, are you not glad he put that nest back? If he had not, there would have been four creatures less to rejoice in the Lord's sweet sunshine, four voices less to sing among the green branches in the lovely summer days. You would never, never steal young birds from their parents, would you?—*Selected.*

HIS FEET AND LIPS.

Teddy's a three-year-old, brave and sweet;
But, O, his lips won't agree with his feet!
His feet, though small, are sturdy and
strong,

And mother can trust them all day long;
But his rosy lips, so dear to see,
Seldom will with his feet agree.

When mother says, "Come!" the feet
obey;

But the wayward lips just pout and say,
"No, no; I can't!" while with patter and
slide

The feet are nearing the mother's side.

When the lamps are lighted and stars ap-
pear,

And we say, "It is bedtime, Teddy, dear,"
The feet submit to be quietly led

Up the long stairs to the little white bed,
While the naughty lips keep time all the
way:

"No, no; I can't! No, no," they say.

Those dear little feet are mother's delight,
For they try to keep Teddy in paths of
right;

But, O, that day will be glad to see
When Teddy's lips with his feet agree!

—*Youth's Companion.*

To remember the poor is better than to
fast and wail.