

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXII.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1901.

No. 8.

A RED-CROSS SOLDIER.

Willie knew he was a soldier, but the thing that Willie noticed most was the red cross on his sleeve. Willie had seen a great many soldiers with their blue coats and slouch hats and high boots, but he had never before happened to see the red cross.

"What does he have that for?" he asked, pointing his small forefinger to show what he meant.

Mother looked to see. "Because it is his duty to take care of the soldiers who are sick or wounded. The red cross is a sign of gentleness and pity. It shows that he spends his time helping the poor fellows who need help."

The street-car was whizzing along very fast, but Willie could just see the blue-coated figure with the red cross on his sleeve.

"I like that soldier-man," said Willie, softly. "That's the kind I'm going to be."

It was two or three days later that a very sad thing happened. Philip, Willie's older brother, was brought home with a broken leg. He was very brave while the bone was being set, and for two or three days after.

Then because he got tired of keeping still, he began to fret and complain and make it very hard for his mother.

Then Willie came to the rescue; and if he had been ten or twenty years older, he could not have been a bit more kind and helpful.

Generally a boy seven years old is not



OUR BABY.

much help in a sick-room, but Philip was not really sick, though he could not move about on account of his broken limb. Willie stayed in Philip's room nearly all day except when mother insisted on his going out of doors for a run in the fresh air. He did all of Philip's errands, and they were not few. Sometimes even his

you to, and you never said anything when I was cross and scolded. What made you so good to me?"

Willie waited a moment before he spoke. "You'll not laugh if I tell you?"

"No, I'll not, honest?" And Philip's face grew red as he thought what good reason Willie had for asking that question.

little legs ached from so much trotting up and down stairs. He told Philip all the stories mother had told him, and the big brother who, when he was well, sometimes laughed at the little brother, listened with a great deal of interest.

The hardest times of all were those when Philip was cross. It was not pleasant for Willie to be scolded when he was trying hard to be helpful, and sometimes he had to wink very fast to keep the tears back. He knew that mother would sympathize with him if he should tell her about it; but what was the use making her feel bad? thought Willie. So he kept his troubles to himself.

The tiresome weeks of staying in bed were over at last, and with the help of a crutch, Philip was able to get about the house and even to take short walks out of doors. Then as he thought how impatient and unreasonable he had been, he felt much ashamed of himself.

"You've been very good while I've been laid up, Willie," he said to his little brother. "You did all the things I asked

Very slowly Willie turned back the sleeve of his blouse, and there, pasted to his little white arm, was a cross cut out of red paper. "I fixed one on every morning, 'cause I was afraid you'd make fun of me if you saw it," Willie explained. "It means that you've got to be gentle, and take care of people that get hurt or are sick. That's the kind of soldier I'm going to be, and I thought I'd better begin now."

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1901.

HOW THE HORSE-CHESTNUT GOT ITS NAME.

BY MARGARET B. BAYLE.

There was a great noise on the lawn. It seemed as if all the trees were trying to see which could make the most racket.

The old oak twisted his giant arms, and at last managed to make himself heard above the others while he told of his great age and to what a good old family he belonged. He was going on to tell of their part in history, too; but before he had fairly begun, the pine interrupted in a very rude way.

Then, with much moaning and tossing of her stately head, she said that her family was ever so much older, and that they had travelled farther, too, away from the cold Northland where, even amid the ice and snow, they showed their glossy green needles. Their wood was used for ships, and in many lands the pines are loved very much by the children, because it is they who give them Christmas trees.

Then the elm, with stately grace, began her story: but she could only begin, because the horse-chestnut, who stood near her, made so much noise that one could not hear anything else but "You have all had a great deal to tell about your age and wisdom and many wonderful qualities;

but I don't believe one of you can tell me how I got my name."

There was a lull for a full second; then a saucy young spruce exclaimed: "Pshaw! Any sapling can answer that. Give us something hard."

"I'll hear your answer first," said the horse-chestnut.

"Why, it's because your fruit is so much larger and coarser than ordinary chestnuts that it is called 'horse-chestnut' in contempt," said the young spruce.

"I thought you didn't know," was the answer; while two or three interrupted in concert: "O no, we know better than that!"

The maple, who lived next to the horse-chestnut and was very friendly with her, went on to explain: "It is because the nuts can be ground into meal that makes very good food for horses."

"O maple, have you lived next to me all these years and never noticed, either? If this gale coming my way will help me, I'll show you all."

So the horse-chestnut tried to hold one small branch out stiff, and the gale helped to snap it loose, and it landed right in the maple's arms.

"Now," said the horse-chestnut, "look at the little marks all along the bark. What do they look like?"

"Horseshoes!" answered every tree who stood near enough to see. "There are just the right number of nails, and they show on the inside, too. Here is the hoof, just like a real one, and this curve is like the horse's knee."

If any of you little folks would see for yourselves, cut carefully about the curved marks on the bark of a horse-chestnut twig, and you, too, will find the horseshoe, the nails, and the frog, which Mother Nature gave the horse-chestnut tree.

ONE BOY WHO WHISTLED.

He is not a boy in a book; he lives in our house. He seldom says anything remarkable. He eats oatmeal in large quantities, goes through the toes of his boots, loses his cap, and slams the doors, like any other boy; but he is remarkable, for he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand, he whistles—an excellent habit on most occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.

"Measured it."

"How?"

"Foot-rule and yardstick."

"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.

"No'm; I just found the length of the shadow and measured that."

"But the length of the shadow changes"

"Yes'm; but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've

been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground; and when the shadow was just as long as the stick, I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty-three feet."

"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer."

"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

PLAYING DOCTOR.

A lawyer has two bright children. A few days ago their mamma found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older, the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway.

"I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum-hum! coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle, with what looked like bread or mud pills in it, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seventeen minutes—al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mus' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good-bye."—*Sunday-School Evangelist.*

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my Ma say
I'm two little girls. An' one o' me
Is Good little girl; an' th' other 'n' she
Is Bad little girl as she can be.
An' Ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she's the funniest Ma! 'Cause when
My Doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
W'y, nen my Ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear Good little girl, good-
bye!"
Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at Ma act' that a-way,
I cried all to myse'f awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' git my Doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where Ma's at an' say:
"Morning to you, Mommy dear!
Where's that Bad little girl wuz here?
Bad little girl's goned clean away,
An' Good little girl's comed back to stay."

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QUOTH THE HOOD TO THE HAT.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Said the Hat to the Hood
As they hung on the wall:
"You poor, common thing!
Not a bow to your string,
And no pompons at all!

I pity you greatly;
And what are these chores
Taking place out of doors
That I hear about lately?

They're something plebeian, I'm certain of
that"—

Said the Hat.

"What, chores?" quoth the Hood.
"Can it be you don't know
That fowls must have food
Or their feathers won't grow?

And the fires must have wood;
So my mistress goes out
Twice a day, with a shout,
And frisks like a colt as she helps Mr. Joe.

If she snowballs him, too,
Why, the most that I do

Is to keep off the cold till she gets in a
glow;

For there's nothing like laughing to warm
up the blood"—

Quoth the Hood.

"Dear me!" cried the Hat.

"I am glad of our chat—

Why, when I'm on her head she seems
vain and all that!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IV. [April 27.]

JESUS APPEARS TO THE APOSTLES.

John 20. 19-29. Memory verses, 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and
yet have believed.—John 20. 29.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where were the disciples the evening of
that first day after Jesus rose? In an
upper room. Who came and stood in the
midst? What did he say to them? How
did they feel? How many of the apostles
were in the room? Ten. Which of the
apostles had seen him? Peter, and the
two who went to Emmaus. To whom did
he appear first? To Peter. What did he
give to the apostles? The Holy Ghost.
What did he give them to do? To carry
news of him to others. Who was not
there to see and hear Jesus? Thomas.
What would he not believe? That Jesus
was alive. What did he say he must see
before he could believe? The wounded
hands and feet of Jesus. When did Jesus
appear again? On the next Lord's Day.
What did he show to Thomas? His

hands and feet. What did Thomas say?
"My Lord and my God."

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read lesson verses. John 20.
19-29.

Tues. Read of Jesus' appearance to the
apostles. 1 Cor. 15. 3-7.

Wed. Find what apostle saw him alone.
Luke 24. 34; 1 Cor. 15. 7.

Thur. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.
John 20. 29.

Fri. Learn what Jesus wants us to do.
Col. 3. 1.

Sat. Find how many times Jesus said,
"Peace be unto you."

Sun. Find what comes from believing.
John 20. 31.

LESSON V. [May 5.]

JESUS AND PETER.

John 21. 15-22. Memory verses, 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lovest thou me?—John 21. 17.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

To whom did Jesus appear the third
time? Peter, James, John, Thomas,
Nathanael, and two whose names we do
not know. Where did he meet them?
On the seashore. What had they been
doing? Fishing. What success had they
had? None at all. What did a man
standing on the shore tell them to do?
Who was the first to recognize him?
John. What was ready for the disciples
on the shore? A warm breakfast. Why
was Peter not afraid to meet Jesus?
Because he had been forgiven. What
question did Jesus ask Peter? "Lovest
thou me?" How many times did he
ask the same question? What work did
he give to them to do? What did Jesus
say about Peter when he should be old?
How could he know this? He knows all
things.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about one morning on the sea-
shore. John 21. 4-14.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. John 21.
15-22.

Wed. Read about Jesus and Thomas.
John 20. 24-29.

Thur. Learn a tender question. Golden
Text.

Fri. See if you can say this from your
heart. John 21. 17.

Sat. Learn about the Good Shepherd.
John 10. 1-5.

Sun. Find a beautiful promise. Rev.
3. 20.

HOW THE LITTLE JAPS PLAY.

BY POLLY HENDRICKS.

I wonder if little Canadians have ever
heard how their little Japanese cousins
play.

The little Japanese girl is very fond of
her dolls, though she doesn't dress and un-
dress them, and take them to bed with her,

as little Canadian mothers do. She has a
very large family of them. Besides her
own, she has those of her mother and
grandmother, and, perhaps, those of her
great-grandmother, for in Japan dolls seem
never to break or wear out. Some of
them are very fine, and are carefully
wrapped up and put away most of the
time. But once a year, on a day called
"the feast of dolls," each little girl brings
out all of her family to be shown off.
Then all Japan has a doll show.

The little Japanese boys have a day
called the "feast of flags." Then they
have flags, banners, figures of soldiers and
great men, swords and other toys that
boys like. The little people look forward
to their feast days as we do to the First of
July.

But of all the toys in Japan, the one the
little dark-eyed people like the best is a
tiny stove with a fire in it, a griddle,
spoons, and cups, and ready-made batter,
all ready to fry. Men and women carry
these toys round the streets, and if the
little Jap has any money he can hire one
for a time and cook and eat griddle cakes
to his heart's content.

HOW LOVING IS JESUS, WHO
CAME FROM THE SKY.

How loving is Jesus, who came from the
sky.

In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and his feet, they were nailed
to the tree,
And all this he suffered for you and for me.

How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive him by faith in their
heart!

No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of
his love.

How precious is Jesus to all who believe,
And out of his fulness what grace they
receive!

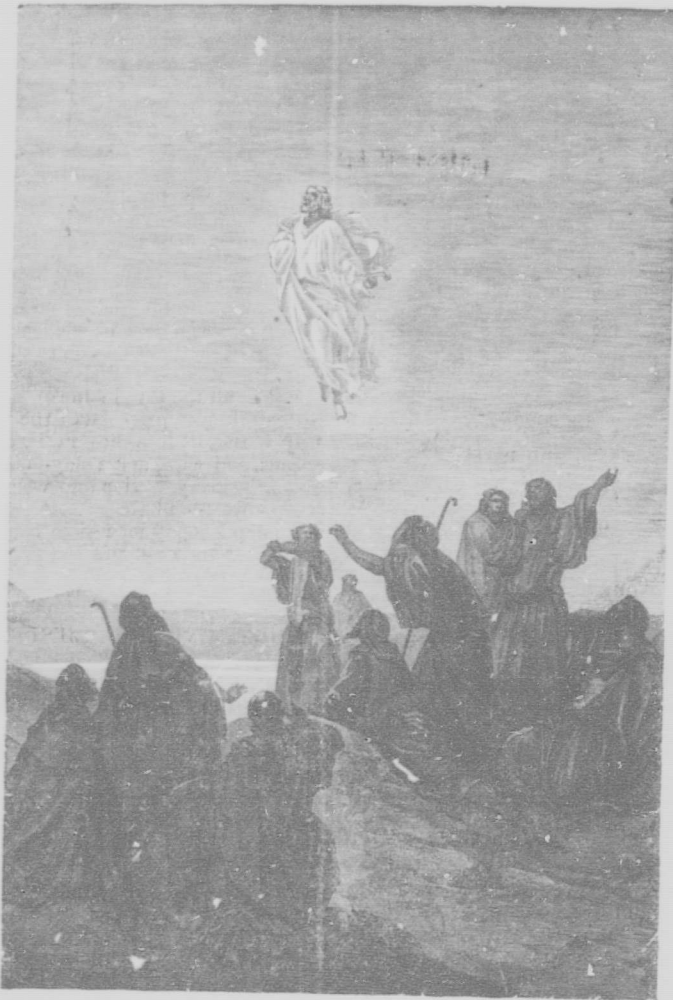
When weak, he supports them, when
erring he guides,
And everything needful he kindly provides.

Oh give, then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are happy who walk in his
ways;

In life and in death he will still be your
Friend;
For those whom he loves he will love to
the end.

SMALL THINGS IN A WATCH.

A watch is composed of about ninety-
eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces
more than two thousand distinct and sep-
arate operations. Some of the smallest
screws are so minute that the unaided
eyes cannot distinguish them from steel
filings or specks of dirt. Under a power-
ful magnifying glass a perfect screw is
revealed. The slit in the head is two one-
hundredths of an inch wide.



THE ASCENSION.

WHAT ARE YOU GOOD FOR?

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?"

Answer that question for me if you can?
You, with the ringlets as bright as the sun,
You, with your fingers as white as a nun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into some mischief and fun you are driving.

See if your wise little noddle can tell
What are you good for—now ponder it well."

Over the carpet two dear little feet
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two little eyes full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing close on my face,
Drew me down close, in a loving embrace;
Two little lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you!"

THE FRUIT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

"But, Harry, papa said we were never to go on the river without Scott; and if he can't go with us we'll just have to wait until to-morrow."

"We needn't have to at all, if you weren't so fussy, Lucy! There are exceptions to every rule, and this is just the time for the exception—when we've been promised to go on the island, and old Scott chose to go off to visit some sick body! We can handle the oars just as well as he can; and what's the good of learning to row, and having a boat bought for us, if we never can use it our own selves?"

"If only papa and mamma were at home!" sighed Lucy, who could not bear to disappoint the others, and disliked giving up the trip herself.

"But they're not! they're gone to town for all day and a nice dull time we'll have of it in this old farm-house all alone! They planned the picnic for us on purpose. So now, don't be horrid; get the things ready and come along."

"Oh, yes, Lucy, do! Harry can take care of us," pleaded the two young girls and Lucy resisted no longer.

Rupert's Island is a lovely spot, with its rocky bluffs, its shady dells and sunny slopes; and the young people exclaimed with pleasure, as they sprang from the boat upon its pebbled shore.

They had had a charming row down the river—wind, tide, everything in their favour; and now the long summer day was to be filled up with every kind of enjoyment.

The first thing was their bath; and that was delight indeed! The water was so clear, yet warm; the sandy bottom so firm and smooth. They splashed and dashed, and dived and swam, until they were pretty well tired; and when they came out, what a glorious appetite they had for their luncheon of sandwiches and cakes! There was the fun, too, of making fire of drift-wood on the shore, and boiling coffee, and toasting cheese; and they lingered till long past noon over the delights of their gipsy dinner.

A rest was next in order, lying on the sunny bank under a spreading oak; and then the island was to be regularly explored. So the hours sped away; and Lucy, who was uneasy, notwithstanding her enjoyment, insisted upon an early start homeward.

She had seated herself with her little sisters in the boat, and Harry was pushing off from shore, when Lucy suddenly started to her feet, exclaiming: "The oars, Harry, where are the oars? They are not here!" "Nonsense!" cried Harry. But, alas, it was true! They had never thought of removing the oars from the open boat, and some scamp had stolen them in their absence.

This was a hopeless misfortune. Harry and Lucy looked at each other in despair and the children burst into frightened crying.

What was to be done? Nothing, but wait on the shore and hail any boat that might chance to pass. Surely some one would come and take them off.

But none did; the dark night came instead. The terrified children ran crying up and down the beach, and finally sobbed themselves to sleep in Lucy's arms.

It was long past dark before their father, setting out instantly on his arrival home, came to their rescue; and Harry and Lucy will never forget what they suffered through those dreadful hours, thinking of the trouble their disobedience had caused.

EVENING HYMN.

I hear no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright;
But still I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer;
The Father for his little child
Both day and night doth care.