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A HINDU IDOL.

One of the most popular of the many idols worshipped by the Hindus is that of Ganesa, the god of wisdom. It is partly in the shape of a man and partly in the shape of an elephant. The children in the schools are taught to worship it, and it is adored by all who wish to become acquainted with Hindu learning and so-called wisdom. The images of this god are found not only in the temples and schools, and at the corners of the streets in the cities, but under trees on country roadsides.

But multitudes of the Hindus are now learning that the beginning of all true wisdom is the fear and worship of Jehovah, the only living and true God, and many are the changes for the better which are now taking place in idolatrous India. A few of them are thus stated by the Lucknow Witness:

"Should Carey and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labors, it would seem to them a stranger land than when, in 1793, they first touched its shores. Then a letter twelve months old from England was new; now steam has brought London within thirty days of Calcutta, and the telegraph has reduced the distance to minutes. Then clumsy boats, the ox-cart, the palanquin, and the pony, were the only aids to travel; now the railroads of India carry annually more than sixteen million passengers. Her sacred Ganges is ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carry messages for her people. Then the whole interior was sealed, and its roads almost im-



A HINDU IDOL.

passable; now it is all open and surveyors are everywhere. Then no native thought of learning English; now it is hardly a barrier to a professor going among the educated classes there that he speaks English only, while in the counting-houses of every large city may be found hundreds who read the language readily.

"Then it was with difficulty that children could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindus contribute

to the support of these schools. Then, if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago. In Calcutta eight hundred women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Woman's Union Missionary Society; and many a young Brahman secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools.

"Then the dozen or fifty fathers-in-law of a Kulin Brahman quarrelled for the honor of supporting him; now he can be compelled to support his wives. It is not fifty years since the high-caste widow of India coveted the funeral pile; now, though at very long intervals we hear of attempts at suttee, its condemnation is almost universal, while the most intelligent look back upon it as we do upon the human sacrifices of the Druids. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government that missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so; now the officers of the Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions."

Every scholar should pray for his teacher every day, should give something in the class-offering every Sabbath, and should attend the church services every Sabbath.

THE TREE.

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:

"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.

"No, let them alone

Till the blossoms have grown."

Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore its blossoms, and all the birds sung;

"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as it swung.

"No, let them alone

Till the berries have grown."

Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow;

Said the girl, "May I gather thy sweet berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see,

Take them, all are for thee."

Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1906.

JESUS WHISPERING.

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher one day to the little flock that gathered around to learn the words of life.

Several of the children answered—some saying one thing, and another, another—until a little timid child spoke out—

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

Does Jesus whisper in your heart? When you do right does he approve? When you do wrong, does he rebuke?

Does he make your heart sad when you have sinned, and happy when you have done rightly? Be thankful, then, for this; and remember always to heed the Saviour's whisper, and then you will be safely guided to his heavenly home at last.

SOME SMART RAVENS.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin once had a raven named "Jacob," which showed wonderful powers of mimicry. It would imitate the crowing of a cock, the mewling of a cat, the barking of a dog, the sound made by the rattle for frightening birds from a corn-field, or the cry of a baby.

On washing days he was very fond of taking off the pegs from the clean clothes hung up to dry, and when they fell on the ground would indulge himself with gleeful croakings.

The story is told of an awkward horseman who was thrown from his seat, while a raven perched in a tree above him cried out in a solemn voice, "How silly!"

Many years ago the landlord of a hotel at Mansfield had a tame raven in his stable-yard. I always frequented this inn when I had occasion to go to Mansfield, and whenever I drove or rode into the yard, Tom the raven was sure to be about, and if the hostler was not in sight he invariably called out, with a hoarse but distinct voice, "Hostler, come and take the gentleman's horse!" bustling about all the time in a pompous, amusing manner, as if he had sole charge of the yard.

Some time ago there was a raven at an inn at crossroads, where the coaches used to stop for dinner. But one day, when the coach was about arriving, and dinner was being carried in, what was the surprise of the waiters to find that all the cutlery and bread had disappeared from the table!

The mystery was, however soon explained. The door of the dining-room had been shut, but the window was left open, and through it the raven had entered, for on a heap of rubbish in the yard the spoons, knives, forks, and mats were carefully set out, and the raven was regaling a numerous company of poultry with a dinner of bread.

Dogs and ravens are usually very good friends; and a story is told about a dog and a raven, by a gentleman who some years ago stopped at a country hotel in England.

"Coming into the hotel yard," he says, "my carriage ran over and bruised the leg of a favorite Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury, Ralph, the raven, looked on also, and was evidently making his remarks on what was being done, for the moment the dog was tied up under the manger with my horse, Ralph not only visited him, but

brought him bones, and attended him with particular marks of kindness.

"I spoke of it to the hostler, who told me that the bird had been brought up with the dog, that the affection between them was mutual, and that every one in the neighborhood had noticed the many acts of kindness performed by one to the other.

"In course of time Ralph's friend, the dog, had the misfortune to break his leg, and during the long period of his confinement the raven constantly waited on him, carried him provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone. Once, by accident, the stable door had been shut, and Ralph had been deprived of his friend's company all night, but in the morning the hostler found the door so pecked away that had it not been opened Ralph would in another hour have made his own entrance."

GOING TO CHURCH.

"I don't see why little girls have to go to church. It's only for big people," said Rose Kennedy.

She was all ready to go to church with her mother, and was waiting for her to put on her bonnet. As she spoke she looked at her dolls in the corner, and her new picture book—oh, if she could only stay at home and have Sunday plays with them!

Her mother took her little girl by the hand, and off they went into the bright sunshine and the beautiful world.

"Rose," she said, "the old Jews didn't know about our loving Saviour, yet their children were all taught to go to church and worship God. Don't you think little folk nowadays ought to want to go more than they? Jesus' parents took him to the great temple when he was little."

"Did they?" asked Rose, much interested. Then she sighed: "Oh, mother, I can't understand the sermons, and I just keep wishing it was over," she said.

"Now let us see if we can't do better than that," her mother replied brightly. "Of course there is much you can't understand, Rose, but I think that a little girl who has been two years in the kindergarten ought to remember something she has heard in church. Just try it to-day."

As soon as Rose was on the way home again she began eagerly: "Oh, mother! I did remember something. They sang 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and the minister prayed that 'everybody there, even the little children, would love to keep God's commandments.' And then in his sermon he said: 'God wants us to give cheerfully, not holding back,' and I remembered how I hated to give Jamie my little black donkey, and how I cried at first when you sent my mittens to that poor little boy out West. I'm going to give better next time."

And Rose gave a little skip. "I believe I like church," she said.

IF I WAS YOU.

If I was a man, a great big man,
I know some things I would do.
I'd tell the people who keep drink shops
That we'd be some laws quite new;
That they should not sell that wretched
stuff
That so many drunkards makes,
Causing a father to beat his child.
While wife and home he forsakes.
If I was a man, a great big man,
Oh, yes, if I was you,
I'd vote for temperance every time,
If I was you.

If I was a mother, grown up tall,
I'd tell my son not to drink;
To put aside the very first glass—
Even from cider to shrink.
Then I would work for the other boys,
Whose mothers don't seem to care
That drink, like a terrible giant,
Wants boys who are young and fair.
If I was a mother, grown up tall,
Oh, yes, ma'am, if I was you,
I'd sign the pledge just for my boy,
If I was you.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON X.—MARCH 11.

THE TONGUE AND THE TEMPER.

Matt. 5. 33-48. Memory verses 44, 45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep the door of my lips.—Psa. 141. 3.

THE LESSON STORY.

"Keep the door of my lips" is a golden text, indeed, and if we pray it often we will be kept from saying many an unkind and wrong thing. Sometimes we hear people say, "Think before you speak." It is a very good thing to do. If when we are angry we would stop to think how foolish it is to answer back with ugly words. It never does any good and, indeed, always does harm. So also with swearing. That is very wicked and is sure to have a very harmful effect. It is a great sin to use swear-words, for the habit grows, and God has said it is very wrong to take his name in vain. It is also wrong to feel bitter and ugly toward our neighbor, even though he has not treated us well. It is so much better to forgive than to hold a grudge. Jesus has told us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them who "despitefully use and persecute us." That is what he did, and that is what every Christian should try to do. It is oftentimes hard, but with Christ's help we can do it, and if we let him keep the door of our lips we

will be helped to leave unsaid many unkind words and cruel actions.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who speaks in the lesson? Jesus Christ.
2. What does he say? That we must not swear.
3. What does "an eye for an eye" mean? To have revenge.
4. Are we to take revenge? No; we are to forgive.
5. Are we to help our enemies? Yes, and to do to them as we would that they should do to us.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness.—Matt. 4. 23.

REVIEW.

1. What is the first lesson about? The shepherds find Jesus.
2. What is the lesson for me? To rejoice and worship the Saviour.
3. What is the second lesson about? The wise men find Jesus.
4. What is the lesson for me? To seek Jesus earnestly.
5. What is the third lesson about? The Boy Jesus.
6. What is the lesson for me? To be about our Father's business.
7. What is the fourth lesson about? The baptism of Jesus.
8. What is the lesson for me? To set a good example ourselves.
9. What is the fifth lesson about? The temptation of Jesus.
10. What is the lesson for me? To pray when tempted.
11. What is the sixth lesson about? Jesus calling fishermen.
12. What is the lesson for me? Jesus calls each little child to do some work.
13. What is the seventh lesson about? A day of miracles in Capernaum.
14. What is the lesson for me? Jesus can cure our ugly tempers if we will let him.
15. What is the eighth lesson about? Jesus' power to forgive.
16. What is the lesson for me? If we have faith he will forgive our sins.
17. What is the ninth lesson about? Jesus tells who are blessed.
18. What is the lesson for me? Are we like the blessed ones Christ speaks of.
19. What is the tenth lesson about? The tongue and the temper.
20. What is the lesson for me? Let Jesus bridle our lips.

The natives of Australia tie the hands of the corpse and pull out the fingernails: this for fear that the dead will scratch their way out of the grave and become vampires.

JUST THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasing is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good."

"I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross, and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him out as long as he is good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered:

"Thank you, dearie, it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act upon her aunt's good words: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."



BABIES IN JAPAN.

Japanese babies are very funny-looking little things. Their heads are shaved, except here and there a little patch of hair is left. For every-day wear they have short dresses of bright red or yellow. Their best dresses are made of large-flowered silk, with wide sleeves like their mothers'. Often the dresses will have square patches of red or green or yellow sewed on the back. They have colored bibs, and, when they are old enough to toddle around, they have bells fastened on them, so the mother may know where they are.

In the streets of Japan you may see plenty of girls playing with a baby brother or sister tied on their back. The girls play games without paying any attention to the babies, unless one happens to fall off, and then you find out that Japanese babies can cry as well as Canadian babies.

STORIES ABOUT BABY—BABY AND "BURNIE."

Baby loved and trusted everything about the house except the naughty, prickly cactus. When the stoves were put up in the autumn and the fires lighted in the hearths, Baby thought the bright red flames were visitors come to play with him. The first time he saw them he wanted, oh, so much, to take them right into his dear little hands and pat them and play with them. Mamma told him, "No, no, Baby!" Baby shook his little head wisely and repeated, "No, no!" ever so

soberly; but still he could not understand that it would hurt him to touch the flames. So mamma put her hand down quite close to the fire and then drew it away hastily, crying out "Ouch!" Baby clapped his paddies and laughed merrily over this. He thought his mamma had done it just to amuse him, and that it would be nice for him to try it, too. So mamma saw she must do something to protect her precious darling against the dangerous flames. So she took Baby's hand in hers and held it close enough to the blaze for him to feel the heat. As Baby looked up in grieved astonishment and drew his hand back, mamma shook her head and said, "burnie, burnie!"

Baby soon learned the lesson, and would stretch out his hand toward the fire a little way and then draw it quickly back and exclaim, "Bu-bu!" Then he would

hide his hand under his dress skirt so the fire could not catch it and "bu" it. After that Baby told every one who came into the room that fire would "bu," by first pointing toward it and then hiding his hand under his dress, warning very earnestly, "Bu-bu." I can't tell you how many grown-up people he saved from the cruel flames—he no doubt thought a great many.

THE CLEVER RED SQUIRREL.

Tiny was a red squirrel, and one of the many little friends from the woods near-by who made themselves quite at home in the dooryard of the author of "A Hermit's Wild Friends." The writer tells a funny story about this quick-witted little squirrel, and how he got the better of his hermit friend, who had several times tested his cleverness in getting seeds out of a box stowed away in various places. Each time the squirrel succeeded in getting at them.

"At last I stretched a cord between two trees, and half-way suspended a box open at the top and full of tempting seeds. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box, and made up his mind that he must have a share in the treat. He ran up one of the trees, and tried the limbs that hung over the box. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let him into the box.

"After he had used this highway several days I cut the limb away. When Tiny found a fresh stub instead of a limb,

he understood what it meant, and chattered away angrily for twenty minutes.

"His next move was to investigate the line where it was attached to the trees. When he found it he thought he could reach the box over the line, and started out. When about a foot from the box, the line turned, and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times, and met with failure. The fourth time, when the line turned, he clung to it and made his way to the box, hand over hand.

"I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so, since then I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it."

A WISE TOAD.

The other day I read a story about a toad who had an easy way of getting his living. He lived near a yard where many chickens were fed. The meal which they left in their saucers naturally soured very soon, and drew the flies in large numbers. Here was a fine chance for Mr. Toad. Toward evening he would come, choose a saucer, climb into it, and roll over and over until he was covered with meal. Before long he was surrounded by flies, who had also come to supper. No sooner did one of them get within reach of the toad's mouth than out went his tongue, and that fly was seen no more.

THE COMING TEMPERANCE MEN

We are coming to the rescue—

We are young and brave and strong—

And we're ready for the conflict

Between the right and wrong,

Our nerves are strong and steady,

Our pulses full and true,

For we put away tobacco,

And beer and cider, too.

They tell us we are children—

We're glad to know the fact,

For in the coming future

We'll learn to think and act.

They tell us we are feeble,

But God we do not doubt.

Lo, in his name for all that's pure

We'll raise a mighty shout.

We hope to grow to manhood,

And mingle in the strife,

And with loyal, steadfast purpose,

Join the noble ranks of life.

We'll work a few more summers

As Temperance Boys; and then

We'll stand among our elders,

The Loyal Temperance Men.

Yes, we're coming to the rescue,

A host of loyal men,

To fight the foes of temperance,

With the vote or with the pen.

And we'll shout for right and justice

'Til the people understand,

This blasting, deadly Upas

Shall cease to spoil our land.