

SUNBEAM

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No. 15

THE SAILOR'S YARN.

There are few things that old sailors like better than to tell their adventures to an interested audience of young people. And such an audience the ocean salt in our picture seems to have. The boy and girl are eagerly drinking in his story of perils by sea and by land. Indeed, sailors often fear the land more than the sea, and in a storm are said to often express their pity for "them unhappy folks ashore." The boy is in a fair way to become infatuated with the sea. But probably a voyage before the mast would take a great deal of the romance out of it.

HOW WALTER WAITED.

Eight o'clock was Walter's bedtime, and like many other little boys and girls, he thought it came too soon. Just as he was building a fine large house of blocks, or chasing fire-flies on the lawn, the eight strokes would sound from the big old-fashioned clock in the hall, and mother would carry her little boy off to bed.

"I'll be so glad when I'm fifty years old," Walter used to say. "Then I'm going to stay up all night long." Mother

always smiled when he said this, and told him to wait and see.

One morning mother and father went off on a day's journey, not to return until nine o'clock in the evening, and as an



THE SAILOR'S YARN.

unusual treat, Walter was to be allowed to wait up for them. The little boy was overjoyed. All day long he planned games for the extra hour before bedtime. Such houses he would build, and such fun he would have! When eight o'clock struck, he pointed his finger merrily at the big clock, and laughed at it.

"Not to-night!" he cried gleefully.

Soon after, when he had built one fire-house of blocks, he began to feel drowsy, but he wouldn't tell nurse. It looked so comfortable on the big sofa in the library, he thought it would be easier to wait there for father and mother.

So he climbed upon the soft cushions and snuggled down contentedly. Then he laid his curly head back on the cushions. It was so pleasant to wait here; by and by there would be a ring at the door-bell, and then he would rush to open the big door, and mother would kiss him—and father—would—

Walter suddenly stopped thinking, for his eyes closed, and he was fast asleep. After that evening Walter made no more objections to going to bed at eight o'clock.

IN TWILIGHT LAND.

In twilight land there are beautiful things—
The soft, low songs that a mother sings,
Good-night kisses, so fond and sweet,
Patters and twinkles of dimpled feet
And the brightest of dreams that come sliding down
On a starry stairway from Slumbertown.

In twilight land where the shadows creep
Dear little eyes fall fast asleep,
Birds and blossoms have gone to rest,
And babies are cuddled to mother's breast,
And always are tenderly whispered there
The sacred words of the children's prayer.

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Sunbeam.

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TRUST.

When Harriet Stuart was eight years old she learned a lesson of trust in God which she has never forgotten.

Harriet was a nervous child, and when her elder sister left home for a short visit she was much afraid of sleeping alone. She said nothing, lest her brothers should laugh at her, but went to bed cheerfully, and was sound asleep when her mother came in to kiss her.

During the night she awoke. It was quite dark, the house quiet. But O, there was some big thing on her bed! It must be a burglar! Afraid to scream, little Harriet hid her face under the bedclothes, trembling all over. Presently a verse she had learned came to her mind: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." Repeating these words, she fell asleep.

When the little girl awoke, the sun was shining brightly into her room. She still felt the supposed burglar on the foot of her bed, but she was no longer afraid. Uncovering her head, she saw her favourite big Newfoundland dog, dear Nip, who had once dragged her out of the river, and who would never have allowed any one to injure her, a friend instead of a dreaded foe.—*Jewels.*

ROBIN'S NEW HOME.

BY PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

This is the story of a robin's nest, and it is quite true, because the chimney swallow, who saw it, told the little brown wren, and she told me.

The little brown wren was building a nest herself in the corner of the piazza. One day she came into my room through the open window and helped herself to some bright threads that lay on the table. As she flew to and fro, she told me what the swallow in the chimney saw when he looked down into the maple tree.

The swallow was a good friend of hers, she said, though, as she often told him, he could not sing a note; but he flew about a great deal, and knew plenty of stories.

A pair of robins, so the swallow told the wren, were building in a tree close to the house where he was building in the chimney. Sometimes he stopped his work to watch them, wondering how any bird could be so foolish as to build in a tree when there were plenty of nice smooth chimneys. And oh, the funny things the robins wove into that nest! There were twigs and bits of string, grasses, long hairs from the pony's tail, and many other things that the swallow could not remember.

The wren used these same things in making her own nest, and she thought them quite necessary, but she made excuses for the swallow because he thought that every nest should be made of mud and plastered to the side of a chimney. But the funniest thing of all, he told the wren, was yet to come.

One day the people that lived in the house beneath his chimney left the window of the sewing-room open, and a tape measure blew out and fell to the ground. The robins were the first to find it. The swallow knew that it was a tape measure, because he had seen the people using it, but the robins did not. They wanted to carry it to their nest. Mrs. Robin thought it would look just like a yellow ribbon tied around it, and she knew that the neighbours would all envy her her fire house.

Mr. Robin had an idea that if he could wind it around the nest it would hold it together when the wind blew, and keep the children from falling out. He took one end of it in his bill and tried to fly with it, but it was too long and heavy. Then Mrs. Robin tried, then they tried together, Mr.

Robin at one end, and his wife at the other. So they flew to the tree with it, but before they reached their nest the tape measure caught on a piece of bark. Neither could move it, and there it hung until long after the birds were hatched.

The swallow said that he thought it served them right for taking what did not belong to them. The wren thought so too, but she hoped that I would not miss the threads that she was taking, because they made her nest look so bright and pretty. Then with a sweet little song of thanks she was gone.

USEFUL AND HAPPY.

Little Bessie Eyebright awoke one morning with a merry laugh. "O mother, but I have had such a good sleep, and I had such a pretty dream about a little girl who did everything her mother wanted her to; and O, they lived so nicely together, and they looked so happy! and I believe I'll try and do the same thing. Won't you try me to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Eyebright smiled at the enthusiasm of her little girl, who so often fretted over the many steps that little feet are so often asked to take to relieve mamma's and sister's weary feet. But she believed in encouraging the child to carry out any resolution that would make her more willing and more useful. So she said: "Yes, my dear; we'll make a bond of good will between us, and mother will see how much you can be like the good little girl in the dream, while she watches herself lest she overtax you."

All day long little Bessie's feet were busy with their patter of willingness, and when night came she breathed a great big "O! I am so tired! But mother, haven't I tried to be useful?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother; "and don't you feel happier than if you had fretted about doing it?"

"Yes, mother," said Bessie; "and I am going to be a busy little girl."

Mother said: "That resolution, if kept, will keep you out of much mischief, and make you a noble woman. For 'Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do.'"

HOW ELSIE LIGHTS THE LIGHT.

In New York harbour there is a very large statue of Liberty. In her hand she holds a great torch, which lights up the whole harbour, so that ships can find the way. The man who takes care of this light has a little daughter, Elsie. Often Elsie is allowed to light the torch herself. How do you think she does it? Not with a match as we light a lamp, for this is an electric light. She goes with her father into a room under the statue and simply presses a button. Then the great light flames up.

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder,
 dear,
 Your head like the goldenrod,
 And we will go sailing away from here
 To the beautiful Land of Nod.
 Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and
 worry,
 Away from earth's shadow and gloom;
 To a world of fair weather we'll float off
 together,
 Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your
 hands,
 Your hands like the leaf of the rose,
 And we will go sailing to those fair lands
 That never an atlas shows.
 On the north and the west they are bounded
 by rest,
 On the south and the east by dreams;
 'Tis the country ideal where nothing is
 real,
 But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear
 eyes,
 Those eyes like a bright blue-bell,
 And we will sail out under starlit skies
 To the land where the fairies dwell.
 Down the River of Sleep our bark shall
 sweep,
 Till it reaches the mystic isle,
 Which no man hath seen, but where all have
 been,
 And there we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along
 To that shore that is blessed of God,
 Then, ho! for that fair land, we're off for
 that rare land,
 The beautiful Land of Nod.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V. [August 2.]

SAMUEL ANOINTS DAVID.

1 Sam. 16. 4-13. Memorize verses 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance,
 but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 Sam.
 16. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How did Samuel feel about Saul? Did
 he see Saul again? What did the Lord
 say to him about it? What did he tell him
 to do? What do you know about Bethle-
 hem? Who was Jesse? The grandson of
 Ruth? What was Samuel afraid of? That
 Saul would kill him. What was he told to
 do? What fine-looking young man did he
 see? Had the Lord chosen him? What
 did the Lord say to him? Golden Text.

Who passed before Samuel? All the sons
 of Jesse but one. Where was he? Did
 they send for him? How did he look?
 What was the Lord's word about him?
 What did Samuel do? What came upon
 David?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the Lord's command to
 Samuel. 1 Sam. 16. 1-3.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 16.
 4-13.
- Wed. Read how David came to serve the
 king. 1 Sam. 16. 14-23.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Read what David sang when a king.
 Psa. 23.
- Sat. Find what greater King was born
 in Bethlehem. Matt. 2. 1.
- Sun. Find what a prophet said of Beth-
 lehem. Mic. 5. 2.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That the Lord honours the good.
2. That the Lord looks upon the heart.
3. That nothing is hidden from him.

LESSON VI. [August 9.]

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 38-49. Memorize verses 45-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?
 —Rom. 8. 31.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did David do for Saul? Played
 the harp for him. Why was Saul's soul
 dark? Because he was far from God.
 Who made war upon Israel? Where did
 Saul go? Where did David go? What
 did his father want him to do? Was he
 glad? Whom did he see? What was the
 giant doing? What did David long to do?
 How did he know that he was strong? He
 had killed a lion and a bear. What did his
 brothers do? Did Saul let him go? What
 did he try to wear? What did he finally
 arm himself with? What did the giant do
 when he saw David? How did David
 answer him? What did David do with his
 sling? Who guided the stone? God.
 Why? Because David trusted in him.
 What followed? The giant fell dead.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read of the champion of the Philis-
 tines. 1 Sam. 17. 1-11.
- Tues. Read how David went to see his
 brothers. 1 Sam. 17. 12-22.
- Wed. Read how David longed to defend
 Israel. 1 Sam. 17. 23-37.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 17.
 38-49.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read the rest of the story. 1 Sam.
 17. 50-58.
- Sun. Read a song of triumph. Psa. 27.
 1-6.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That strong hearts are better than
 strong bodies.
2. That in God's strength we can do all
 things.
3. That we must meet giant evils as
 David met Goliath.

THE WEED'S WINGS.

Mamma, I never knew weeds were so
 pretty; just look here!" and Gracie held
 before her mother a downy white globe of
 the daintiest texture, clinging to a stiff,
 brown little stem.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said mamma.
 "See, the globe is made of white wings."
 "Wings!" said Gracie, wonderingly;
 "they look like little white stars."

"Yes," answered mamma, "they do;
 but they are really wings. Do you see the
 cluster of little brown seeds at the
 centre?"

"Yes," said Gracie, looking at it care-
 fully.

"Now," said mamma, "pull one of
 them out. No, wait; blow the globe in-
 stead."

So Gracie blew upon it gently; and lo,
 away floated the little white stars, each
 carrying with it a tiny brown seed.

"Now, do you see," asked mamma,
 "why I called them wings? Each little
 seed has a wing, and when the wind blows
 upon it it flies away, carrying its seed with
 it; and then it drops down, sometimes a
 long way from the spot where the little
 weed that bore it grew, and there the little
 seed lies until it sinks into the earth, and
 ripens, and sends forth another weed of
 the same kind."

"Isn't it wonderful, mamma? And
 see, too, how beautiful each little wing is!
 I don't think I shall ever say 'old weeds'
 again. Their seed wings are as pretty as
 the flowers."

THE STORM THAT DIDN'T COME.

It was a beautiful morning, but Susy
 felt cross. "I don't want to go to school
 to-day," she said; "Miss Jones hasn't got
 my new school dress done, and the teacher
 gave us such a long lesson, I know I can't
 learn it."

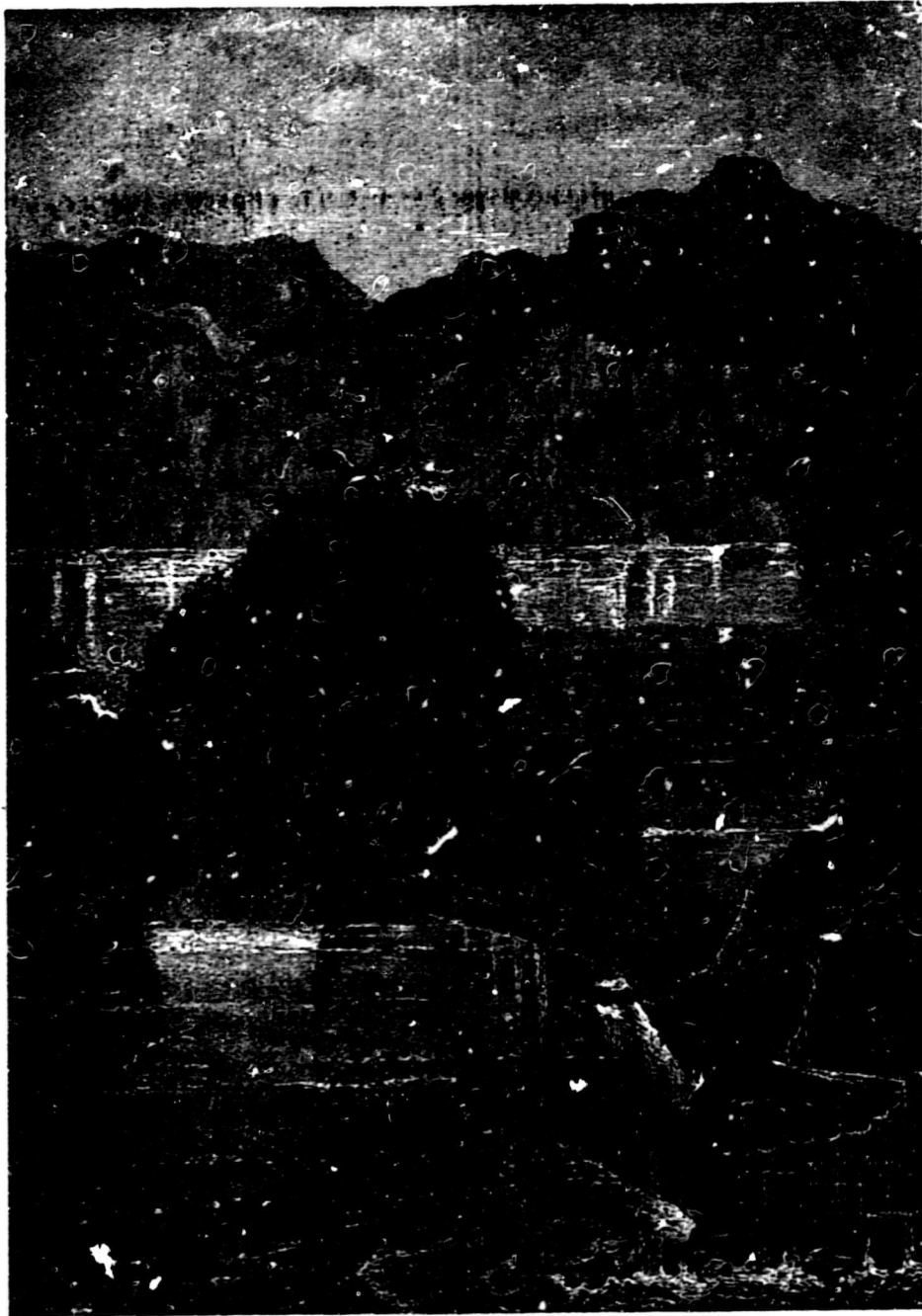
"Never stay out of school unless it is
 necessary," said mother.

Then Susy began to cry. Grandfather
 laid down the paper, and put on his hat
 to go down town. "Where're my umbrella
 and overshoes?" he asked.

"Why, father, what do you want of
 them?" asked Susy's mother in surprise.

"I thought there was going to be a
 storm," he said, looking at Susy, who for-
 got to cry, and began to laugh, instead.—
 Selected.

Never shrink from a painful duty, but
 step right up to it and do it.



THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

THE OSPREY OR FISH-HAWK.

This powerful bird will sometimes be seen sailing on noiseless wing above the water. When it sees a fish beneath the surface it rushes down, dives boldly and brings up the struggling fish, and carries it off to its nest to feed its young. They will carry off a fish weighing five pounds. Sometimes they plunge their talons into one too heavy to lift, and will be dragged under the water and drowned.

JENNY'S LESSON.

BY MINNIE L. LEE.

"Jenny," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew this braid on your sister's dress?"

"O mother, how can you ask me to help

you when you know that it takes all my time to make these pictures?"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house, and formed a club. We call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the New York hospital. Do you not think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," said her mother absently.

So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate," said Jenny, "I thought that you were never coming."

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Chloe had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her."

"Well, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant," said Jenny, very much surprised.

"Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we girls form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too. I couldn't go out trying to help other people all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad for my help. Do you think that you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon, at tea-time Kate went home. As soon as she was gone Jenny came downstairs, and went to find her mother. "Mother," she said "have you sewed the braid on Nettie's dress?"

"No," replied her mother, "I have not been able to get it done."

"Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others that I can help."

And after that Jenny always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all that she could.

THOSE THEY LIKE THE BEST.

Which does the teacher like the best
Of all the boys and girls?
'Tis not the one most prettily dressed,
Or the one with the bonniest curls;
But the one that's obedient, prompt, and
neat,
And who isn't too full of jest,
Who is diligent always, and brave and
sweet—
That's the one the teacher likes best.

Which do the children like the best
Of all the girls and boys?
'Tis not the one most handsomely dressed,
Or who tries to get the most joys;
But the one that is friendly, and gentle,
and true
And kinder than all the rest—
Oh, that is the one—and I hope it is you—
That the children like the best!

—The Morning Star.

DO YOUR BEST IN EVERYTHING.

When the instructors at Rugby School took a lad to task for his poor penmanship, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do; it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean War. An order that he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and cost many brave fellows their lives.—
Saturday Evening Post.