

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1902.

N. 8.

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"O Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace" crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the hand of his favourite, Lucy, who was always called "Peace" because of her gentle and loving ways.

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm tired of fairies."

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"O, that's good," cried Bob. "Were they all iron with heavy bars; and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?"

"No; the doors I mean are pink and scarlet; and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white; and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards were away," said Cousin Will "I have known some things

to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened, and the lady began to talk very fast like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters

the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, colouring; "were you listening?"

"O, you mean our mouths are doors!"

exclaimed Harry, and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my lips, keep the door of my mouth.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side, and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out."

IT TOLD HIS GUILT.

There are some people in this world who do wrong, hoping that they will never be found out. It is vain for them to hope this, for God who sees all things, sees them when they are doing wrong. It is hard also to conceal wrong-doing even from those around us.

Not long ago, I read of a boy who visited a gentleman, and was left alone for some time in the room. When the gentleman returned to the room, he noticed that the bird-cage was empty. He at once questioned the boy, who said he

knew nothing at all about the matter. "But you must know about it," said the gentleman. "When I left the room the bird was in that cage. Birdie, where are you?" he called.



HINDU CARRIAGE.

This is a very queer sort of carriage. What clumsy looking wheels and springs. Instead of horses the small cattle of the country are used. One would think that the drapery on the animals would be intolerably hot. I suppose it is used to keep off the flies.

is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?" "O yes," said the other little crimson lady from the other door; "and what a turn-up nose she has!" Then poor Lucy, who was around

At the sound of the familiar voice, there came a chirp, from where, do you suppose? Right from the boy's pocket. He had stolen the bird and put it in his pocket. Then he had told a lie in order to cover up his theft. Yet it was all in vain, for the bird itself told just as plainly as if it had been spoken in human language the wrong-doing of which that boy had been guilty.

It is an old saying but a very true one, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Let us be on the watch against that enemy of our souls, sin, and pray God that he will give us strength to resist temptation. Every time we resist temptation it makes us stronger to overcome. Every time we yield however, it makes it just so much harder to do right the next time. So let us be always on our guard.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents p. 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 19, 1902.

THE FLOOD.

Four little boys were talking about the flood. One, on being asked what he would have done if he had been living at the time of the flood, replied: "I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door." The second said, "I would have climbed to the top of a big tree." The third said, "I would have climbed to the top of a high mountain." The fourth said, "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said, 'Mr. Noah, please let me in.'"

The first three boys, who would have tried to save themselves, would have been lost; and the fourth boy only, who would apply for help, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves; all who want to be saved must go to Jesus.

HOW MUCH IT COST.

One two, three! Kenneth nestled uneasily. Four, five, six! He bored his tousled brown head deep into the pillows, and tried not to hear the seven.

Lazy little Kenneth! The next time the clock spoke it said "eight" imperatively, and sent him into his shoes and stockings in a panic.

Kenneth hurried bravely; but buttons didn't behave, and where could the other shoe be? Where was the hairbrush? If he'd only got up at seven!

After all, he didn't stop to eat but three muffin bites and a cookie. Then he snatched his lunch-pail from the pantry shelf and was off. Mamma was up in the berry garden, picking currants. It wouldn't do to run up after his good-bye kiss—there wasn't a minute to spare.

He was late to school, anyway, just by an unlucky minute or two, and on his way to his seat he could hear Miss Periwinkle's pencil-point, hard and rasping, tracing his poor little black mark.

Well, it was a sorry morning and a sorry boy in it. Kenneth was too hungry and too crestfallen to study, so his spelling lesson came to grief. He had to stay in at recess to study it.

When noon did come, how he ran for his dinner-pail! It looked so shiny and comfortable, and he sniffed little spicy, consoling smells round the edges of the cover. Didn't he know just what was in there?

"My mother puts up the splendidest dinners in this town," he cried. "The splendidest in—this—town!"

Some of the boys objected; but Kenneth, tugging at the pail cover, was insistent.

"You wait an' see. Any o' you fellows get spice-cakes in your dinner, an' tongue sandwiches—an'—an' cheese. I guess so!"

The cover snapped off. The boys peered into—an empty pail. Empty as poor Kenneth's little hungry stomach. It wasn't his lunch-pail at all. Why hadn't he noticed there wasn't any small worsted bow on the handle? This was mamma's milk-pail, and he got it in his hurry. Oh, dear!

Of course, the boys—being boys—laughed at him loudly; and, of course, Kenneth's face reddened angrily. But he made a big, brave effort and joined in the laugh. There was a great lump in his throat; and it was hard work squeezing the laugh through. It got caught and broke into two pieces. Still, it was a laugh. He put his hands in his pockets and walked off, trying to whistle.

"My mother puts up the splen—," called one of the boys after him; but he didn't get any further.

Benny Brown's grimy little hand was clapped over his mouth.

"No, you don't," Benny said stoutly. "Ken's a brick. I guess you wouldn't 'a'

laughed at yourself. You'd 'a' been hop-pin'."

"That's so. So would I," agreed Emil Smith. "Good for Ken!"

"Let's us make it up to him. Come on," cried Benny, excitedly.

And when Kenneth went back to his desk there was a generous dinner spread out on it, waiting for him. Every boy had shared his choicest bits. So, you see, Kenneth wasn't hungry when he got home to mamma at night except for his missing kiss. But he was ever so much wiser.

"You see, mamma," he confided to her aside, "It don't do to be lazy-bones. It's dreadful 'xpensive."—*Selected.*

AN OBJECT OF PITY.

Pity the boy that never sees
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,
Nor hears the music of the breeze
When zephyrs soft are blowing;
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie
Where clover blooms are thick and high,
And hear the gentle murmur nigh
Of brooklets softly flowing.

Pity the boy who does not know
Where all the woodland berries grow;
Who never sees the forests glow,
When leaves are red and yellow,
Whose childish feet can never stray
Where nature does her charms display;
For such a helpless boy I say,
Pity the little fellow!

WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

"Mother, I wish that you would call baby in, he is so cross that we cannot play," cried Robert to his mother one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

"I do not think that he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mother, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mother.

Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving the baby a push.

Baby screamed, and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said the mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not quite like to do this; but he did it, and the baby kissed and hugged him very warmly.

"Now you see," said his mother, "that you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother; but you must teach him yourself."—*Our Little Dots.*

Did you
Where th
And eve
drag
With dir

On the S
And his
Late
With un
And a n
Caro

Grandmo
With her
and
And old
Around t

Did you
To play
Fro
Or go to
And whi
gate

To play
Leaving
To stop
Is the ne

L

STUDIE

GENTILES

Acts 11.

Whoso
ceive rem
qu

What
about Pe
the Gentil
They thou
only. W
them? T
clean and
see it? A
What was
from heav
What was
eat." W
had not
clean. W
he must r
unclean.
Of his mi
What did
had indee
What doe
of all peo

PUT OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put Off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble down,
And everything tarries and everything
drags,
With dirty streets and people in rags?

On the Street of Slow lives old man Wait
And his two little boys named Linger and
Late,
With unclean hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty little sister named Don't
Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two granddaughters called Fret
and Frown;
And old man Lazy lives alone
Around the corner on street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put Off Town
To play with the little girls Fret and
Frown?
Or go to the home of old man Wait,
And whistle for his boys to come to the
gate?

To play all day on Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet,
To stop or shirk or linger or frown
Is the nearest way to this old town.
—*Christian Alliance.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON IV. [April 27.]

GENTILES RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH.
Acts 11. 4-15. Memorize verses 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins.—Acts 10. 43.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did the Judean disciples hear about Peter? That he had been among the Gentiles. Why did this trouble them? They thought the Gospel was for the Jews only. What did Peter do when he saw them? Told them about his vision of the clean and unclean beasts. Where did he see it? At Joppa, when he was praying. What was the vision? A sheet let down from heaven full of all beasts and fowls. What was he told to do? To "slay and eat." Why did he refuse? Because he had not eaten anything common or unclean. What did this vision mean? That he must not call the Gentiles common or unclean. What else did he tell them? Of his mission to the house of Cornelius. What did the disciples think? That God had indeed sent his Gospel to the Gentiles. What does this story teach us? To think of all people with love and respect.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the story of Peter's vision. Acts 10. 9-16.
- Tues.* Read a promise to the Gentiles. Isa. 60. 3-5.
- Wed.* Read Christ's promise to the Gentiles. John 10. 16.
- Thur.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 11. 4-15.
- Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat.* Find another who was called to preach to the Gentiles. Acts 9. 15.
- Sun.* Find who are taken to heaven. Rev. 7. 9, 10.

LESSON V. [May 4.]

THE CHURCH AT ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

Acts 11. 19-30. Memorize verses 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.—Acts 11. 21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What followed Stephen's death? Many disciples left Jerusalem. Why? The Jews were cruel to them. Where did they go? To other countries. To what city in Syria did some go? To Antioch. What did they do there? Preached the good news. Who was sent there to help them? Barnabas. Whom did he get to help him? Saul. How long did they stay in Antioch? One year. What were the disciples first called in Antioch? Christians. What did they do for the poor Christians at Jerusalem? Sent them money. Who took it to them? Saul and Barnabas. How did the persecution do good? It was the means of spreading the good news. In what way? People who had to leave their homes preached the Gospel to those among whom they went to live.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 11. 19-30.
- Tues.* Learn what the apostles at Jerusalem learned. Golden Text.
- Wed.* Learn a word of warning. Heb. 2. 3.
- Thur.* Find what command Saul and Barnabas obeyed. Matt. 28. 19.
- Fri.* Find out all you can about Antioch.
- Sat.* Find a proof of Barnabas' friendship for Saul. Acts 9. 26-27.
- Sun.* Learn why we should help men to believe. James 5. 20.

The teacher of an infant class at Sunday-school was trying to bring out the fact that David was a man of varied occupations. There had been smooth sailing until the question was asked: "What do you call a man that plays on a harp?" After a brief pause, one little fellow raised his hand, and answered, "An Italian!"—*Exchange.*

KINDNESS TO A LITTLE BOY.

Abraham Lincoln is spoken of as a firm but kind man. During the war, yes, when the war was at its fiercest, and this great man, worn with anxiety and labour, tormented by the complaints of the envious and crowded with numberless cares incident to his position, pressed constantly also with decisions of grave importance for his country, his kind heart led him to lay aside all these for a moment and listen to a little boy's story.

How did it happen?

I will tell you. Governor Rice and Senator Wilson entered the President's private office. With them slipped in a lad who had been waiting days for admission. The President briefly saluted the two men, and, turning to the lad, said kindly:

"And who is this little boy?"

The child told him that he had come to Washington to see if he could not get a situation as "page" in the House.

"My boy," said President Lincoln, "for work of this kind you should speak to the door-keeper."

"But, sir," said the lad, "I'm a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and from my Sunday-school teacher."

The President took the lad's papers, ran his eyes over them, then wrote upon the back of one of them

"If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified."

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But O, there were so many!
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

DO YOU PRAY FOR YOUR TEACHER?

Mrs. Brown, Mary's Sunday-school teacher, was sick, and all the children of the infant class were asked to pray for her. Every night Mary asked her Heavenly Father to make her teacher well. When her teacher came back to Sunday-school again Mary was delighted and said, "Mamma, now I do not need to ask God to make Mrs. Brown well, but I will ask him to bless her." Do you pray for your teacher?



PEACE AND WAR.

TWO PICTURES.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

The sun was shining calm and bright,
The meadow grass was deep;
The daisies and the buttercups
Were nodding half asleep.
And overhead the sparrows sat
And dozed upon the bough,
For all the world was sleepy then,
When Johnny drove the cow.

The sun was like a flaming beast!
The field was like the sea!
The grass, like angry snakes, did hiss
And wriggle at his knee.
The sparrows turned to goblin imps
That yelled and fluttered on,
As, through a world gone raving mad,
The cow was driving John.

MILLIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

"Why, this is your birthday, isn't it, dearie?" exclaimed grandmother, "and not one of us remembered it. I guess you must have forgotten it yourself."

"No, I did not forget it," answered Millie, "and at first I felt provoked because no one else thought about it; then last night it popped into my head that it would be nice to give presents on my birthday. But I couldn't think of anything to give; and then, pretty soon, I thought that

I'd give such presents that no one would know I was giving them. It has been lots of fun. You see, Uncle George never knew who put that patch on his coat-sleeve, and a patch is such a comical present that I laughed all the while I was doing it. Mother never will think, when she laughs over the letter I wrote her, that I was making her a present of a laugh, will she?"

"I should think not," said grandmother, smiling.

"Then I happened to think of Aunt Lucy's flower garden that she wanted Glenn to weed, and he didn't; but she never knew that I made her a present of some work. But I think the present that I made Glenn was the queerest. You see, he got mad when we were playing tennis; and what do you s'pose I made him a present of then, grandmother?"

"I do not know," answered grandmother; "a kind word, perhaps."

Millie looked up into grandmother's eyes, and whispered: "Yes, and a prayer."

PEACE AND WAR.

What a delightful thing it is to see the children playing with the deadly enginery of war. It makes one think of the promise of the Scripture, that the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the nations learn war no more.

SWIMMING TO CHURCH.

Nyangande lived in the west of Africa, near the Ogove River. One afternoon, as she was going away from the missionary's house where she had been selling bunches of plantains, the missionary's wife said: "Don't forget; you have promised to come to church to-morrow."

"Yes," replied the girl, "I surely will."

Next morning, to her dismay, she found that somebody had stolen her canoe. But her mind was made up to go, as she had promised; so she swam all the way. The current was swift, the river fully a third of a mile wide; but, by slanting across with the current she succeeded in crossing the river.

Remember this little heathen girl in the west of Africa when you are tempted to stay away from God's house for some trivial reason.—*Jewels.*

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

If every little boy or girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song?
If each one did his level best
To help the world along—

The wrong things then would soon be
right;
So try to do or say
One kindly deed, one loving word,
Beginning on this day.

HOW CARLO BOUGHT BUNS.

Carlo is a pretty little dog, but he is as fond of sweet buns as a little girl.

The baker's boy gives him a bun now and then, so Carlo has learned that the bakery is the place to buy them.

To see what the dog will do, his master gives him a penny, and says: "Go, get a bun, Carlo."

The dog runs to the bakery with the penny in his mouth. He stands at the counter, puts the money down, and gives two or three short, quick barks.

We suppose that means in his dog talk, "Please give me a bun; here is a penny."

Is he not a very knowing dog? He does not know enough to save his money, and some children are like him. We knew a boy named John, who always spent his money as soon as he got it. He would buy candy or cakes, which he did not need; and when Sunday came, he had not a penny left for Sunday-school. Let him save his money.