

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1901.

No. 13.

IN MISCHIEF.

These playful kittens are having a fine time. I am afraid they may do some damage to the lace curtains so finely shown. How sedate the old cat is, and how bright their eyes are. I guess she is like other mothers—she likes to see the youngsters have a good frolic.

One afternoon, the week of the fire, a cloud of fluttering wings moved wearily up the street. Presently these homeless ones caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. It gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance. It was a pitiful plea for rest and food from these their kinsfolk.

them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined each other by the way, in this pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tender wayfarers had rested and eaten supper, the home birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was



IN MISCHIEF.

PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago, some years ago, a very pretty incident happened. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to their parlour a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or to watch them as they bathed. At daybreak the house was full of music. It was like a concert in the wildwood.

The ladies of the house, without delay, shut off the home birds into what might be called their back parlour. But through the glass door they could see all that went on. With eager eyes they noted every movement. Then, opening a window, they stepped aside, that the tired travellers might feel free to enter. Ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, they went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome.

They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were perhaps twenty of

charming to see what cheerful, nay, even tender welcome they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of bird seed, and shelter was given to these plummy guests until other homes were found.

This is a true story, for the somebody who writes it saw it all.

Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only he can tell. —Selected.

SONG OF THE MITE GATHERERS.

Hear the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall;
Ev'ry one for Jesus,
He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping, ever,
From each little hand;
'Tis our gift to Jesus
From his little hand.

Now, while we are little,
Peanies are our store;
But, when we are older,
Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,
We can give him love;
He will own our off'ring,
Smiling from above.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1901.

GETTING READY BEFOREHAND.

"Have you learned your part of the dialogue for next week, 'sonny'?" Gilbert's mother asked him when he came in from school one Monday afternoon.

"I know some of it already, mamma," Gilbert answered readily; "and, anyway, I don't need to begin to learn it so soon. Why, it's most two weeks before I'll have to speak it."

"It is less than two weeks, my dear."

"But, mamma, it's so easy! It won't take me more than a day to learn it."

"But even if that is so, Gilbert, it would be better to take the time now, when you are sure of having it. If we expect to do anything well, we must get ready for it in time, even though it does seem to us very easy."

"You needn't worry, mamma," Gil-

bert said, in his most grown-up manner; "I'll learn it in time."

But, somehow, the days slipped away faster than Gilbert realized, and when, on Wednesday of the next week, his teacher asked him to stay after school to practice the dialogue, he was not at all sure that he knew his part.

"I'm disappointed, Gilbert," Miss Marston said, closing the book at last. "I was sure you would know your part, and here I've had to prompt you at almost every line. We will practice it again tomorrow, but I'm afraid it is too late to learn it thoroughly. You remember, I told you that we could not have more than two rehearsals, and you promised me that you would learn it at home."

Then Gilbert really began to study his part; but, as his teacher had said, it was too late to learn it thoroughly, and the shortness of the time made him nervous; and so, when he stood in his place on Friday afternoon, the words would jumble themselves in his mind and on his tongue, till Fred Lathrop, who had the other part in the dialogue, stumbled in his lines and almost failed.

It was several weeks after this day, which Gilbert never liked to remember, that his father sat one evening looking over a bright-coloured seed catalogue, from which he was making a list of the plants that he wanted for the garden.

Little Rob, when he saw what was going on, began to laugh gleefully. "Just think, Gilbert," he said, with a funny little chuckle, "pa's getting ready for his garden now, when there's some snow on the ground. Isn't it funny?"

Gilbert looked up from the example he was working to say, wisely: "That's what people ought to do, Rob. If you're going to do anything well, you must begin in time."

Just then Gilbert happened to catch a twinkle in his mother's eyes, and he stopped suddenly in his little sermon, and grew very red. Then he went on bravely, with a half smile on his flushed face: "That's the truth I've told you, Rob; and I ought to know, because I've tried the other way."—*Young People's Weekly.*

A BOY'S TRUE FRIENDS.

Every well-formed boy has at least ten good friends to help him on to success in life; yet many a lad is lazily waiting and wishing for some one to help him to make his way in the world, apparently ignoring the fact that there are ten capable friends all the time with him, waiting to help him if he will only give them a chance. What I mean by these ten "friends" will be made clear by the following story which I once read:

"I wish I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried a youth, whom we will call "Lazy Dennis."

"Good friends! Why, you have ten at least!" cried his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me," Lazy Dennis replied.

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down at his strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," said his master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do before you go to grumbling and fretting because others do not help you."—*Sunday-school Messenger.*

HE KNEW.

The butcher's boy, who had called to deliver a parcel, thoughtlessly left the garden gate open, and the seven-year-old ruler of the house called after him to come and shut it.

The butcher's boy stopped, but showed no inclination to obey the command. "I don't have to!" he shouted, defiantly.

"Yes, you do," insisted the seven-year-old. "You come right back and shut it, or somebody's going to get the worst licking he ever had!"

The butcher's boy came running back full of fight. "He is, eh?" he said. "Well, who's going to lick him, eh?"

"Mother is," calmly responded the youngster. "If you leave that gate open, I'll be certain to get out into the street; mother'll see me, and I'll get licked. Shut it tight, please, so I can't get out."

And the butcher's boy shut the gate.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

POLLY'S MIRROR.

Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time; but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them, that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday her mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked her what she was doing. "Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully. Then Polly's mother went to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon; and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh! When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play after all.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE BOY AND THE SPARROW.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him.
Now the boy—he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.
Then the little boy's mother flew over the tree;
Said she: "Where is my little boy, sparrow bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.
You'll imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON I. [July 7.]

GOD THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS.

Gen. 1. 1-2, 3. Memory verses, 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Gen. 1. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who wrote the first book of the Bible? What is its name? What does Genesis mean? To whom does God speak in this book? To us and to all people. What is it to "create"? To make out of nothing. Who only can create? God. With what day's work does our lesson begin? What are some things that God made on the other days? On what day did he create his greatest work? On the day when he made man. What power did he give man? He gave him power over all the living things he had made. What did God do on the seventh day? What did he say this day should always be? A rest day. What do we do when we work on God's day? We disobey and rob God.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read half of the first chapter of Genesis.
Tues. Finish the first chapter and read three verses of the second.

Wed. Learn what God made man like. Verse 27.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find who was the second Adam. 1 Cor. 15. 45.

Sat. See what part Jesus had in this work. John 1. 1-4.

Sun. Learn about both beginning and end. Rev. 1. 8.

LESSON II. [July 14.]

BEGINNING OF SIN AND REDEMPTION.

Gen. 3. 1-15. Memory verses, 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Rom. 5. 20.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What was the first man named? Adam. Whom did God make to be his companion? A woman. What was she called? Eve. Where did God put them? In the garden of Eden. What grew all about them? All kinds of beautiful fruit. What did the Lord tell them they might eat? The fruit of every tree but one. What did the Lord make Adam and Eve free to do? To choose good or evil. Which did they choose? Why? Because they wanted their own way. Whose voice did they soon hear? God's voice. Why did they try to hide? They had disobeyed God. What price did they pay? They were turned out of Eden.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the second chapter of Genesis.

Tues. Read the lesson very carefully. Gen. 3. 1-15.

Wed. Learn the difference between Christ and Adam. 1 Cor. 15. 22.

Thur. Find how sin came into the world. Rom. 5. 12.

Fri. See what God wants to give us. Psa. 103. 5.

Sat. Learn what sin can do. Gen. 4. 7.

Sun. Tell some one the story of the fall.

A SWEET LITTLE COMFORTER.

On the platform waiting for the cars were little Daisy and her mother. The only other person in sight was a fine-looking, middle-aged man; but his head was bent low, and his face looked as the sky does when thick clouds cover it. He walked up and down with long steps, but did not once look at Daisy, and did not seem to hear or see anything.

Little Daisy saw the trouble in his face, and her baby heart longed to comfort him. She slipped her hand from mamma's, and, when he again came near took a step or two forward, made a quaint little bow, and cooed out in her sweetest tones: "How do?"

The man stopped and looked at her, the trouble still in his eyes.

"How do?" Daisy again lisped, as her sweet, grave face looked up at him.

"How do you do, my little lady?" he asked, as he held out his hand to her.

"Pitty 'ell," she returned, putting her tiny hand in his. The dark clouds were all gone from his face now. "Oo solly [sorry]? I solly too," were her next words.

With a flash of light in his eyes and a sob in his voice, the stranger caught her up in his arms tenderly.

"I 'ove 'ou," she said; and she laid her soft cheek lovingly against his.

"Her sweet words have done me more good than I can tell, madam," the gentleman said, as he put Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried into a car.

What battle was going on in his soul that the little one helped him to win, or what trouble she had lifted from his heart, we cannot know; but Daisy had proved true that proverb of Solomon which says: "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul." (Prov. 16. 24.)—*Bible Morning Glories.*

WHO FIRED THAT SNOWBALL?

Teddy never meant to do it, but when Tom threw a snowball, what could he do but squeeze up another and toss it back, and how could he know that naughty ball would hop right over Tom's head and go—smash!—right into the window of Miss Priscilla Prim's millinery shop? But there was the broken pane and the glass scattered all over the ladies' beautiful winter bonnets.

Tom dodged around one corner, and Teddy around the other. When Miss Priscilla looked out, the street was as empty and still as if there were not one little boy in town.

"I got off pretty well," thought Teddy. "If she caught me, she'd make me pay my whole eighty-seven cents."

Nobody but Teddy knew how many errands he had run and how many paths he had swept and how much candy and popcorn and butterscotch he had not eaten to get together those eighty-seven cents. As soon as he could earn just thirteen cents more they were all to go for the little steam engine in the toy-shop window.

Just five minutes later Teddy stepped into Miss Priscilla's shop with his little red savings bank in his hand. He emptied it on the counter, and out came rolling such a swarm of dimes and nickels and pennies! Miss Priscilla was so surprised that her eyebrows went right up to her little gray curls.

"Say, I fired that snowball," said Teddy, bravely; "so I ought to pay for it. Course you know."

"Well, you are an honest boy," said Miss Priscilla, gathering up the money; "but you are dreadfully careless."

Teddy went past the toy-shop window on his way home, and he could not help just looking at the little engine; but he was not sorry for being honest, not a bit.



KIND ROVER.

KIND ROVER.

Rover is not one of those snarling little curs that "delight to bark and bite." He has a good strong voice and a sound set of teeth of his own, but he does not seem to think they were given him for the purpose of annoying or injuring his neighbours, so he keeps his bark for burglars and his bite for beef bones. When an impudent puppy yelps at him as he goes along he makes no reply; he just raises his nose a little higher in the air and passes on. When an evil-disposed dog is on the point of attacking one that is smaller and weaker than himself he first looks up the street and down the street to make sure that Rover is not in sight, for he knows that Rover will not willingly allow the weak to be oppressed. When any one falls into the water, his scream is very likely to be speedily followed by Rover's plunge, for it does not take him very long to get to any particular spot if he should not happen to be there just at the moment. Once and again he has dragged a drowning boy ashore or kept him afloat till further help arrived. This time it is one of his own species that he is bringing to land. Even dogs can be drowned, especially when they are young and inexperienced and undertake a long swim. It was good for this one that a better swimmer than himself got sight of his sinking

head, plunged in to his rescue, dived beneath him, bore him to the surface, and with wonderfuladroitness and skill, supported him to the bank. Kind, noble Rover! it is no wonder that all the dogs respect him, and that all the boys are fond of him.

WHAT SNOWBALL SAID.

BY ELIZABETH TILLEY.

Snowball is a beautiful white cat that belongs to a neighbour of mine, Mr. Evans. Snowball loves her master dearly, and when he goes about the house, she trots after him like a little dog.

One day Mr. Evans went upon a journey; and while he was away, some one sent little Lucy Evans a pretty black water-spaniel puppy as a present. Such a roly-poly bit of a puppy as "Admiral Dewey" was, for that was what they christened him. He was a good-natured puppy, too, and wanted to make friends with Snowball; but Snowball did not like the fuss that every one made over Admiral Dewey; it hurt her feelings.

The day Mr. Evans came (it was late in the afternoon, and everybody was out), Snowball ran to him at once and followed him up to his room. Then she began to mew and make all sorts of queer little noises.

"What is it you want, Snowball?" said her master, taking her up in his arms.

Snowball rubbed her cheek against his, and then jumped down to the floor and went out of the door, looking back as if asking him to follow. She led him down stairs and out into the kitchen. There was Admiral Dewey snugly asleep by the fire. Snowball walked up to him, arched her back, spit at him vigorously, and then ran back to Mr. Evans, as if to say: "This puppy has got in here since you went away, and now I want you to turn him out!"

How Mr. Evans did laugh, and how Mrs. Evans and the children enjoyed the story when they came in! Then Snowball's master set to work to coax her into making friends with the puppy; and now you would never think, to see them eating their dinner out of the same plate, that Snowball had ever wanted to turn Admiral Dewey out of the house.

NEVER.

Children are sometimes tired of being told what to do. An exchange offers this brief list of things not to do:

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness, the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help. —*Sunday-school Messenger.*

WORDS OF TRUTH.

A young man once wrote to Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking three questions. The reply was:

"1. The three best books? The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, and a good dictionary.

"2. To attain 'real success?' Real work; concentration on some useful calling adapted to his abilities.

"3. Shall he smoke? Certainly not. It is liable to injure the sight, to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will, and to enslave the nature to an injurious habit likely to stand in the way of duty to be performed." —*The Young Disciple.*