

SUNBEAM

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No. 21.

THE MORNING KISS.

Mamma's darling does not cry
When out of her sleep she wakes,
But holds up her mouth for her morning
kiss
And then her break-
fast takes.

She romps and plays
about all day;
But I want to tell
you this,
That every morning
she wakes up
She must have her
morning kiss.

Her face and hands get
very smeared,
But she never looks
amiss,
And it does not hinder
mo-her from giving
Her darling a morning
kiss.

TEDDY.

One cold, rainy day
I was in the steam cars,
on my way to see a
friend. How cross
everybody looked! The
rain dashed against the
window, the wind blew
in every time the door
was opened, two or
three babies were cry-
ing, and there was no
fire in the stove. No
wonder everybody was
cross. I felt cross my-
self as I looked around,
and was just going to
let an ugly frown come
between my eyes, when
the door opened again,
and a lady with the
dearest, sweetest little
boy I had ever seen
walked in.

The little boy was
not cross. His face
was so smiling and bright that the frown
that was coming between my eyes grew
ashamed and smoothed itself away.

"What nice, soft seats there are in this
car!" he said, in a sweet, clear voice
that was heard all through the car.

I hadn't thought of it before, but they
were soft and easy.

"See what pretty little marks the rain
makes on the windows, just like glass
beads playing tag," and he laughed.

a drink. As he came back he looked
around and said: "What nice people there
are in this car!"

I looked around too, for I had thought
when he came in, "What cross people there
are in this car," but
now every face was
smiling and gentle.



THE MORNING KISS.

Suddenly the cross baby began to cry.
The little boy called over to it, "Peek a-
boo!" and he smiled so brightly that the
baby changed its mind about crying and
"goo-goo-ed!" instead.

After a while he went to the tank to get

good rules, and is rude, what do you
suppose his mother says to him? I am
sure you can never guess. She says:
"Why, you act like a little white child!"
Can it be that these little red men can
teach us lessons in politeness?—Selected

LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's first
year is spent strapped up
in a tight little cradle,
such as you have seen
in pictures. When the
little feet get out of the
cradle they will soon
learn to run about.
Then the little red man
will mount on a corn-
stalk and take such
rides as you take on a
cane or a broom.

As soon as the little
red woman is out of her
cradle she begins to
carry a doll or a puppy
on her back just as her
mamma used to carry
her.

But the little red
boys and girls do not
play all the time. They
learn to help their
mothers, and a good
Indian mother takes
great pains to teach
her children to be
polite. She teaches
them that they must
never ask a person his
name; they must never
pass between an older
person and the fire;
and they must never,
never speak to older
people while they are
talking.

When a little red
man forgets these very
man forgets these very

DO YOU KNOW ?

Little birdies do you know
 Jesus Christ, who loved us so,
 Had not any home like you,
 Where to rest with dear ones true?
 Little birdies, do you know
 How the Saviour used to go,
 Tired and sad from place to place,
 With the love-light in his face,
 Speaking gentle words of peace,
 That all harm and sin should cease?
 Little birdies do you know
 How the cruel people so
 Drove him from their streets away,
 Would not let the dear Lord stay?
 O sweet birdies, in your nest,
 Sing your very, very best,
 All in praise of this dear One,
 Son of Man, and God's own Son.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1906.

MOLLY MINE.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

This was the first time papa gave his little daughter. It was never "Peep" or "Girly," or "Sunshine," as it often was with Grandma, but "Molly mine," when she brought his slippers in the evening; "Molly mine," when she rode on his shoulder to the gate in the morning as he was going down street to the office, and "Molly mine," when, "just for fun," he talked with her through the telephone, during the day.

And so, of course, it was "Molly mine," one evening, when, just as she stooped to place Papa's slippers on the rug, he discovered several shining tears rolling and tumbling over each other in their hurry to reach the dimple in each pink cheek.

She tried to run away so that Papa would not see, but his strong arms were around her, and her little form

hugged close to his big body, before she had time to resist.

"Molly mine" has a trouble she is trying to keep from Papa, and it makes him feel very sorry.

"But, Papa, I have been naughty, and do not like to tell you."

Papa drew his little girl still closer, and began to sing to her, a low, sweet lullaby, which he often used when rocking her to sleep. By and by the tears stopped falling, and she lay very still in her warm nest.

At length Papa placed his hand beneath her chin and raised the pretty face so that he could look down into the wet eyes. "Molly mine," he said, "now I want you to tell me what troubles you."

"O Papa, you told me not to touch Mamma's picture on your desk, but today I got up to kiss her—and I tumbled it off on the floor—and—the beautiful frame is broken all to pieces."

Papa was very quiet for several minutes; then he said, "Is the picture injured?"

"I think not, Papa, but I'm not sure."

"Let us go and see."

So Papa took his little girl's hand and led her to the library, and there on the floor lay that which he prized more than anything on earth except his little daughter.

He picked it up, and after examining it carefully, took the sobbing child in his arms again.

"The picture is not hurt," he said, "and I am very thankful. Now, Molly mine, I will tell you why I prized that little picture and its frame more than all the pictures of your mother which the house contains.

"One evening, when you were about a year old, I came in and sat down to my desk as usual. I glanced up, and your mother's loving eyes looked down into mine with the same expression they always met. Just at that moment she sprang up behind me, put her arms around my neck, and placed her arms about my neck.

"How do you like it, dear?" she said.

"Of course I told her how much I appreciated the surprise she had given me. Unknown to me, she had had the picture taken, chosen the frame, and placed it where she knew I should soonest see it. Do you wonder that I loved it? That was five years ago, and it had always stood just where she placed it."

"O Papa, Papa, I am so sorry," and the little arms closed tight about the father's neck.

"I know you are, Molly mine, but don't cry any more. To-morrow you shall go with me to select a new frame. Run away to Grandma now, it is bedtime."

While getting ready for bed Molly talked it all over with Grandma. "Do you think Papa would have loved me so much if Mamma had lived?"

"I can't tell, darling. He would

have loved you very much, I am sure."

"But see, Grandma. For all he loves that picture so much, he did not scold me, the least little bit. He looked very grave, and kept very still for a long time, but he hugged me tighter than before. Is that the way God loves us, Grandma?"

"As a father pitieth his children," quoted Grandma, as she kissed Molly good-night.

A DREADFUL QUARREL.

Alice and Bertha were little sisters. They always played in the garden, and everybody who passed by would say, "Hello, Alice!" and "Hello, Bertha!" and they would run to the fence and say: "Good morning! Good morning!"

But one day Alice and Bertha had a quarrel. Each wanted to play that her house was under the pink rosebush by the fountain. So Alice said that she wouldn't play at all; and Bertha said neither would she. They each walked around the garden alone. It was sad, and they were very miserable and did not know what to do.



"THERE WAS SUSAN!"

So Alice walked back to see what Bertha was doing. And what do you suppose that was? Why, Bertha was walking back to see what Alice was doing! Just then a little bird flew down and took a bath in the fountain. He splashed and splashed and splashed! Alice clapped her hands and laughed; and Bertha did, too. Alice and Bertha looked at each other and kept right on laughing and laughing. "You may have your house by the pink rosebush, Bertha," said Alice.

"Oh, no! You have yours there," said Bertha.

"I tell you what," Alice said. "We will have our house there together."

The dreadful quarrel was over at last, and the two little sisters were happy again. —Stella George Stearn.

I am sure." For all he he did ot e bit. He ot very still hugged me at the way s children," issed Molly

REL little sisters, garden, and would say, Bertha!" and e and say: ing!" rba had a ay that ler elush by the she wouldn't either would d the garden y were very hat to do.



what Bertha suppose that ing back to Just then a k a bath in and splashed er hands and Alce and d k p right ou may have ish, Bertha,"

there," said i. "We will over at last, happy again.

"PADDLING."

Paddling in the water,
O, what merry fun,
Splash and shout and laughter,
Up and down we run.

Waves come rolling, tumbling,
Then break upon the shore:
In saucy, rippling laughter,
As they almost knock us o'er.

And in the shining water,
Some pretty stones we see;
And fill our pockets with the gems,
Till they're wet as wet can be.

And with our little spades we build,
Great castles on the sand;
With bits of ribbon make them gay,
As any in the land.

And jolly little ponds we make,
On which to sail our ships;
It doesn't spoil our fun a bit,
To know they're only chips.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21.

PARABLE OF THE TALENTS.

Matt. 25. 14-30. Mem. verse, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A faithful man shall abound with blessings.—Prov. 28. 20.

LESSON STORY.

This parable teaches the value of being useful and the sin of neglect. A man took a journey, but before doing so he divided his goods among his servants. To one he gave five talents, to another two and to another one. Then he who had received the five and the two talents each doubled their amount, but he who had received one went and hid it in the ground. When the master returned his servants brought their talents. With those who had increased theirs the master was well pleased, and rewarded them for their faithfulness. But with the one who buried his the master was very angry, and took away all he had. From this parable we learn that our Lord and Master expects us to use our time and chances for Him. If we do not learn our lessons or try to get along at school, we are doing wrong, and God will be angry with us, just like the master was with the lazy, slothful servant. It is a sin to be lazy and to neglect doing whatever we can that is good and useful.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did the man in this parable do? He left talents with his servants.
2. What did he intend? That they should make good use of them.

3. To those who did, what did he do? He rewarded them.

4. What happened the lazy one? The master was angry with him and took away all he had.

5. What will happen the faithful person? He shall have blessing.

6. And the unfaithful? They shall be cast out.

7. What is the lesson for us? Not to be lazy but useful.

LESSON 4.—OCTOBER 28.

JESUS ANOINTED IN BETHANY.

Matt. 26. 6-16. Mem. Verses 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath wrought a good work upon me.—Matt. 26. 10.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful act this loving woman performed in pouring the sweet perfume over Jesus' feet, and how grateful he was for it. A little company were seated at a meal, Jesus was the chief guest. His host was a leper whom he had healed; another guest was Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. Mary who poured the precious ointment was a sister of Lazarus. She dearly loved her Lord and out of love and gratitude did this act. Then were the disciples angry and said it should have been given to the poor. But Jesus knew the love that had prompted it, and the reason, and he said she had wrought a good work. He said it was for his burial. That he would not be with them long and that the poor always would be.

Judas also was present, but he went out and away to bargain about selling his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who anointed Jesus? Mary, Lazarus' sister.
2. What did the disciples say? It was a waste and should have been given to the poor.
3. What did Jesus say? She had wrought a good act.
4. What was it for? His burial.
5. What did it express? Mary's love and gratitude.
6. What should we give to Jesus? Our best.
7. How can we give to Jesus? Through the poor, the heathen and the needy.

HOW OUR SINS ARE BLOTTED OUT

It is a precious promise that God has given to every believer in Christ: that his sins shall all be blotted out. Perhaps it is hard for us to understand just what this means. It is simply this: that God will not remember our sins against us any more, but they shall all be washed away out of his book of remembrance.

"I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives," said Charlie to his mother one day.

"Why, Charlie," she replied, "can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother," he answered.

"And where are they now?" she asked.

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone!" cried Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins," said his mother; "they are gone, blotted out, and remembered no more."

POLLY'S PIE.

By Eleanor W. F. Bates.

When Mary Ann was cooking once,
Our Polly made a pie;
She took some flour and water
And some butter standing nigh;
And then she took some sugar, 'cause
She says she likes things sweet,
And sprinkled on the rolling board
All that she didn't eat.

She rolled it out a long, long time,
With salt, a little bit;
She dropped it four times on the floor,
And once she stepped on it.
She don't think pie plates made of tin
Are pretty, so she took
A small red flower-pot saucer,
Which was better for the cook.

She filled her pie with half a pear,
Two raisins, and a date;
Then put it in the oven, and
Forgot it till quite late.
It was not burned, for Mary Ann
Had taken care of that;
So Polly gave a party to
The chickens and the cat.

A THISTLE IN JACK'S HEART.

"If I were a farmer," said Jack to his mother, "I wouldn't let any old thistles grow in my fields. I wouldn't fruit."

"But how about the field you do own?" asked his mother. "I thought I saw a thistle sprouting up in it the other day."

"The field I do own?" asked Jack in surprise.

"The other day I heard you say, 'Plague take it!' an expression I never heard you use before. I said: 'Some one has sown a thistle in Jack's heart.'"

Our lives are fields given us by God. Our parents and teachers are trying to sow good seed, so that nothing but the grain and fruit may grow in them. Are we helping them?

"What are you doing?" asked auntie of little Mabel, who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall. "I am trying to walk softly," whispered Mabel, "because mother has the sick headache, and noise hurts her head." Now was not a soft step a very little thing? Yet it showed what a dear, thoughtful little girl mother had, didn't it?



HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

HUSH, BABY, HUSH.

Hash, baby, hush! Mother is ill;
 You must be good now, you must be still;
 You must not worry, you must not fret,
 But act like a good little lady, my pet.

After you've had a nice little nap,
 You shall have on your mantle and cap,
 And we shall go where the wild flowers
 grow,
 And birds in tree-tops flit to and fro.

Then you shall pluck a fine nosegay for
 mother,
 And for the vase in the parlour another;
 And you shall make of the daisies and
 leaves
 A chain such as Ellen the milk-maid
 weaves.

Come, my own darling, to sleep now, to
 sleep!
 Those little eyes must stop trying to peep;
 The sooner you sleep on this bright sunny
 day,
 The sooner, my darling, we'll go out to
 play.

WHICH GAVE THE MOST?

Three children brought a gift one day
 to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rock-
 ing-horse, for which his rich father had
 paid. It had a lovely mane and a long
 tail, and there were beautiful reins and a
 comfortable saddle. Every one said,
 "How kind, how generous, of dear little
 Percy!" and the matron thanked and
 praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical
 top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and
 a doll's house. She had cleared out an
 old cupboard, and packed up for the poor
 children a number of toys she did not care
 for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself.
 He had saved two pennies in his money-
 box to buy himself a little plant, but he
 made up his mind to go without the flower
 himself; and carried the little pot to the
 hospital and left it there for a crippled
 child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear
 this little tale in mind when we are in-

clined to think ourselves liberal and gener-
 ous; let us ask ourselves whether our pres-
 ent has meant any self-denial.—*Christian
 Observer.*

THE CHRIST CHILD.

Has he come to you, and to you, and to
 you, dear little ones? If he has how glad
 you must be! For the Holy Child could
 not enter your heart without making it
 light and clean and sweet, could he? If
 he has not come, why is it? Be sure he
 wants to come and live in your little heart.
 Open the door this very hour, and let him
 in. Remember it is your enemy, Satan,
 that wants you to keep him out. Do not
 listen to Satan any longer. Will you not
 say to Jesus now:

"Jesus thou art great and high,
 Just a little child am I;
 But I come at thy dear call,
 Give to thee my little all."

TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison, who is known
 all over the world as a great electrician,
 was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he
 ran errands, he did everything an honest
 boy could do to support himself. The
 following story, relating an event in his
 boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy.

One summer forenoon, while the train
 was being taken apart and made up anew,
 a car was uncoupled and sent down the
 track with no brakeman to control it.
 Edison, who had been looking at the fowls
 in the poultry yard, turned just in time to
 see little Jimmie on the main track throw-
 ing pebbles over his head, utterly uncon-
 scious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the plat-
 form, seized the child in his arms, and
 threw himself off the track, face down-
 ward, in sharp fresh gravel ballast, with-
 out a second to spare. As it was, the
 wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the
 child's father, "and, hearing the shriek,
 ran out in time to see the train hands
 bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his
 gratitude, the agent said, "Al, if you will
 stop off here four days in the week, and
 keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the
 mixed train returns from Detroit, I will
 teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" asked Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said, "It's
 a bargain;" and so Edison became a tele-
 grapher.

THE DRAWBACK.

"Don't you wish you were a postage-
 stamp, Polly?" asked Tommy.

"Why?" asked Polly.

"Oh, they travel so far."

"Beh!" said Polly; "they get a fear-
 ful lickin' first."