

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1905.

No. 13.

MENDING THE NETS.

The fisherman's wife, in the illustration, is trying to teach her little daughter how to mend her father's nets when they are broken, and they need mending very often. They are sitting on the beach and working away at the net as it hangs from the big fishing vessel. There is a certain way of making nets, and also a certain way of mending them, and they have to be well and strongly netted. Don't these things—the boat, the nets, and the mending—remind us of something we have read in the story of the life of Jesus? Didn't the Master call two of his noblest disciples to leave their lowly occupation of mending the nets with their father on the shores of Galilee, to come and follow him? And these two men, James and John, left their work and their home and their friends, and cast in their lot with him who had come where to lay his head. Do you think Christ would have called them if they had not been doing anything?



MENDING THE NETS.

THE RABBIT IN THE MOON.

I suppose every boy and girl on this side of the world has heard of the man in the moon, and has looked many a time at his jolly round face in the great silver orb in the heavens. But our opposite neighbors, the Chinese young folk, look for a rabbit in the moon.

Once upon a time, the story runs, there was a grand meeting of animals in China

to do honor to the god who was their special friend and protector. On a high hill there was an altar built of stone for sacrifice to the deity. The wood was piled upon it, and the priest stood by with his torch waiting for the beasts of the field and wood to come and lay their offerings upon the altar. And first there came from the jungles of Thibet the lion, the great king of the forest. Advancing with

stately step he declared with a mighty roar that he would use his great strength for the support of his god; he would crush to the earth and tear in pieces any enemy who offered him insult.

As the great beast retired into the forest the beautiful and fleet horse pranced forth. Proudly curving his neck, he spoke, saying that his deity might rely on his swiftness at any moment. The lion was strong and savage, but where speed was required he was useless. At any moment, he said, he was ready to travel on the errands of the god anywhere over the broad earth; and he would carry his friend into safety and bring to him news of the treason of his enemies. And then with a graceful leap the horse bounded away and in a moment was out of sight. Then the cow stepped forth in her gentle way, and promised to nourish all little children who were in the god's favor; and the patient ox declared that he would drag, day after day, great stones for the building of the temple in honor of the deity.

The dog offered to sit before the entrance and defend the holy place from all unworthy to enter. The tiger and the elephant, and even the anaconda, each and all came forth and promised to use their power to the glory of their god. The gay and brilliant birds of Asia, perching in the trees overhead, all sang praises in his honor, and declared that the groves around the temple should ever resound with their

songs. And then, last of all, in the humblest, quietest manner, a little white beastie hopped forth from the shade, a timid little rabbit. In a gentle voice he said that he was neither strong, nor fleet, nor graceful, nor in any way useful, and as he had nothing to offer whereby his god would be glorified, he desired to offer himself, and without another word he leaped forward and cast himself on the smoking pile. The Chinese say that the god was so pleased that he placed the modest little rabbit in the moon, and said he should always be kept in honorable remembrance.

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., 8c., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 30
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 per 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, 2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1905.

REUBEN'S COMPANY.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Reuben and Frank were two little Hindu boys. Their fathers had been converted many years ago at the mission, and when their little sons were born they named them after the missionaries who had taught them the right way to live.

Frank had come over to Reuben's to play with him, and the young friends busied themselves for some time flying kites and spinning tops. They soon grew tired of this, and Reuben's mother told them they would better play something different. Then they commenced a game which is much liked by the Hindu children.

They filled a paper bag with fruit, parched rice, and little cakes, and then hung it on a branch of a tree. Reuben's mother next tied a handkerchief over the eyes of each and gave him a stick.

The boys took turns in striking at the bag, and, of course, they made many mis-

takes. Sometimes they would strike against the trunk of a tree and sometimes against each other.

"It's lots of fun to be blindfolded and try to break the bag," laughed Frank, "and it is lots of fun, too, to have the handkerchief off my eyes and watch Reuben strike the bag."

"Just think, there are only two of us to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben. "If the other boys knew about this they would come here, wouldn't they?"

Their loud shouts and merry laughter soon brought other children to the spot, and a gay time they had trying to break the bag.

"There, I have done it at last," cried Frank, as his stick burst the bag, and its contents went flying over the ground.

Then what a scrambling there was for the fruit, the cakes and the corn, the little fellows almost rolling over each other in their eagerness to get some.

Reuben alone had none.

"Why, where is your share?" asked Frank.

"Oh, the others are my company," answered Reuben, "and it was only right for me to let them have their pick first."

"But they're not invited company," said Frank.

"That makes no difference," replied Reuben.

"Then we will all give you some of ours," cried one of the boys, handing a cake to Reuben.

The others did the same, and the polite little boy thus got as many dainties as did his playmates, and gained their good will beside, which was best of all.

PENNY TELLS HIS STORY.

First I was born in a great house where the machines were turning out lots of pennies, just like me. I was bright and shiny.

Well, I didn't stay shiny long. A man put me in his pocket, and left the bank one day, and then my adventures began. First I was given to the car conductor with four other dingy old pennies, and the conductor took a ten-cent piece from a woman with a basket, and gave five of us back to her. I was then the prettiest. The old woman took me home in her old purse, and gave me to Peter, who lived near, for bringing milk.

"Hello! how bright you are! I'll take you to Sunday-school next week," said Peter.

When I went to Sunday-school, there was a row of boys looking as I was handed to the teacher, and I was very proud. A man came and put me in a bag with some others, and when he reached home he dumped us on the table, and put a twenty-five-cent silver piece in the bag.

"Hello! see the bright penny," said his son Jim. "Can I have it?"

"Yes," said his father. So I rested awhile in Jimmy's pocket. He put his hand in and held me every few minutes, and then he went to walk with his father.

Pretty soon I found I was pushing through a little hole in Jimmy's pocket. Whirr! In a minute I had dropped out of Jimmy's trousers, and was rolling on the ground. Jimmy didn't see me. I rolled right under a little blue violet. Pretty soon it began to rain, and it rained all night. I knew I wasn't as bright in the morning, but I couldn't help it. A little girl, going to school, stopped to pick the violet, and then she saw me. "Oh, see! here's a penny!" she said. She took me to the store, and said she wanted a "bull's-eye." I thought that was a queer thing to want; but I was left with the storekeeper.

Well, after that I went everywhere. I have lived in workmen's pockets, and ladies' silver purses, and have been handed around by butchers and bakers and candle-stick-makers, and now I am not pretty or bright. One little girl polished me up just for fun. I wish more people would do that. I feel so much more respectable. You see, as I haven't any hands, I cannot brighten myself. But one thing I notice I pass for just as much now as when I was young and pretty. You see I am worth a penny—no more, no less, and people don't mind so much just how I look. How much are you worth? And are you good for just as much in old clothes as new clothes?

LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

They call me little Chatterbox,
Although my name is May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And, oh, I have so many friends—
So many, and you see,
I can't help loving all of them,
Because they all love me.

I love papa, and dear mamma,
I love my sisters, too;
And if you're very kind and good,
I guess I will love you.

But I love God the best of all —
He keeps me all the night;
And when the morning comes again,
He wakes me with the light.

Did you ever hear of the fairy who draws pretty lines on the faces of little folks, and makes people love them? There really is such a fairy and his name is Unselfishness. Has he visited your house yet?

BOB WHITE.

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
 And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
 Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
 When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn:
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
 Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
 Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
 O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
 There is no one in sight—but, hark, again:
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"
 Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there,
 Hides his plump little wife and babies fair!
 So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
 That he wants all the world to know his name:
 "Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
 ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON I.—JULY 2.

SENNACHERIB'S INVASION.

2 Chron. 32. 9-23. Memorize verses 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

With us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles.—2 Chron. 32. 8.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read what Sennacherib did in Israel. 2 Kings 18. 9-12.
- Tues. Find what the same king did afterwards. 2 Kings 18. 13.
- Wed. Read the foolish boast of the Assyrians. 2 Kings 18. 28-35.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron. 32. 9-23.
- Fri. Learn the comfortable words of Hezekiah. 2 Chron. 32. 7, 8.
- Sat. Find what comes to those who despise God. Isa. 5. 24.
- Sat. Find what comes to those who despise God. Psa. 46.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Hezekiah? One of the kings of Judah. Who was Sennacherib? King of Assyria. What did this heathen king wish to do? Take Jerusalem and Judah for his own. What kind of a man was Hezekiah? What message did Sennacherib's servants bring to him? What did

he do? Who did the same thing? Did God hear their prayers? What promise did he make? Why did the Assyrian king feel sure of victory? Whom did the Lord send into his camp at night? What did he see when the morning came? How many lay dead? What did Sennacherib then do? Did he ever come back? No, he was slain by his sons.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

We have learned that—

1. God hears both boastings and prayers.
2. The power over life and death is in his hands.
3. It is better to be with him than to be against him.

LESSON II.—JULY 9.

HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER.

Isa. 38. 1-8. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read Isaiah's story of the war. Isa. 36.
- Tues. Find how it ended. Isa. 37. 36-38.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses. Isa. 38. 1-8.
- Thur. Read a beautiful song of praise. Isa. 38. 9-22.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read David's song of deliverance. Psa. 40. 1-5.
- Sun. Find who it is that delivers. Psa. 33. 18, 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What great king had come to take Jerusalem? The king of Assyria. Could he do it? No, his army was cut off by the Lord. What happened to Hezekiah? What word did the Lord send him? Who by? What did the king do? What did he pray to the Lord about? How did the Lord answer it? What did he promise the king? What else besides the adding to his life fifteen years? What do we call the going backward of a shadow? A miracle. Did the king get well? What had Isaiah told them to do for him? What did the king do while he was getting well? Why did he write it? Can you remember a little of it?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord knows all about our tears and prayers.
2. He sends just the answer that we need.
3. We should take it with thanksgiving.

To do good to men is the great work of life; to make them true Christians is the greatest good we can do them.

WHO OWNED THE RABBITS?

On Kitty's birthday she received a present of two pretty little rabbits, which she had wanted a long time. Oh, how delighted she was! The eager child almost hugged them to death in her joy.

"But take good care of them," said her mother; "you know that is the condition on which I give them to you."

"Don't be afraid, dear mamma; the little things shall live like princes!"

The first day this proved true; the bunnies had so much to eat that they grew very saucy and trampled on the feed. But Kitty soon tired of her pets, forgot to feed them, and would not clean their hutch.

Then Nannie, Kitty's little sister, came to their help. She cleaned the hutch and carried the bunnies their food. They became accustomed to her, grew very tame and trustful, and Nannie was pleased to see them get so fat and pretty.

One day Kitty came running to the hutch, as Nannie sat in front of it, holding a cabbage leaf, which the rabbits were busily gnawing. "Let me get to the hutch. I've changed the rabbits for a pretty workbasket, and I want to take them to Clara."

Nannie was greatly distressed. She had grown very fond of the rabbits while taking such patient care of them, and now, at the thought of losing them, the little girl began to cry bitterly. But what could she do? The rabbits really belonged to Kitty, so she must give them to her.

"Why are you crying, Nannie?" asked her mother, who luckily came by just at that time.

"Oh, about those stupid, tiresome rabbits!" exclaimed Kitty. "I got tired of them, so I've exchanged them for a workbasket, and now they must go."

"The rabbits shall stay if Nannie wants them," replied her mother. "She has earned the right to them by her faithful care, and they belong to her. Just ask the rabbits themselves who owns them. Though they can't talk they show it plainly enough."

Kitty was obliged to give them up, and the rabbits went on gnawing the cabbage leaf contentedly, without knowing the trouble from which they had escaped.

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

A little gipsy girl in England, attracted by the singing in a Sunday-school as she passed, pushed slowly open the door, and looked wonderingly inside. She was persuaded to enter, and was put into a class with girls about her own size. There she heard the Gospel for the first time in her life, and she believed as she heard. "Is it really true," she said, "that Jesus died on the cross to save me and everybody from our sins? Then I must go and tell my father and mother; they don't know."

DR. PENNYROYAL'S PRESCRIPTION.



1. "What this child really wants, madam, while teething, is a——!!"

A LITTLE PESSIMIST.

BY ICABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN.

The sad little Princess sat by the sea,
"Alas," she sighed, "and alackaday!"

And she rested her book upon her knee,
And her eyes gazed dreamily far away.

"All of my fairy tales end the same—
They lived, and they loved, and then they died—

The wicked enchanter's always to blame;

"Oh, for something quite new," she cried.

"I'm sick of my dolls with their china eyes,

I'm sick of reading of giants and things,

I'm tired to death of candies and pies,
I hate my crown and golden rings."

And then her nurse felt of the Royal head,

Looked at her tongue in a knowing way,

"Your Highness had better come home to bed.

You've eaten too many plum tarts to-day."

A JUNIOR MISSIONARY RALLY.

The morning was far from pleasant, but what mattered it to the two hundred and twenty-five bright-eyed, enthusiastic children, who from "all the country round about" sallied forth as "delegates" to their first convention? In the address of welcome, the boy president of a boys' brigade said: "Boys and girls are generally left out in Conferences, but to-day we have won all our own. We feel honored in the responsibility resting upon us. We want you to make yourselves at home, and speak as friends. We hope that you will meet God here, and know him

better, that at the end of the day you will say: 'It has been good for us to be here, for we have met and talked with Jesus.'"

The response was given by another boy president, who said: "If our great-grandfather could walk in upon us this morning, when chestnut trees are full of nuts, he would come to the conclusion that either the children of this generation were different from the boys and girls of his time, or else there was something very important on. The children are the same, but he would be right in the second conclusion. We have met in the spirit of the children's crusades of the thirteenth century to battle against the evil that is in the world. As Christ's faithful soldiers it is necessary that we should be drilled. We have come here to-day to get new inspirations, new ideas."

A Chinese missionary in the full costume of a Chinese mandarin told many interesting things about China. Songs were sung by a mission band of thirty



2. "Leggo, you young cannibal, leggo!"
"Let go, baby dear; if baby should swallow it, it would make baby sick."

little girls. One-minute reports, giving number of members, number of meetings held, and amount of contributions were read by the secretary of each society, and the morning session closed with a Question Conference, in which half a dozen questions were answered by all the societies in turn.

The Children's Circle had an impressive mite-box opening. A large gospel ship, all rigged for a journey to heathen lands, was seen in front of the pulpit. One by one the little tots brought their mite-barrels and put them on the deck of the vessel; then the doll missionary and his wife took their positions at the stem and stern, while verse after verse intended to cheer them on the way were recited by the sweet childish voices. Fifteen dollars were found in the barrels.

This was followed by an interesting address on "Home Missions," and we went home in much the same state of mind as the people of a church of whom the speaker told the following story: "A man and his wife were late to church one Sunday. Finding the people all coming away, they asked: 'Is the sermon all done?' 'No,' was the reply; 'we are just going home to do it.'"

This rally was an experiment. We have proved it a success. Who else will try it?

A DEAD LOSS.

"Come, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams you will kneel at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell him how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear, but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask him to keep you from sinning against him again."



3. "What that child really needs, a muzzle!"