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RUTH.

And Ruth the Moabitess said unto Naomi, Let me now go to the field, and glean ears of corn after him in whose sight I shall find grace. And she said unto her, Go, my daughter. And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech. And, behold, Boaz came from Bethlehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee. Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel is this? And the servant that was set over the reapers answered and said, It is the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab. And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so



RUTH.

she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house. Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearst thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. . . . It hath fully been showed me, all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust. And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: And let fall also some of the handfuls of

purpose for her and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not. So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley. And she took it up, and went into the city: and her mother-in-law saw what she had gleaned: and she brought forth and gave to her that she had reserved after she was sufficed. And Naomi said unto her daughter-in-law, Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead. And Naomi said unto her, The man is near of kin unto us, one of our next kinsmen. And Ruth the Moabitess said, He said unto me also, Thou shalt keep fast by my young men, until they have ended all my harvest. And Naomi said unto Ruth her daughter-in-law, It is good, my daughter, that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field. So she kept fast by the maidens of Boaz to glean unto the end of barley harvest and of wheat harvest; and dwelt with her mother-in-law.

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Sunbeam.

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PRAYING AND DOING.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed a little boy as he lay down on his nice, warm cot, on a cold, windy night.

As he arose from his knees his mother said: "You have just asked God to bless the poor children; what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought for a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes. What then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy all the things that I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all that you want, and perhaps never will have. What will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they are now. You know what you have that is your own. What are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money. I have seven pennies; I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"—Selected.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"And where is Tina this morning?" asked father.

"You know she was up late last night. I let her sleep this morning," said mother.

"But she is not up late every evening, and she always dawdles in the morning. It must be stopped." Mother called Tramp, who was over in the corner. "Go and wake up Tina, Tramp," she said.

You see how Tramp placed his paws gently on Tina's side while he barked in her ear.

Tina waked slowly, dressed slowly, and went down-stairs very slowly—for she knew what her father would say.

He was reading the newspaper when Tina came into the dining-room. She sat down softly and ate her oatmeal.

"Tina," said her father from behind the paper.

"Yes, papa."

"What shall be done with a girl who begins each day by troubling her mother and father?" Tina hung her head.

"I want you to think it over. After this you must not leave your room in the morning—if you are late—until you are ready to say what your punishment shall be for the offence."

The next day Tina forgot about the new rule until she was just going to leave her room. Then she stopped and thought awhile. As she entered the dining-room her father looked at her and said, "Well?"

"I—guess—I musn't go out after school, 'cos I'm late," Tina answered.

"All right, don't forget," said her father.

The hours after school were very long and lonely. Mother had gone out, and even Tramp wasn't much fun.

There was a very sunshiny little face at the table when father came down the next morning.

"I thought I'd come early," said Tina.

"Why, what a happy thought!" said

her father. "Suppose you think it every day!"

And Tina thought it every day. The breakfasts were always happy and bright then, because no little girl brought trouble into them.—*The Mayflower.*

BUBBLES.

Blow, blowing, bubbles blowing!
You would almost think 'twas snowing.

Bubbles falling everywhere,
Lightly, whitely, through the air.

O, so big they seem and round,
But when they fall on the ground

Every one will burst and go
Vanishing away like snow.

Now the thing that puzzles me
Is where can those bubbles be?

For a moment they were here,
Growing, glowing bright and clear.

Then a puff of air, and, lo,
Flashing out my bubbles go;

And if you search far and near,
You won't find a speck—that's clear.

But pray tell me, if you know,
Where, O where, my bubbles go?

—Our Children.

NED'S FAST.

Ned—or Uncle Teddie, as he was frequently called—was a handsome Bismarck setter—brown coat, white shirt-front, and white gloves on his paws.

He and his young master had been out gunning, and on their return the master was called to attend to the unloading of some cars connected with his father's business. Close to the railroad was a woodpile, and on this he laid his gun, forgetting it.

For three days the dog never left the woodpile, not even to eat or drink, and whenever any member of the family would come out he would run and bark, and run back of the woodpile and caper around.

The young master remarked that poor old Teddie was acting so peculiarly that he was afraid he was going crazy or mad, and would have to be shot. At last a suggestion was made to go to the woodpile and see—maybe there was something there. The idea was ridiculed, but nevertheless he went, and the dog nearly went crazy for sure: and there on the woodpile was found the gun. This was the cause of his strange actions. The dog was petted, made much of, and fed sumptuously for his faithfulness.—*E. Grey, in Pets and Animals.*

LITTLE HELPERS.

Two little babies laughed and
crowed;

Two little babies cried.

One lived up in the castle grim,
And one on the moorland wide.

One little baby grew straight and
strong;

One little babe, alas!

Never could climb the castle hill,
Never could run on the grass.

Summer and winter came and
went,

Gladness the castle knew;

Sorrow and pain in the moorland
cot

Grew just as the baby grew.

Yet in the darkness one bright
spot

Dawned with each opening day,

When from the castle one little
maid

Came down for an hour to stay.

Sunshine and smiles she brought
with her

Back to her home above;

Carried sweet lessons she never forgot,
Lessons of patience and love.

—Olive Plants.



ELI AND YOUNG SAMUEL.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON X. [Dec. 7.]

RUTH AND NAOMI.

Ruth 1. 16-22. Memorize verses 16, 17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be kindly affectioned one to another.—
Rom. 12. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Ruth? A Moabite woman.
Who was Naomi? A woman of Bethle-
hem in Judah. Why was Naomi in the
land of Moab? Because of a famine in
Canaan. Where was her husband? He
was dead. What were the names of her
sons? Mahlon and Chilion. Whom did
they marry? Orpah and Ruth. What be-
came of the sons? They died. Where did
Naomi wish to go? To her old home.
Who went a little way with her? Ruth
and Orpah. What did Orpah do? She
went back to her people. What did Ruth
do? She went with Naomi. Why? Be-
cause she loved her. What did Ruth find?
A good home in Bethlehem. Who was her
great-grandson? King David. Who was
born in her family line? The Lord Jesus
Christ.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about Naomi's trouble. Ruth
1. 1-6.

Tues. Find how unselfish Naomi was.
Ruth 1. 7-15.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. Ruth 1.
16-22.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find what Bethlehem means.

Sat. Find the names of Ruth's son and
grandsons.

Sun. Find who was born later in the
family. Matt. 2. 4-6.

LESSON XI. [Dec. 14.]

THE BOY SAMUEL.

1 Sam. 3. 6-14. Memorize verses 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—
1 Sam. 3. 9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the tabernacle now called?
The temple. Who was high priest? Eli.
Who were his sons? Hophni and Phineas.
What kind of men were they? Evil men.
Who was Eli's helper? Samuel. Who
was Samuel? The child of Elkanah and
Hannah. What had Hannah done? Lent
him to the Lord. What did Samuel hear
in the night? A voice calling him. What
did he think? That it was Eli. How
many times did he hear it? Three times.
What did Eli tell him to say? "Speak,
Lord; for thy servant heareth." What did
the Lord say to Samuel? Things that Eli
needed to know. Did Samuel tell Eli?
Yes. What did Samuel become in doing
this? A prophet of the Lord.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the child given to God.
1 Sam. 1. 27, 28.

Tues. Read about the little coat. 1 Sam.
2. 18, 19.

Wed. Learn what kind of a boy Samuel
was. 1 Sam. 2. 26.

Thur. Read the lesson verses carefully.
1 Sam. 3. 6-14.

Fri. Learn what to say when God
speaks. Golden Text.

Sat. Learn what took place the next
day. 1 Sam. 3. 15-18.

Sun. Find when some other child min-
ister is spoken of.

WOULD JAR THE EARTH.

If I could gather all the armies of the
dead drunkards and have them come to
convention, and then add to that host all
the armies of living drunkards—five and
ten abreast; and then if I could have you
mount a horse and ride until he fell
from exhaustion, and you would mount
another horse and ride along that line
for review, you would ride that horse
until he fell from exhaustion; and you
would take another, and another, and
would ride along hour after hour and day
after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in
brigades. Great armies of them. And
then if you had voice stentorian enough
to enable them all to hear, and you could
give the command, "Forward, march!"
their first tramp would jar the founda-
tion of the earth.—Selected.

It is the duty of every disciple to be
always watchful and always ready, so that
he may not be taken unawares.



THE JOLLY OLD COOPER.

BY ALFRED SELWYN.

A jolly old cooper am I,
 And I'm mending this tub, do you see?
 The workmen are gone, and I am alone,
 And their tools are quite handy for me.
 Now hammer and hammer away!
 This hoop I must fit to the tub:
 One, two—but I wish it would stay—
 The workmen have gone to their grub.
 How pleased they will be when they find
 That I can do work to their mind!

Yes, a jolly old cooper—but stop!
 What's this? Where's the tub? Oh,
 despair!
 Knocked into a heap there it lies.
 To face them now, how shall I dare?
 The knocks I have given the tub
 Will be echoed, I fear, on my head.
 They are coming! Oh, yes! I can hear,—
 I can hear on the sidewalk a tread.
 Shall I stay, and confess it was I?
 Yes, that's better than telling a lie.

DOING "EVEN SO."

"Did you order the soup-bone on your way to school this morning, Sam? If so, it didn't come."

"Why, no, mother; I forgot it."

Sam's mother looked more vexed than you might have expected, for, of course, little boys will forget sometimes, and people have to be patient with them.

But Sam was not surprised. He knew that it was not just now and then that he forgot; it was almost all the time. He forgot to open the window in the morning when he left his bedroom, and mother always had to attend to it; he forgot to shut the front door behind him; he forgot to wear his overshoes when it rained; he forgot to wash his hands and brush his

hair for dinner; he forgot to feed the goldfish; he forgot to water the geraniums—O the list would be so long that you would fall asleep over it were I to tell you all the things that Sam constantly forgot to do. And he did not seem to think that it was his fault. He always said, "I forgot," as if it were a perfectly good excuse.

"I am going to give you some medicine, little boy," said his mother, "to improve your memory."

"Medicine, mother, out of a bottle?"

"No, not out of a bottle. You will find out about it presently."

That night at tea Sam's cup had no sugar in it, and he made a very wry face.

"O, I told Hannah that she might forget the sugar," said his mother; "you are used to forgettings."

My, what a week that was! Everything went wrong with Sam. There was no salt in his oatmeal, no spoon at his plate, no gown under his pillow, no fire in his bedroom, no water in his pitcher, no buttons on his shirt-waist. The things that other people had been used to doing for him all went undone, and to every complaint his mother answered, smiling: "Why, Sam, you ought not to mind people forgetting."

But mothers do not like to see their little boys unhappy or even uncomfortable; so pretty soon his mother said: "Suppose we start over again, little son, and keep the golden rule: 'Whatsoever ye would that men, women, and children should do to you or for you, do you even so to them.'"—*Mayflower.*

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

She was a little eight-year-old girl in the hospital, where the days had been long for her and the nights, some of them, still longer. But things looked brighter now, for she could sit up, and even walk a little around the room.

One day they found her—the King's Daughters, who were visiting in the ward—sitting on the edge of her cot, and sewing away, making a new foot for an old stocking.

"What in the world are you doing," they asked, and were told that only two pairs of stockings belonged to the little one when she came into the hospital, and the feet of both were now quite worn out. So from the two pairs the tiny child was trying to make one which should be whole. The story was told at home to the small brothers and sisters of the visitors, and how it touched their warm little hearts! From their own savings they bought new, pretty stockings for the plucky little patient.

