

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1906.

No. 13

WHAT IS IT?

The dog and the cat in the picture are eagerly trying to find out what the strange creature their young master holds in his hands really is. If it only gets a nip at them they will soon find out.

The young fisherman holds it very carefully. It is a young lobster, and its pinchers nip real hard. I guess he knows what it is like, he holds this one so gingerly.

KITTY AND "PLEASE."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or "Please to do this," or "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "Do this," or "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

"Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my papa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the house, and did not immediately come to her help.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said: "Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget will put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor, and



WHAT IS IT?

tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the hall, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother, looking into her room. "Ask her, my child."

But Kitty looked "No, I shan't," though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner-bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoe," and her mother went downstairs.

Kitty turned very red, and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room, and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grieved her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table!—for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came upstairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going towards him, said: "Oh, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said: "Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran downstairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said with a tear in her eye: "Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out, and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards; and "please" made the little girl a great many friends.

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TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1906.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A little girl that I knew once brought a bag without a string to her mother to have one supplied. The mother agreed to do it, and threading a bodkin with a string, began to push it through the hem. The child had expected her mother to sew the string on each side of the bag like a handle, and when she saw the bodkin and string both disappearing inside the hem, she was puzzled and distressed. She watched it a moment, and then plaintively said: "I think my mamma might put a string to my bag, when she said she would." The mother looked up reassuringly from her work, and said: "Do not be troubled, darling; I am putting the string in all right."

The child watched silently for a few more moments, and still no sign of the string appearing, as it was a little difficult to push through the narrow hem, the tears began to gather, and again the plaintive voice whispered: "I thought my mamma was a good mamma, and knew how to put on strings."

This time the mother saw that there was a real need of comfort, and she explained more fully. "See, darling," she said, "I do know how to put a string to a bag, and this is the best way. Just trust me, and wait, and it will come out right."

The child waited and in a few moments

the string was pushed through, a knot was tied, and the bag hung triumphantly on the little arm. The child looked thoughtfully at it, and then said: "Oh, I see! It is just like Jesus. We give him something to do, and he doesn't seem to be doing it right, and we are just going to worry; and then we think, 'Oh, Jesus knows how;' and we just trust him, and wait, and it comes out all right at last."

JOHNNIE AND THE GATE.

"I want you to do an errand for me, Johnny."

"Where, mother?"

"Over to Mrs. Root's. Here is a note for her. Put it in your pocket."

Johnny set out on his errand, soon arriving at Mrs. Root's gate. But here he found trouble. The latch on the gate was so tightly caught that he could not open it. With all his might he tugged at it, but his small hands were not strong enough. What did he do? Turn about and go home again with his errand undone? No; Johnny was not that kind of a boy. He had been sent to give that note to Mrs. Root, and he meant to do it. He tried to climb over the gate, but it was too high. Then he looked about him. The gate belonging to the next house was low. He was an active little fellow, and could easily climb that. So he did. Then he walked carefully along the fence, until he came to the board wall which divided Mrs. Root's lot from this one. There was a ledge along it. He climbed on this, then hung by his hands and dropped into Mrs. Root's yard. Coming out, he found it easy to open the gate.

Within sight of the gate there was a tiny park with seats under the trees. As Johnny started for home, he saw his father sitting on one of them. "How long have you been here, father?" he asked.

"About ten minutes," said his father.

"Did you see what a time I had getting into Mrs. Root's?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't come to open the gate for me!" said Johnny feeling a little injured.

"No; because I was thinking of the times when I shouldn't be with you, and you would have to make your own way, just as you did now."

"But I don't go to Mrs. Root's very often. Perhaps I shan't go there again for a great while, and perhaps the gate will be fixed then."

"I mean, my boy, that I was thinking of the times which will come to you, as you go on in life, when they will seem hard for you, and you will have to work it out alone. Now, God has given you your strong, active body and your bright

mind, and he expects you to use them. When you cannot do a thing one way by the powers of your body, you call on the powers of your mind to tell you of some other way, just as you did in getting into Mrs. Root's yard when you could not open the gate."

"Yes, I had to think it out," said Johnny, brightly."

"I was much pleased at seeing that you did not give it up when you met with a difficulty. A boy who brings his best thought and power to the overcoming of an obstacle will be sure to make his way."

A chaplain related the story of a little girl who, when told that her father had gone to heaven, asked her mother if she had not better begin to pack up, too, and get ready to go. A soldier heard it, and said: "I am glad you told us that story about packing up; it made the thing so plain to me. I haven't much learning, and I haven't tried to understand these things much; but now I see through it all. I want you to help me pack up. Pray with me, chaplain." While prayer was being offered, the earnest heart cried out: "Oh, do, Lord, help me! help me!" The Holy Spirit was there. This poor man cried and the Lord heard him; and with a face radiant with joy, he said: "I am happy now; I have found Jesus." "What of your body?" one asked. "Are you suffering now?" He had been shot through the right shoulder and left leg, and had an arm taken off. "Oh," said he, "my wounds are nothing now. I can bear them all. I have peace within."

WHAT WINS.

The world has full many a hero;
Go read what those heroes have done,
And you'll find that though oft they were
baffled,

They kept up their courage and won.
They never lost courage in failure,
Giving up as the weak-hearted will,
But said: "We will try and keep trying,
And conquer all obstacles still."

And this they have done the world over.
Their tasks were accomplished at last
By often-repeated endeavor.

The young oak may bend to the blast,
But it springs to its place when it passes,
And grows to new strength every day,
And in time it stands firm in the tempest
Whose wrath whirls the tall pines away.

Defeat makes a man more persistent,
If the right kind of courage be his;
He determines to conquer, and does it,
And this is what heroism is.

Strive on with a patient endeavor;
The steadfast of purpose will win,
Defeat comes to-day, but to-morrow
May usher the glad triumph in.

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WORDS

Matt. 1

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TWO SIDES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

In their nest of twigs three young storks lay;

Tired of waiting and hungry were they;
Their bills snapped with delight
When Dame Stork came in sight
With a treasure picked up on her way—
With a fine, fat young frog,
Just fished out of the bog.

But the frog was not happy that day.

At play on the carpet baby sat,
Rosy, mischievous, dimpled and fat;
When puss ventured too near,
One hand seized a soft ear,
And then, finding the other, pulled that.
Next, he pinched the long tail,
Till poor puss raised a wail.
Fun for the baby, but not for the cat!

What's sport for one may not be for two,
So here's a hint for me and for you,

To take care that our gain
Is not somebody's pain.
For all the world round this rule holds true,

That if what we call for
Will hurt some other one,
Why, then, it isn't the thing to do.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—JULY 1.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

Matt. 18. 1-14. Memory verses, 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is not the will of your Father, which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.—Matt. 18. 14.

LESSON STORY.

It was a pity that Christ's disciples did not understand what he meant by the Kingdom of Heaven, and that they thought it would be some grand earthly kingdom with great pomp and show. They thought Jesus would be the King and live in great splendor, and they would hold high and dignified position. So one day they asked Jesus who would be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. To show them how different his idea was, for his "kingdom" was of the heart, he called a little child and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;" also he said the one who humbled himself like a child was the greatest, and whoever received a little child in his name received him. When he taught that they must become as little chil-

dren, he meant that all people, young or old, must become trustful, teachable, not proud or vain, but loving and obliging. To accept Jesus in the way a child does is the way most pleasing to God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. What did the disciples think of the kingdom of heaven? They thought it would be a great earthly kingdom.
2. Who was to be king? Jesus.
3. What did they ask? Who would be greatest in the kingdom?
4. How did Jesus reply? By saying they must be converted and become as little children.
5. Then who is the greatest? He who humbles himself like a child.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON II.—JULY 8.

THE DUTY OF FORGIVENESS.

Matt. 8. 21-35. Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6. 12.

LESSON STORY.

What a good way Jesus took to teach his great lessons by those simple parables. When the disciples asked if they should forgive seven times he replied: Yes, and seventy times seven. And then he told them the story of a king whose servant owed him a great deal which he could not pay. Here the king had compassion on him and forgave him even as God does us. Now, this servant who owed the king also had a servant who owed him, but he did not have pity on him and forgive him. Instead he put him in prison until he should pay. When the king heard how unforgiving his servant was he was angry with him and delivered him up until he also should pay. In such wise will God act toward us if we are not forgiving. It is such an important thing to learn to forgive.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. How often did Jesus say we were to forgive others? Seventy times seven.
2. What did the king do? He forgave his servant for his large debt.
2. What did the servant do? He did not forgive his servant.
4. Was the king displeased with this? Yes.
5. What did the king do then? He allowed his unforgiving servant to be punished.
6. Will God treat us thus if we are unforgiving? Yes.

NOT SO STUPID AFTER ALL.

It was Saturday afternoon, and one of those dismal rainy days that come so often in November. Mother thought the children ought not to go out, so they had spent nearly all the afternoon in the

library making scrap-books for the Children's Hospital.

"I wish I was an English girl," sighed little Alice.

"Why?" asked Norman.

"Cause then maybe I could have a dear little donkey to ride," she answered, looking at a picture she had just cut from a paper. "What do you suppose this donkey is doing, mother?" she asked, turning the picture so the others could see.

"Why, he's opening that gate, isn't he?" said Norman.

"Yes, I think that is what he is trying to do," answered Mrs. Blakely. "I remember reading a story, too, that just fits that picture. I was about a farmer who had several horses and one donkey. He said the donkey was always the ringleader in any piece of mischief. Once he fastened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats, but as they could not jump over the gate, the oats were safe.

"But the donkey managed to get into the oat-field, and then he went straight to the gate and pulled and tugged with his teeth at the pin in the ring until he got it out. The gate swung open, and the delighted horses trotted gaily into the field.

"When the farmer saw the horses galloping about and trampling down his oats, he could not imagine how they had gotten in; he supposed some mischievous boy had been playing a trick on him. He never thought of the little donkey; but when the same thing happened three times running, he decided to catch the tricky person, whoever he might be.

"So early one morning he went out and watched, and you can imagine his surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate and pull out the pin, while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open."

"Well," said Norman, "I always thought donkeys were stupid, but I don't see anything stupid about that little fellow."

KINDNESS FOR RUDENESS.

A little girl, we are told, went to her mother one day to show some fruit that had been given her.

"Your friend," said the mother, "has been very kind."

"Yes," said the child, "she gave me more than those, but I gave some away."

The mother inquired to whom she had given them, when she answered, "I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, "Because I thought it would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again."



BIRD FLIGHTS.

BIRD FLIGHTS.

When the flowers die, the song-birds fly
To the groves of the south, where the
summers stay;

When the warm winds blow, and new
blossoms show,

The birds fly back again tuneful and
gay.

TEDDY AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Now then! There is room for one
more!" cried Uncle George. "Pack him
in, and we're off."

Room in the great, big, crowded sleigh
for only one more, and—alas!—there
were two eager little boys left standing on
the curbstone, longing with all their little
hearts to take a ride.

"Which of you shall it be?" said Uncle
George.

There was a moment's pause; then
Teddy stepped back. "Let it be Harry,"
he said; "I can stay behind."

So Harry was swung up into the open
place. The whip cracked, the bells
jingled, and away they went, leaving
Teddy alone, winking with all his might
to keep the tears out of his eyes. Pretty
soon he ran upstairs to visit grandma.
Grandma was sitting by the window.
She laid down her sewing and gathered
Teddy up in her arms. "My dear little
boy," she said, "has been trying to follow
the Golden Rule, hasn't he?"

Teddy nodded. Presently he said:
"Grandma, does God up in heaven notice
when a little boy tries to mind his rules?"

"Yes, indeed, he does, and it makes
him feel very glad."

Teddy's round face grew solemn. "Can
just a little boy like me make God feel
glad?"

"Yes, dear."

"Isn't it queer," said Teddy, "and—
and splendid?"

"And isn't it queer," said his grandma,
gently, "that when little boys like you
and old ladies like me can make God
glad, we sometimes forget and make him
sorry?"

A LITTLE ARTIST.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as
dear children." (Eph. 5. 1.) The word
"followers" in this text means "imi-

preach like him;" and there are very
many others who have grown up good
men and good women, because they had
Christian parents, and they began by try-
ing to copy them.

There was once a poor little Italian
slave boy, whose master, Murillo, was a
very great painter. The little slave, Se-
bastian, was always about the studio, and
loved to watch his master at work. One
day the painter found an unfinished
sketch of a woman's head in his room,
and, as it showed great talent, he won-
dered who could have done it. Of course
he inquired, but all that Sebastian would
say was that he had let no strangers into
the studio in his master's absence. The
painter would not believe him, and one
day, when he had been out, he returned
unexpectedly to the house, and crept softly
up to the studio. The door stood open,
and, to his great astonishment, he saw his
little slave sitting, palette in hand, before
an easel, on which hung, almost finished,
the very sketch he had found lying about.
The painter stood still, amazed, for it
was a beautiful picture, and the little boy
was putting in some exquisite touches;
but at the next moment Sebastian
noticed his master at the door,
and jumped up, very frightened
to think that he was caught. But
the painter was not angry; he
only asked who had so taught
him to paint.

"You, sir," said Sebastian,
eagerly. "I have watched you
day after day, and watching how
you did it has taught me!"

Do we want our lives to be
good and beautiful in God's
sight? Then let us be looking to
Jesus, moment by moment, and
let us copy his example and fol-
low carefully in his steps.

GIVING SOMETHING OF
OUR VERY OWN.

It is easy to give away what
somebody else has given us, but
the best gifts are those for which
we ourselves have paid the cost.
This was the thought which a
little girl at a children's home
had, one Sunday, when she said
to her teacher, "I think we ought

tators." You
know we often
like to imitate
our parents,
and do as they
do, and copy
their example.
A little boy
said the other
day, "When I
grow up, I
want to be a
good man like
father, and

to have some extra work to do every day,
so that we could earn pennies to give in
church and Sunday-school. I don't want
to give the Lord Jesus just the pennies
that folks give me; I want to give him
something of my very own."

So let us all try to give the Lord some-
thing of our very own, something for
which we have paid, and which will show
our Love for the Saviour who gave his
life for us.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Don't be afraid, little Johnnie, my boy:

Open the door and go in;

The longer you shrink from confessing a
fault,

The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait, with a pitiful face,
And dread the confession to make;

For you know when you're naughty, the
worst of it all

Is making your mother's heart ache.

But courage, my boy! Never mind if the
shoes

Are muddy, and wet, and all that;

Never mind if your clothes have been ter-
ribly torn,

And you've ruined your pretty new hat.

Go in like a man and tell mother the truth,

Like a brave little lad; and you'll see

How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
And is truthful and honest, can be.

Be honest, my boy, be honest, I say;

Be honest at work, be honest at play;

The same in the dark as when in the
light;

Your deeds need not then be kept out of
sight.



"GO IN LIKE A MAN."