

SUNBEAM

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No. 4.

OUT IN THE COLD.

"This is to be a very charming affair, Mrs. Gilbert—quite stylish. I assure you—and I hope you will let Essie and Frank attend."

"Is it to be a pay affair?" asked Essie's and Frank's mother.

"Oh, dear, yes; I am afraid you will be alarmed by the expense of it; each child subscribes ten dollars, or fifteen dollars for two. But" seeing Mrs. Gilbert's look of surprise—"you have no idea of what a costly thing a fancy ball is, even for children. There are the lights, you know, that must be as bright as day; and the flowers for decorations, and the favors, besides the supper."

"Yes, I see," answered Mrs. Gilbert, "and you must excuse me from putting down my children's names; I do not feel able to afford the expense."

"You? Oh, Mrs. Gilbert!" cried the disappointed visitor. "Why, we counted on you. Nobody in our circle of acquaintance is so well able to take part in this affair as you are."

"I do not mean that I have not the money," answered the lady, "but that I do not think it right to spend so much on the mere entertainment of our children, even at this Christmas season, while so many poor little ones are left out in the cold. No, Miss Carrie, do not insist, for



OUT IN THE COLD.

my mind is quite made up; I am sorry to disappoint you, but neither Essie nor Frank can take part in your fancy ball.

While this visitor was saying good-bye, another was announced: so little Essie, whose face was all in a pucker to cry, had to run back to the library sofa, and stick her little head down there, where the tears could be hid. Frank did not care much;

herself had on a fine dress, coat and cap, and that her fur tippet and muff lay on the sofa beside her. She took her brother's hand, and they sallied out into the street. It was cold, as Christmas weather ought to be, and snowy, as Christmas weather ought to be, too. They hurried along until they came in sight of a great house that looked like a palace; the

he would have liked to go, of course, but there were plenty of things that Frank thought jollier than a ball, and he went back to "Strange Stories of Adventure," after hearing his mother's refusal, without a sigh.

But Essie was keenly disappointed. She had hung upon Miss Carrie's glowing accounts of what it was to be like. She had not for one moment doubted that mamma would say yes; mamma, who was always so ready to give money when people were getting up things.

And what could mother have meant by the little children out in the cold; where were any little children out in the cold? While Essie's brain was working away at this question, Frank came into the room, and she saw with surprise that he was dressed for a party.

"Why, Frank," she cried, "where are you going?"

"To the fancy ball, of course," he answered; "come along."

Then she saw, and wondered how it had happened, that she

windows fairly blazed with light, and Essie did not wonder that so much money was needed for them. Through these windows they could see masses of rich blooms, and delightful music floated out to their ears. They were just about to go up the wide marble steps, when Essie stopped suddenly with an exclamation of surprise: "Oh, Frank, there is one of the babies out in the cold!"

And there, sure enough, on the balustrade with the light falling full on him, with snow on his uncovered head, was a little adressed baby.

"What makes you stay out here in the cold?" asked Essie eagerly. "Why don't you come in?"

"I have no clothes to wear," answered the child.

"Oh, you can have my coat," said Essie, quickly taking off the little softly-lined wrap. The baby came down to the lower step and allowed Essie to put him into her coat; and then the three children went in together.

Nobody seemed to notice that the baby's feet were bare or that his golden curls were covered with snow. Every child seemed to be bent on enjoying himself, without much thought of others.

"What great lights!" exclaimed the baby; "as many as the stars: where did they come from?"

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But why don't they take some of them down to the poor homes, where the children go to bed this Christmas Eve in the dark," asked the child.

"I don't know," answered Essie doubtfully.

"How did they find so many flowers?" asked the child again.

"Money bought them," said Essie.

"But," cried the baby, "these little children I tell you of have no money to buy beds or blankets; they lie and shiver this Christmas time."

Essie was silent.

"And can these children eat all that?" continued the strange child, pointing to the loaded tables; "there are little children that I know who are crying for bread: one bit of all this might save their lives. Come away; would you dare to stay and help to waste all this, while all those little ones of my Heavenly Father perish with cold and hunger?"

And Essie turned and followed him out into the darkness. She dared not ask the name of this strange, strange child, but she felt by the light in his eyes that it must be the Christmas babe, the Christ child and, oh, how sorry she was that he should come and find them doing all for themselves, doing nothing for those little ones for whom he had come to die.

"Essie! Essie! wake up for dinner," said her mother, giving her a gentle shake to rouse her up from the lik'ry sofa. The

guests were gone from the parlor, mother had changed her dress, papa had come in, dinner was ready—and all the rest was a dream!

But the dream made Essie very eager about getting clothes, and food, and blankets for those little babies out in the cold, and the mother gave each child the ten dollars that would have gone to the ball to spend in that way.

As long as she lives, Essie will remember the grieved and surprised look of that dream baby, when he found so many little ones taking their own ease and pleasure, with no thought for the little ones out in the cold.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1905.

POLLY PUTOFF.

Her real name was Polly Putman, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could.

"O, you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say; "you can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on," and I am sorry to say that he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her father and mother intended to give her. She thought that a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had

gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "O, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school." After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother when Polly was studying her lesson that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother; "the man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"O mother!" cried Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting that letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

A well-known Christian man once offered a prize for the best thought sent to him within a month. Here is the thought which won the prize: Men grumble because God puts thorns on roses. Would it not be better to thank God that he puts roses on thorns?

Surely that is a thought worth remembering. Sometimes as we pick the wild roses along the hedge, we prick our fingers, and then we forget all about the roses, and think only about the thorns. But the roses are there, just the same as before, and God meant us to enjoy them, despite the thorns, which he put simply to teach us to be careful and patient in picking the roses.

THE TALKING FACE.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her unamiable temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, others of pride and rebellion, and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things.

SOWING THE SEED.

"Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould;
Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold,
There you must lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light come not nigh.

"What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!
What grief make known for loss of the day!
Sadly you'd speak,
'Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?"

"Have faith, little seed; soon yet again,
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain,
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so light,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26.

THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.
John 6. 1-14. Memorize verses 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven.—John 6. 51.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how the Lord once fed four thousand. Mark 8. 1-3.
- Tues. Read the story of the widow's meal. 1 Kings 17. 8-16.
- Wed. Find who had enough and to spare. 2 Kings 4. 38-44.
- Thur. Read the lesson story. John 6. 1-14.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find how many of the gospels tell this story.
- Sun. Tell it yourself to some one.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What is the Sea of Galilee sometimes called? Why? Where did Jesus and his disciples sit one morning? What time of the year was it? What did they see? Where did the people come from? From the towns on the west side of the lake. What did Jesus say to Philip? Did he expect to buy bread for them? How much would it cost? What is a Roman penny called? A denarius. What had a boy brought? Five barley loaves, the size of a large biscuit, and two little dried fishes. What did Jesus give the people? What did he give them afterward? How were they seated? Where did the bread come from? How much was afterward gathered up?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. God in Christ is Creator.
 2. He is Redeemer.
 3. And he is also Sustainer of us all.

LESSON X.—MARCH 5.

JESUS AT THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.
John 7. 37-46. Memorize verse 37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Never man spake like this man.—John 7. 46.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the Feast of Tabernacles. Lev. 23. 34-44.
- Tues. Read also about the dedication of the temple. 1 Kings 8. 2-65.
- Wed. Read the whole story of our lesson. John 7. 2-52.
- Thur. Find what the Psalms say about a river. Psa. 46. 4.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find the prophet's vision of the river. Ezek. 47. 1-12.
- Sun. Read about the holy river of heaven. Rev. 22. 1, 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What is the Feast of Tabernacles? The harvest feast. What did Solomon once do at this feast? Dedicated the temple. Who went up from Galilee in our lesson story? Did Jesus go? When? What did the people do? What things did they say? What was in the heart of Jesus? What did he do on the last day of the feast? Can you repeat what he said? What can you call these words? What does the parable mean? Is it true for us also? What did they then do? What did the Pharisees do? What good Pharisee was there? Did he speak for Jesus or against him?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. God is the only life.
 2. He came as a man to offer his life to us.
 3. If we open our hearts it will flow through us to others.

UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night."

"On the oven door?" asked Charley seriously.

"O no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept to dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the

oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. 'Where's kitty?' she asked. The cook dropped a pan. 'Goodness gracious!' she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—"

"Was all burnt up!" cried May, with tears in her eyes.

"O Uncle Hal!" exclaimed Charlie.

"The poor little thing!" wailed Edna. Uncle Hal looked gravely around the circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that the poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"O!" cried all the children in chorus; and then they laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest; but as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand. He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-open rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said; "take that to your mother."

Teach me to do thy will, O Lord;
Help me to love thy holy word,
All thy commandments to obey,
That I may please thee every day.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.



A METEOR SHOWER.

FALLING STARS.

To see a star fall is quite a common sight, especially in the month of August, when we have counted as many as twenty stars falling in a single hour. Meteoric displays like the one shown in the picture, however, are very rare. It seems to the people living in the little town that the end of the world has come, and that the heavens are falling. Some are on their knees praying, others are too terrified to know what they are doing, children are clinging to their mothers, while a few good, fearless people are enjoying the grand and wonderful spectacle.

HARRY'S FIRST DAY.

Harry was a very little boy when he first went to Sunday-school. Can you guess how old he was?

"Three years," you say.

No.

"Two years."

No.

"One year, then."

No; only six months.

Of course he could not walk, so his mother was the coachman and took him in his baby carriage.

As he sat in his mother's lap before the class, the teacher said: "We have a new scholar to-day. His name is Harry." Then all the children spoke his name and looked with smiling faces at Harry. Harry smiled, too.

Then the teacher put Harry's name on a narrow white slip of paper and placed it in the Cradle Roll, and just as that was done the class sang their welcome song: "Again a new baby we welcome to-day." The minister's boy, Robert, was so pleased that he forgot to sing, and just smiled at little Harry.

Next a little girl stood before the class, with a pretty green cup in her hands, and all the boys and girls marched by with flags, singing, "Hear the Pennies Dropping!" As they sang they dropped their pennies or nickels into the cup.

At the end of the song they stood a min-

ute, while the teacher put in a nickel for Harry. After that Harry's father would give the teacher a nickel each Sunday, and one of the boys or girls would put it into the cup, until Harry should be big enough to come to Sunday-school, when he would be glad to do that himself.

Then Harry's mother took him home. He had been good all the time.

Harry's father and mother wish him to grow up to be a good man, to learn God's Word, and to do his will; so that is why Harry is now a member of the Primary Class.

A METEOR SHOWER.

One of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen in the night skies of certain months is a so-called meteor shower. It is a common enough thing to see an occasional falling star shoot across the sky like a flash, leaving a long trail of glory behind it. But when these are seen chasing one another through the darkness by the hundred and even by the thousand it is a very different sight; a grander and more beautiful display of light it is difficult to imagine, except perhaps the terrible red flames that leap out of a volcano and seem to set the sky on fire. The explanation of these falling stars is interesting. The scientists tell us that space is full of pieces of broken-up worlds or of the solid matter which will one day be brought together, and formed perhaps into a new planet. When one of these pieces in its headlong course through space comes into contact with a heavy atmosphere like that round our earth there is at once a very great amount of friction caused. In deed the pace is so terrific that there is sufficient heat generated to cause the fragment to ignite. A brilliant flame and all is over; while the burnt-up ashes fall very slowly to the earth. The weight of the earth is thus said to be increased several tons every year by the meteoric dust which falls in this way on the tops of high mountains. This dust may often be noticed and picked up in small quantities, and in the ocean a sufficient deposit has fallen and sunk to the bottom in the past ages of the world's history to form a distinct geological formation.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RECITATION.

Did you ever speak a piece and find

That all the poem words

Had flown away out of your mind

Like little frightened birds?

The people were so very near,

Their eyes so big and round,

Your voice came out so high and queer,

With such a funny sound?

The platform was so long and wide,

You felt so very small,

You had to run away and hide,

And spoke no piece at all!