

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, JULY 26, 1902.

No. 15.

RUTH'S DOG, TOWSER.

A very funny thing happened at Ruth's house the other day, and brought her into ill-repute with at least one member of the police force.

She is a very serious little girl of five, with great, solemn, truthful eyes. No one would ever dream of her telling what was not exactly true, and she never made a joke in her life.

She was sitting on the bottom step of her stoop on this special morning, when Mr. Smith, the big policeman, came along. He interested Ruth very much by going to the door of every house, a little open book and pencil in his hand. After talking with whoever came to the door for a moment, he turned away, sometimes writing in the little book, but oftener not.

At the minister's door he wrote something, and at Dr. Blake's. Ruth particularly noticed that.

Mr. Smith was a tremendous power in the neighbourhood. Not a boy dared to shout a shout or fling a ball when he was in sight; and as for the little girls—well, they always breathed freer when Mr. Smith had turned the corner.

Ruth watched the big man until he reached her house. Then, with a quaking heart, she saw him mount her steps. Mamma opened the door.

"Do ye kape a dog, mum?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No," replied mamma; and to Ruth the dear voice seemed to shake with fear.

Mr. Smith bowed sternly, and turned to come down.

It was perfectly clear to Ruth now. Mr. Smith was putting the entire neighbourhood under arrest, except those who kept dogs!

The minister had one, and so did Dr. Blake. She meant to save mamma if she could. So she tremblingly faced Mr. Smith on the bottom step, and said gently,

"Yes, sir. Towser is our dog."

Up the steps again went Mr. Smith, and sharply rang the bell.

Mamma replied.

"Where's your dog, mum?"

"I told you that we had no dog. We have never had a dog," mamma answered.

"Oh! this is an old trick, mum; though we don't meet it often in these neighbourhoods. However, you've got a truthful little girl; and she isn't so sure that ye have no dog. I insist upon seeing him, mum!"

A funny little gleam came into mamma's eyes.

"Ruth," she called, "you may as well bring Towser. The officer insists upon seeing him."

Mr. Smith's face grew very red, as Ruth ran upstairs.

Presently she came back. "Here's Towser, sir," she said with a quiver. "Here's our dog!" And she held up to the astonished eyes of the big policeman a dirty Canton-flannel dog, one shoe-button eye quite gone, his tail in shreds, and his detached ears pinned to his head with safety-pins!

If Mr. Smith had been wise, he would have laughed, but Mr. Smith was not on the police force because of his wisdom.

Mamma, though, laughed merrily; while

Ruth hugged Towser, and felt that in some roundabout way he and she had saved the family from an awful fate.

"I am part of God's great plan—I'll cheerfully do the best I can."



BLACKBERRYING.—SEE LAST PAGE.

"Mamma forgot Towser, sir."

Mr. Smith was all attention.

"Is this your house?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir." Ruth's great, honest eyes gazed frankly into the grim face, looking down.

"And you have a dog, eh?"

SIX TIMES NINE.

I studied my tables over and over,
And backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
And I didn't know what to do,
Till my sister told me to play with my doll,
And not to bother my head.
"If you'll call her Fifty-Four for a while,
You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favourite Mary Ann,
Though I thought I thought it a dreadful
shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
Such a perfectly horrid name;
And I called her dear little Fifty-Four
A hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well
As the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
Who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
And I nearly laughed aloud;
But wish I hadn't, for when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—
I answered, "Mary Ann!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 26, 1902.

SOMETHING EVERYBODY CAN UNDERSTAND.

Two children, we are told, one French and the other Italian, met at a steamboat landing. Neither of them could understand the language which the other spoke, but each stood looking at the other with the greatest curiosity. At last one of them began smiling. The other smiled back and the two children felt they were friends at once. Everybody understands a smile.

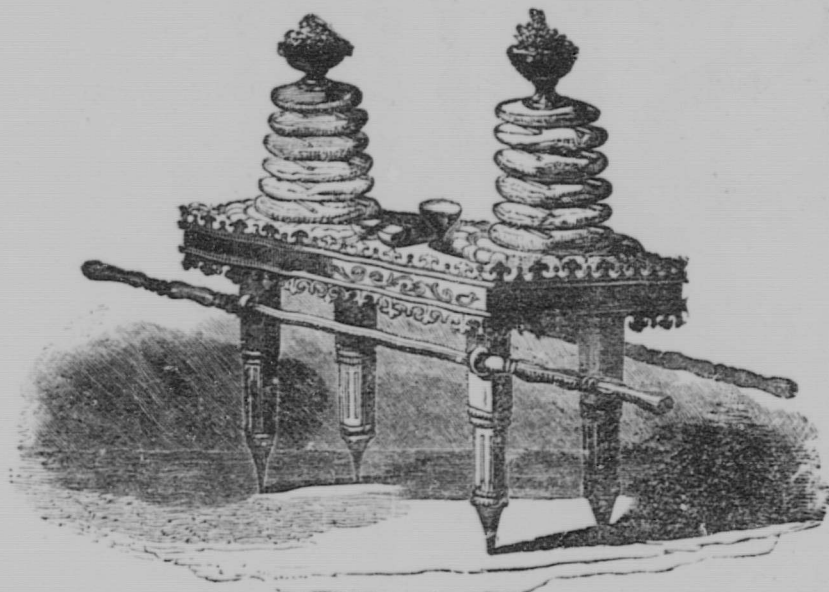


TABLE OF SHOW-BREAD.

There is a hymn that bids us "brighten the way with a smile." Don't you think that would be a very good motto for each one of us to take? Smiles are like sunshine, and the best way to scatter sunshine around us is by wearing a smile wherever we go.

A DEAR LITTLE VISITOR.

"There comes my dear little visitor," Miss Amy said, as she looked out of the window and saw a little figure in a clean white dress that stood out very stiff, coming across the lawn from the next house.

For Anne was very fond of Miss Amy, and few were the days when she did not come to pay her a visit. Sometimes Anne would bring her work, for she was learning to sew, and could slowly and with pains take the stitches in the handkerchief she was hemming. Then she would sit in the low rocker and play she was a grown-up lady.

But more often she was just the little girl who loved to look at pictures and listen to stories, and even be cuddled in Miss Amy's lap.

"If Anne troubles you," her mamma said to Miss Amy one day, "I will not let her come so often."

And Miss Amy answered quickly, "Oh, no, she does not trouble me. She never frets or teases for what she cannot have, nor tears or soils the books and pretty things I give her. She is like a bit of sunshine, always loving, cheerful and happy. I love to have her come. She is always my dear little visitor."

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend, who had gone home.

"I often go there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal, again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O, I don't mind; I don't stay long!"

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he did not exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: "A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind, generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others; if he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added: "Remember this, my boy: You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Christian Work*.

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if a scholar recollected an instance in the Scriptures of a bad bargain. "I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." A second said: "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver." A third boy observed: "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed!

Like Easter lilies, pure and white,
Make Thou our hearts, O Lord of Light;
Like Easter lilies let them be
Sweet chalices of love to thee.

LES

STUDIES

Exod. 40.

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LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON V. [August 3.
THE TABERNACLE.

Exod. 40. 1-13. Memorize verses 1-3.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his courts with praise.—Psa.
100. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

What did the Lord give his people? A
church in the wilderness. What was it

Wed. Read of the ark, table, candlestick,
and altar. Ex. 37.
Thur. Read of the great altar and laver.
Exod. 38. 1-8.
Fri. Find how the priest's garments
were made. Exod. 39. 1-31.
Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
Sun. Find what Paul says about the
tabernacle. Heb. 9. 1-14.

LESSON VI. [August 10.

NADAB AND ABIHU—TEMPERANCE LESSON.
Lev. 10. 1-11. Memorize verses 8-11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us watch and be sober.—1 Thess.
5-6.

Tues. Learn why we should obey God ex-
actly. Deut. 6. 24.
Wed. Find what God had said about the
priests. Verse 3.
Thur. See what direction the Lord gave
Aaron. Verse 9.
Fri. Learn what strong drink may
bring. Verse 2.
Sat. Learn what this lesson teaches.
Lev. 11. 44.
Sun. Learn how believers should live.
Titus 3. 8.

THE BLUE JAYS.

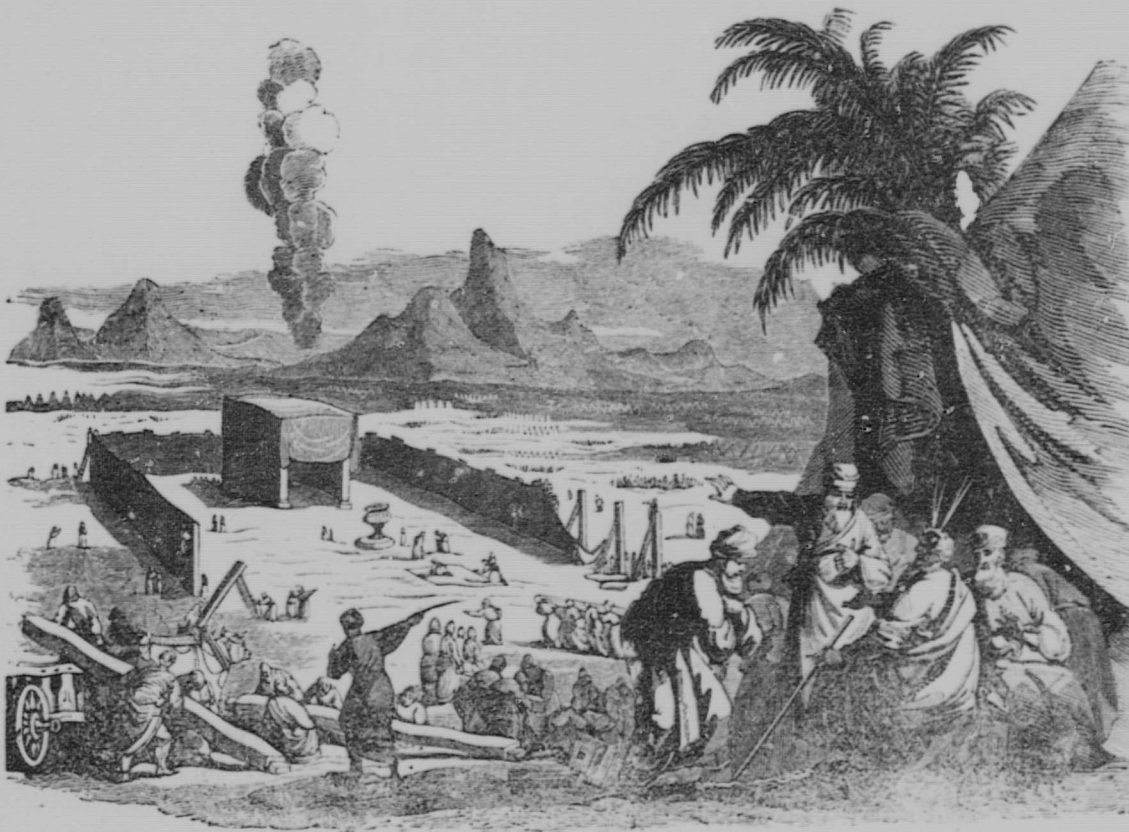
In a tall spruce tree in our front yard,
a pair of blue jays had built their nest,
and were rearing a promising
family of five young birds.
One morning the old black cat,
hunting around for her break-
fast, spied the nest and ran up
the tree. She met with a warm
reception from the feathered
warriors, and was glad to re-
treat. They flew at her head,
pecked at her, and followed her
even to the ground, for jays,
you know, belong to the hawk
family, and are quite fierce.
We watched the battle with in-
terest, and fearing that the cat
might renew the struggle, and
get the little jays some other
time, we put up a ladder, se-
cured the nest, and placing it
in a tin pail half filled with
hay, fastened pail and ladder to the
limb of a great ash. Pussy
could not get at the nest now,
for the cord, tied to the pail
and then to the limb, allowed
the pail to swing out of her
reach. The jays soon found
their children, and went on car-
ing for them as before; but
every time the cat came into
the yard they pounced on her,
and if one of us went up the

ladder to see how the little birds were get-
ting on, they flew into our faces and drove
us away. It made us laugh, though we
were really afraid of them. It was not
long, though, until the young jays were
strong enough to fly away, where no cat
could find them, and I think there were
no more jays' nests built in the spruce tree.
—*The Young Pilgrim.*

ICICLES AND BICYCLES.

Iceicles and bicyeles,
What a pretty rhyme!
Though one belongs to winter
And one to summer time.

Bicycles and iceicles,
They're almost merry mates;
For the boy who rides a wheel in June,
In January skates.



THE TABERNACLE SET UP.

like? A tent. Of what was it made?
Of precious things. When was it set up?
In the first month of the second year.
What was spread over it? Three cover-
ings. What was the ark? A box covered
with gold. What was in it? The tablets
of Ten Commandments. What was set
near it? The golden table and the
golden candlestick. What was hung be-
fore the ark? A beautiful embroidered
curtain. Where did he set the golden
altar? Before the curtain. What did he
place outside? The great altar for burnt
offering, and the laver. What then rested
upon the tabernacle? The cloud and fire
of God's presence.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the gifts for the taber-
nacle. Exod. 35.
Tues. Read about the making of the cur-
tains and frame. Exod. 36.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the church of the Israelites?
The tabernacle. Who were its priests?
Aaron and his four sons. Who was the
high Priest? Aaron. Who were Nadab
and Abihu? Two of his sons. What did
they offer to God? Strange fire. What
fire had God told them to use? Fire from
the golden altar. What were they follow-
ing? Their own way. What suddenly
came upon them? A fire that destroyed
them. What did God tell Aaron? That
the priests must not use wine or strong
drink. Had Nadab and Abihu been
drinking? It seems so. Why? Because
they were careless and disobedient. What
other reason have we for thinking so?
The Lord's warning to Aaron.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses. Lev. 10.
1-11.

Somehow the basket fell into a ditch and the berries were most of them lost amongst the nettles, and when they came to the gap in the fence a large row was there, and they had to wait a long time before she felt disposed to go away.

This caused them to be very miserable. So it was very late when they



arrived home very tired, and having lost their blackberries, been stung by the nettles, and scratched by the thorns, we will hope they were not severely punished for their disobedience.



DICK'S DISCOVERY.

It was one of Dick's crooked days, when nothing would happen quite straight, or else whatever happened it looked crooked to him. In the first place, the boys did not come down to the boat as early as he had expected; then, when he was just ready to push off, his little sister Jessie ran down and wanted to go with him.

"O, we don't want any girls," said Dick. "We are off to play 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Three of us?" laughed Charlie. "I guess you had better call it 'Swiss Family Robinson.'"

"Well, then, I can go, for there was a Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson," declared Jessie; and Charlie helped her into the boat.

By the time he had pushed across the pond, he discovered that Fred had brought his little boat along, and that he and the others were more interested in finding a good place to sail it than in discovering a suitable spot for a desert island.

Usually, Dick would have been interested, too, but just now he did not like the idea of any one having plans but himself. He felt cross, and the whole day seemed likely to be spoiled.

"I want to play we are on a desert

island," he said crossly. "The boat is mine, and I brought you over here, but it seems I can't please myself."

"Can't, eh? Better give it up, then, and try to please somebody else," said Fred.

The remark was made teasingly, but it almost seemed to Dick that another voice than Fred's had spoken it, so suddenly did it recall the last Sunday's verse: "Even Christ did not please himself." Dick looked soberly down at the water for a moment or two while he thought about it, and decided to accept the advice, however it had been given. Then a shout from Jessie and Charlie told him how beautifully the tiny vessel was sailing, and he forgot everything in watching it. After awhile they concluded to build a little canal for its accommodation, and, that completed, somebody devised the scheme of adding locks: and the hours flew so busily and happily that it was time to go home before any of them had thought of such a thing.

When Dick's father asked laughingly at the table if the "exploring expedition" had made any important discovery, Dick promptly answered, "Yes, sir."

But it was only to his mother that he afterward whispered: "I discovered that

when a boy stops thinking about just having his own way, and tries to please other folks, he will have a good time before he knows it."

MY GOOD-NIGHT.

BY H. K. P.

Now, mamma dear, the day is done,
School-time is over, lessons learned;
I'm through with frolic, games, and fun,
My precious twilight hour is earned;
And I can sit beside your knee
And feel your hand upon my head,
And hear the voice so dear to me
Before you send me off to bed.

The sweetest hour of all the day
Comes just before the time to sleep,
When books and work are put away,
And to your folding arms I creep,
To tell you every tangled thought,
Each foolish dream and vain desire;
To make confession, as I ought,
And take an onward step and higher.

To treasure every word of praise
That crowns each effort for the right,
And understand love's sweet delays
That linger when rebuke must smite.
And when the hour is overpast,
The tender good-night kiss is given.
I wonder how my life could last
Were I alone and you in heaven.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, a little Irish boy was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it, Jerry," said the teacher.

"Yes," replied the lad, "I tells them there ain't much you don't see with them purty black eyes of yours."—Exchange.



THE HIGH PRIEST.