

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1901.

No. 7.

A POUTING GIRL.

My mother says a girl she knows
Whose face with love and kindness glows,
Who carries sunshine where she goes—
A darling little human rose.

Another girl she knows well, too,
Who frets at all she has to do;
With sulky face she scowls
at you,
While anger clouds her eyes
of blue.

And all the time 'tis plain
to see,
From mother's laughing
face, that she
Means one of those two
girls for me—
Now which, I wonder, can
it be?

WAS ETTA A GENEROUS GIRL?

I said to Etta, who is my
eldest daughter, "Etta,
dear, I want you to help
me sew an hour before you
go out to trundle your hoop
this afternoon."

"I don't want to. I
want to join Fanny and
Jennie and Nelly. We are
going to have a nice time,"
my child replied.

"No, you must sew an
hour first," I said firmly.

Then with much frown-
ing and pouting my child
threw her hoop into a cor-
ner, and taking her needle
and her work, sewed in
silence for an hour. Was
that a nice way, think you,
for Etta to treat her mother
who had done so much for
her? I hope, my dear
children, you promptly and cheerfully do
what mother asks, for you can never re-
pay the debt of love you owe.

A LITTLE RED GLOVE.

The twins were almost ready for church,
they had on their white pique dresses,
starched as stiff as anything, and their red
sashes; white pique bonnets with red ribbon
strings and red slippers. I don't see what

else little girls could expect to wear to
church!

But Aunt Sue had sent them each a cute
pair of little red gloves from Richmond,
and this was the first chance they had had
to wear them. They were fairly on their
tiptoes, they were so eager to get their ten
fat fingers into them,

not in mother's glove-box, and it wasn't
anywhere.

"Look in the slop-bowl, mamma," sug-
gested Rosy, the tears trembling on her
brown lashes. Rosy had had several sad
experiences of finding things in the slop-
bowl that ought not to have been there.
But the red glove was not in the slop-bowl.

Posy had hers on and
buttoned tightly across her
fat wrists, and she thought
they were the prettiest
things in the world.

The church bell began to
ring, but no glove could be
found. Poor Rosy! The
tears rolled down her
cheeks, keeping time to the
ding-dong of the bell. But
what was Posy doing?

With a very sober face
Posy was tugging at her
pretty gloves until at last
they came off, turned inside
out.

"There," she cried; "now
we won't either of us wear
them. Come on, Rosy."

Away flew the clouds
from Rosy's face, and away
twinkled the little feet over
the fields to church. The
day was warm, the sermon
was long, and our little
maids took a sound nap in
the middle of it. But the best
sermon of all to me was the
sight of Posy's chubby bare
hands, prettier than all the
gloves in Paris, because they
were holding fast to the
Golden Rule.

GROWING ON THE BUSHES.

"I wish I could earn some
money for Sunday-school.
Teacher says that's the
only kind of money we ought to give,"

said Clara.
"Dear me, there is plenty of money
growing on those blackberry bushes; can't
you see it?" said her father.

Clara looked at him, then at her mother,
then at the bushes, and then laughed and
ran for a pail. "Course," she said,
"black-berries sell for ten cents a quart!
'Course the money is growing on the
bushes!"



NAUGHTY ETTA.

"Here, Rose, honey," said their old
coloured nurse, "you jes' run youh
fingers into dese while I looks for
Posy's."

"But these are mine, Mammy," cried
Posy. "See, they are marked on the in-
side, 'Posy.'"

"All right, den, chile, I ain't carin' who
dey 'longs to, jest so I finds t'odder one."

But one little red glove was gone! It
was not in the bureau drawer, and it was

STAR TIME.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

'Tis star time! 'tis star time
And time to go to bed;
Late eyes are sleepy eyes,
And tire the little head.

Far, far the tiny feet
Have wandered through the day
Chasing the butterflies
And learning games to play.

Much, much the little eyes
Discovered on the road,
Watching the men at work,
And riding on the load.

Star time! 'tis star time,
And time to go to bed;
Now I'll smooth the pillows
Beneath the sleepy head.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1901.

ONE MAN'S WORK.

BY CANON FARRAR.

Some seventy years ago a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a funeral.

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns"

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had right done them.

To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration; and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-

sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or cancelled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about like the knights of old, redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race.

He passed, as all the true and bravest men pass, through hurricanes of calumny, and felt the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his noble lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

His name was Anthony Ashley, Earl of Shaftesbury. His statue stands by the western gate of the great abbey, chiselled in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it,

"Love, serve,"

are the best epitome to the best work of the young man in the church.

THE DAISY.

A certain prince went into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach-tree, and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Coming to the maple, he said, "What are you doing?"

And the maple said, "I am making nests for the birds, and shelter for the cattle with my spreading branches."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And he went down to the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass said, "We are giving up our lives for others—your sheep and cattle—that they may be nourished."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said, "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and the cows—they do not want me in the meadow—all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou."

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

A little girl six years old was playing on the verandah of a summer hotel the other day, and a lady sitting near said to her:

"Do you remember Jessie, with whom you used to play?"

"Yes, we were in the same wader (reader). Jessie has gone up to live in heaven with Jesus."

"There are four of Jessie's family there—a little sister and two little brothers—Jessie and Florence, Harry and Arthur."

"How nice!" said the little girl simply and with an air of conviction. It was to her as if the four little ones had gone away together to a very pleasant place, to be very happy, as indeed they had.

The faith of childhood accepts literally the promises of the Saviour. If we could all become as little children!

THE EASTER STORY.

FOR TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

FIRST VOICE.

Oh, why do we say it is Easter to-day,
With its service and carols and its flowers so gay?

SECOND VOICE.

Because Jesus, our Saviour, rose on this day
From the tomb in which loving hands laid him away.

FIRST VOICE.

But what is his death or his rising to me?
And why should I join in the glad company?

SECOND VOICE.

He died that our sins might be taken away;
He rose that his loved ones might rise in their day.

FIRST VOICE.

And how do I know that his death was for me?
That his rising shows me what my rising shall be?

SECOND VOICE.

He says in his love that he brought down from heaven:
"Whosoever believeth on me is forgiven."

FIRST VOICE.

Does "whosoever believeth" mean every one,
Even little children full of their frolic and fun?

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, Jesus loves children, with their innocent glee,
And calls to each one of them: Come unto me."

FIRST VOICE.

Then I will come unto Jesus and give him my heart,
And in the service of Easter will take a glad part.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE POOR RICH GIRL.

This little girl is very poor;
She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure,
And yet, my dear, she has playthings plenty—
Dolls as many as two-and-twenty,
Houses and arks and picture-books,
Something pretty wherever she looks.
But half the time she's puzzled to know
What to do with the wonderful show,
Tired of dollies two-and-twenty,
And bored with her various toys aplenty.

THE RICH POOR GIRL.

That little girl is very rich,
With an old doll like a perfect witch,
A broken chair and a bit of delf,
And a wee cracked cup on the closet shelf.
She can play with only a row of pins;
Houses and gardens, arks and inns,
She makes with her chubby fingers small,
And she never asks for a toy at all,
Unseen around her the fairies stray,
Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl,
How nice it would be if in Time's swift whirl
You could—perhaps not change your places—
But catch a glimpse of each other's faces;
For each to the other could something give,
Which would make the child-life sweeter to live;
For both could give and both could share
Something the other had to spare.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON II. [April 14.]

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY.

John 20, 11-18. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, I am alive for evermore.—
Rev. 1. 18.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Did the disciples believe that Jesus had really risen? No; not at first. Who came to see the empty tomb? Peter and John. What did they do then? They went away to their own home. Who stayed, weeping, at the tomb? Mary. With whom did she speak? With the angels in the garden. Who was there all the time? Jesus. What did he say to her? "Why weepest thou?" Did she know him? Not till he spoke her name. What did he tell her to do? To carry a message to the disciples. What was Mary glad to do? Just what Jesus bade her. Who may hear the voice of Jesus? His

sheep. Who are his sheep? Those who follow him.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find why Mary loved Jesus. Luke 7. 37-50.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. John 20. 11-18.
- Wed. Learn the verse from which the Golden Text is taken. Rev. 1. 18.
- Thur. Find what the other women heard. Matt. 28. 5-8.
- Fri. See why Mary was not afraid. 1 John 4. 18.
- Sat. Find comfort for sad hearts. 1 Thess. 4. 14.
- Sun. Read a resurrection hymn. 242 in Hymnal.

LESSON III. [April 21.]

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

Luke 24. 13-35. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?—
Luke 24. 32.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

How far is Emmaus from Jerusalem? About eight miles. Who went there the day Jesus rose? What did they talk about as they went? Who came and walked and talked with them? Did they know him? What were they thinking about Jesus? That he was dead. Who never see Jesus now? Those who think he is not alive. How did Jesus try to help them? By showing them what the Bible words mean. What prophets have told about Jesus? Isaiah, Daniel, and others. What did this stranger seem to know? All that the prophets had written. Why did he stop at Emmaus? What did he do at the table? Who opened the eyes of the disciples? Who can open our eyes to see Jesus?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read lesson verses. Luke 24. 13-35.
- Tues. See what Jesus had told his disciples. Luke 24. 7.
- Wed. Find who the women were who saw Jesus. Luke 24. 10.
- Thur. See how Jesus honoured the Scriptures. Luke 24. 27.
- Fri. Learn what it does to talk with Jesus. Luke 24. 32.
- Sat. See what each of us may be. Col. 3. 1.
- Sun. Think—what shall we do? Col. 3. 1, 2.

TAKING MOTHER'S PLACE.

Alice Penrose was a thoughtful girl. This made her notice one day that her mother looked pale and tired.
"Why, mother," she cried, "you look as if you need a rest, a real good rest. Won't you let me do the house-keeping to-day? It'll be real fun for me. Yes, it will. And you can be just the lady of the house."
"I hardly know how that will work,"

answered her mother, "but I will let you try to-day, and it will surely be a real rest to me."

So Alice took her mother's place that day.

First she washed the dishes, then she put the rooms in order; then it was time to get dinner ready.

As she sat in the doorway and shelled the peas and peeled the potatoes, her face was as happy as could be; because she was taking mother's place and mother was resting as she had not rested for many a long month.

"You're quite a young housekeeper," called out Dr. Strong, the doctor, as he drove by.

"Yes, I know it," answered Alice merrily; "I'm taking mother's place to-day, and I think I'm old enough to look after things. Don't you think I am?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so," answered the doctor. "I hope you will make a success of it," and with that he drove on.

When her father came home, the dinner was steaming hot, all ready to serve, and he found the house as neat as a pin, and the dinner, he said, was fit to spread before a queen.

Best of all, mother looked quite rested, and declared that she felt ever so much better for the change.

"I must thank you, Alice dear," she said. "You have done everything so nicely to-day, and I haven't had to think about anything."

AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day-coach on a train running between two of our western cities. It was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for travelling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly c'd lady, leaning forward asked sympathetically;

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?"

The lad looked up brightly, and replied with a smile:

"Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.

I WILL AND I'LL TRY.

I'll Try is a soldier;
I Will is a king.
Be sure they are near
When the school bells ring.

When school days are over,
And boys are men,
I'll Try and I Will
Are good friends then.



EASTER LESSONS.

The Easter lessons are lessons of life, hope, and joy. If Christ never had risen it would not have been worth while for any of us to live, for struggle as we might, we never could have overcome the darkness nor have broken the bonds of sin and death. Life would have been utterly hopeless. But Christ arose from the dead, and now there are no conditions in life in which one need despair. Victory is always possible. He who overcame for himself will help us also to overcome if we turn to him for help. That is what salvation means—not merely that all our sins are forgiven through Christ's atonement, but that through Christ we may overcome in every discouragement, every temptation, every sorrow, every trial.

So the Easter lesson is one of encouragement and hope. No matter how things have gone with us, we should never give up. Despair is disloyalty to Christ and to our own calling as Christians. We never should even admit discouragement.

Out of all earthly misfortune, trouble, loss, grief, or disappointment, we should ever rise strong, undismayed, and cheerful.

We have an example in the old Prussian general, who had but one word of advice in all the councils of war. When repulse came, and the question was, "What next?" he always replied, "Forward!" When victory was gained, and the question arose, "What shall we do with it?" the same one word came, quick and imperative, "Forward!" Thus should it be in life; and thus it may be with the Easter lesson in our heart.

We should always live victoriously. We should never allow ourselves to be defeated or overcome. Whatever the sorrow or the failure, or the sin, we should ever rise again victoriously.

King John of Abyssinia was opposed to smoking, and ordered that the lips of his subjects who should be found smoking should be cut off.

A STREAK OF SUNSHINE.

"Well, grandma," said a little boy, resting his elbows on the old lady's armchair "what have you been doing here at the window all day by yourself?"

"All I could," answered grandma cheerily; "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny brown hair, and her eyes have the same sunny look in them, and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why, I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "O, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly, and to grandma's surprise he raised the window and called: "Susie, O Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," exclaimed the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time."

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been sick a long time, and mamma is tired out with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth; and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

SONG FOR EASTER.

BY MRS. MARY LUTHER KEENE.

The tiny buds begin to wake,
Down in the dark, cold bed,
As swift the kisses of the sun
Fall on each nestling head.
"We must arise," they say,
"To greet the spring's birthday!"

The sleeping brooklets softly stir
Beneath the brightening light,
And smile into the sky's sweet face,
Out of their long, lone night.
"Let us awake and run
To meet the shining sun!"

The bonny birds in distant clime
The secret message hear;
We catch the answering floating back,
In carols glad and clear;
"Homeward we fly and sing,
Sing for the beauteous spring."

And shall our hearts alone be still,—
When sky and stream,—bright bird
And flowers,—and God's sweet grace are
ours?

Nay, let glad thanks be heard;—
"We wake—we live—we sing
To greet our risen King!"