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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888

[No. 20.]

PATIENT MOTHER

WE wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing! Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she, of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

SCHOOL-ROOM DECORATION.

Too little attention is often paid in the public schools of this country to beautifying school-rooms and making them pleasant and attractive to the pupils. There are thousands of school rooms that have no more decorations than the old barn where I fed the cattle when a boy, and the teachers in such rooms seem to care little more for their surroundings than the cattle that fed in the stalls.

"All high art," says Emerson, "is moral," and, adds a New York artist, "Whatever refines any part of man's nature refines his moral perceptions."

On the subject of school-room decorations, a man of taste and refinement truthfully says, "Let the window-sills of the



PATIENT MOTHER.

school-rooms be beautified by living plants and blooming flowers, contributing alike to the good health and the good morals of the pupils, and let the ugly monotonous blackness of the slated board be enlivened by good crayon sketches, be they ever so simple, and by ornamentations in bright, but harmoniously arranged and judiciously grouped

colours. Let the sayings of the masters of prose and poetry be emblazoned as 'Memory Gems,' and thus kept before the eyes and minds of the pupil."

The same remark applies especially to Sunday-school rooms. Let them be as bright and beautiful as the means and taste of the church may make them. The ministry of beauty will help the ministry of brothers.

TRUST.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that

puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well, then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never!! never!!!

HE DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a bit of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.

An old rat said, "There's danger"
Be careful where you go."
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I do not think you know."

So he walked in boldly,
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.

Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching Mouse fast there,
Because he did not think.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

I WAS walking along a narrow, dirty street in a large town about thirty years ago, when I saw a crowd of boys and girls laughing and jeering at an old man who was feebly tottering along, leaning on a thick stick for support. I had just made my way through the crowd when a poor, thin, ill-looking boy stepped from it, and going up to the old man took a piece of paper off his back, on which was written, "Who'll bid for the saint?" He had no sooner done this than a rough lad caught him by the arm, saying: "Hello, sneak, you'll get something for that!" When their leader uttered these words several other lads came up and joined in tormenting the poor boy.

I then went up and made them let him alone, while I took his hand and commended his conduct in taking the paper off the old man's back.

"Sir, do you know what made me do it?" he asked.

"No what was it?" I asked carelessly.
"Well, sir, that old man, they call him 'Saint Willie,' he comes to our house every week to read and talk to mother. One day he came, and said to me, after telling me all about Jesus, 'If ever you're a-going to do anything that ain't right, say to yourself, 'What would Jesus do?' (and he'd always go right) then you do it;' and that's what made me do it," he cried triumphantly.

If every reader of this little story would ask themselves whenever they are in difficulty as to what they should do, or are tempted to do anything wrong, "What would Jesus do?" they would find it would be a great help to them in their daily life.

A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other?

'You did!' "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A kind answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.

THE PEAR ON THE GROUND.

A LITTLE boy, as he walked home from school, saw a pear lying on the ground in the front yard of a large, fine house. It was a nice, yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. "How I would like that pear!" thought he. "I might reach it through the slats of the fence. No one sees me." Hardly had the thought come to him than he called to mind these words, *Thou God see'st me.*

He at once turned his head away from the pear, and walked bravely on. But he had not gone far when a little girl came running after him, and said, "My mother sent me with this pear to give to you little boy. She saw you through the blind as you looked at it, and sends it to you with her love."

JOHNNIE'S REASONS.

ONE day Johnnie brought some of his books to his Uncle Charles for him to look over. In one of them was Johnnie's anti-tobacco pledge.

"What does this mean?" inquired Uncle Charles.

"Why, we boys have a society against tobacco, and we had to take the pledge in order to join."

"Oh, is that all? Then why did you not take a pledge against something else,—going to Boston, for example,—and get up a society on that?"

"But perhaps we might want to go to Boston some time."

"Very well; so sometime you may fancy that you want to take tobacco."

"But we won't do that, you see."

"Why not?"

"Because we have promised not to."

"Have you no better reason? If any one should show you that you could get some good by using tobacco, would it be right for you to be pledged against it?"

"But could we ever get any good by using tobacco?" inquired Johnnie, opening his eyes widely. "Don't you really think that tobacco is bad, uncle?"

"The question is not what I think, but what you think. A boy who makes such a promise as that ought to have some good reason for it, if he really intends to keep his promise; but as to the reasons," said he rubbing his forehead as if trying to find them, "why, in the first place it costs so much; and then it is so filthy. Don't they call it the filthy weed?"

"Yes; but we are often obliged to deal with filthy things, and we are willing to pay for things we like and that do us a great deal of good."

"But tobacco doesn't do us good; it hurts us."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it makes us so sick at first. And even after a man gets used to it, if he should swallow the tobacco it would kill him."

"Very good. If these are the reasons for your pledge I shall believe in it; it is very well for boys and men to pledge themselves against liquor and tobacco, but it is better still that they should know the reasons why they ought to avoid them. So you boys know what tobacco really does to those who use it?"

I don't believe the boys know much about it. If they did, they would never break their pledge; and some of them have done that. I have often heard that there were very good reasons for never touching tobacco.—*Julia Colman.*

SOUL AND BODY FOR JESUS.
 BRIGHT eyes—look on holy things;
 Red lip—keep your word from strag;
 Soft hands—work your Master's will;
 Quick feet—do his errands still.

Active brain—let every thought
 Be with holy purpose fraught;
 Tender heart—let God above
 Have your first and warmest love.

Keep your body sound and pure;
 Fill your mind from wisdom's store;
 Strengthen every virtue's hold;
 Be for truth and justice bold.

Let self have a meagre part
 In your life and in your heart,
 So may you fit offering bring
 For the service of your King.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON II.** [Oct 14

CROSSING THE JORDAN

Josh. 3. 5-17. Commit to memory vs. 5. 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. Isa. 43 2

OUTLINE.

1. The Ark.
2. The River.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Whom did Joshua send across to Jericho?
 Two men, as spies.
 What report did they bring? That the Canaanites were afraid of the Israelites.
 Who had put fear into their hearts? The Lord.
 What did Joshua and all the people then do? They came to the river Jordan.
 What did Joshua say to the people? "Sanctify yourselves."
 What does "sanctify" mean? To set apart.
 What did Joshua want the people to do? To seek God in prayer.
 What did he say the Lord was about to do among them? "Wonders."
 What did Joshua command the priests to do? To take the ark, and go before the people.
 Of what was the ark the symbol? Of the presence of God.
 Where did all the people come? To the brink of the river.
 Who first went down to the water? The priests, bearing the ark.

What happened then? A dry path appeared.

What caused this? The Lord rolled the waters back.

How did all the people pass over? Dry shod.

What did this prove? That the living God was among them.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Joshua led the Israelites safely across the river Jordan into the land of Canaan, which God had given them.

Jesus, our Joshua, will lead his people safely across the river of death, into the heavenly Canaan, if they trust him.

Do we follow Jesus as the Israelites followed Joshua?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Absalom? David's wicked son, who rebelled against his father, and was killed as he hung on a tree

Who was Solomon? David's son, the wisest of men, and the king who built the temple.

B.C. 1451.] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 21

THE STONES OF MEMORIAL

Josh. 4. 1-24. Commit to memory vs. 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. Josh. 4. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Leader Honoured.
2. The Lord Remembered.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who were the last to pass over Jordan? The priests, bearing the ark.
 What tribes went over first? The tribe of Reuben, the tribe of Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh.
 What land had Moses given these tribes? The land of Gilead. Num. 32. 29.
 What had they promised Moses? To help their brethren take Canaan.
 How many of them crossed the Jordan? Forty thousand.
 To whom did the Lord show honour that day? To Joshua
 What did this cause the people to do? To fear and obey Joshua.
 When did the waters of Jordan return to their places? As soon as the priests reached dry land.
 How many stones were taken out of the Jordan? Twelve.
 Where did Joshua pitch them? In Gilgal.

Why did he do this? In memory of what God had done.

What did Joshua want to have people know? The truth and power of God

What pleases the Lord? To have his children remember his goodness

What may our "memorial stones" do? Speak for God when we are silent.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you been in danger, and has God saved you?

Have you been very ill, and has God raised you up?

Have you been troubled, and has God comforted you?

Where are your memorial stones? "They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Honouring God.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Elijah? The prophet who was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire.

Who was Daniel? The prophet who, because he would not give up praying to God, was cast into a den of lions; and who was preserved unhurt

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOUR.

ONE day a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

In like manner, when love prompts us to work for Jesus, our toil becomes our pleasure.

BEAUTIFUL ANGELS.

A LITTLE boy was reading about the angels, that there were two classes, called cherubim and seraphim. He asked his father what was the difference between them.

"A cherub," said his father, "is one who has the most knowledge, a seraph is one who loves most."

"Then when I die," said the little boy, "I hope I shall be a seraph; for I would rather love God than be so very wise."

"I DON'T see how there ever came to be so many words in the world," exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling-lesson. "Why, sis," said her brother, "they come through folks quarrelling. Then, you know one word always brings another."



A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS

I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;
 "I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;
 I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,
 And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.
 It's over and over—do you know
 How over and over stitches go?
 "Soon I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch, too, I guess;
 It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 'twasn't for the thread;
 But the knots keep coming, and besides—I shall have to confess—
 Sometimes I slip my thimble off and use my thumb instead!
 When your thread knots, what do you do?
 And does it turn all brownish, too?
 "My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;
 He's more than forty and his hair has gray mixed with the black;
 Well, he can't sew' he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!

You mustn't think me proud, you know,
 But I am seven and I can sew!"

A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girlie. She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon, and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out, "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.—
S S Visitor.

THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy, we will not make,
 We will not use, we will not take,
 Wine, cider, beer, rum, whiskey, gin,
 Because they lead mankind to sin.

We will not smoke the smoker's pets,
 Those useless things called cigarettes;
 We will not chew, we will not snuff,
 Or waste our time cigars to puff.

We will not curse, though many dare
 Open their lips to curse and swear;
 Our words shall be both pure and plain;
 We will not take God's name in vain.

THE FOX AND ITS LESSON.

HERE is a story of a fox, said to be true, which teaches a lesson well worth heading:

Not a hundred miles from York, Pa., a farmer set a trap to catch a cunning fox who had been annoying him considerably by his midnight visits among the poultry. For fourteen successive visits to the trap he found it sprung, a stick of wood between its jaws, and the bait eaten up.

The circumstance so often repeated surprised the farmer. There were no other tracks to be seen but his own and those of the fox, and who sprang the trap was a question that puzzled him sorely. By continuing to re-bait his trap, the farmer hoped to catch the author of the mischief.

On the fifteenth night he found a fine old fox hung to it by the nose, and in his mouth was a stick of wood. From this circumstance it would appear that the cunning animal had sprung the trap fourteen times with a stick, but in attempting it the fifteenth time, he, unfortunately for himself, got a stick that was too short, and consequently had his nose nipped.

MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

A MAN who was very sad once heard two boys laughing. He asked them:—

"What makes you so happy?"

"Happy," said the elder. "Why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself!"

This is the true secret of a happy life: to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes us happier here, and heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.