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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1897.

No. 6.

## JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

JEPHTHAH said to the Lord: "Lord, if thou wilt deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, whatsoever cometh out of the doors of my house to meet me on my return, I will offer up as a burnt offering."

Little did he think it would be his own daughter, but to his great dismay it was. On seeing her he rent his garments and was greatly troubled, but he said unto her, "I have promised the Lord and I cannot go back."

She said, "My father, I would not have thee go back, offer me as thou hast said," and she gave up all to be a sacrifice unto the Lord.

## FRANK'S VERSE.

"BE ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." This was the Camp children's text that Saturday morning, and they read it from the family Bible that always lay on the parlour table. Carl, Bessie, and Kate could read nicely, and even Frank, just three years old, knew the big letters, and was able to spell out the words of the verse for himself. After mamma had made it plain by telling a beautiful story, she said: "Now, children, I hope you will all try to live up to your text to-day. If anything goes wrong and you are tempted to speak unkindly, run in here, and take down this book, and read your verse over; then kneel down and ask Jesus to help you keep it. See, I leave a mark in the place."

For some time all went well, and then Carl chanced to upset Frank's play-house.



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"You mean thing!" cried the little fellow.

"What about your text?" asked Bessie.

For a moment the baby stood still, then he hurried into the house. Pushing the parlour door open, he went to the table, and, standing on tiptoe, lifted the Bible to the floor. Kneeling beside it, he spelled out the text, and then repeated the little

prayer his mother had taught him that morning.

When noon came, Frank was missing, and a peep into every place where a little boy could lose himself failed to find him. The children knew nothing about him since he had slipped in at the side door, too angry to play. This made mamma think of the morning's lesson; and going to the parlour, she found the little truant sound asleep, with his head upon the open Bible.

## KEEP IN THE MIDDLE.

CHILDREN, did you ever play that the street was poison and the sidewalk safe, and then try how long you could walk on the curbstone without stepping into the gutter? And did you ever see a boy or girl who did not step off once in going home from school? Just when you feel sure of your footing and begin to run you lose your balance, and off goes one foot on the ground below.

If the street really were poison you would think it very silly to walk on the edge of the sidewalk instead of safely in the middle; but we have seen children, and grown people too, walking just as near to a line as they could without quite touching it. How long do you think they can do so before they lose their balance and step over the boundary, staining the white souls that God gave them? Why, just about as long as the children could keep from slipping off the curbstone.

It is only a question of time. Take care, do not walk too near the edge.

## A LITTLE THING.

It was such a little thing—  
One slight twist of crimson string—  
But 'twas stealing all the same;  
And the child that took it knew  
That she told what was not true  
Just to screen herself from blame.  
First a theft, and then a lie,  
Both recorded up on high.

It was but the little sip  
Just a taste upon the lip,  
But it left a longing there.  
Then the measure larger grew,  
And the habit strengthened too,  
Till it would not curbing bear.  
So the demon Drink decoys,  
Soul and body both destroys.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 13, 1897.

## ONE GIRL'S WORK.

A FEW years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full that there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies (her family were poor) for the purpose of enlarging the church, in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however; so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years.

The little sufferer died; and a week later there were found in her battered red pocketbook (which had been her savings bank), fifty-seven pennies and a scrap of paper, which told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little pocketbook and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of the little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men laboured and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfilment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund which in six years grew to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and today this heroine's picture (life size) hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which fourteen hundred students attend; and connected with which there are a church capable of seating eight thousand, and a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the girls and boys who have yet asked to enter it.

A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Young People.*

## TOLD OF VICTORIA.

THE following stories are told about Queen Victoria when she was a little girl, to show how a princess was not ashamed to confess her faults. She was once paying a visit to a nobleman, and in walking around the grounds ran on in advance of the royal party. One of the gardeners told the little princess that the path she was walking on was very "slape."

"Slape, slape!" said she quickly, "and pray what is 'slape'?"

The man explained that "slape" meant slippery.

But, not heeding the warning, the little girl went along the path and fell down. Seeing what had happened, the nobleman said to her:

"Now your Royal Highness has an explanation of the term 'slape.'"

"Yes, my lord," she replied, "I think I have. I shall never forget the word 'slape.'"

On another occasion Princess Victoria had been advised not to play with a dog which had a bad temper. But she did play with it all the same, and the animal made a snap at her hand. The person who had warned her was in a great fright, and ran up asking if she had been bitten, but the princess replied:

"Oh, thank you, thank you! You're right, and I am wrong; but he didn't bite me, he only warned me. I shall be careful in future."

Once the princess rebelled against her music-lesson, she found practical scales so irksome. But she was told that it was necessary if she would become mistress of the piano.

"What would you think of me if I became mistress at once?" she asked.

"That would be impossible," was the reply; "for there is no royal road to music."

"Oh, there is no royal road to music,

oh?" said the little girl. "No royal road, and I am not mistress of my pianoforte? But I will be, I assure you; and the royal road is this," saying which she shut up the piano, locked it, and took the key.

But, having had her bit of fun, she immediately unlocked the piano and went on with her lesson.

## "I DIDN'T THINK."

BY H. L. CHARLES.

"I DIDN'T think" is a common excuse. Is it often found on the lips of the boy or girl who reads these lines? If so, may I ask why did you not think?

Of course, in your youth no one expects you to always carry the thoughtful shield of maturer years. But the important question is this, are you trying to think, and to form the habit of careful forethought?

For, unless you are doing this, you are allowing a careless habit to become fixed, and are gliding into a careless manhood or womanhood.

I recently entered a grocery store and called for a gallon of vinegar. A lad about fourteen years of age drew it for me, while I stood talking with a friend.

Presently I noticed a stream of vinegar making its way toward me on the floor. As I turned I saw that the boy had left the faucet open while he had gone to the farther end of the shop to play with a dog that had entered. Several gallons of the liquid were wasted before the stream was checked. By-and-bye I heard that he was dismissed to make room for a more careful boy.

## LITTLE TANGLES.

ONCE upon a time there was a great king, who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and patterns were also given by the king, and he looked for diligent work-people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms, was one little child whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she laboured. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered around the child and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah!" said the child, "but I send directly I find a little tangle."

## ALWAYS GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,  
Under the rain and snow,  
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,  
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,  
When the bough springs to and fro?  
How do you pass the time away  
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?  
"What! do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,  
With scales that glisten so?  
In and out of the water-grass,  
Never at rest, I see you pass.  
"Why, do you not know?  
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,  
With chubby cheeks all aglow?  
What do you do when your toys are put  
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?  
"Ho! do you not know?  
I grow."

Always growing! by night or day  
No idle moments we see;  
Whether at work or cheerful play,  
Let us all be able to say,  
In the goodness of God  
We grow!

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII. [March 21.]

CHRISTIAN SELF-RESTRAINT.

1 Cor. 9. 19-27. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Every man that striveth for the mastery  
is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9. 25.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What change did Saul's conversion make  
in him?

What did the proud Jew become?

How did he try to win the Jews?

What did he show the Gentiles?

How did he treat the weak?

For whose sake did he deny self?

What are we all running?

What are those who run an earthly race  
striving for?

What are they willing to do?

What is the race Christians run?

Who will try to hinder?

What is one of our enemies?

What must we put down?

What must we be to deny self?

CALLED TO THE RACE.

"Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;

'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye."

## FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

March 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The word of God grow and multiplied.  
—Acts. 12. 24.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

- |                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. C. A.             | While he blessed—     |
| 2. The H. S. G.      | They were all filled— |
| 3. A M. C.           | The promise is unto—  |
| 4. The L. M. H.      | His name, through—    |
| 5. The B. of P. & J. | There is none other—  |
| 6. T. and F. G.      | Man looketh on the—   |
| 7. The P. O.         | We ought to obey—     |
| 8. The F. C. M.      | Be thou faithful—     |
| 9. The D. D.         | They that were—       |
| 10. The E. C.        | Then Philip opened—   |
| 11. S., the P., C.   | This is a faithful—   |
| 12. C. S.            | Every man that—       |

## AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rang. Most of them dropped their kites and hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one; "let's play truant to-day. Nobody will know it."

Some of them consented, but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "No, I musn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "If I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

Was not that a noble answer? Think about it, children, when you are asked to do wrong.

## A SPIDER.

"Oh, mamma!" screamed Ethel. "Oh! oh!"

"What is the matter?" said mamma, running towards Ethel, who was still screaming loudly.

"A spider; a spider!" cried Ethel.

Mamma brushed the spider from Ethel's dress and taking her in her lap wiped away her tears, saying,

"My little girl should not be afraid of a spider. Most of them are quite harmless, and very likely they are afraid of you."

Ethel was still sobbing and mamma continued to hold her.

"Did you ever watch a spider spinning his web?" asked she.

"Oh, yes, mamma. He runs up and down, up and down," said Ethel.

"Yes, my dear; the spider can spin a beautiful silk rope of over four thousand threads in a very short time. Would you not think it a great thing to be able to make a rope in a minute any time you wanted it?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And he has eight eyes," said mamma.

"Perhaps he wonders how you can get along with only two."

"Some spiders are affected by changes in the weather," continued mamma. "There was once a man shut up in a prison who noticed that at the approach of rain all the spiders in his cell disappeared and that as soon as they appeared again the rain ceased. You must not think the spiders caused the rain. They were affected by the state of the atmosphere."

"This man also observed the actions of the spiders at the approach of cold, and once when the armies of his country were about to surrender because the ice on the rivers was breaking up, he knew by the conduct of the spiders that more cold was coming and sent word to the commander to hold out a little longer and he would be able to cross the rivers on the ice. He did so, and was enabled to conquer the enemy."

## WHAT JOY REMEMBERS.

"REMEMBER, dears, don't go to the meadow-*lot* to-day." That is what Joy's mother said as she kissed her and Robert good-bye.

Isn't it queer that as soon as she had gone both these little people wanted to go to that very *lot*?

They went to the swing in the barn, but they kept thinking what beautiful dandelions grew in the meadow.

Pretty soon Joy said, "I know a lovely way to tell the time with dandelions."

Robert ran to pick some great yellow beauties.

"These are not the kind," said Joy. "You can't do it 'less they are all feathers. There are some right down in the meadow-*lot*. Maybe there are some on this side of the fence."

When they got to the fence they found all the dandelions as yellow as gold, but on the other side, just out of reach, there were some of the silver balls.

"Robbie, you stay here and I'll just climb through and pick a few. Mamma wouldn't mind, I'm sure."

But Robert wouldn't be left alone, so through the fence they both went.

"Now, watch, Robbie," said Joy when they had picked their hands full. "What time is it? One—" But before she could blow the silver feathers there was a strange sound. Was it thunder? What made that pounding noise?

The children sprang to their feet and saw a great black creature coming straight toward them. They never knew how they climbed through the fence just in time to escape those cruel horns, nor how they managed to drag their trembling little selves up the long hill.

Joy and Robert are grown up now and have little children of their own, but they remember just what their mother said to them as she tucked them into bed after their bread-and-water supper that night: "Remember, dears, there is always a good reason when there is a 'must not,' whether you know what the reason is or not."

## A LITTLE WORD LOST.

I LOST a very little word  
Only the other day—  
A very naughty little word  
I had not meant to say.  
If only it were really lost,  
I should not mind a bit,  
I think I should deserve a prize  
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find  
Again that little word,  
So that no more from any lips  
Could it be ever heard,  
I'm sure we all of us would say  
That it was something fine  
With such completeness to have lost  
That naughty word of mine.

## A SILLY PRINCE.

THERE was once a young prince who could not bear the sight of a spider or a fly. "They are such ugly creatures that I cannot look at them," he said. "They are never of any use, and I cannot understand why they were ever made. I should like nothing better than to know that every one of them had been killed."

In course of time this young prince became a general in the king's army. One day a great battle was fought, and he was so beset by his enemies that he was obliged to hide himself in a thick wood. Being very tired, he lay down in the shade of a spreading oak and fell asleep. While he was thus sleeping under the oak he was discovered by one of his enemies, who crept quietly toward him, intending to kill him. But just at that moment a horsefly bit the prince on the hand and awakened him. He sprang up quickly, and, seeing his danger, drew his sword to defend himself. But the coward, who had hoped to take him by surprise, turned about and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him.

Several days after this the prince, being still closely followed by his enemies, concealed himself in a cave not far from the sea-shore. He had been there but a short time when a spider came out from under a rock and wove its web across the cave door.

Even before the spider had left off its weaving several soldiers, who were searching for the prince, passed that way.

"See this cave!" cried one. "Very likely he has hidden himself within; let us stop and see."

"Nonsense," said the others; "do you not see the spider's web across the door?"

How could he go inside without brushing that down?"

And without another word they all hurried on and made no stop.

The prince, who had heard their words, raised his hand toward heaven and thanked the Maker of all things for His goodness. Afterward, when he had driven all his enemies out of the country he was fond of telling everybody of the lesson which he had learned from the spider and the fly. And never, so long as he lived, could he bear to see anyone hurt the smallest creature.

## TAKING ADVANTAGE.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

LITTLE Martin Bell was a warm lover of the birds. He studied them both summer and winter, and never tired of their sweet songs and charming ways. One winter day he waded through the deep snow out



SEEING HOW IT WORKS.

to the swamp where a covey of song sparrows had taken up their abode, finding cozy, sheltered nooks among the weeds and grasses to keep warm. He came back greatly excited.

"Papa," he began, and then had to stop for breath. "Papa, there is a sparrow hawk out in the swamp, and it's just eating up all my song sparrows."

"Why don't they hide themselves in the bushes?" asked papa.

"Because the farmer cut down all the bushes last summer, and the snow has covered the ground and grass, so that there are only a few hiding-places among the weeds along the bank of the run. The hawk just flies along the ditch, and scares the sparrows out, and then pounces upon them and eats them up, the cruel thing!"

"Well, I'm very sorry for your pretty song birds," sympathised papa.

"Isn't it too mean for the hawk to take advantage of them in that way, when they can't find any place to hide in?" said

Martin, tears of anger and pity welling in his eyes.

Papa looked thoughtfully out of the window for a few moments before he replied:

"It is indeed; but that is just what a good many people, both old and young, do. I mean they take advantage of one another's weaknesses and misfortunes. The rich will sometimes treat the poor just as the hawk treats those sparrows; they will wait until hard times come, so that the poor cannot help themselves, and then they will grind them down by reducing their wages, raising their rent, and so on."

"Yes, and that's awful wrong; they're hawks, so they are!" declared Martin, stoutly.

"But boys sometimes do the same." Martin was silent, so his father went on: "They will abuse a poor little boy in school just because he can't help himself, or because they are stronger than he. They won't attack a boy who's as large and strong as they are. I have seen a whole company of boys and girls taunting the life out of a pupil merely because he was innocent and helpless or half-witted. Don't you think they were rather hawk-like?"

"Ye-ye-s," faltered Martin. His memory and his conscience were at work.

"Then," continued papa, "I have seen a boy tease and abuse his sister, who was smaller than himself and couldn't give him like for like. What do you think of such a boy?"

"Do you mean me, papa?" asked Martin, blushing like a rose.

"Oh! I didn't mention any names," laughed papa.

"Well, I'll never act like a hawk again, see if I do," said Martin, like a man. "It's still meaner for a boy to take advantage than for a hawk."

## A LESSON FOR HARRY.

"Oh, I want some of those apples," said Harry.

"They belong to Mr. Hill," said Robby. "I don't care," said Harry. "Mr. Hill has more than he wants. I mean to have some."

"It will be stealing," said Robby. "No, it won't—just a few apples."

Robby went on to school, but Harry climbed on the wall and began picking the apples.

One of them fell on a box which was on the other side of the wall. The next minute Harry heard something buzzing about his ears.

"Oh! oh!" he screamed. The box was a beehive, and the bees began stinging the naughty little boy.

Mr. Hill heard his cries and came. Then Harry felt as though it were really stealing to take apples which did not belong to him.

I hope Harry will learn to remember that God can see him when no one else can, and that God has said, "Thou shalt not steal."