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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

No. 22.

## THE BEST LOVED OF ALL.

Three new dolls sat on three new chairs,  
Waiting for Christmas Day;  
And they wondered, when she saw them,  
What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;  
And they hoped that they would find  
The little girl often played with dolls,  
And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed  
In a new frock, black and red;  
She smiled at the French dolls—  
"As to that,  
Don't feel afraid,"  
she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads  
And looked with a haughty stare,  
As if they never had seen before  
That a doll was sitting there.

"Oh, we're not in the least afraid?" said one,  
"We are quite too fine and new;  
But perhaps you yourself will find that now  
She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled:  
She smiled although she knew  
Her plaster nose was almost gone.  
And her cheeks were faded, too.

And now it was day; in came the child,  
And there all gay and bright  
Sat three new dolls in little chairs—  
It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed, too,  
How finely they were dressed;  
But the old doll all the while was held  
Clasped close against her breast.

—St. Nicholas.

## OBEYING MAMMA.

Mary, Ella and John went out in the garden to play. John rolled his hoop. But Mary and Ella looked at the flowers, and gathered a few. Just as Ella was going to pluck one from the bush by the fence, John said, "Mother don't want us to pick any from that bush." I am glad to tell that the little girls went cheerfully away, and did not worry about the one they might not have. This was cheerful obedience. Do you always obey papa and mamma in that way? I hope you do.

## MARY AND DOG CARLO.

Little Mary and her great black Newfoundland dog, Carlo, were a familiar picture to me. I often stopped to look at them as they ran about the yard. If it was a warm afternoon they lay asleep under the large evergreen trees. Mary's light curls made a fine contrast to Carlo's shaggy black sides. His loving gentleness made him seem as good as he was handsome. Little Mary had a naughty habit of running away from home. Carlo would not leave her for a moment. He seemed to try hard to get her home again. He ran before her, keeping her from off the walks, and trying to coax her to turn about. Sometimes he would succeed, and then I heard his joyful bark when he saw her once more safely in the yard. If he could not get her home he would never desert her. When she was tired out she laid her curly head against his neck, ready to go wherever he led. Then you may be sure he led her home just as straight as she could go. One day when I came out of the gate, Carlo met me, barking and jumping about in a most anxious manner. He ran a little way and then came back to me, as if coaxing me to follow him. I thought



IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

## IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

These two young men have managed to find their way into somebody's studio, and whether they ought to be there or not is hard to say; but anyhow we are sure they will be very careful not to make a mess of the paints and pictures which are lying all around them. Perhaps some day they will both become artists themselves and paint beautiful pictures, or perhaps they have already begun and are in their own little studio in the picture. If so, all the better for them to begin so early.

him too wise a dog to be mistaken; so I followed him, though a little slowly. He seemed to notice this and to beg me to hasten. In a moment more I saw dear little Mary toddling along the railroad track. I felt sure the dog's quick ears must have heard the train which was coming around the curve. I hurried fast enough I can tell you. Carlo had never allowed me to pick her up, even for a moment. Now, he seemed fairly wild with joy when I caught her in my arms. He led me home in a perfect dance of delight. After that I was a privileged friend, for Carlo never forgot that morning.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

I'm not too young to love the Lord  
Who does so much for me;  
My blessings come alone from God:  
How thankful I should be!

I'm not too young a prayer to raise  
To God who dwells on high;  
He'll listen to my song of praise  
And hear my feeble cry.

I'm not too young for Christ to save:  
He even died for me.  
Yes! he his life for children gave  
And will their Saviour be.

O Saviour, listen to my prayer,  
And change this heart of mine:  
Oh, take me in thy loving care,  
And make me wholly thine.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

## HELPFULNESS.

One day last winter, when snow covered the ground and a blizzard was raging, a street-car came to a standstill on the up-grade of a hillside. A descendant of Ham, with a mule of the same ebon hue attached to a heavily loaded cart, obstructed the track just ahead of us. The driver whipped and goaded and encouraged, and the dumb beast tugged and strained, but in vain; the slippery stones destroyed his power of locomotion. The shivering passengers, some of them, complained and scolded, and made matters worse, until a happy thought struck motor-man and conductor at the same moment. The current was turned on, the car gently moved forward until it touched the rear end of the cart, and quietly pushed cart and mule up the hill. The driver smiled from ear to ear, the passengers laughed and applauded, and, as well as we could

make out from his light step and shaking sides and ears moving to and fro, the mule himself was laughing heartily over the novel experience. No doubt he enjoyed it thoroughly. The track was soon clear, and we passed on our way.

Herein is a parable for Christian workers. Don't scold and complain at others who are struggling up the same hillside as yourself, but give them a push. You help yourself best by helping others. Obstructions occur constantly on slippery tracks. It is not only our business to reach our journey's end, but also to help those whom we pass on the way who need our help.

## THE BOY WITH THE UMBRELLA.

In the middle of the garden stood a little boy under a big umbrella! He always kept it spread, and winter and summer, day and night, he was always in his place. A fountain fell on the top of the umbrella, which was iron; and all around the boy, which was iron too.

"O dear," thought the boy, "how I hate to carry this old umbrella. I wish I was the stone general over there in the park. Then, instead of this ridiculous old thing, I should have a great long sword in my hand; and I'd hold it right over the people's heads, as if I was going to fight them all."

Meanwhile the air in the garden was growing more and more sultry. The people in the dusty street looked longingly at the iron boy in his snug little water-house. How they wished they could change places with him!

At last a great drop fell, and then another, and then it seemed that some one was pumping water out of the clouds. Everybody rushed home. A schoolboy ran past, and looked up at the iron boy. "Wish I was that fellow!" he shouted. "Hello! lend us your parasol!"

"O, may I come under your umbrella?" gasped a butterfly, who was caught in her new spring dress. "How wise you are always to carry one!" She sat on his finger, and dried her blue-and-gold suit.

At last the sun came out again, and made a great rainbow in the sky and a little bow in the fountain. The butterfly said that she must go. "You have saved my life, you kind boy," she said gratefully. "How much nicer to hold an umbrella over such a helpless little thing than to flourish a sword like that big stone doll yonder!" And, waving her pretty wing to him, away she flew.

"Perhaps she is right," thought the iron boy; and he held the desired umbrella straight and high, as if he was proud of it after all.

## WHAT THE BIBLE CAN DO.

In a retired valley of Joshu, in India, there is a little hamlet of charcoal burners. A few years ago their manner of life was the rudest possible. There seemed no glimmer of hope for better things. A missionary, in passing through the valley,

apoke to the people. Two men became interested, and purchased copies of the New Testament. Their employers soon noticed a change in the grade of charcoal from these two men; it was more carefully burned, was better packed, and free from stones and grass. This charcoal was looked upon as a special brand, and brought a special price. On Sundays work was suspended; and these men, with their families, gathered for religious worship and the study of the Bible.

Shortly after, they began to reclaim the mountain land around them, to plant wheat and garden stuff; and recently one has become forehanded enough to build a frame house in place of his old hut. His employers say that he is the most efficient and trustworthy man in the mountain. He himself says that he owes his new vigour to his weekly day of rest; and that without it he could not do his work.

## HIGH TEA.

When Dorothy and I took tea, we sat upon the floor;  
No matter how much tea I drank, she always gave me more.  
Our table was the scarlet box in which her tea-set came,  
Our guests, an armless, one-eyed doll, a wooden horse gone lame.  
She poured out nothing, very fast—the tea-pot tipped on high—  
And in the bowl found sugar lumps unseen by my dull eye.  
She added rich (pretended) cream; it seemed a wilful waste,  
For though she overflowed the cup, it did not change the taste.  
She asked, "Take milk?" or "sugar?" and though I answered "No,"  
She put them in, and told me that I must take it so!  
She'd say, "Another cup, papa?" and I, "No, thank you, ma'am";  
But then I had to take it—her courtesy was sham.  
Still, being neither green, nor black, nor English breakfast tea,  
It did not give her guests the "nerves"—whatever those may be.  
Though often I upset my cup, she only minded when  
I would mistake the empty cups for those she'd filled again.  
She tasted my cup gingerly, for fear I'd burn my tongue;  
Indeed, she really hurt my pride—she made me feel so young.  
I must have drunk some twoscore cups, and Dorothy sixteen,  
Allowing only needful time to pour them in between.  
We stirred with massive pewter spoons, and sipped in courtly ease,  
With all the ceremony of the stately "Japanese."  
At length she put the cups away, "Good-night papa," she said;  
And I went to a real tea, and Dorothy to bed.

## THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited

With a piece of cheese;

It tickled so a mouse's nose,

It almost made him sneeze,

An old mouse said, "There's danger;

Be careful where you go."

"Nonsense!" said the other,

"I don't think you know!"

So he walked in boldly—

Nobody in sight;

First he took a nibble,

Then he took a bite;

Closed the trap together,

Snapped as quick as wink,

Catching mouseie fast there,

Because he "didn't think."

Once a little turkey,

Fond of her own way,

Wouldn't ask the old ones

Where to go or stay.

She said, "I'm not a baby,

Here I am half-grown;

Surely, I am large enough

To run about alone!"

Off she went, but somebody

Hiding saw her pass;

Soon, like snow, her feathers

Covered all the grass;

So she made a supper

For a sly old mink,

Because she was so headstrong

That she "wouldn't think."

Once there was a robin,

Lived outside the door,

Who wanted to go inside

And hop upon the floor.

"Oh, no," said the mother;

"You must stay with me,

Little birds are safest,

Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said the robin,

And gave his tail a fling,

"I don't think the old folks

Know quite everything."

Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,

Ere he'd time to blink:

"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,

But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,

You who hear this song,

Don't you see that trouble

Comes of thinking wrong?

And, can't you take a warning

From their dreadful fate,

Who began their thinking

When it was too late?

Don't think there's always safety

When no dangers show.

Don't suppose you know more

Than your parents know.

But when you're warned of ruin,

Pause upon the brink,

Don't go under headlong

Because you "didn't think."

## HOW A LITTLE GIRL OPENED A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A little girl, eleven years of age, had been accustomed to attend a Sunday-school

in Norway for two years, and very much enjoyed the instruction there received. On returning to her village home, at the end of the two years, she was much distressed to find no Sunday-school there.

Some children—and some grown-up people, too—would most likely have said, "What a mistake to have no Sunday-school! Whose fault is it? What can the minister be thinking about?" and there the matter would have ended.

Not so did this little girl.

"As there is no Sunday-school," she said to herself, "I must open one."

Then she spoke to the children of the village. She told them all about the school at Norway, and what happy times they had there on the Sabbath day. Then she said to them:

"Will you meet me next Sunday, and we will read the Bible, and pray, and sing hymns together like they do in Norway?"

The children readily promised, and the first Sunday six or seven came. The next there were ten or twelve, then twenty or more. Some older girls joined them, till this little girl had forty scholars round her every Sunday, from six to fifteen years of age, and she read the Bible to them, and prayed, and taught them hymns.

Christmas Eve came round. In Norway the school-children are accustomed to have a treat on Christmas Eve, when they assembled in a beautifully decorated room, dressed in their best clothes, and received each a present of a small book.

"We must have a treat also on Christmas Eve," said this little girl; but as she had no books to give the children, she promised to read to them the little book she had received herself the last Christmas.

As the time drew near, she heard that not only were all the children coming to hear the story she had to read, but many of the parents also. This very much distressed her, for she was only eleven years old, and felt timid about reading and praying in the presence of adults. What was she to do?

"If it should be a blessing to them," she thought, "I must not refuse. But cannot I get my father to come and help me? He has always laughed at me and my Sunday-school, but yet I will ask him."

The father could not resist his child's entreaties, and the result was that he soon learned to love the Saviour himself, and to realize with his little girl the blessedness of working for him.

## GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.

Annie and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her.

"But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away, he would know," Lily replied, as she ran home fast,

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

## LESSON V [Oct. 31.]

## PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK

Acts 27. 13-26. Memory verses, 21-25.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts 27. 25.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

Who sailed with Paul toward Rome?

In whose care were all the prisoners?

Why had the sailing now become dangerous?

What was Paul's advice?

Why was not his advice taken? Verse 11.

What terrible wind arose?

What did the sailors do to save the ship?

Did everybody lose hope?

What did Paul feel sure of?

What did he ask of God?

Who came to comfort him?

What promise did he make Paul?

What reason did Paul give for believing they would be saved?

## IN TIME OF DANGER—

Call upon God earnestly.

Think more of others than of self.

Believe God will help, because he says so.

## LESSON VI. [Nov. 7.]

## PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME.

Acts 28. 1-16. Memory verses, 3-5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

We know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8. 28.

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

What finally became of the ship in which Paul sailed?

What became of the men on board?

What was then, and what is now, the name of the island?

How did the people receive the shipwrecked men?

What happened to Paul?

What is a viper? A poisonous serpent.

What did Paul prove true?

Who entertained Paul at his house?

How was he rewarded?

What made the people honour Paul?

How long did he stay there?

What had he taught while there?

Where did he go from there?

What did he find at Rome?

How did he live there?

## PAUL PROVED, AND SO MAY I—

That if I trust in God he will preserve me.

That if I love others I shall be loved.

That if I give I shall receive.

## SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Father watches his sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
And the bright moon is the shepherdess,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Father watches his sheep,  
He is the Lamb of God on high,  
Who for our sakes came down to die,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!



TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

## TINY TIM, THE NEWSBOY.

Among the quickest of the little fellows who used to sell the newspapers in one of the busy streets of New York was a bright little boy called "Tiny Tim." He used to dart in and out among the carts and carriages with the nimblest of bare feet; and many a time the passers-by thought he was going to be knocked down by a faster horse than usual. But he always managed to escape somehow or other. In the picture we see him in a position where escape seems almost impossible. The driver is shouting at him and, at the same time, trying to stop the horse; the men on the side-walk are making movements to try and save him, but we feel pretty certain that he will get across before the horse's feet are upon him, and hope he will profit by his narrow escape and be more careful in future.

Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up to it and do it.

## A REAL HERO.

Not long ago, on board an English steamer, a ragged little boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful, sunny face, and eyes that looked like mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it because he could not afford to keep him, or pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy.

our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of the noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to tell the truth and save his life. But he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whom his stepfather could not care for, knelt on the ship's deck and prayed. Our young friend was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and there, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, he asked the Lord Jesus to take him to himself, and forgive the mate. Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death, and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

## USEFUL AND HAPPY.

Little Bessie Eyebright awoke one morning with a merry laugh. "O mother, but I have had such a good sleep, and I had such a pretty dream about a little girl who did everything her mother wanted her to; and O, they lived so nicely together, and they looked so happy! and I believe I'll try and do the same thing. Won't you try me to-day, mother?"

Mrs. Eyebright smiled at the enthusiasm of her little girl, who so often fretted over the many steps that little feet are so often asked to take to relieve mamma's and sister's weary feet. But she believed in encouraging the child to carry out any resolution that would make her more willing and more useful. So she said: "Yes, my dear; we'll make a bond of good will between us, and mother will see how much you can be like the good little girl in the dream, while she watches herself lest she overtax you."

All day long little Bessie's feet were busy with their patter of willingness, and when night came she breathed a great big "O! I am so tired! But, mother, haven't I tried to be useful?"

"Yes, dear," replied mother; "and don't you feel happier than if you had fretted about doing it?"

"Yes, mother," said Bessie; "and I am going to be a busy little girl."

Mother said: "That resolution, if kept, will keep you out of much mischief, and make you a noble woman. For 'Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do.'"

He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his stepfather alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, weary with the boy's persistence in the same story, and, perhaps, a little anxious to inculcate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragged him to the fore, and said to him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time, he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship at his side. It was the finest sight, said