

# SUNBEAM

VOL. II.

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1901.

No. 12.

## A CHILD'S DEVOTION.

If Phoebe Gray had thought only of herself, she would not have ventured out that terrible night. But love for her father made her forget herself. So she stood close to the lamp-post on the corner, and looked up and down the street. Far down, a red light shone from a tavern window.

"Maybe he's there," she said to herself, and as the words fell from her lips, off she ran to the light as fast as she could go. Sometimes the wind and rain dashed so hard in her face, that she had to stop to get her breath; but still she kept on, thinking only of her father. At last she got on the tavern door, pushed it open, and went in.

A sight to startle the noisy, half-intoxicated men was that vision of a little child, drenched with the rain that was pouring from her poor garments, coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no weakness or fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the company.

"Oh, father," leaped from her lips, as one of the men started forward, and, catching her in his arms, hugged her wildly to his bosom, and ran with her into the street. If Mr. Gray's mind was confused and his body weak from drink, when Phoebe came in, his mind was clear and his body strong in an instant; and when he bore her forth in his arms, strange to say, he was a sober man.

"My poor baby!" he sobbed, as, a few

moments afterwards, he laid her in her mother's arms, and kissing her passionately, burst into tears; "my poor baby! it is the last time."

And so it was the last time. Phoebe's

leas of the night and the storm. But God made her the instrument of still wider good. Startled and touched by her sudden appearance, the company of men who had been drinking in the bar-room went out, one after another, and sought their homes. One of them, as he came in fully an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, and met the surprised look of his weary and suffering wife, said:

"Jane, I saw a sight just now that I hope I shall never see again."

"What was it?" asked the tired woman.

"A little thing, not so old as our Jenny, all drenched with rain—just think what a night it is—looking for her father in a gin-shop! It made the tears come into my eyes, when her poor, drunken father caught her up in his arms, and ran out with her tightly clasped to his bosom. I think it must have sobered him instantly. It sobered me, at least. And, Jane," he added with strong feeling in his tones, "this one thing is settled—our Jenny shall never search for her father in a gin-shop. I'll stop now, while I have a little strength left, and take the pledge to-morrow."

Nor was this all.

Another of the men present when Phoebe came for her father, was so affected by the scene that he, too, stepped out of the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and by God's grace, walked henceforth in the safer ways of sobriety.



PHOEBE'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

love had conquered. What persuasion, conscience, suffering, shame, could not do, the love of a little child had wrought. Oh, love is very strong.

Phoebe did not think beyond her father. Love for him had made her fear-

## WHERE DO THE BIRDIES GO?

Where do all the birdies go?

I know, I know.

Far away from winter snow,  
To the fair, warm South they go,  
Where they stay till daisies blow—  
That is where they go.

—Songs for the Little Ones.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1901.

## LITTLE ALICE'S RESOLUTION.

Little Alice arose one bright May morning, just as the sun was peering through the white curtains of her little bedroom: and after offering a simple morning prayer from the depths of her happy heart, she said: "I will see if I cannot do good to some one this day. I know I am only a little girl, but I feel sure I can do something." And with this good resolution in her heart, she descended to the dining-room just as the bell rang for family worship.

When breakfast was ready, the baby cried, and would not sit on the carpet as usual, and amuse himself. Mother looked weary, and it was evident that she had a bad headache.

"Please let me take Willie, mother," said Alice. "I would rather wait, and I know he will be quiet with me."

"I should be very glad if you could divert him, Alice. Poor little fellow!"

Alice borrowed Frank's marbles, and sat down with baby on the carpet. The bright-hued balls pleased him, and he loved to roll them about with his little fat hands. His sister patiently gathered them up when they rolled beyond his reach; and thus the meal-time passed. She did not envy her brother his warm breakfast; the thought of helping her

dear, kind mother was a hundred times more satisfaction. The influence of a good example is often contagious; and, after breakfast, the usually careless, whistling Frank sat down and played with the baby while Alice was eating.

She did not think that now she had done enough for one day, but after baby had drunk off his cup of new milk, she coaxed him into his cradle, giving him one of her gayest toys, and then sang a sweet, lulling song, which presently soothed the restless little one into a quiet, refreshing slumber. It more than repaid all her trouble to hear her mother say: "Dear Alice, you have helped me very much this morning; and your little brother will feel very much better for a good sleep."

Just then her grandfather entered, leaning on his staff, and walked feebly, as he felt more than usually unwell that morning. Alice sprang to his side, and assisted him to cross the room, where his easy chair was placed by his favourite window.

"I will bring you in your toast and tea, grandfather, as soon as Margaret makes them," she said, cheerfully.

"Thank you, my child, but I do not care much for them; my appetite is very poor to-day."

"Just try a little," she said, as she passed out into the kitchen. She returned presently with a nicely-laid tray; and, placing it before him, she poured out a cup of fragrant tea, chatting pleasantly all the while. The old man's heart warmed as he listened to her sunny, cheering words. The breakfast was eaten with a relish he did not anticipate, and his wasted frame was refreshed and invigorated.

And thus she passed her day, going about the house with a sunny face, which delighted and did good to every one around her. Not even the old cat and the chickens were forgotten. When she went to rest that night her heart was full of sunshine; and, with a thankful spirit, she renewed her good resolution for the coming day. Who of my little readers will form the same, and then carry it out as faithfully as did little Alice?

## LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

Polly, Dot, and Teddy skipped out one bright spring morning.

"Let's work in our gardens."

"O, let's!"

"Here's a pansy coming up in mine!" cried Polly.

"Here's a seed sprouted in mine," said Teddy.

"Here's most a bud on my rosebush," said Dot.

"Let's go and get a hoe and a rake."

They worked for a while, but did more patting with their little soft hands than anything else. Later they heard Aunt Jane's voice. She was taking care of

them while their mother was away for her health.

"Who left the tool-house door open?" she asked. "The cow has got in and eaten the seed potatoes."

Three careless little ones stared into each other's eyes. It had been done often before—so often that a punishment had been promised for the very next time. Aunt Jane was sorry, but she switched their hands with a tiny switch. It made them smart and burn.

"She needn't have done it," sobbed Polly, when Aunt Jane had gone.

"No," said Teddy; "we'd 'a' remembered without it."

"The birds in the trees do just what they want to."

"So do the squirrels and rabbits."

"They never get whipped."

"Let's run away."

"So's to make Aunt Jane feel awfully bad."

The naughty three took hands and walked away over the fields. For a while they found it pleasant, and thought they were having a very good time; then they grew tired.

"I'm hungry," said Teddy.

"Birds have nice berries to eat," said Dot.

"Squirrels have nuts," said Teddy.

"Well," said Polly, "I don't know where there are any berries or nuts. We'll sit on this fence to rest. That will be most like being birds and squirrels."

They sat on the fence, but did not feel as happy as birds or squirrels. Teddy's lips were drawn down, and there was a tear in Dot's eye.

"The birds go to their nests—" began Dot.

"And the squirrels go to their holes," whimpered Teddy.

Polly took their hands and again they started on a long walk; but this time it was toward home. As they came near, they heard Aunt Jane's voice.

They thought they had been gone a long, long time, but it was only a little over an hour, and Aunt Jane had not missed them. It was almost dinner-time, and they were glad they did not have to live on berries and nuts.

"I guess I'd rather stay at home," whispered Dot to Polly.

"So would I," said Teddy.

WANTED.—In one hundred thousand households in Canada, a willing, sunny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pockets; a girl who thinks her own brother as nice as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a most honoured place in the home guaranteed.

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Rev. 21. 1-7,

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WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"O, not I!" said the owl,  
And he gave a great scowl,  
And he wiped his eye  
And fluffed his jowl. "Tu-who!"  
Said the dog, "I bark  
Out loud in the dark, Boo-oo!"  
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!  
I'll scratch any one who  
Dare say that I do  
    Feel afraid, mi-iew!"  
"Afraid," said the mouse,  
"Of the dark in a house?  
Hear me scatter—  
Whatever's the matter.  
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,  
And the bug in the ground,  
They both shook their heads  
And passed the word round.  
And the bird in the tree,  
The fish, and the bee,  
They declared all three  
That you never did see  
One of them afraid  
    In the dark!

But the little boy who had gone to bed  
Just raised the bedclothes and covered his  
    head. —*St. Nicholas.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XVII. [June 23.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH.

Rev. 21. 1-7, 22-27. Mem. ver., 3, 4, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—Rev. 21. 7.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What great sight did John see? A new heaven and a new earth. What did he see coming down from God? The holy city. What did a voice from heaven declare? That God is here with us. What will be true when God is really with us? All will be blessed. Who can make all things new? Who is Alpha and Omega? What do these words mean? What is it to overcome? To welcome good, and put away evil. Who is the temple in the holy city? (Verse 22.) How is the city lighted? Is it hard to enter the city? "The gates shall not be shut at all." What can enter it? Nothing evil—only good."

DAILY STEPS.

*Mon.* Read what John saw and heard. Rev. 21. 1-7.  
*Tues.* Read more about the holy city. Rev. 21. 10-21.  
*Wed.* Read still more. Rev. 21. 22-27; 22. 1-5.

*Thur.* Find a wonderful promise. 2 Cor. 6-16.

*Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.

*Sat.* Find who may get into the city. Rev. 22. 14.

*Sun.* Learn the invitation to the city. Rev. 22. 17.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

June 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power.—1 Cor. 6. 14.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. The R. of J. . . . Now is Christ—
2. J. A. to M. . . . Behold, I am—
3. The W. to E. . . . Did not our heart—
4. J. A. to the A. . . . Blessed are they—
5. J. and P. . . . Lovest thou—
6. The G. C. . . . Lo, I am with—
7. J. A. into H. . . . While he—
8. The H. S. G. . . . When he, the Spirit
9. J. our H. P. in H. . . . He ever liveth—
10. J. A. to P. . . . I was not disobedient
11. J. A. to J. . . . Jesus Christ the—
12. A. N. H. and N. E. He that overcometh

THE WONDERFUL FLY.

BY KATHIE MOORE.

One rainy day when Tommy was looking out of the window, he saw a fly buzzing against the pane.

"I'll catch that fly," said he; and his fat little fingers went pattering over the glass, until at last he chased the fly down into a corner and caught it.

"Let me go!" said the fly.

"I shan't!" answered Tommy.

"Do let me go! You are hurting me; you pinch my legs and break my wings."

"I don't care if I do. You're only a fly; a fly's not worth anything."

"Yes, I am worth something, and I can do wonderful things. I can do something you can't do."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"What is it?"

"I can walk up the wall."

"Let me see you do it;" and Tommy's fingers opened so that the fly could escape.

The fly flew across the room, and walked up the wall and then down again.

"My!" said Tommy. "What else can you do?"

"I can walk across the ceiling," said the fly, and he did so.

"My!" said Tommy again. "How do you do that?"

"I have little suckers on my feet that help me to hold on. I can walk anywhere, and fly, too. I am smarter than a boy," said the fly.

"Well, you're not good for anything, and boys are," answered Tommy, stoutly.

"Indeed, I am good for something. I

helped to save you from getting sick when the days were hot. Flies eat up the poison in the air; and if we had not been around in the summer to keep the air pure, you and the baby and your mother would all have been very sick."

"Is that true?" asked Tommy in great surprise.

"Yes, it is true; and now I will tell you something else. You are a bad, bad boy."

"I am not!" cried Tommy, growing very red in the face. "I don't steal, or say bad words, or tell what is not true."

"Well, you are a bad boy, anyhow. It is bad to hurt flies and to pull off their legs and wings. It is bad to hurt anything that lives. Flies can feel. Yesterday you pulled off my brother's wings."

"I never thought of that," said Tommy, soberly. "I'll never catch flies again, and be sure that I'll never hurt you."

"You won't get a chance," answered the fly, as he walked across the ceiling.

A DROP OF INK.

"I don't see why you won't let me play with Robert Scott," pouted Walter Brown. "I know he does not always mind his mother, and smokes cigars, and sometimes swears. But I have been brought up better than that. He won't hurt me, and I should think you would trust me. Perhaps I can do him good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water, and put just one drop of ink into it."

He did so.

"O, mother! Who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?"

"Yes, it has changed the colour of the whole—has it not? It is a shame to do that. Just put one drop of clear water in it and restore its purity," said his mother.

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! One drop, or a dozen, or fifty, won't do that."

"No, my son; and therefore I cannot allow one drop of Robert Scott's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*American Paper.*

AN UNRULY FLOCK.

"What are you doing, you big blue Ocean, Chasing your waves round in such a commotion?"

"I am bringing my sheep from their pastures deep To the little bay where I fold them to sleep;

But as fast as I drive them into the pen They toss up their heels and jump out again."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the musical box."



SAINT SUSANNA.

The above title we borrow from the *Epworth Herald*; but we should like to know what Christian woman ever deserved the title "Saint" more than did the mother of the Wesleys. Yes, she was a mother, and a heroine at that. The story of how she trained her large family—the first chapter of the *Epworth League* really—is a marvellous narrative of romantic realities and sterling piety.

She always called John Wesley, Jack, or Jacky, even when her son had become famous and powerful. John Benjamin Wesley was his full name, but he never used the middle name. Mrs. Wesley was a brave woman, as is seen in her conduct when six brutal ruffians burned the parsonage at Epworth; the children were saved—Jacky, who was only six then, as by a miracle. She "waded through the fire." "In fifteen minutes, buildings, books, clothing, valuables were in ashes. Mrs. Wesley herself heroically rebuilt the rectory." Adam Clark says that when Solomon drew the portrait of a perfect woman, he must have distinctly foreseen Saint Susanna. A recent writer has said, "We do not wonder that writers dwell with rapture on her character. She lived for her children; they lived for mankind. Like the train of a meteor, therefore, her bright light still shines, though she is gone. She was our first lay preacher. Charles was four, John eight, when she began those 'irregular' Sunday afternoon meetings in the kitchen, that soon spread through the parish, and later through Methodism."

Women of Methodism, mothers of our future Methodists emulate Saint Susanna. Start the work of emulation on your knees.—*Methodist Greeting.*

## HELPING A HORSE.

"Mamma, I've been helping a horse pull a load of coals up a hill," merrily shouted a little happy-looking boy, one cold, frosty morning.

"The hill was very slippery, mamma, with frost and snow, and I felt so sad to see the horse struggling to get up. I remembered that last winter papa had some ashes put on the road, so I got some in my wheelbarrow and with my spade spread them up the hill.

"The man then said, 'Gee up, my good horse!' and he was soon at the top of the hill. Then, mamma, the man said, 'Thank you, my little man; you have helped my horse to pull this load of coals up the hill.'

I feel so happy, mamma."

"You have done a good action, my dear child," replied the kind parent, "one that is not only pleasing to me, but also to your Heavenly Father. Never forget to show kindness to animals."

## WHO WAS HURT?

"O Garland! How could you be so rude?"

"I didn't want her," the little girl answered with a pout, "and so I just got rid of her. Esther is no baby; she isn't afraid to walk a mile by herself."

"I could not have believed," Mrs. Ross said, mournfully, "that my daughter could deliberately do what was both rude and unkind."

Garland kept a stiff upper lip and tried to look unconcerned; as a matter of fact, she was ready to cry, and would have given a great deal to undo what an angry impulse had suggested and bad temper had carried out.

Esther Haydon was her cousin and her guest, and the two had gone to Plunkett's meadow to meet some other girls for an afternoon's picnic; but Garland's quick temper had been ruffled by something that Esther meant for play, and she had slipped off home, leaving the little cousin among strangers, to come back alone.

"I will not send you back," said the mother, "because I do not want to give Essie a disagreeable companion;" and in a few minutes Garland saw the phaeton whirling down the road, with nurse and baby Laura in it, in the direction of Plunkett's meadow. Our bad-tempered little girl bit her lip with vexation; a drive in the phaeton would have been so nice.

"Well, how went the picnic?" asked

Mr. Ross, who had been in the city all day, and came out on the electric car just in time for tea.

"It was fine!" cried Esther, her eyes sparkling. "The meadow is the prettiest place I ever saw, uncle, and full of violets and buttercups. I saw a soldier blackbird, too, with red epaulets, and I heard a field lark sing. I gathered these water-cresses myself. It was great fun, though I was a good deal scared by a crawfish."

"Did you get acquainted with the girls?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Ross; they called me Essie right off, and were as nice as anything to me. Aunt Carrie was good enough to send the phaeton for us, and we all piled in together and had a lovely drive back in the twilight."

"How about my Posy?" asked Garland's father, turning to her with questioning eyes. "Did she enjoy the picnic?"

"No," said Garland, crossly; "it was stupid."

"How about the buttercups and violets?"

"I didn't see them."

"Nor the red-shouldered blackbird?"

"I didn't care for it."

Mr. Ross took out of his pocket a pretty little white-and-gold volume and laid it on the table. "A little bird told me—not the soldier blackbird," he said, "that one of these two little girls had been badly treated to-day, and had had her feelings hurt. I thought I would give her a little present to make the hurt feelings well; but which of these little girls was the hurt one?"

Mr. Ross looked from Garland to Esther. Garland's face was dark and moody; Esther's was bright and fair. "I am obliged to think, little daughter," he said, "that the book is yours."

"O no, father!" Garland cried, half vexed and half amused, partly ready to cry, and yet verging on laughter. "O no! I was rude and unkind to Esther, and I hope you will give her the book."

"But I didn't mind a bit!" cried the little cousin, eagerly. "I knew you would soon be pleased again. Posy, and I was having a happy time. I think it has been the very happiest picnic!" she concluded, with a sigh of contentment.

Out of the other pocket there came a second tiny white-and-gold volume, and two little girls had their names written in them. I do not know whether they were volumes of song or story, but I know that for ever and ever they will remind two cousins of the fact that the hurt is always the one most hurt; that unkindness is a boomerang which wounds most deeply the hand that throws it.

He is our sun and shield by day,  
By night he near our tents will stay,  
He will be with us all the way.