

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1902.

No. 12.

LITTLE JAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY.

That was what he was always called, for although he was the elevator boy in a big dry-goods establishment, he was so small that the ladies would look in and inquire:

"Where is the man that runs the elevator?"

"Then little Jake would pipe out from his corner: 'Here I be.'"

I do not know anything to compare him to, but a ray of sunshine lighting up a dark place. He was of such lowly stature that when he was in his corner there seemed to be nobody there. But gradually the small earnest, cheerful face grew visible and, as you looked, it brightened into such a happy smile that the little man seemed to fill the whole elevator with sunlight.

I wonder if the ladies who used to give him a nod or a word as they went up and down, absorbed in their purchases, will miss him now and speculate as to what has become of the quaint little fellow?

He went home sick one night and said "Good-night" bravely, swallowed a lump in his throat and ran off. The day after his father came in.

"He was petter, mooch petter," his father said.

Then his mother came: they wanted the place kept for the boy.

"Oh, so sick. He is too much sick here," the mother said, laying her hand on her breast.

"Tell him to get well and he shall have his place," said his employer, "To-morrow we shall come and see him."

But on the morrow the father came into the store, and his eyes were red and swollen.

"Mine leetle Jake," he began, and then broke down and said no more.

It went the rounds of the store like wildfire, the news that little Jake was dead, and you would have thought at least that he had been a proprietor.

And he was, in his small way, proprietor of the hearts of the people he served; of their esteem, their good-will—

"We wish we had known that he was so ill. We might have ministered to his wants or perhaps saved him," his employers said with sad regret.

But there's nothing to regret. "It's well with the child." And it is no longer "Gute nacht," with thee, but "Guten morgen," little Jake.



THE PET BIRD.

THE DOG, THE BOY, AND THE BAG.

You have often seen a dog carry a basket or a pail, or even a newspaper folded up. I knew a big dog who would find his master's slippers, picking them out from among a dozen pairs put in a pile to test him. This same dog would find his master's umbrella, and carry it blocks to his office. The other day I heard of a little dog who had been taught to carry things for his mistress. He was a little poodle. One day his mistress was going out shopping, and she put down on a chair a small bag in which was some jewellery. Just then she left the room. Fido came in, concluded there was some work for him to do, and took the bag in his mouth and ran out the front door. He carried the bag blocks, to the house of his mistress' friend, where he left it at the front door. The mistress was frightened when she came back and found the bag had disappeared; she thought a thief had taken it, and notified the police, who began hunting for the thief. A small boy had seen the dog carrying the bag. Whether the dog acted guiltily, or whether the bag seemed too big for such a small dog to carry, I do not know, but the boy followed the dog, and when he left the bag the boy took it and followed the dog back, giving the bag to its owner.

I wish I knew whether Fido ever learned that he had done wrong.

a dividend that will serve him better than money in the land where he is to-day.

They sent, every one of them, beautiful flowers to little Jake's funeral; he was covered with the last offerings of good-will from those he served.

"SAYING GRACE."

"Come, come, mamma, to the window!"
Cried Freddie, with eager face;
"Just look at my little biddies—
They are drinking and saying grace."

I quickly came at his bidding,
And saw a pretty sight;
Six downy little chickens
Drinking with all their might.

And as they sipped the water
They craned their necks on high,
As if their thanks were lifted
To the beautiful blue sky.

And so I could not wonder,
So rapt was his eager face,
That to him the little chickens
Were "drinking and saying grace."
—Sunday-school Visitor.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 14, 1902.

WHAT THEY PUT IN THEIR ENVELOPES.

A minister gave each of the children in the infant class an envelope, and asked them to bring an offering on the next Sunday for foreign missions.

"Now, little folks," he said, "when you put the money in, be sure to put in a prayer as well."

Some of the little ones thought he meant to put in a written prayer, and so when he opened the envelopes on the next Sunday, he found one had written the Lord's Prayer, and put that in the envelope. Another had written on a slip of paper this prayer, "O Lord, do send a blessing on me, and be my guide for ever, that I may be thy son."

Though you may not write your prayers as these children did, yet always send a prayer with every gift you make for God's work.

A BOY HELPED BY GOD'S SPIRIT.

Little Ben ran in from school, smiling brightly.

"Why, my dear, you look very happy," said his mother.

"Well, mother, I've had a regular fight, and now that it is over, I do feel happy, indeed."

"Had a fight? I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, the other boys stopped on the way home to pick some of Farmer Adams' apples. I stopped, too, and as we were climbing over the fence something said to me, 'Don't do it.'"

"I looked round but could see no one; the voice was so small it seemed like a little girl's voice."

"Then I heard quite a loud voice say, 'Oh, go on! he has plenty of apples.'"

"It is wrong," came the little voice again.

"Oh, it will not hurt any one, and the other boys are going," the loud voice said.

"But the little voice said, softly, 'It will hurt you, Ben. Don't do it.'"

"Then I jumped down and ran home, and I have not been able to do anything but smile ever since."

When little Ben jumped down from the fence Jesus smiled upon him; and Ben smiled, too.

Look out, children, for the little pleading voice—God's Holy Spirit. Obey that, and you will always have the smile of Jesus.—Westminster Lessons.

RONALD'S WISH.

There was once a boy called Ronald.

He was the most wonderful boy for wishing, and if only a very few of his wishes had come true, he would have been the happiest of boys—at least so he thought. He would wish that he were a king, or a great general. He would wish that he could fly or that he had a pocketful of gold.

But his highest ambition was to be a magician.

He would say, "Boys, if I only were one, I wouldn't have to wish any more. I'd just need to say, 'Come!' Mother, wouldn't you like your little boy to be a magician? I'd have everything I wanted, and I'd be as happy as a king."

"So you think to have everything would make you happy. Well, I know one thing a magician couldn't have."

"Tell us, mother!"

"If you wished for all the world held, and got it, you would lack the one thing to make you happy."

Ronald suddenly looked as if he understood.

"Oh, mother, I know what you mean, I

remember my verse, 'One thing thou lackest.' I would have to have Jesus' love in my heart. That is the one thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, that will bring all else."

"And mother, I don't need to be a magician to have it, do I? I just need to wish hard enough, and to give him some of my love."

A MOUSE STORY.

Three mice stole silently along a narrow plank over a trench, and a man stopped to watch them. Though the path was narrow, they kept three abreast, like soldiers, instead of one after another, like Indians.

Looking closer, he was surprised to see that they were carrying a straw, of which each one took hold. At first he couldn't understand why it took three mice to carry a straw. But he kept very still, and as the little fellows came nearer, he found the mouse in the middle had something the matter with his eyes. He was nearly blind, and his two friends—who knows but they were his own grown-up children?—were guiding him over the dangerous bridge by means of a straw.

If they had been boys and girls, they could not have done better.—Leaves of Life.

A DOLL SHOW GIVEN BY A QUEEN.

All my little girl readers are fond of dolls, I am sure. Most of you have dolls of your own. I know you will all enjoy hearing about a doll show which was given in a far-away country called Roumania.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania was the one who thought of having this doll show, and she wrote to kings, queens, and other famous people asking them to send dolls. In answer to her letters, dolls were sent from all over Europe. There were Russian dolls, Italian dolls sent by the Queen of Italy, Dutch dolls from good Queen Wilhelmina, and a whole wagon-load of dolls from Paris. Some one sent twelve hundred dolls dressed in different styles, showing the kinds of dresses worn from the earliest times until now. There were dolls dressed as fairies and brownies, and in every possible way you can imagine. I suppose it was the greatest doll show ever seen. Perhaps the happiest person at the show was the kind-hearted queen who had arranged it all.

BE PLEASANT.

When little ones worry
Their parents are sorry,
And all who are near them are sad,
But when they are good
And smile as they should
Their friends are happy and glad.
How much better it is
To be cheerful and sing,
Than to have to be called
A cross little thing.

THE
Have you
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'Tis a ma
It blooms
Sea,
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The fruit
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That good
Of that
When you
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To the
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And a g
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THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop Sea,

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat,
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would
have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog

And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to
the ground—

Hurrah for the chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and
peppermint canes,

With stripings of scarlet and gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains

As much as your apron can hold!

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me,
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,

And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

WHERE TO GO WHEN IN TROUBLE.

When we are in trouble of any sort we should always go to God in prayer about it, and ask him to show us just what to do.

Some people only go to God when they have some great trouble, but the best way is to go just as soon as anything goes wrong. If we go to God with our little troubles, it will often keep us from getting into larger ones.

The story is told of a great king who employed many people to weave for him. The silk and the wool and the patterns were all given by the king, who told the people when any difficulty arose to send for him and he would help them.

Among the many men and women who

were busy at their weaving was a little child, who laboured cheerfully and patiently all the time. One day when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their own failures, for their silks were tangled and the weaving was unlike the pattern, they gathered around the child and said: "Tell us how it is you are always so happy in your work. We are so often in difficulties."

"Why do you not send to the king, when you are in difficulty?" said the little girl. "He told us, we might do so."

"We do send night and morning," was the answer. "Ah," said the child, "but I send as often as I have even a little tangle."

HOW JAMIE WAS CAUGHT.

BY ANNA M. TALCOTT.

Jamie was very fond of candy, so fond of it that he could never see a piece without putting it at once into his mouth, whether it belonged to him or not. There was little use in hiding it away. If there was any in the house Jamie was sure to find it, and just as sure to eat it.

"I declare," said his mother, "that child is as bad as a mouse. I wish I could set a trap for him!"

"I'll set a trap and catch him, too," said his big brother Ned, who felt particularly angry because Jamie had just eaten a quantity of very nice candy he had hidden away.

"It is too bad," said his mother with a sigh, "I have tried in every way to teach him not to touch what does not belong to him; but there seems no way of doing it."

"Well, I will teach him, see if I don't," said Ned, as he left the room.

The next morning Jamie was alone in Ned's room. The top drawer of the bureau was open a little way, and for want of something better to do he peeped in. There lay six beautiful pink lozenges. Surely they must taste as good as they looked. Jamie longed for them, but he hesitated for a moment. Still there were only six, and he did not believe Ned would care very much.

Just as he took them in his hand he thought he heard some one coming. Quick as a flash he popped all six of them in his mouth. Then how sorry he was! They were full of the strongest kind of red pepper, and in an instant began to sting and burn so that he screamed with the pain.

Some one laughed; and, looking up, he saw Ned standing at the door.

"How do you like that kind of candy?" he asked. Jamie was suffering too much to answer, and his mother, who came at the sound of his screams, was afraid the punishment had been too severe.

It was a long time before the burning stopped, and Jamie learned a lesson he never forgot. He took no candy after that unless it was given to him.—*Our Little Folks.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON XII. [June 22.]

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Rom. 13. 8-14. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.—Rom. 13. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

To whom did Paul write a letter? To the Christians at Rome. What was Rome? A great, wicked city. What did the people worship? Many idols. What did Paul teach them about debts? "Owe no man anything but love." What did he say that love does? It fulfils the law. How? Because one who truly loves cannot break God's law. Why did he tell them to awake? Because the world's night was over. What did he mean by sleep? Thoughtlessness about God. And what by night? The state of sin and ignorance. Why was the day at hand? The Lord's kingdom had come. What is he? The Light of the world. What did he tell them to put away? Drunkenness and wrong living. What did he tell them to put on? The Lord Jesus Christ. How can we "put on" the Lord Jesus Christ? By trying to think and to do as he did.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Rom. 13. 8-14.
- Tues. Read Paul's beautiful words about love. 1 Cor. 13.
- Wed. Read John's words about love. 1 John 3. 18-24.
- Thur. What is a good debt to owe? Verse 8.
- Fri. Read what comes of a pure life. Gal. 5. 22, 23.
- Sat. Find what self-will brings. Gal. 5. 19-21.
- Sun. See what God thinks about drunkards. 1 Cor. 6. 10.

LESSON XIII. [June 29.]

Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.—Luke 2. 32.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

- 1. S. of T. C. Repent ye there—
- 2. P. E. and D. Jesus Christ maketh
- 3. P. and C. God is no—
- 4. G. R. C. Whosoever believeth
- 5. T. C. & A. in S. . . . The hand of the—
- 6. P. D. from P. . . . The angel of the—
- 7. The E. C. M. . . . Go ye therefore—
- 8. P. at A. in P. . . . Through this man—
- 9. P. at L. Thou therefore—
- 10. The C. at J. . . . Stand fast therefore
- 11. P. C. to E. . . . Thou shalt be—
- 12. T. L. Let us therefore—



GOING TO SCHOOL.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

School will begin to-mor-
row,
And oh, what fun there
will be,
For I'm going to sit this
summer
With my cousin, Clarabel
Lee.

We have got our books all
covered,
And our pencils sharp-
ened nice,
And velvet over our slate-
frames
So we can be quiet as
mice.

We shall sit in that pleas-
ant corner,
Where the window opens
wide
Right into the elm-tree
branches,
Pressed close to the
school-house side.

And then in the long, nice
noon-time,
We shall go to the woods
for flowers,
And to where the wild-
grape tangles
Make two of the prettiest
bowers.

And there we shall play
housekeeping,
With lots of the loveliest
things,
And Clarabel says her
brother
Will make us some grape-
vine swings.

Oh, I'm so happy for think-
ing,
I don't like to wait at all,
I wish to-night was to-
morrow,
And I heard the school-
bell call.

We mean to have splendid
lessons,
The perfectest ever were
heard,
And we hope we may say
at the end of the
term,
That we never have
missed a word.

If it makes your sister
glad to have you amuse her
for a little while, is it not
worth giving up your own
pleasure to hear her grate-
ful "Thank you," and see
the happy smile on her
face? Try it, and see.