

SUNBEAM

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BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

Some people dislike being photographed very much. They think it a great trial and a waste of time to go and spend half an hour in a photographer's studio, just to have their picture taken. But they forget that it is not being done for themselves, but for their friends, who are anxious to have a good likeness as a remembrance of them when they are gone. The wonderful progress of the photographer's art has now made it possible to have photos taken with all manner of contrivances. They can be taken with electric light, and in half a second or so the picture is transferred to the glass plate. From this it is taken off on to paper and the photograph is then finished. This little girl seems thoroughly to enjoy having her photo taken, standing there smiling so pleasantly with her dolly by her side. What a good picture she will make if the photographer does his work well. Some people look so cross and unhappy when they are being photographed, that you would think they were at the dentist's instead of at the studio; then, of course, their picture is not like them, and they are disappointed. When next you have your picture taken remember to "look pleasant."

Whoso walketh uprightly shall be saved, but he that is perverse in his ways shall fall at once.

SALLY'S OFFERING.

"Don't you think that you could spare at least a penny a week for the little brown sisters across the sea?" The teacher asked the question as she looked into the

peeped into some of the homes. They had seen the tiny child wives and the poor, sad little widows shut up in their dull, miserable lives, and the warm, loving hearts were touched with pity for those little India sisters, and they all wanted to help in some way or somehow.

The missionary box was passed around, and right merrily did their brown coins tumble into its open mouth. But when it came to one little girl, she could only shake her head and let it pass. Then, looking into her teacher's face, with eyes big with tears, she whispered, "Please, teacher, I've never got nothing to give; I never does have a cent of my very own."

"Never mind, dear; Jesus Christ knows all about it, and he quite understands it."

But little Sally's heart was very sad as she went to her poor attic home. It did seem a bit hard to be the only one every Missionary Sunday who had nothing to give, she thought. Not once in her whole life had Sally ever possessed a penny that she could call her own. No; not for her were the delights of the candy shops or the ice cream stands. But this never

troubled her. It was just to help the dear Lord's other children that she wanted it.

bright, interested faces before her in the class. It was Missionary Sunday, and Miss Moore had been taking her girls a "pretence" journey to far-away India. They had crossed the sea, visited some of the beautiful temples and palaces, and

As she sat at home that evening her mother noticed that the usually sunshiny face wore a cloudy look, and she asked



BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

her what was the matter. Then Sally told her all about it.

Now Sally's mother was very poor indeed, but after a little thought she said: "I'll tell yer what I'll do. If yer gits up every mornin', without missin', at five o'clock and lights the fire and cleans up a bit, I'll give yer a penny a week, I will."

With one shriek of delight Sally rushed at her mother and gave her a hug. "O mamma! you dear, I will do it real well."

So every morning, day after day, all through the cold winter, too, little Sally was down by five o'clock. When you and I were still fast asleep in our warm beds she was working away with a will, and I believe that there is no happier maid in all the city than Sally when on Sunday afternoons she drops her penny into the Sunday-school missionary box.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"Mamma," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked her mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?"

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered: "I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?"

"No; they put them in my mouth."

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said her mamma. "Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?"

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry. "They are two little thieves, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said her mother.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with the finger and thumb still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" Bessie asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no!" the mother said. "We have no proof yet that they are sorry. So it would not be safe to trust them: they might go right away into the closet again."

"I think that they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied her mother.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because her papa looked so queer every time that she used her spoon. Soon after breakfast she ran to her mamma with tears running down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "I made my fingers naughty. I'm so sorry! Please forgive me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed; and Bessie ran away very happy.

WHAT AILED CARL'S WATCH.

Carl had a watch given to him as a prize. It had only a silver case, but he did not undervalue it on that account. It was as precious to him as any gold one could have been; certainly more so than a gold one which he did not win. The watch kept excellent time.

To honour Carl, his mother and sisters often enquired the hour, just that he might have the joy of telling. How proud he felt when he drew out his timepiece!

But one day something seemed to go wrong with the watch. It stopped altogether. Carl wound it, and it went for an hour or two, and then stopped again. "Oh, it cannot be that it's no good after all," exclaimed poor Carl.

"Let's see," said his father. "Give it to me, and I will take it to my watch-maker."

When Carl came home to dinner his father told him that a tiny grain of sand had got into the works, and was the cause of all the mischief.

"That little grain of sand, my son, injured the works, stopped the wheels, and made your watch tell a lie by its false face. Now if you want to keep right, don't give place to little sins. Don't let a bad habit get a hold on you, but do you get hold of it, and put it out. See that you are going straight ahead, with a steady purpose to do your level best."

JUST AS WE ARE.

Do you know how to play croquet? Susie didn't when she was visiting at Uncle James' last week. So when Cousin Harry and Annie coaxed her to join them in a game, she said: "No, I can't play."

"Why, we just need you to make up the game; do, please."

"But I should not know what to do, and should be so ashamed. I am really sorry to have to say no, though, if you need me."

And so it seemed as if their game would be spoiled, until Uncle James said: "Come along, Sue; I'll strike for you and teach you. I am sure that you can trust my skill." And after that she was not afraid. Would you have been afraid?

So God offers to take us as we are, and to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves.—*Selected.*

HOW TO BE A HERO.

"I should like to be a hero,"

Said a little lad one day,
As he gazed upon the picture
Of a soldier tall and gray.

"You can be a hero, darling,"

Was his grandma's soft reply,
"If at play you're fair and honest,
And you scorn to tell a lie.

"If you stifle angry feelings,

Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,
Ever praying, always trying—
Yours shall be a hero's crown.

"For remember this, my darling,

Hero hearts of men grown old
Beat at first in breasts of children
Who were tender, true and bold."

KEEP THEM OUT.

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said one little boy to another who had just uttered words unfit to come from any little boy's mouth. "Never mind him," said a third; "it's no matter what he says. It goes in one ear and out the other." "No, no," rejoined the first little fellow: "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick. So I mean to do all I can to keep them out."

Did you ever hear of the Grumble family? O so many belong to it! They are all over the world, and you can tell them just as soon as you see them. They travel a good deal, too, on steamboats and cars; yes, and they stop in hotels. This big family are all the time on the watch for something to grumble about. You can't suit them, no matter how hard you try. Don't grow up to be grumblers. You will never be liked if you do, and the family is too large already.—*S. S. Evangelist.*

A PROBLEM IN THREES.

If three little houses stood in a row,
 With never a fence to divide;
 And if each little house had three little maids
 At play in the garden wide,
 And if each little maid had three little cats
 (Three times three times three),
 And if each little cat had three little kits,
 How many kits would there be?

And if each little maid had three little friends
 With whom she loved to play,
 And if each little friend had three little dolls
 In dresses and ribbons gay,
 And if friends, and dolls, and cats, and kits
 Were all invited to tea;
 And if none of them should send regrets,
 How many guests would there be?

—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON VII. [Feb. 15.]

CHRISTIAN SELF-CONTROL.

1 Cor. 8. 4-13. Memorize verses 8, 9.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace.—Rom. 14. 19.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did Paul stay in Corinth? A year and a half. What happened after he went away? Some converts ate meat that had been offered to idols. Where? Probably at a friend's feast. What did Paul do? By whom did he send the letter? Four friends. What had many of these Christians been? What was a common custom? To hold feasts in idol temples. What did Paul urge Christians to do? To deny themselves. For whose sake? For the sake of the weaker brothers. Why should Christians now refuse to drink wine? For whose sake should both the weak and the strong do right? How can we help others when we do not speak to them? Who lived a perfect life for us to follow?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. 1 Cor. 8. 4-13.
 Tues. Read about a temptation of the present. Prov. 23. 29-35.
 Wed. Learn how to be like the Prince of Peace. Golden Text.
 Thur. Learn what is better than things to eat and drink. Rom. 14. 17.
 Fri. Read what Jesus says about self-denial. Mark 8. 34-37.
 Sat. Learn how Paul put self behind. 1 Cor. 9. 19-22.

Sun. Learn for whose sake we must deny self. Matt. 25. 40.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That we are not our own.
2. That we must do right for Christ's sake.
3. That we must do right for the sake of others.

LESSON VIII. [Feb. 22.]
 CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 Cor. 13. Memorize verses 1-3.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When was Paul's heart full of hatred? Why did he wish to harm Christians? How was his heart changed? What did he then want to do? Where did he get love? To whom did he write about love? Why is the word "charity" used instead of love? It is an old name for love. What is more than all knowledge or faith? What is said about the nature of true love? Why does it last forever? What are the three things of the Spirit that will abide with us? Which is the greatest of these three? How may we have it in our hearts forever?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read a beautiful chapter about love. 1 Cor. 13.
 Tues. Learn the Golden Text.
 Wed. Learn where love comes from? 1 John 4. 7, 8.
 Thur. Find what love does. 1 John 4. 20, 21.
 Fri. Learn the difference between love and hate. Prov. 10. 12.
 Sat. Read about a beautiful cloak. 1 Pet. 4. 8.
 Sun. Read more about this gift of God. John 3. 16.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That love is the gift of God.
2. That we have none of our own.
3. That God's love may be had for the asking.

WINDMILLS.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

In Asia Minor, windmills had their origin; so the historian Gibbon tells us. The Saracens brought them into Europe, where in some countries they have been largely used. Indeed, in our thoughts we picture Holland as the special home of windmills.

Until recent years, windmills have been rare in America, and the few ancient ones were considered curious landmarks, their quaintness worthy of the artist's sketch-book.

A windmill may be described, in general

terms, as a pyramidal tower, with a revolving dome. To this dome, vanes or sails are attached, which, being struck by the wind, cause it to move. It is connected with machinery at the base of the tower, which machinery is thus set in motion.

The old-time windmills had four arms or sails extending from an axis. These were not "flapping" sails, but were fastened securely on their frames. As a rule the towers were not very high. In appearance these towers resembled odd-shaped buildings, pierced with small windows. The modern windmill, now become so common a sight, hardly needs description. It is usually a tall, lattice-like structure, the vanes set as fans in a great wheel.

The highest windmill tower in the world is claimed to be over a well of mineral water, at Well's River, Vermont. This tower is 176 1-2 feet high, and the well is 80 feet deep, making the extent of machinery 256 1-2 feet.

Longfellow has a fine, sturdy poem, entitled "The Windmill." This was the old-fashioned kind, not one of the airy, modern structures. One stanza of the poem is a lesson in courage:

"I stand here in my place,
 With my foot on the rock below,
 And whichever way it may blow,
 I meet it face to face,
 As a brave man meets his foe."

DON'T BE CROSS.

Now, little ones, I will tell you something that perhaps you do not know. Crossness is a habit. Are you surprised at that? Harry comes in and flings down his hat and accidentally hits you. Before you stop to find out whether he meant it or not, you say: "Stop that, you horrid boy." Perhaps your toast is a little scorched in one corner; but before you look you say: "This toast is burnt; I can't eat such stuff as that." Mamie comes in singing, and you scowl and say: "I wish you'd stop that horrid noise." You didn't think, I know. Now do try and form a habit of being pleasant.

WORK FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Lord hath work for little hands,
 For they may do his wise commands;
 And he marks out for little feet
 A narrow pathway straight and sweet.
 One little face may fill with light
 A heart and home as dark as night;
 And there are words for little eyes
 To make them earnest, true, and wise.
 One little voice may lead above,
 By singing songs of Jesus' love.
 One little heart may be the place
 Where God shall manifest his grace.
 Our hands, our feet, our hearts we bring
 To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.



A TOY BALLOON.

AT SUNSET.

A bar of gold in the purple west,
A radiant glow on the mountain's crest,
A flush of flame on the river's breast,
And a wild bird's silver trill.

A single star in the paling sky
A deepening shade on the mountain high,
Gray dusk on the river rippling by,
And the note of a whip-poor-will.

A host of stars in the azure deep,
An ebon robe on the mountain steep,
And naught where the reeds and rushes
sleep,
Save shadows dark and still.

TOY BALLOONS.

These little folk look very much distressed, for they have met with a sad mishap. Not above fifteen minutes ago the little girls were as happy as could be. They had started out with their brother to spend the afternoon in the park, and mamma had given Bob money to buy balloons. At the entrance to the park they found the poor old balloon man with his big bunch of gay-coloured balls, bobbing and nodding as if making pretty bows

to the children. Marjorie chose a big red one, and Helen decided on a blue.

Soon the little girls were playing on the lawn with their gaily tossing balloons. After a while they noticed that Helen's ball was getting smaller, and finally it shrank right up. But a far worse catastrophe befell Marjorie's. She forgot and let go the string, and a little breeze came along and carried it off.

At first the little girls were going to cry, they felt so badly, but brother Bob cheered them up by saying that papa could fix Helen's ball, and perhaps the other would fall down some place where some poor little child could pick it up.

So Marjorie and Helen went home perfectly contented to have but one balloon between them, and happy in the thought that some other little girl might be enjoying the one that had flown away.

SOME OF MY PETS.

When I was a little girl, I had no brothers or sisters, big or little, so my parents allowed me to keep all kinds of pets. The sizes varied from the little dormouse to a big retriever dog, and the colours from snowy white to jet black. I had at the time of which I am telling you,

two dogs; one a small rough Skye-terrier, named Rose, the other a large black retriever, called Dinah. These two were firm friends. I remember little Rose had a present of a fine new collar. This collar was always coming off, and we could never make out how Rose managed it. One fine day, however, we watched Rose trot up to her big friend, evidently saying something in dog-language, for in a few minutes Dinah was carefully pulling off the terrier's collar. Dinah herself would never wear a collar, and always used to bury it. She used to hide her biscuits also; I suppose that she might have them when she felt more hungry. We watched her one day. She ate half her dinner and set about storing up the other half. First of all she looked around to see if any one was watching her,—no, she could see no one,—she took up the biscuit, went on to the path and trotted round the garden with it about a dozen times. She never left the path, but went on right in the middle. Presently she stopped, looked round, then commenced scratching a hole, stopping every now and then to look round. When the hole was deep enough she dropped the biscuit in, covered it up, and went to her kennel. She would never do it if she knew that any of us were looking at her.

She was always ready to help her friends. We used to keep a few fowls, and at one time had two cocks together. These used to fight so fearfully that we had to separate them at night—one was shut up in the fowl-house, the other slept on, and sometimes I believe in, Dinah's kennel. Dinah and this cock became firm friends. During the day when the fowls were let out the cocks commenced fighting. Immediately Dinah saw them she would run up, strike her heavy paw between them, and leaving her cock alone, would chase the other round and round the garden. A funny thing happened once, about our fowls. One fine summer's day we could not find some of them, but on going upstairs we found them carefully walking—no, jumping, I mean—up the stairs!

Four-footed and feathered pets are always interesting, though they are not nearly so nice as brothers and sisters.

A GOOD WAY.

Two little girls, Lilly and Grace, were playing "keep house." They had strung some twine across the back yard for a clothes-line, and were washing their dolls' clothes in two little tubs.

Along came brother Jack, and with one sweep of his hand jerked the whole washing from the line, and scattered it on the grass. Lilly bubbled over in tears at once. Grace looked very angry for a moment; then a bright smile drove the anger away, and she said very soothingly: "Never mind, Lilly; let's play that Jack was a high wind."