

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1905.

No. 1.

A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

We wonder what the real meaning of this interesting picture is. Is it that the little fellow standing there with his feathered hat in his hand has not been able to say his lesson properly and is going to be punished for a long course of laziness, when his brother interposes and offers to bear it for him? or is it that the boy has been accused of doing something which in reality he did not do, but to save his brother, the real culprit is going to bear the punishment? This may be so. Anyhow, the little boy is actively trying to save his brother.

No boy who has any notion at all of courage and manhood in him, should be afraid to bear his punishment, and we are sure this little fellow would not stand by and see his brother whipped for his own crime. At the same time there is something very noble about the little man who was willing to bear the undeserved punishment of his younger brother. Does not this remind us of the wonderful love and brotherhood of our Saviour, Christ, who bore on the cross the sins and punishment, not of one only, but of the whole world?



A PICTURE WANTING WORDS.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Among the Chinese the New Year is the greatest festival of all the year. The people spend days in making the most extensive preparations to celebrate it.

In China a month commences with a new moon, and so New Year's Day is

sometimes as late as the second or third week in February.

The first ceremony that a Chinese performs when the hour of midnight has passed and the New Year has been entered,

is to worship before the spirit tablets of his ancestors, and at the shrines of the household gods. After this the whole family go out of the front door of the house, while the women and servants of the household lift up lamps or torches to give them light. They then bow and do reverence toward a part of the heavens that has been indicated in the almanac. On New Year's morning the front doors of most of the houses are usually decorated with new "menshin," or door spirits. These are gaudily colored pictures of two generals of past ages. It is told that one of the emperors had a dream in which he was informed that evil spirits were attempting to invade his palace. To prevent their entrance he commanded two of his bravest warriors to keep guard at the palace gates. The spirits, frightened at their warlike appearance, were afraid to enter, and since the death of these famous generals it is said their pictures have been found to be equally effective in keeping away evil spirits from other doors.

Every one who goes abroad during the New Year festival is dressed in his best clothing. The children are gorgeous in their coats of many colors, while the shoes, caps and collars of the babies are all decorated with many-colored embroidery. As the weather is cold all the garments are wadded, and the children look like round balls.

On the fourth day of the month preparations are made for receiving back again the god of the kitchen, who, it is supposed, has been absent since the twenty-

fourth day of the preceding month, spending his New Year's holiday in the invisible regions. He is believed to have carried thither the report of the conduct of the family during the past year. A paper horse and various other things necessary for his journey are usually burned by the household on the evening of his supposed

fourth day of the preceding month, spending his New Year's holiday in the invisible regions. He is believed to have carried thither the report of the conduct of the family during the past year. A paper horse and various other things necessary for his journey are usually burned by the household on the evening of his supposed

departure. Throughout the whole of the New Year festivities idolatrous worship is so intermixed with social customs as to make that season a very trying one to Chinese Christians. They are always unmercifully persecuted by their heathen friends when they refuse to take part in these idolatrous ceremonies.—Ex.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1905.

PROMISE SEEDS.

Here, boys and girls, are four seeds. They are very different, you see, in size and shape. They cannot talk, and yet to me they seem to speak, and each one of them seems to make a promise. This little black one promises me that it will become a beautiful morning-glory, hung thick with brilliant flowers. This large yellow seed makes the promise of a sturdy green corn stalk, bearing stoutly many well-filled ears. This acorn makes promise of a great tree, strong enough to last for centuries, useful for many services of man. And this round brown seed has in it the promise of fragrance and beautiful color and dainty shape, for it is the seed of a sweet-pea.

But what would become of these four promises, if I should lay these seeds on some shelf? You know, all of you, that the promises would soon be dead promises. The only way to make these seed promises amount to anything is to put the seeds in the ground, where rain can fall upon them, and the sun can shine on them, and the soil can feed them.

At the beginning of this year I am sure that all of you want to make some good promises to the dear Saviour who has made so many rich promises to you. But are these promise seeds of yours going to be

laid on the shelf? I think you will all want to plant them. You can do it. You must put them in the soil of a faithful character. You must fertilize them with many prayers. You must pour upon them the strong rains of determination, and you must shed upon them the warm sunlight of faith and hope. If you do these things, then these promise seeds of yours will be sure to grow, and bring forth rich fruit through all the months of this year.—*King's Own.*

LITTLE JOHN THE TYRANT.

They lived, those nine little people of whom I am going to tell you, in a great stone house set in the middle of a beautiful lawn filled with fine old trees. At the side of the house was a garden where all sorts of flowers bloomed. Back of it was another garden where corn and peas and beans and cabbages grew.

People in passing the house and grounds often said: "What a beautiful place! Children who have such a lovely home as that to live in ought to be happy."

But they were not always happy, those nine children who lived there. You think it was a large family? Bless your hearts! they were not the only children who lived in that big house. Why, when they went out to play, there were so many that they seemed to swarm like bees. But the nine were of about the same age, and nearly always played together in a group by themselves.

Now I think you have guessed that the big stone house was a home, where children, whose fathers and mothers were gone away, lived and were taken care of by good people. That is just it.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Those were the words over the front door, carved into the stone.

One sunny summer afternoon the nine little friends had finished their lessons and gone out to play. John Potter was their leader; he nearly always led in everything. They were getting ready for a Fourth-of-July celebration, but they didn't like some of John's rules. In fact, he often made rules that they didn't like.

"I think you might let me drum on my own drum once in awhile," said Charlie Davis. "I've never drummed it once!"

"No!" said John. "Georgie is to drum it, I tell you." Then John scowled.

"Say," said Davie Wood, "just let me fire a few of my crackers before night. Miss Eastman said I might; she said there would be plenty left for night, and that I ought to fire some of them myself."

"Well, I say you oughtn't," said John, as if he were the king and must be minded. "Don't you dare to touch those fire-crackers. I want every one of them for the barrel."

"I'm going to give one of my papers of

torpedoes to Nellie Blake, anyhow," said little Lloyd Anderson. "She hasn't a single Fourth-of-July thing! Miss Eastman said I could."

"Well, you just can't!" said John fiercely. "What does a little girl want of torpedoes?"

What do you think those eight children did? Davie Wood called a meeting out behind the wood shed, and they every one of them voted that John Potter was too cross for anything, and ordered them about as though they had no rights, and that they wouldn't have him for their leader another hour! They would vote for Davie Wood to lead the Fourth-of-July celebration, and they wouldn't ask John Potter to come to it at all, because he wouldn't let them use their own things when they wanted to, and because he had been away visiting at Dr. Westwood's house for two whole days, and felt above them all.

They carried out their plans, too; and had their celebration without any of John's help; though of course he couldn't help seeing and hearing the pin wheels and things.

"But I ought to be in it!" said John.

Miss Eastman spoke gently. "My boy John must learn not to be a tyrant, if he wants to be in things."

A RARE COIN.

A guinea is an English gold coin, first struck in the reign of King Charles II., of gold which had been brought from the coast of Guinea, whence its name. Its value is twenty-one shillings, or about \$5.12.

Guineas have not been coined since 1817, when they were superseded by the English sovereign, and are now become rare.

They, consequently, are sold at a premium, according to age and preservation.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE.

Do you know what bad deeds are like? I will tell you:

"Bad deeds in the heart are like weeds in the garden. If allowed to remain they will overrun, outgrow and root out the habits of virtue and honor. Who would not laugh to see a farmer hoeing his weeds? And yet a more foolish thing is the cultivation of evil habits."

A little girl of eight was going to recite at a Sunday-school concert. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came, the little thing was trembling so she could hardly speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it, "Jesus said, Suffer," but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her. "Suffer little children—and don't stop them, anybody, for he wants them all to come." And that is true. There is not a child of any age that he does not want.

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NEW YEAR BELLS.

O'er the snowy meadows ringing
Comes the chiming, sweet and clear;
Hark, the message they are bringing,
"Unto all a glad New Year!"
List how softly they are stealing,
Louder now, oh, joyful bells!
Then again so faintly pealing—
Thus the music dies and swells.

How I love to hear them ringing,
Like a tuneful hymn of praise!
With the bells my heart is singing,
"Joyful be the dawning days!"
New Year! New Year! thou hast roses,
Summer light and all things fair,
Every hour new joy discloses,
Blessings crown us everywhere.

Mother says this year will render
Sweeter gifts than dreams can know
Unto gentle lives and tender,
Unto hearts with love that glow;
Hands that move in help and cheering,
Little footsteps swift to aid—
Mother says the year that's nearing
Brings them flowers that never fade.

So ring out, oh, bells of gladness,
Happy bells! ring out and say,
"Little children, fear no sadness;
Gentle Jesus leads the way.
He will still be watching o'er you
Down the path untrod and dim;
Day by day he goes before you—
Little lambs, come follow him."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 15.

JESUS WINS HIS FIRST DISCIPLES.
John 1. 35-51. Memorize verses 40, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.—John 1. 49.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read what John the Baptist said. John 1. 29-34.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses from your Bible. John 1. 35-51.
- Wed.* Learn Nathanael's confession. Golden Text.
- Thur.* Find another call of two brothers. Matt. 4. 21.
- Fri.* Learn the right way to obey. Matt. 4. 20.
- Sat.* Learn the good of following Jesus. Hosea 6. 3.
- Sun.* Try to make a certain scribe's words your own. Matt. 8. 19

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How did Jesus begin his Church? By going among the people. What did John the Baptist say of him? "Behold the Lamb

of God." Who wanted to know the Lamb of God? Two of John's disciples. Who were they? John and Andrew. What did Jesus do for them? He took them to his lodging. Whom did Andrew bring to Jesus? His brother Simon. Whom did Jesus call next? Philip of Bethsaida. And whom did Philip bring to Jesus? Nathanael. Did Nathanael believe in Jesus? Not at first. When did he believe? When Jesus read his heart. What did Nathanael say? Golden Text. How many disciples had Jesus then? Five.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Jesus called men to be his disciples.
2. They heard the call in their hearts.
3. He calls all his disciples in the same way.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.

THE FIRST MIRACLE IN CANA.

John 2. 1-11. Memorize verse 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whosoever he saith unto you, do it.—John 2. 5.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses carefully. John 2. 1-11.
- Tues.* Find the names of the five disciples.
- Wed.* Learn the words of Mary. John 2. 5
- Thur.* Read about God's kind of wine. Psa. 104. 15.
- Fri.* Read about men's kind of wine. Prov. 23. 29-32.
- Sat.* Learn why Jesus could do this miracle. John 1. 3.
- Sun.* Learn what the true wine is like. John 4. 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who were the first disciples of Jesus? John, Andrew, Simon, Philip and Nathanael. Where did they go with Jesus? Into Galilee. How long had they been disciples? Three days. What did Jesus find? That he must go to a wedding at Cana. With whom did he go? With his mother and his disciples. What happened? The wine gave out. What did Mary do? She spoke about it to Jesus and to the servants. What stood near? Six large water jars. What did Jesus do? He told the servants to fill them with water. What did it become? Wine. Who served it at Jesus' word? The servants. What did the master of the feast call it? The best of the wine.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord wants his children to be good.
2. He also wants them to be happy.
3. He can make them both good and happy.

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

"Oh, papa!" It was Master Fred's voice. It was not a cry of alarm or distress, but one of intense surprise. Mr.

Durnell descended the steps which led into the cellar, and saw his son staring at a long, frail, whitish-yellow vine that had clambered across the floor.

"What is it, papa?" asked Fred, "And where did it come from?"

"We'll soon see," replied the father.

He lit a match, and followed the vine to a dark corner; and Fred saw that it had grown out of a half-decayed potato.

"Why, that's queer, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is not unusual," rejoined his father; "the vine simply obeyed a law of its nature. In what direction did it creep?"

"Toward the cellar window," Fred said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Attracted by what?" asked the father.

"To find what?"

"Sunshine, I guess," was Fred's answer.

"Yes, my son. And see with what persistency it sought the light! The fire-place was in its way, and it crept around it; the vinegar-barrel was an obstruction, and it crept over it. Now let us examine the end of the vine."

As he spoke, he led the way to the window.

"See," he said. "It has put out leaves at the point; and the ends of the leaves are tinged with a delicate green, a tint and vigor absorbed from the sunlight, which will grow greener and stronger every day. If you turned the vine away from the window, and came to look at it to-morrow, you would find that it had set out for the light again."

"Would it?" asked Fred, almost incredulously.

"Yes, my boy; I have tried the experiment. What does the plant seem to desire most?"

"Light," replied Fred.

"And what inference can be drawn from that?"

Fred debated a moment. "That light is essential to life," he said; "that we need sunshine as well as the plants."

"But there is a spiritual significance," his father gravely remarked.

A thoughtful look came into Fred's face. "I know what you mean, papa," he said; "our spiritual life needs light."

"Or we will not grow," added his father.

WHAT IS ICE?

"Who can tell me what ice is?" asked the schoolteacher one day in the classroom. In answer to her question, a little girl, raised her hand.

"Tell me what you think it is," said the teacher.

"Ice is water that is fast asleep," replied the little girl.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LITTLE MARY.

"Mamma," said Mary one morning as she stood watching her mother, who was very busy, "I don't like to stay at home all the time. I want to go to some place!" and, as she spoke, she gave her little body a twist that told that she was not pleased.

Now Mary was scarcely five years old, and a sweet-tempered child. This complaining tone was so unusual that mamma was silent for some minutes, when she said:

"And is my little girl not glad that she has a home and a kind mamma? Did she ever think how many children there are in the world that have neither home nor friends to care for them?"

Mary was silent for a few minutes, and said, "Did you ever know any such children?"

"Oh, yes, I have known a great many," said mamma, seeing only to notice her work and not the change of tone and expression of her little girl.

"Then do tell me about one, won't you, mamma?" asked Mary, her face losing every trace of discontent.

"I can," said her mother, as she drew her near and kissed her upturned face. "I will tell you of a little girl I once knew, who had no home, and if she had a mother I never knew it."

"Where did she live, and what was her name?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"Well," continued her mother, "she lived in the country with a rich lady, who had large fields, and lots of cows and pigs and chickens, and everything that is found on a farm."

"Oh, it would be so nice to live in the country," said Mary, her eyes dancing with delight; "but who was she?"

"Her name was Dinah," said mamma, "and she might have been very happy for all that surrounded her, but the lady was very unkind to Dinah. Her poor little white face might have been pretty, but for its lean, pinched look."

"Why didn't the lady be like her mamma, kind and good?" said Mary, looking very grave.

"Well, I suppose she did not love her as her mamma would."

"But what did she do?" asked Mary.

"Well," said her mother, laying down her work and drawing her little girl near her, "she washed the dishes, picked up chips, carried wood, ran errands, and indeed everything that a little girl of eight years old could do. I think little Dinah's feet were often tired when she finished her last task and was sent alone to bed, with no kind mamma to hear the little prayer, and give her a good-night kiss as my little girl has."

"Oh, mamma!" said Mary, the tears already dropping off the dimpled cheeks, "how could she be good or happy?"

"Perhaps," continued mamma, "she obeyed from fear of being punished, and as to being happy, I do not think she was. But does my little girl know that there are many, many little girls who are sad and tired always; little girls who have no home, no mamma, nothing to make them happy?"

"Oh!" said Mary, laying her head on her mother's lap, and crying bitterly, "I am so sorry for poor little Dinah! Where is she now? I would like to find her, and bring her to our house, and make her happy."

"I do not know," said mamma, brushing back the tangled hair and drying the tears. "It is many years since I saw Dinah. Perhaps she found a better home; and I hope my little girl will always be thankful for the blessings she now enjoys."

Mary kissed her mamma many times, and said she hoped so, too.

THE STORM KING.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

The storm king's out this winter night

With all his merry men—

With bold North Wind so keen and bright,

And gay Jack Frost in drapings white,

And snow imps howling in their delight

That winter's come again.

To-morrow all the world will lie

One shining stretch of snow,

Under a blue and cloudless sky.

"Hurrah!" the boys and girls will cry,

And down the hill the sleds will fly,

Then up more slowly go.

THE LITTLE PRAYER.

At a meeting for children a prayer of three words was given them to learn: "Lord, help me."

The teacher said, "If you get into any trouble and will pray this prayer, you will find help."

Little Lulu went home from the meeting and told her mother about it. "Whenever I get into trouble I shall know what to do," she said. "I will pray this little prayer."

A few days after, as she was returning from school she saw an ugly-looking cow in the road. She was very much afraid of cows, and what should she do? All at once the little three-worded prayer came into her mind, and she ran home, saying, "Oh, mamma, I met a very dangerous cow, and at first I was afraid to go by her; but I said, 'Lord, help me,' and the cow never looked at me."

Lulu's little prayer led her mother to say, "I'll try it, too."

Give with love your off'ring true,
Give as has been given to you;
Show your love for Christ the Lord,
Helping all to hear his word.