

# SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1906.

No. 7

## GOD'S CARE.

Every little floweret  
Which growing up you see;  
Every pink little shell  
You've gathered from the sea;  
Every little thing that lives,  
In earth or sea or air—  
God has made, and watches over  
With his loving care.

"We could not see the bride, as she was shut up in the closed sedan-chair; and even after her arrival at the house of the bridegroom we could not at first see her face, as she was closely veiled. Just at candle-light a large number of guests had assembled, with their wedding garments on, to join in the festivities, when the sound of fire-crackers and music an-

generally manage such things for them by a 'go-between,' or 'middle-man.'"

## THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Hark! a voice from Asia stealing;  
Children's voices we discern;  
Voices sweet and full of feeling  
Such as come from hearts that burn:



A WEDDING PROCESSION

A CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

## A WEDDING IN CHINA.

"The bride was brought at candle-light in the bridal chair—a large, beautifully embroidered sedan-chair—borne by four well-dressed bearers. The chair was preceded by men and boys bearing flags and lighted lanterns, although it was still light. Following the chair was a band of musicians composed mostly of boys—all gaily dressed and full of fun. Then came attendants and several porters carrying bedding and household furniture enough to set up housekeeping. This was all provided by the bridegroom a month or two before the happy occasion.

announced the approach of the bride, and many voices exclaimed, 'The bride is coming! the bride is coming!'

"When the chair was put down near the door there was another explosion of fire-crackers and the sound of music. A lot of gilt paper is burned near the door and a small quantity of rice is sprinkled near by the entrance, as emblematic of prosperity. The bridegroom and bride never see each other's faces until the day of their marriage, or, at least, they are supposed not to have met. In many cases they do meet. There is no courting done in China by the young men, as the parents

"Come and teach us:

We are young, and we can learn.

"From our idols, scorned and hated—  
Wooden gods that we could burn—  
Unto Him whose word created  
Heaven and earth we fain would turn.  
Come and teach us;  
We are young, and we can learn.

"We have heard of One who never  
Little children's prayers doth spurn:  
Guide us to His feet, and ever  
Heartfelt thanks will we return.  
Come and teach us;  
We are young, and we can learn."

### OLD DAME CRICKET.

Old Dame Cricket,  
Down in a thicket,  
Brought up her children nine—  
Queer little chaps,  
In glossy black caps,  
And brown little suits so fine.

"My children," she said,  
"The birds are abed;  
Go and make the dark earth glad.  
Chirp while you can!"  
And then she began,  
Till oh, what a concert they had!

They hopped with delight  
They chirrupped all night,  
Singing, "Cheer up! cheer up! cheer!"  
Old Dame Cricket,  
Down in the thicket,  
Sat away till dawn to hear.

"Nice children," she said,  
"And very well bred;  
My darlings have done their best.  
Their nap they must take;  
The birds are awake,  
And they can sing all the rest."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1906.

### OBEYING ORDERS.

An English farmer saw a party of huntsmen riding about his farm. He sent a boy to shut the gate, and not to open it for any one. The huntsmen came up and ordered the boy to open it. This he declined to do. He said his master had told him not to open the gate, and he intended to obey him. After a while, one of the huntsmen came up to the boy, and said, commandingly: "My boy, do you know

me? I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open that gate."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor; but he replied firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut. No one is to pass through but with my master's permission."

Greatly pleased, the honest old soldier lifted his hat, as he replied: "I honor the man or boy that cannot be frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world."

Handing the boy a gold coin, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off, shouting: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon could not do: I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

### A LITTLE KNIGHT.

The story is told of Sir Walter Raleigh, an English knight who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day when the queen was walking around her palace grounds, she came to a muddy spot. She stopped a moment, fearing that she might soil her dress in trying to cross this place. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was close at hand, seeing the difficulty, took off his loose, flowing cloak and, spreading it over the wet ground, invited the queen to pass over, which she was able to do safely without soiling her dress.

This was a very polite act on the part of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here is a little incident in which a street boy showed much the same spirit as that knight of olden time.

There was a Christmas treat to be given at a mission hall in Edinburgh and hundreds of little children were gathered at the doors some time before the hour of admittance. Among the number was a sweet-faced little girl who was barefoot and who shivered in her thin jacket and danced from one foot to the other on the cold, hard stones. A boy not much older watched the poor little girl for a few minutes, and then he took his cap, put it down before her, and said: "You can stand on that."

It was a simple act, but it showed the spirit of a true little knight, and the world would be a happier place if there was more of this spirit everywhere.—*Apples of Gold.*

### THREE BOYS.

"Watch that boy now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had

been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw him.

First, he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There! He's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp nearer to it," said Phil.

"Well, if I ever! If he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look, he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mother, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mother, take my chair," he said. Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.

### BEARING FRUIT.

Little ones may be just like the fruitful trees;

Buds are like our thoughts, which only Jesus sees;

Blossoms are like faces, smiling, clean and bright;

Leaves are gentle words, good fruit is doing right.

Jesus said, "Ye knew them by the fruit they bear;"

Words and looks and actions show just what we are.

Bad thoughts, like the buds of poisonous fruits and flowers,

Yield no pleasant fragrance, cheer no weary hours.

Happy are the children who have learned to be

Patient, mild and loving, cheerful, kind and free;

They are trees of promise, bearing fruit of love;

They shall bloom for ever in God's home above.

Saviour, make us good and kind, like thee. Then each one will be a fruitful tree,

Bearing buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,

Bearing precious fruit to lay at Jesus' feet.

**SOME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.**

When mamma scolds her little girl,  
Or papa sugar-plums has brought her,  
She says with saucy emphasis,  
"I'm papa's little daughter."

When papa chides, or frowns at her,  
For naughty ways we have not taught  
her,  
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,  
"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma too  
Must scold for wrong in which they've  
caught her,  
She sobs in broken-heartedness,  
"I ain't—nobody's daughter."

But when she's sweet, and kind, and true,  
And sees the good that love has brought  
her,  
She says with loving promptitude,  
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED  
IN THE GOSPELS.

**LESSON II.—APRIL 8.**

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-14. Memorize verses 7, 8.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it  
holy.—Exodus 20. 8.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

One way of knowing hypocrites is to note how they watch other people to try to find them in a fault. That was the habit of the Pharisees. They loved to find fault with others, especially with Jesus himself. One Sabbath morning he and his disciples went through a corn-field and because they were hungry they picked and ate the grain. This the Pharisees said was a sin, for they had made many hard and foolish laws about the Sabbath. Jesus rebuked them by showing them it is a much better way to keep the Sabbath by being merciful and helping others. They also blamed him for healing a poor man with a helpless hand. Jesus tried to explain to them how if a sheep fell into a pit it would be right to get it out on the Sabbath day, and that a man was of more importance than a sheep. So he declared it was lawful to do good to others on the Sabbath day. Because they were such sticklers about the law this angered the Pharisees and they talked over plans to destroy him.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. Who were the Pharisees? Those who pretended to be good.
2. What did they most care about? Keeping certain laws.
3. Were they right and kind at heart? No.

4. What were they fond of doing? Finding fault with others.
5. What did Jesus teach them? To be merciful is better than to make sacrifices.

**LESSON III.—APRIL 15.**

JESUS' POWER OVER DISEASE AND  
DEATH.

Luke 7. 1-17. Memorize verses 14, 15.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11. 25.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

To-day's lesson tells of two wonderful miracles, of Christ's bringing back life to two that were dead. In each case it was the result of great faith. This centurion was very fond of his servant and afraid he would die. When he heard of Jesus he sent the elders of the Jews to beg him to come. They told Jesus what a worthy man he was, how he had built a synagogue and was a good, patriotic Jew. When the centurion saw Jesus coming he felt so humble and unworthy to have Jesus enter his house. But he had faith to believe he could heal his dear servant whether he entered his house or not. Jesus honored the man's faith and cured his servant before reaching the house.

Jesus was always so tender-hearted and full of compassion. In the little village of Nain he saw a poor widow weeping because her only son had just died. He knew her grief, and her faith, and he restored her son to her and bade her weep no more.

**QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.**

1. What is a centurion? A Roman officer who has charge of one hundred soldiers.
2. What had the centurion done? Built a synagogue.
3. Who was ill? His servant.
4. Was it his good works or his faith that Jesus honored? His faith.
5. Was the centurion humble? Yes, he felt unworthy to have Jesus enter his house.
6. Whose son did he call back to life? The widow of Nain.
7. What did Jesus say to her? "Weep not."

**A YOUNG MAN OF IMPORTANCE.**

Tommy lives on a fine large farm. Of course Tommy's father really owns it, but somehow Tommy has come to think that it all belongs to him. He knows that the work he does could not be left undone, and he feels sure that no one else could do it so well as he does, so you see, if he was not on that farm it would all go to ruin in a short time. Tommy feeds the chickens, takes salt to the sheep sometimes, drives the cows to and from pasture fields every day, leads the tired

horses to water every evening, gathers the fresh eggs every morning, and attends to a number of other "chores" about the place. He does all his work so well that his father never has to ask, "Tommy, have you attended to the horses?" or, "Tommy, were the calves fed to-day?" He can trust his son to do carefully all the work that is his. This morning Tommy is out of work. It is a holiday. All his morning's tasks are done. The chickens are picking up the grains of corn that he has just scattered to them, the eggs are carefully laid away in a basket, so the hens do not need any more attention for the day. What had he better do next? He thinks perhaps the men in the wheat-field need his help, and so he trots off to join the men at work in a field a mile away.

Johnnie threw a paper wad in school in such a way that the teacher thought it was Charley. Charley saw Johnnie throw it, but he would not tell the teacher, and so he was kept in at recess as punishment. That night Charley told his mamma about it. His mamma advised him to try the Bible rule, and return good for evil. Charley decided to do so, and the next morning he took Johnnie a fine red apple. This made him so ashamed of his mean act that he went up to the teacher and confessed his fault, and after that the boys were very good friends.

**THE PIPE AND THE SOAP  
BUBBLE.**

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

"I am little," the soap-bubble said, "just now;

Oh, yes, I am small, I know;"  
(This is what it said to the penny pipe);  
"But watch and see me grow.

"Now, look! and reflected in me you'll see  
The windows, the chairs and door.  
I'm a whole little world; did you ever  
know  
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,  
Crimson and green and blue.  
You could hardly hope such a lovely thing  
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;  
"I am going now; good-bye!  
I shall float and float away from here,  
Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float—" But, puff! the bubble  
broke.  
The pipe near the nursery floor  
Never looked nor spoke, but went on with  
its work,  
And blew a great many more.



"O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED."

## O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

O sacred Head, now wounded  
 With grief and shame weighed down,  
 So scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, thine only crown;  
 How art thou pale with anguish,  
 With sore abuse and scorn!  
 How do those features languish,  
 Which once were fair as morn!  
 What language shall I borrow  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 This love that knew no end?  
 Oh, make me thine for ever,  
 And, should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to thee.

The saloon is a temptation to a great many. It is very hard work for men who have the love of strong drink to pass by. One little boy who does not mean to be caught has adopted this plan. He says: "Papa, I'll tell you how I go by the saloon. I go first as near to the outside of the walk as I can, and I hold my nose and shut my mouth; and then, after I have got by, I spit before I swallow."

A great many boys like that, grown up, would be an untold blessing to the land.

## ONA BLANKETS.

The Ona tribe live along the coast of Tierra del Fuego, and perhaps have as low a standard of comforts as any uncivilized people in the whole world. Their home is a saucer-shaped hollow scooped out of the ground. In the ridge around this hole some brushwood is placed, and a skin is hung up on the side from which the wind blows. The fire is built just outside the hole; but it is only used for cooking, not for warmth, though the cold is intense.

The Onas keep themselves warm in a very simple way: they all lie down on the ground, with the children in the middle of the huddle, and then call to their dogs to come and lie around and over them. An Ona family that has not enough dogs to cover it out of sight is indeed a poverty-stricken household.

These dogs are very hairy, and they certainly make capital substitutes for blankets, as they keep the family both dry and warm.

It was the doings of these Onas that caused that part of South America to be called Tierra del Fuego, which means "Land of Fire;" for it is the habit of these people to communicate with their friends at a distance by means of fires; and when they first saw the marvellous appearance of the ship of the navigator,

Magellan, sailing along their shores, the amount of fire-signalling that went on from one tribe to another was very great. Seeing all the various smokes rising up all along the coast, Magellan declared it to be the "Land of Fire."

## THE BIRD THAT SINGS.

You dear little birdie, who taught you to sing  
 Among the green branches and blossoms of Spring,  
 I wish you would tell me, for then, don't you see,

I'd ask the same person to try to teach me.  
 I wonder, whenever I hear you, if you  
 Have to sit in a tree for an hour or two,  
 And practise your dear little twitter and trill,  
 When it is so dreadfully hard to keep still.

When you want to play in the sunshine all day,  
 Does somebody hold up a finger and say  
 So solemnly: "Now, little bluebird, stay so,  
 And carefully practise your do, re, mi, do?"

Do you have to learn about octaves and thirds?  
 And chords and arpeggios and other hard words?  
 And those terrible scales! Why, of all that I do,  
 I think them the hardest to practise, don't you?

Well, however you do, I am sure of one thing,  
 That I have to practise before I can sing.  
 And with all I may learn, and the best I can do,  
 I never shall sing, little birdie, like you.

## BROWN BETTY.

Mr. Smith always hitched Brown Betty to the hitching post when he got out of the carriage to go into the house. One day he was in a hurry. He drove her up to the post and jumped out of the buggy, saying: "I'll trust you to stand still without being hitched this time, Brown Betty."

He hurried into the house for the package he had forgotten, and when he came out, there stood Brown Betty holding the hitching rope in her teeth. She looked at him wisely, as if to say: "I know how to behave when I'm trusted."

## WORK AND PLAY.

The busy sun got up to-day.  
 "Now while the children are at play,  
 I'll do my work," he said.  
 At six their play was still not done,  
 "Tut, but I'm tired!" said the sun;  
 "It's time to go to bed."