

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVII.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1906.

No. 10.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Of all the flowers that bloom there are none sweeter or more beautiful than the first modest little blossoms that come with the early spring. Boys and girls always seem to know just where they are going to peep through the ground by some peculiar instinct. These little flowers are very shy, however, and have a habit of hiding beneath a number of moist, dead leaves of last fall, or of growing with drooping heads beneath a large protecting green leaf, to make the search for them more interesting. The children in our picture have had a very successful hunt and are coming home with a large number of bright bunches and with one very fine wreath. In our Canadian woods are to be found many pretty kinds of spring flowers — the little white bells of the "Lady's Slipper," bluish and pinkish white violets, known as the "Dog's Tooth Violet," the fragrant purple violets, the marsh mari-



SPRING FLOWERS.

gold and lovely three-leaved trillium. Each of these flowers is given a number of names by boys and girls, who have a

happy way of christening these objects of their love to suit themselves.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen; Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I do not want to," baby demurred; "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked his mother, in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby reluctantly acknowledged.

"Then, if you have done something to make her cross, you had better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested his mother.

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work and stooped, and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mary. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back smiling, his mother asked: "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"O, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 05
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 25
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Ad'cess— **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. **S. F. HUBERT,**
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1906.

FAULT-FINDING.

One of the easiest things in the world is to find fault with other people; but how difficult it is to see our own faults, to understand our weak points, and to remember that as we see faults in others they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse, in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the great artist who painted a picture of his monarch, upon whose brow there was a scar. He placed his king with elbow resting on a table and his head supported by his hand, but with a finger covering the scar. Let us endeavor to place the finger of charity over the scars of our brethren.

QUARRELSOME BIRDS.

"Mamma," called little Edith Bowen, one day in May, "come here quick."

"What is the matter, dear?" asked mamma.

"Why-ee, mamma, I do believe the birds are quarrelling. I thought, 'Birds in their little nests agree.'"

"So they do, but you see these birds are not in their little nests. That is what is the matter. Two birds want the same nest or place to build one, and neither will give up to the other."

"Well, I didn't know before that birds were like folks. Just see how they peck each other; and they scream and talk back. Mamma, they ought to be put into

some closet until they say they will be good. What are all those other birds doing, mamma? They look like a crowd of boys around two boys that are fighting, telling first one and then another to 'hit him again.'"

"That is just what they are doing."

"Mamma, don't they know that is wrong?"

"No, they don't know it is wrong to be selfish and to quarrel, but you do, and yet—"

"Mamma, I'm sorry I wouldn't let Ned have 'Mother Goose.' He may have it now. I'm glad I know what is right and what is wrong. Which bird will give up first, mamma?"

"The weaker one. But it is the other way with little girls and boys. It is the strong one that gives up first. I mean 'strong to do right.'"

A NEW RULE OF THREE.

Ethel, Rose, and May rolled hoops all one afternoon. They had such a good time that another little girl grew wistful watching them.

"There's the new girl," said May.

"She'd like to come with us," answered Ethel, "I know, the way she looks. I shan't lend my hoop."

May said no more, but whenever they passed the newcomer's porch her heart gave a little thump.

Ethel's must have done so too, for she said: "Her mother ought to get her a hoop, 'stead of letting her watch us. I wish she'd go in."

But the stranger hadn't gone in when the nurse came for Ethel and Rose. May was tired, and stood for a moment resting on her hoop.

Then, as if afraid to hesitate, she took her pretty hoop, pushed open the gate, and said very fast: "Won't you use my hoop awhile? I'm tired."

"I might hurt it," said the little girl.

"You can't hurt it easily," said May.

When she came back, her face glowing, she said: "I did want to come with you, but mamma's sick, and I can't ask for a hoop. You were good to lend me yours."

May blushed. "I was mean to wait so long. Is your mother very sick?"

"They won't let me see her. Papa's eyes are red, and nobody notices me."

"I hope she'll soon get well," said May. "Till she does you must use my hoop every day."

It was new for May to do what Ethel and Rose had not begun; but she was loyal to her new friend, and the others were won over.

Now they race and keep three abreast, as they did the first afternoon the new little girl watched them.

They send their hoops on journeys of discovery, running to rescue them with laughter.

But there is always one little girl looking on; for the three who own hoops take turns in lending to the little girl who hasn't a hoop of her own.

"I'm 'stonished," said Rose. "We've more fun with three hoops to four girls than when there were three hoops to three girls."

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

Some marbles are made of marble, and that accounts for the name. But most marbles are made of a hard stone found in Germany. The stone is broken into little square pieces, and then ground round in a mill. They are then polished by a hard wooden block. The marbles made in Germany are sent to Canada and other countries.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Be glad for Easter Day!
The bells are ringing,
The children singing,
Let every mortal say,
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
The sun is shining,
The earth, divining
A cause, makes holiday.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
The life immortal
Has burst the portal
Of death, and soared away.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Let endless praises
Be His, who raises
All hearts to sing and pray.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Since he has risen,
And through the prison
Of death has led the way.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

Be glad for Easter Day!
Let Man and Nature
With every creature
In earth and heaven be gay.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye saints, always,
For Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

A little girl remarked: "When I make the bad thoughts go away, the hole fills up with more." One day when reproved for behaving badly, she said: "It makes me feel bad inside unless I let the bad out."

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,

No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would try to gather them every one,
From nursery, school and street.

Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 20.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Mark 6. 14-29. Memory verse, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess.—Eph. 2. 18.

LESSON STORY.

It is a sad, tragic story, that of the death of John the Baptist.

Herod, the king, gave a great dinner on his birthday. Of course everything was very grand. There were many costly things to eat and drink. After the meal was eaten the king and his friends sat around the table and drank wine until they were drunk and excited. Then the daughter of the king's brother's wife came in and danced very prettily. The king was so pleased with her that in his drunken jollity he promised her anything she asked, even to the half of his kingdom. The damsel ran off to her mother, who, having a grudge for John the Baptist, had had him put in prison. He had been brave enough to say it was wrong of her to marry Herod. The Queen soon said, "Ask for the head of John the Baptist." When the young girl told Herod what was her request he was sorry, but as he was proud, and ashamed to show pity before his guests, he ordered the poor prisoner's head cut off. And it was handed to the wicked queen on a silver tray.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who gave a grand dinner? Herod, on his birthday.
2. What happened? He got foolish with wine.
3. Who danced? A young damsel.
4. What did he promise her? Anything she asked.
5. What did she ask? The head of John the Baptist.
6. Who told her to? Her wicked mother.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON IX.—MAY 27.

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Mark 6. 30-34. Memory verse, 41.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.—John 6. 32.

LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful picture comes before our mind when we think of the scene of this wonderful miracle. On the green hillside overlooking the deep blue sea, with a fair blue sky above, many people had gathered. They heard that Jesus had gone hence to this quiet place, so they sought him out, many coming on foot a long distance.

When Jesus saw them he was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.

In the late afternoon the disciples began to feel anxious, for there was nothing to eat and the people were getting hungry. Jesus knew all this and asked how much food they had with them. Just five loaves and two fishes, which the disciples thought was as nothing among so many. But Jesus told them to bid the people sit down, and to start with what they had, which he blessed, and lo, when it was divided it fed all, and there were left over twelve baskets full, and this crowd numbered about five thousand.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where had Jesus gone? To a quiet desert place.
2. What for? To rest.
3. Who followed him? A great crowd.
4. Did they get hungry? Yes.
5. Had they food? No.
6. Were the disciples alarmed? Yes.
7. What did Jesus ask? How much food they had.
8. What had they? Five loaves and two fishes.
9. Did it feed all? Yes.
10. What was left over? Twelve baskets full.

"They must have good parents," was the remark concerning certain children who attracted the attention of some strangers by their becoming deportment. So we glorify our Father in heaven by Christian living.

HER FIRST PAIR OF SHOES.

The terrible evil of intemperance affects not only the wretched victim of the habit, but every one near and dear to him.

Among many interesting incidents connected with the closing of the saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following:

A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now that they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up-town to-day and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

EASTER.

BY REV. S. A. BRACN.

The Easter bells are ringing
With sweet and joyful sound,
Anew the message bringing
That hope for man is found!
To all whose hearts by sadness,
And grief and toil are pressed,
A message full of gladness,
A message that brings rest.

The Easter lilies meet us,
Arrayed in snowy white,
With sweetest smiles that greet us,
And thrill us with delight.
Of the first Easter morning,
And of the empty tomb
They speak, this day adorning,
And scatter all our gloom.

Each hearty Easter greeting
Along life's rugged way
Reminds us of a meeting
In realms of endless day;
Reminds us of a greeting
From loved ones gone before,
Where all that's vain and fleeting
Shall trouble us no more.

The risen Christ brings gladness
Where'er he enters in,
His smile will banish sadness,
His power will conquer sin.
To all who heed his story
There'll come an Easter Day;
Lighted with God's own glory,
'Twill never pass away.



THE SICK LAMB.

THE SICK LAMB.

Here is a sad case, indeed. The little girl's pet lamb has lost its appetite, and something must certainly be very much amiss with it, when such an alarming symptom as that appears. But the little nurse will no doubt manage the cure successfully. Don't you think, at any rate, she is in a fair way of coaxing the sulky appetite of the little creature into active service again?

PAUL IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Once there was a little boy who all summer long had been very anxious to camp out over night. Behind his mother's house was a large garden—as large as a whole city block—and at the far end of it was a little knoll or hill, with rocks cropping out. It was behind this hill that little Paul wished to camp, for from there the house would be out of sight and it would be “just like truly camping.” So his mother gave him a large old crumb-cloth for a tent, a pair of blankets and a sofa-cushion for a bed; a tin pail full of bread, cold meat, hard-boiled eggs, and some gingerbread and apples for his breakfast; also a bottle of milk, a tin cup, a wooden plate, and a small package of pepper and salt. She then gave him some cotton to

put in his ears—to keep out little bugs and things.

She had the hired man help drive the stakes and fasten the crumb-cloth over them. The hired man of his own accord brought from the barn a large bundle of hay to spread under the blankets, so as to make a comfortable bed. By twilight everything was ready, and Paul kissed his mother, his aunt and his big sister good-bye, and shouldering his cross-bow, marched away to the “Rocky Mountains,” as he called the little knoll.

He pinned back the doors of his tent with big catch-pins, and then sat down on the ground. Everything was very still, but the bright tin pail and the bottle of milk looked very comfortable in the soap-box cupboard; the brave cross-bow, with its pin-pointed arrows, promised safety; while the blankets, sofa-cushion and the soft hay were all that any reasonable camper could ask for.

But it was so dreadfully still! Not even the smallest baby-breeze was stirring; through a hole in the crumb-cloth shone a star, and the star made out-doors seem stiller yet. Paul unbuttoned one shoe and then the other and sat for a while listening. Then, suddenly kicking off his shoes, he scrambled under the blankets and lay quite still. He was a very small boy, and somehow camping out wasn't delightful in every way.

It was nearly half-past eight. Mamma was knitting, the aunt was sewing, and the big sister was standing on the dictionary rehearsing her elocution exercise. Nobody but mamma heard the back hall door open and the tiny feet go stealing upstairs. When the elocution lesson was over, mamma said she must go and find the mate to the stocking she was knitting.

So she went up-stairs; but before looking for the stocking, she went into Paul's room. There in the starlight, she saw the

brown curly head cuddled into its customary pillows. She was a good and faithful mamma, and so she did not laugh—out loud. She stooped over the half-hidden head and whispered, “Were you lonesome, dear?” and Paul whispered back, “Kind of lonesome—and I heard something swallowing very close to my head. And so I came in. And—you won't tell, will you, mamma?”

Faithful mamma didn't “tell”—not until long afterward, when Paul had grown to be so old and big that he went “truly camping” far away to the Rocky Mountains.

And what was the “swallowing” that Paul heard so close to his head? I think it must have been an imaginary noise. Don't you?

THE DROPPED STITCH.

Grandmother sat in her easy chair,
Knitting a little girl's stocking;
And she didn't know that she dropped a
stitch,
While she sat there knitting and rock-
ing.

But by and by, when the stocking was
worn,
There appeared a great hole in the knee
of it,
Which grew till the little girl found to
her shame,
The hole was all people could see of it.

A little girl went to school one time,
But to study she didn't feel willing;
So she sat and played without thinking
then
Of how much time she was killing.

But when she at last to womanhood grew,
She found too late to her sorrow,
That the lessons unlearned were the
stitches she'd dropped,
And no mending time could she borrow.

So, now, little friends, you'd better take
heed
And improve every hour with its
niches,
For life is too short for you to make up
For any lost time or dropped stitches.

FRETTERS.

A little girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it do so.