

# SUNBEAM

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## CHRISTIAN CHINA-MAN PREACHING.

The great work of evangelizing China must be carried on largely by the Chinese themselves. All the churches in Christendom can scarcely hope to do more than furnish sufficient missionaries to plant the germs of the Gospel in different parts of that vast empire, in the hope that God will raise up native missionaries to carry on the good work, and this hope has not been disappointed. There have been several native missionaries who have proved very eloquent and successful in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to their countrymen. The picture annexed shows one of these standing in a doorway, and proclaiming to a group in the street the unsearchable riches of Christ. They seem to be very intelligent and docile hearers, and doubtless the seed thus sown in many places is followed with very blessed results.



CHRISTIAN CHINA-MAN PREACHING.

## LITTLE SINS.

Charlie was spending a winter with his married sister. Every one thought him a good boy; indeed, he himself was quite sure he could do nothing wrong. One day, as he was passing the pantry, he saw a box of raisins; they were the largest raisins he had ever seen. He stepped in slyly and took bunch after bunch, and then slipped away, feeling like a thief, and yet thinking, "It is only a little thing." This he did day after day, till there was quite a hole in the box of raisins; still, no one seemed to notice it.

One day a visitor told the following story at the dinner-table:

Walking through a fine park two years before, he had seen a large sycamore tree. A wood-worm about three inches long was forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. "Ah!" said the gentleman who was with him, "in time that worm will kill the tree."

"A hard thing to believe," said his friend.

"By and by you will see," replied the other.

Soon the worm was found to have gotten quite a distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves dropped off earlier than usual. Something serious seemed the matter. When the next summer came, just two years from the time the worm began its work—the tree was dead. The hole made by the worm could be seen in the very heart of the trunk. "You were right," said the gentleman. "The tree was ruined by the worm only three inches long." If a worm could do such harm, what may not what persons call "little sins" do to a man or woman, a boy or girl?

Charlie felt the blood rush into his face. He was sure every one must know about the raisins, and that the story was told on purpose. He did not dare look up from his plate. After dinner they all went into the parlor; but as no one took special notice of him, Charlie concluded he must have been mistaken. Still, he began to feel now, as never before, that God knew all about it. The next time he was tempted to take from a basket what was not his, he remembered what the worm did to the tree. "That is just what sin is doing to my soul," he thought. He drew back in tear and ran away as fast as possible; nor could he rest till he had told his sister. Then he went with a lowly, penitent heart to his heavenly Father, asking that all his sins might be forgiven, and that for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ a new spirit might be put within him.