

SUNBEAM

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No. 10.

A SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Look at all the little Chinese boys sitting at their desks and so attentively reading their lessons. They all seem to be reading at once, or perhaps they are having a singing lesson, for some of them certainly are opening their mouths too wide for ordinary reading. Round the walls are maps, pictures, and some of the strange signs used in the

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD SAID.

Mamma had told Phebe that she could not go to play with Jenny Wright that morning; so when Phebe knew that mamma wouldn't see her, she ran away.

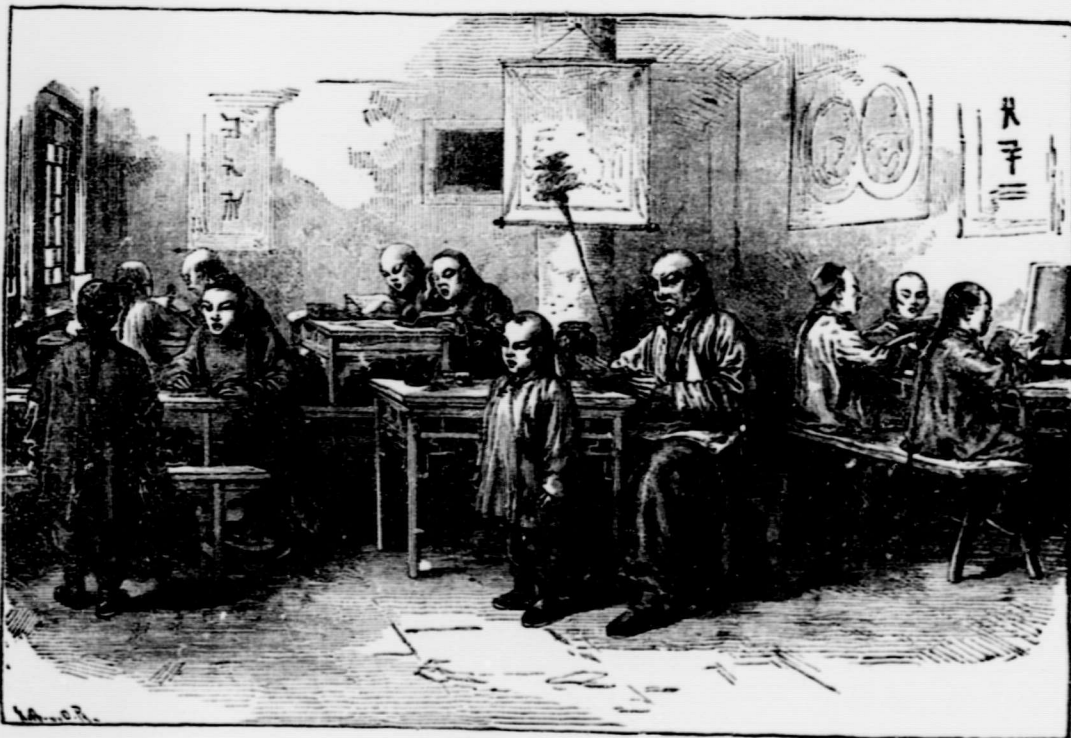
A little bird lit on the fence and sung: "Phe-be! Phe-be!"

Phebe stopped.

Again the bird sung: "Phe-be! Phe-be!"

his leg had been badly crushed and broken by the accident. An operation was performed, and every care taken to sustain his strength, but the poor little fellow appeared to sink under his load of pain. One day, while lying in his cot, he groaned and cried very much, and aroused all the sympathies of a little girl who lay near him.

She turned on her pillow and tried to comfort him.



A SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Chinese language, and on the table, by the master's side, we can see the familiar form of a teapot, and two little cups; for what Chinaman can get through the day without his cup of tea? The funniest thing is that the boy reading stands with his back to the master. There can be no "looking on" in his case.

More important than the thing you do may be the discipline of the doing.

Then Phebe turned and went back, saying to herself: "If the birds have found out that I'm running away, I'd better go back home!"—*Selection.*

WAITING FOR JESUS TO PASS BY.

Some time ago a little boy was run over in the streets of New York and seriously injured. He was carried to a hospital, where, on examination, it was found that

"Little Willy," she said, "is your pain so bad that you moan so? Why don't you ask Jesus to take it away?"

"I don't know Jesus; who is he?" said the child.

"Why, he is our Saviour, Willy. Don't you know Jesus? When we suffer pain we tell Jesus, and he comes and takes it all away," said the dear little girl, whose name was Sarah.

"And will he come to me and take