

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1904.

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.

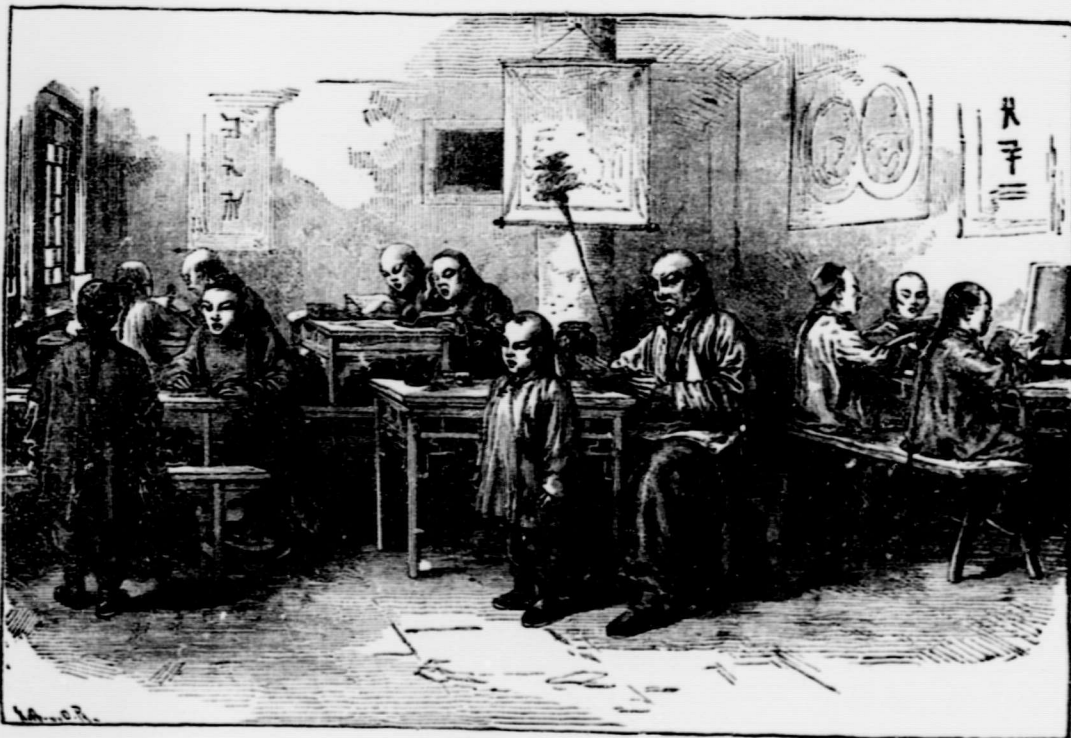
A little bird lit on the fence and sung: "Phe-be! Phe-be!"

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

away my pain, Sarah?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Yes, Willy, I know he will if you ask him."

"But I am such a little fellow; don't you think the Saviour may overlook me among so many here?"

"No, Willy; he cares for every little child." Then Sarah told him her little story about Jesus, and ended by saying, "He loves little children; and when he lived on earth he took them up in his arms and blessed them."

"Then I will hold up my little hand," said Willy, "and when the Saviour passes by he will notice me."

The little trembling hand was raised, and he waited patiently for Jesus; but, being weak and weary from suffering, he dropped asleep.

How long he slept none knew, for when the nurse went to his bedside some time afterward, little Willy was dead. The Saviour passed by while he slept, and had taken him from all pain and suffering.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 14, 1904.

### IN A MINUTE.

Ethel was out on the long plank wharf when the dinner-bell rang. She was feeding the cunning little baby ducks with cracker crumbs.

"I'll go in a minute," she said to herself, as she broke another cracker into tiny pieces; but the baby ducks were hungry, and it was such fun to feed them that Ethel forgot all about her dinner and the big

brass dinner-bell, just as she had done ever so many times before.

She had only one cracker left when Bruno came running down the wharf to see her. The old mother duck spied him as he came bouncing over the planks.

"Quack!" she called, loudly; and what do you think? Every one of those baby ducklings scrambled and scrambled, and into the water they went with a splash.

"Quack!" said the mother duck again, and all the little duckies swam hurriedly after her and disappeared among the rushes that grew by the edge of the pond.

"Why," exclaimed Ethel, in astonishment, "they didn't wait to gobble another piece. They minded their mother the very first minute she called them."

Very still she stood for a second, thinking; and then she gave her basket to Bruno, and ran quickly up the wharf, across the street, and into the house.

"Late, as usual," said brother Hal, as Ethel came into the dining-room and took her seat at the table. "It's twenty minutes, instead of one, that you waited this noon," he continued, as he glanced up at the clock.

"But it's the last time I'll be late," said Ethel, decidedly, "'cause—'cause—it is."

And Ethel kept her word. She had learned her lesson, and learned it well; and nobody but the big white mother duck knew who taught it to her.

I'm very sure that she will always keep her secret; but why? She can't tell it; that's all.—*Youth's Companion*.

### PUSSY'S BIG PLAYMATE.

The superintendent of the Central Park menagerie, at New York, the other day found in the rhinoceros cage his large black cat, Snyder, which had been missing for a week. While going through the elephant house, in which Smiles, the old rhinoceros, is kept, Superintendent Smith saw the missing cat coiled up in the hay beside the big beast. The rhinoceros was licking the cat's paw with its tongue. Superintendent Smith watched the pair for a time, and tried to coax the cat out; but it would not leave Smiles. A keeper informed him that the two had struck up a strong friendship in the past week, and, when the rhinoceros was asleep, the cat would frequently perch itself on Smiles' back and keep watch.

"In its native state," explained Superintendent Smith, "a bird known to hunters as the rhinoceros-bird keeps watch over the rhinoceros when sleeping, and pecks at his ears to arouse it at the approach of danger. Nature, perhaps, is working on the same lines in bringing Smiles and Snyder together; but it's a queer friendship, and I shall not disturb it."—*Alliance*.

### HOW HE MANAGED.

You never seem to get weary;  
You work about all day.  
Do you ever wish for evening,  
Or for a time to play?

You go to the store for mamma—  
She's too busy to go;  
You run to play with baby—  
It takes your time, I know.

You always help little sister—  
Her sums are very hard;  
It is your task, I see, to cut  
The long grass in the yard.

"All these things trouble me little,  
They do not spoil my day;  
I meet them as they come to me,  
And try to think they're play."

### "I WANT YOU."

One stormy night when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father, who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

### NCT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

A collie in Scotland, whom I know well, is in the habit of fetching from his master's room slippers, cap, keys, or anything he is sent for. One day, sent on the usual errand, he did not reappear. His master followed, and found that the door of the bedroom had blown to, and that the dog was a prisoner.

Some days later he was again told to fetch something; and as the wind was high, his master, after a few minutes' delay, followed him. He found him in the act of fixing the door firmly back with the door-mat, which he had rolled up for the purpose, and having taken this precaution, the prudent animal proceeded to look for the slippers.

It takes years to form a good character, but a few minutes are sufficient to seriously if not irreparably damage it.

### BOYS

Boys of spirit,  
Boys of muck  
Fit to cope with  
These are wa

Not the weak a  
Who all trot  
Not the watchy  
But the nobl

Do whate'er yo  
With a true  
Bend your sin  
Put your sho

Though your d  
Look not on  
If it be an hor  
Do it with a

In the worksho  
At the desk,  
From your fut  
Comes a nat

### LESSON

#### SECON

SIX MONTHS WITH

#### LESSON

JESUS TEA

Mark 10. 35-45.

For even the S  
ministered unto,  
10. 45.

#### QUESTION

Where was Je  
our lesson? Wh  
were with him?  
Why soul he  
What did Jesus  
What did Peter  
going? Why w  
tell them? Why  
lieve him? Bec  
was to become  
What did James  
did Jesus reply  
him? What did  
the other discip  
John? What o  
them about? W  
or to serve? T  
done in the spir

Mon. Read the  
35-45.

Tues. Read ho  
again.

Wed. Find wh  
kingdo

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,  
Fit to cope with anything—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,  
Who all troubles magnify;  
Not the watchword of "I can't,"  
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do what'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task,  
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,  
Look not on it as an ill;  
If it be an honest task,  
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,  
At the desk, where'er you be,  
From your future efforts, boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.  
—Selected.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 22.

JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.

Mark 10. 35-45. Memorize verses 43-45.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—Mark 10. 45.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Jesus at the beginning of our lesson? Where was he going? Who were with him? Whom did they meet? Why could he not become a disciple? What did Jesus say about such as he? What did Peter say? Where was Jesus going? Why was he sad? What did he tell them? Why would they refuse to believe him? Because they believed that he was to become the King of the Jews. What did James and John ask him? What did Jesus reply? Could they understand him? What did he tell them? How did the other disciples feel toward Peter and John? What did Jesus then talk with them about? Which is the greater, to rule or to serve? To serve, if the service is done in the spirit of Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mark 10. 35-45.
- Tues. Read how Jesus taught humility again. John 13. 1-10.
- Wed. Find who is the greatest in the kingdom of God. Matt. 18. 4.

- Thur. Learn how we may have a lowly mind. Phil. 2. 5.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Find what happened to a boastful spirit. Luke 22. 55-60.
- Sun. Learn where we may go for humility. Matt. 11. 29, 30.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
1. It is greater to serve than to rule.  
2. Jesus took the lowest place in order to serve us.  
3. We must be willing to do the same in order to serve him.

LESSON IX.—MAY 29.

THE PASSOVER.

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memorize verses 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5. 7.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the greatest feast of the Jews? What do we call it since Jesus took it last? The Lord's Supper, or the Holy Supper, or the Communion. On what day was Christ crucified? What did the disciples do on Thursday? Did this man give them a room? When did Jesus sit down to the supper with his disciples? What did he tell them that made them sad? Who was the false disciple? Judas. What did he soon do? He went out. What did Jesus share with his disciples? What is the bread the sign of? And the wine? Why do Christians always keep the feast of the Holy Supper? In remembrance of Jesus? Where did they go after they had sung a hymn? To the Mount of Olives.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Matt. 26. 17-30.
- Tues. Read Luke's story of the last supper. Luke 22. 8-20.
- Wed. Find what Jesus did at the supper. John 13. 4-15.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri. Find of what the supper reminds us. 1 Cor. 11. 26.
- Sat. Learn what we should do before eating the supper. 1 Cor. 11. 28.
- Sun. Read a beautiful communion hymn. No. 698, Methodist Hymnal.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—  
1. The Lord Jesus loves his disciples.  
2. He wants them to remember and love him.  
3. He meets and blesses them in the Holy Supper.

"They say you have no sympathy for the struggling poor." "Me?" said the accused gentleman; "I have nothing but sympathy!"

THE BRAIN'S FIVE SERVANTS.

Mr. Brain sits in his office in the head. He is a very busy man. He wears three coats all the time, in summer as well as winter. He never has time to go outside, even for a minute. But he knows all that is going on in the big world around him.

He has five good servants who come to him every minute to tell him what people are doing outside. Their names are Touch, Taste, Smell, Sight, and Sound.

Master Touch is a very busy fellow. He has more to do than any of his friends. He stands at every door to tell the Brain if the body is in danger.

Master Taste is next of kin to him. He is like a brother, but has less to do. He lives in a neat little house that has a pretty ivory fence in front and red curtains at the sides. His house is called the mouth and is fenced in by the teeth. Each day's meals are examined by Taste, to see if they are all right and won't make the body sick.

Master Smell lives close by in a tiny house called "the nose," and keeps busy. His house has two openings and two passageways.

Sight looks out forward through two round windows that have white fringed curtains to drop over them when they are tired working. Everything that happens is seen by them and told to the Brain.

Hearing carries all sound to the Brain, so that it is always on the lookout to keep the body out of danger.

I wonder which you think has the greatest work to do, of all these five servants? Mr. Brain needs them all, but the servant Taste needs to be very careful what he takes inside of his house. If he once lets the robber Strong Drink in and forms his acquaintance he will be sorry, or should be, because that would harm Mr. Brain more than I can tell you just now, and, beside that, Touch could not do his work so well, and Sight would get weak. Mr. Brain needs good care.

A miserable-looking man went into a grocer's shop in York and begged for bread. The grocer thought that he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not —, who once had a good fortune and house of his own. Yes, it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he became so poor. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead, that I might have her property; but when I got my desire I never prospered. The money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want." Let all boys and girls take warning from this. God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents, but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.—English Paper.



JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

## MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,  
With loving eyes so blue,  
And lips just made for smiling,  
And heart that's kind and true.  
She wears no dainty dresses,  
No jewels does she own,  
But the greatest of all treasures  
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother Comfort,"  
For all the livelong day  
Her busy little fingers  
Help mother's cares away.  
The sunshine loves to glisten  
And hide in her soft hair,  
And dimples chase each other  
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,  
With the diamonds in her eyes,

Makes in mother's heart a sunshine  
Brighter far than floods the skies,  
But the name that suits her better,  
And makes her glad eyes shine,  
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort"—  
This little treasure mine.

## JAPANESE LADY MUSICIANS.

Anything about Japan is of much interest just now. Here are two Japanese lady musicians, who play on these strange looking instruments. They sit on the floor to play, just like a tailor would sit at his work. And what lovely dresses they have on! They are made of figured silk, which is thin and gauzy, and is worked all over with beautiful flowers. And what funny things they have on their heads! but they wear these all the time, in the house as well as out of it.

## A HELPFUL DOG.

BY MAY BLOSSOM.

Ned Tracy and his aunt had been down town and when they returned home Ned's dog, Carlo, ran to meet them with a loud bark and a cheerful wag of his tail.

"Nice doggie!" said Ned; "I think you ought to be very glad you live here with us, instead of having to stand on a street corner all day and work for your living."

"He couldn't do that," said his little sister, Belle.

"Yes, he'd have to if he belonged to a man we saw this afternoon. He was a shabby-looking fellow and was playing a violin on the corner; his dog sat by him holding a little basket in his mouth for the pennies people might put in. The dog had bright eyes like Carlo's, but he looked so sad and tired, I felt sorry for him."

"Poor doggie! Auntie, what makes a man choose that way to earn his living? Is he lazy?"

"Perhaps so. I heard of a man who had a good business, but he began to drink and left his business to run itself, and pretty soon he had no business to look after. He was too lazy to work, but he had to eat to keep alive, and food costs money. So he took his violin and went about from door to door, playing his violin and pocketing the pennies that were tossed to him. If he earned enough every day to buy his beer and one good meal he was content. He slept anywhere."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Ned.

"Yes, I think so, but his drinking had robbed him of sense of shame. He had lost his pride and was only a wreck of a man."

## A BEDTIME STORY.

I once heard a German mother telling her little one a bedtime story. It was only a simple little bit of what some would call a fairy tale, but it meant more than that to me. What does it mean to you, you young folks with the quick ears and the far-seeing eyes?

When the sleep angel has made his rounds, and the day is closed, the great white angel who keeps the records of all days comes down to earth to gather the days of the little children and take them to the heavenly Father.

When the angel takes a day that has been full of loving, good deeds, and of kind words, and unselfish thoughts and actions, that day turns into a ball of gold, pure and shining, to put into the Father's treasure-house among his precious things. But when the day has been full of selfish, unloving thoughts and unkind words and deeds that hurt others and make them sad, then those days break like a bubble in the angel's hand, and there is no treasure to bear to the Father in place of the day he has given to his little child.