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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.

A BOY OF THE OLDEN TIME.
I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays,
you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said, "Yes," and hurried away;
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he rose to recite, he was all in doubt;
Every word of the lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!—
He could speak but two words: "I forgot."

Would it not be sad indeed to see
A boy with a hole in his memory?

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1905.

THE CHOCOLATE CHICKEN.

BY MARY HOPKINS.

Mabel was shopping. In her purse were ten pennies which she had earned by dusting the sitting-room every day for two weeks. It had been hard work, for mother was very particular about corners and table legs. But the room certainly did look fine, and mother always smiled so sweetly when the little housekeeper had finished. So she was glad she had done it,

for now she could buy a fine birthday gift for father.

There are so many things ten cents will buy that Mabel found it hard to choose them. Should it be a paper knife, a match safe, or a penwiper? Mabel and mother were talking this over as they walked down the street, when Mabel stopped suddenly in front of a shop window.

"O mother!" she gasped, as she squeezed mother's hand, "it's like the story of the little girl that lived in Candy Land!"

It was a candy shop, and there in the large window was a house as large as Mabel's doll house, built of peanut candy. Through the little doors and windows one could see chairs and tables and beds made of pink and white peppermint candy. A candy family in candy clothes were sitting in the dining-room, eating candy food out of candy dishes, and a chocolate pussy cat sat on the doorstep with a white bow of frosting on her neck.

The roof of the house was covered with powdered-sugar snow, and there was rock-candy ice on the ground. In the yard behind a molasses-stick-candy fence were all kinds of sweet-chocolate animals: a dog, a horse, a cow, and several chickens. Surely their feet must have been cold standing about in the sugary snow!

"O mother!" cried Mabel, "father likes chocolate, and he likes chickens; I'm sure he would like a chocolate chicken."

"Yes, dear; and that would be a surprise too."

They went into the shop and learned that the chickens cost ten cents each. Mabel bought one and carried it home, all packed in soft tissue paper. It was served at dinner with the birthday cake and the lemonade. Mabel was sure that father liked it very much, for he smiled in such a merry way.

"Chocolate is good," he said, "and chicken is better, but a chocolate chicken is the best of all." And Mabel was glad she had chosen it.

A LITTLE FISHERMAN.

BY MARGARET RAE BURN.

Jack's mother had taken him to the country for the first time in all his life.

They stayed with a farmer and his jolly wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fry.

Jack's mother made her boy some blue overalls and took from her trunk a big hat. The farmer's wife gave him a shining tin pail. The farmer cut him a stout stick from the elm tree, for a fishing-rod. Then Jack dug some bait and was ready to start for the little brook not far from the house, to fish.

Now Jack was a dear little boy, but he had one fault which troubled his mother very much. He couldn't bear to give

anything away; he wanted everything himself. He had no brothers and sisters to share his things, you see.

Jack could not believe he was really going to fish like a big man. And when he caught five little fish, he danced up and down, he was so happy.

He carried them in his little pail to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Fry, will you cook my fish for dinner?" he asked in a deep voice.

Mrs. Fry smiled. "Yes, indeed I will," she said.

The fish were called minnows, and were not very big. But then Jack wasn't very big, either.

Now there were five persons for dinner that day, for Mrs. Fry had company. Jack sat very still, looking first at the people, then at his little fish in the dish before him. How could he give away every single one? But then if he didn't he would be a selfish, stingy boy; and he asked every day when he prayed that God would keep him from that. He waited and waited. Then, very red in the face, Jack slipped down, took the dish, and handed it to every one. His mamma took the last minnow. "I'll divide with you," she said. And Jack smiled as he ate half of his fish. It tasted very good indeed to him.

He felt happier than if he had kept the whole five. Do you know why?

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

What if the little rain should say,

"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in the fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day?

Does not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
Oh, Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

OBEDIENCE.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend. "He always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

What a painful truth did this child speak! Shall the poor little dog thus readily obey his master and we rebel against God, who is our Creator, our Preserver, our Father, our Saviour, and the bountiful Giver of all we have?

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.
I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?
There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. 22. 1-11. Memorize verses 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3. 21.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read what John saw and heard.
Rev. 21. 1-7.

Tues. Read more about the holy city.
Rev. 21.10-21.

Wed. Read still more. Rev. 21. 22-27.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. Rev. 22. 1-11.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Find who may get into that city.
Rev. 22. 14.

Sun. Learn the invitation to the city.
Rev. 22. 17.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What does the Lord mean when he speaks to us of life? How does he sometimes speak of it? Where does he tell us about the holy city? Where is it to be? Who will make all things new? Why is it written in parable? Because we could not understand it if told in heavenly language. What are heavenly truths like? What do the trees by the river mean? Another form of the Lord's life. What are the fruits? Love and truth, by which our souls are fed. Will there be any pain because of sin? Or any night? Who is the light of the holy city? What did John do when the angel had told him

these things? What did the angel say? What can you say about angels?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God is making ready for us a heavenly home.
2. He will also make a heaven of our earth.
3. And sin and death shall be no more.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.—John 20. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
J. the G. S.	I am the—
The R. of L.	Jesus said—
The S. at B.	She hath—
The E. of J. into J.	Blessed is he—
E. L.	He is risen—
J. W. the D. F.	By love—
The V. and the B.	Herein is—
J. P. for His F.	I pray—
J. B. P.	Everyone that—
The C.	Christ died—
The R.	But now is—
The M. of the R. C.	I am he—
The H. H.	To him that—

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

About two hundred years ago, says a writer in Little Men and Women, a rich and powerful nobleman named Leopold was Duke of the province of Lorraine.

The Duke was very fond of animals. Among his savage pets was a great bear, whose name was Marco.

Marco was housed in a rough hut in a corner of his royal master's park. He was supplied with the best of food by the keeper of the animals; and on state occasions he was led out by a big iron chain and made to dance for the amusement of Leopold's friends.

Marco was fierce, and when he swung his shaggy head out of the door of his hut and showed his white teeth in an ugly snarl, no one dared to go near him. One blow from his paw would have knocked a man senseless, and those white teeth of his were very sharp.

One cold winter night Marco, having swallowed his supper at a few gulps, shambled into the farthest corner of his hut and curled himself up to sleep. He was just at the "falling off" point, when he heard a sound at the house door. He started up, and what should he see but a small boy, hopping first on one foot and then on the other, and shivering with the cold.

The boy was a homeless child, who had lost his way in the Duke's forest, and had run into the bear's hut for shelter.

Marco did not know who this newcomer might be, but he was so surprised that he quite forgot to growl.

Then a strange thing happened—so strange that, if this were not a true story, I should not ask you to believe it. The boy ran over to Marco, and, peering into his shaggy face, cried joyfully: "Why, you are the Duke's funny bear that I saw dancing the other day! Will you be my friend? I need one so much!"

The bear Marco did not understand what the boy said, but he understood the kind hand that stroked his head. That had meant, "I love you." Marco never had been loved in all his rough, bearish life—at least, not since the days before he had been caught in the deep forests, a frightened baby, screaming for his mother.

Now a great answering love filled his wild heart. He allowed the little lad to lie down beside him, warmed by his furry coat, and together they slept throughout the night.

In the morning the boy went away, but came back to his friend in the evening. This happened for several days. Marco shared his food with his visitor, and they became fast cronies.

One day the keeper was surprised to see that Marco left his supper untouched, and, instead of hurrying away to feed the other animals, he stayed to watch the bear.

Marco sat in the door of his hut, patiently waiting for his boy. The keeper offered to take away the food, but he received such a fierce look that he set it down again and hid behind a tree to see what would happen next. In a minute, to his amazement, a child ran up to the bear. The keeper sprang forward to snatch the child out of harm's way; but the boy already had thrown his arms about his faithful friend, and in a twinkling they finished the waiting supper together.

Duke Leopold was brought to the hut to see this wonderful pair, and the story of the boy and the bear spread throughout the land.

Duke Leopold gave orders that the poor child should be brought to his palace, to be educated and cared for. The little lad made many friends in his beautiful new home, but I think he never found a dearer one than the bear Marco.

Dear Saviour, as I lay me down to rest,
I would lean upon thy breast;
I pray thee keep me safe this night,
That I may wake to see the light.
If I no more from sleep should rise,
May I wake in yonder skies.
To see thee in thy glory shine
And call thee mine, for ever mine.



STREET BEGGAR, CHINA.

CHINESE POVERTY.

This half-naked street beggar is an illustration of the extreme poverty common in China.

A Chinese proverb says, "Even a child may not eat ten idle years of food." The mother must work to keep the wolf from the door, but why may we not have the little, useless children to train? "Because," the mother replies sadly, "I can not afford to have the children study. The boy, though small, can rake fuel for the fire and manure for the field. My wee girl can already spin, mind the baby, and wait upon me." If little hands drop their small work, older ones must take it up; and so sharp and cruel is the haste with which in this poor family consumption treads upon the heels of production, that little jaws must cease to grind, and stomachs to crave, if little hands cease to labor. "Well, we will feed your children while they study." "That is very kind of you," she says, "but they have no decent clothes. Every one will make fun of them if they go in such tatters to school."

Some of the poorest of our Christian widows hire themselves out to work for rich families by the season. They dare not miss one day from the harvest, or from the cotton-field, for their coveted meeting and lesson, lest their places be filled by others, and they lose the chance of gleaning at the end of the season. We know of doors where the only weapon to keep the wolf at bay is the little

shining needle of the mother. She must have her stint done to-night. You speak to her; she answers you without looking up; for, as the saying runs, "You raise your head, you lose one stitch; you lower your head you lose another." How fast her needle flies, though night has come; the children are fast asleep, and it is so piercingly cold her hands are numb. It seems a marvel each time she sees to thread her needle. Her lamp! let us rather say her corner of Egyptian darkness! Her eyes are fast giving way under the continual night work and the daily smoke. Some melancholy day will see her quite blind. Then poverty will hold the family in a still sterner vise. Pray, where is her education to come in?

THE BEST PLAN.

"Oh, mother," said Cliff, "what am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face from the sea, on which were

the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails. Cliff was standing before her with his bucket in one hand, and his new balloon in the other, looking very much puzzled.

"We've been building a fort, mother, and Joe wants to build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out to sea, and spoil it all for us."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore with vexation; "I've tried and tried, and I can't make him do it."

"How did you try?" asked the mother.

"Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came. "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head,

"Then I knocked him over and made him cry."

"Did he take the best plan? No, indeed, we are very sure he did not."

MEN ENGAGED TO WALK IN CHINESE FUNERALS.

We have spoken elsewhere of the pomp and parade with which the Chinese celebrate their worship, their public festivals, their marriages and funerals. Our cut shows some of the paraphernalia of a funeral procession—the banners, halberds, state umbrellas, and the like. These stolid-looking fellows in the picture will beat their gongs and clash their cymbals and make a horrible din,

SAY YES TO JESUS.

A little girl was once asked what it was to believe in Jesus. She said, "Why, it is just saying 'Yes' to him when he asks us to come to him to find rest."

Was not that a beautiful answer? Can any older person explain faith better? And since it is so easy to believe in him, why cannot we all trust him as our Saviour? He says, "Come to me, and I will give you rest. Come, and I will fill you with bread." Let us all say, "Yes, Lord; I come to receive these good things."



MEN ENGAGED TO WALK IN CHINESE FUNERALS.