

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1901.

No. 15.

YOUNG CHINA.

This picture shows a number of Chinese scenes. First a strange kite, then how the Chinese eat with chopsticks, then how they carry the babies, then young China going to school and a scene at school. See how the boy stands with his back to the teacher.

THE BEDTIME TALK.

"Muzzer, dear, will you have time to-night to put me to bed? Nursy is good, but my own mamma is lots nicer," coaxed little Nancy one evening.

"Yes, dear, I can put you to bed to-night, for little brother has cut those troublesome teeth and is sleeping sweetly," answered mamma with a smile and a kiss.

An hour later Nancy was undressed, and curled contentedly in her mother's lap for a bedtime talk.

What makes the moon shine at night, muzzer, and not in the daytime?"

"It does shine in the day as well as at night, Nancy, only the light of the sun is so much stronger that we do not see it."

"Why, isn't that funny? Do the stars shine in the daytime, too?"

"Yes, just the same by day as by night."

"It's like 'Thou God seest me.' They shine all the time, even when we don't know it, and God sees us all the time, when

awake." And mamma left Nancy alone to think over their talk.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6, 20.



YOUNG CHINA.

we can't see him. Say, mamma, I want to 'fess something. I don't like God to see me always. When I'm naughty it make me as mad as anything to think I can't hide away. Did you ever hear of such a wicked girl?"

"Yes," answered mamma with a smile. "When I was a little girl I had a book with pictures and verses in it. One was the picture of an eye, and under it were verses telling how God's eye sees everything we do. I had been naughty one day, and I did not want God's eye to see me, so I scratched out the eye from the book. I remember yet how guilty I felt. Grown people have been afraid of God ever since Adam and Eve sinned in the garden of Eden, and hid from God. You know that since Jesus died for our sins no one need be afraid of God, if we love and pray to him; for God has promised to forgive us for Jesus' sake. Now kiss me good-night, dear; baby

WHEN TO PRAY.

BY W. P. SMITH.

In the morning early,
When the dew is bright,
When the flowers are smiling
In the blessed light,
When the happy song-birds
Thankful homage pay,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

When the night is settling
O'er the dreary world,
And the darksome shadows
All the earth enfold;
When the winds are sighing
'Neath the starry way,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

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TORONTO, JULY 27, 1901.

YOUR WORK.

God does not love lazy people, nor stingy people, nor selfish people. He gives every one of us work to do, and expects us to do it. Of course we cannot all do the same work, nor the same amount of work, but we can all do something.

It is a great work to be a missionary and carry the blessed gospel to the ignorant heathen beyond the sea; but we can not all be missionaries. If, however, those who stay at home did not work to raise and give the money for the support and help of those who do go, would their going do any good? So you see, we must be up and doing in the missionary cause, though we never go a mile from home.

And then we may find the heathen; yes, plenty of them, right at our own doors. We must care for them, too, and if we

have not thousands to bestow, then give mites with a loving prayer and a cheerful heart, and God won't measure his blessings by our gift.

We cannot be all teachers and preachers, and give our lives to leading men and women to Christ, but we can give our warm prayer and our little bounties to every good cause, and all that God demands is to do our best, be it much or little.

God will bless the little work that in your simple way, wherever you find a chance, you do for love of him; the tiny amount that you give in a meek and lowly spirit, far more than the heavy purse of gold which the millionaire drops in to be seen of men and praised by them.

Only be sure you find your work, and then do it, and God will take care of the rest.

I wonder how many of my little readers really love Jesus? Have you come to him to receive pardon? If not, oh, come to him now! for he is waiting to receive you. Do not put it off any longer, to think that you will be a Christian when you grow older, for the Lord Jesus may come to-day, or if he tarry, you may be called to die. Think of it now, dear little reader, before it is too late; take God at his word, and accept Christ as your Saviour.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY TO PAPA?

Then he is away, that is evident. Oh, yes, far away from his boy and girl; and between his home and the country of his adoption a wide waste of waters spreads. He is not away on business to get rich, but is on the King's business, and bringing to the poor of his subjects the best of all riches. The father of Gerty and Bob is a missionary.

"I say, Gerty, let's send him a real jolly letter; won't he be glad to get it out there?"

"Yes, that he will. Now, what shall I say next, Bob? Let's see; I have told him all the school news, all the home intelligence, including that about Jacko jumping through the kitchen window, and I have sent him some of the best mignonette from the front garden."

"Look here, Gerty, I'll tell you what. Let's fill all the rest up with love."

"What a good idea, Bob! But what shall I say?"

They put their little heads together, and, written in Bob's bold and better copy-plate were added these words:

"Oh, darling papa, we love you so much, and if we had all the words in the dictionaries we could not tell how much we love you. God bless you a thousand times, dear father; don't be down-hearted if you are tired, and the black people are not nice with you. We are praying for you ever so much. Last night poor Gerty was lying awake with the toothache, and after she had repeated all the verses she knew, she said: 'Now I'll pray for papa

till I go to sleep.' Good-bye, father darling; we kiss this letter for you, and tell it to carry all the love it can to you—xxx xxx—that's three from each of us."

About a month after this a weary missionary was sitting under a tree in a far-off land; he had spoken the word of life and felt just a bit down-hearted—the people were so ignorant and so far from God. Presently a black native came running to him with a bit of paper folded like an envelope. It had come up from the coast. He broke open the seal, and with trembling fingers held the letter from his boy and girl. Tears came so fast that it took him a long time to get through it; and when it was done he put it near his heart, and, looking up to that blue heaven, which also looked down upon his home in America, he said: "Lord, God, I thank thee for this message of love and hope from my dear ones." And so he took heart, and the people said the white man had found a treasure. Yes, so he had.

HARRY AND BABY.

Baby was cross, there was no denying it. But then, baby was cutting some very troublesome back teeth, and if you ever remember cutting back teeth you will not wonder that baby was cross.

Mamma was trying her best to amuse and please the little fellow, when suddenly the maid announced a caller. "Oh, dear! what shall I do? Mary, can you stay with baby?"

"I would, ma'am, but my cake is in the oven, and I daren't leave it."

"Why, mamma, I will take care of baby," said Harry. "We'll have lots of fun, won't we, old fellow?" and Harry laughed so gaily that baby concluded he wouldn't cry until he found out what Harry would do.

"Catch the ball, baby," said Harry, and they had a merry game of ball. Then Harry took the little fingers and told the pig story. "This little pig went to market; this little pig stayed at home; this little pig had roast beef; this little pig had none; this little pig cried 'quee, quee, quee,' all the way home."

"More pig," said baby, and Harry said it over and over, until the door opened, and in came mamma.

"Why, he never cried once! You are a little magician, Harry," said mamma. "Thank you, dear, so much. Now run off to your play."

A LULLABY.

Dear Father, guard our little one,
Until shall shine the morning sun!

Bless'd Jesus, when the day shall shine
O keep his tender hand in thine!

O Holy Spirit, through the night
Bring him sweet dreams of peace and light.

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LESSONS IN

Gen. 13. 7

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THE FAIRY SISTERS.

There was once a little maiden,
And she had a mirror bright;
It was rimmed about with silver;
'Twas her pride and her delight.
But she found two fairy sisters
Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed,
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The smiling sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went criss-cross,
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas! alas! within the glass
The frowning one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see,
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving,
She tried with might and main,
Till the frowning sister went away,
And ne'er come back again.

But if she's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
So be very, very careful,
If you own a mirror, too,
That the frowning sister doesn't come
And make her home with you.

—St. Nicholas.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON V. [August 4.]

ABRAM AND LOT.

Gen. 13. 7-18. Memory verses, 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7. 12.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Why did Abram go into Egypt? Was he prospered there? To what place did he next go in Canaan? To Bethel. In what was he very rich? In cattle, and in gold and in silver. What do we learn of Lot? That he was very rich also. Who began to have disputes? Abram's and Lot's servants. Why did Abram say there should be no trouble between them? Because they were brothers. What did Abram propose to Lot? That they should separate. What did he offer Lot? The first choice. What did Lot choose? The plain of Jordan. Where did he pitch his tent? Toward wicked Sodom. What does this lesson show Lot to be? A selfish man.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the visit to Egypt. Gen. 12. 10-13.

Tues. Read of his return to Canaan. Gen. 13. 1-4.

Wed. Find why Abram and Lot could not stay together. Gen. 13. 5, 6.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. Gen. 13. 7-18.

Fri. Learn what rule Abram followed. Golden Text.

Sat. Find what Abram did. Prov. 3. 5-7.

Sun. Find who may be blessed with Abram. Gal. 3. 6-9.

LESSON VI. [August 11.]

GOD'S PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.

Gen. 15. 5-18. Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Where was Abram living now? At Hebron. In what part of the Holy Land was Hebron? How did the Lord come to Abram one night? In a vision. What did he promise to give him? An heir. What did he bid him try to do? To count the stars. What did he tell Abram? "So shall thy seed be." What pleased the Lord? To have Abram believe just what he said. What pleases the Lord now? To have his children believe him. What did the Lord make with Abram? A covenant. What is a covenant? A solemn agreement. What land did the Lord give to Abram and his children? The land of Canaan.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find how kind Abram was to Lot. Gen. 14. 12-16.

Tues. Read the lesson verses. Gen. 15. 5-18.

Wed. Learn who took care of Abram. Golden Text.

Thur. Learn about the heavenly Canaan. Heb. 11. 16.

Fri. See how Abram's blessing is ours. Gal. 3. 14.

Sat. Read about faith. Heb. 11. 8-10.

Sun. Find a name given to Abram. Gen. 17. 4.

A "LITTLE MAN."

This was what I heard his mother call him one hot day in June. He was a little fellow, not quite four years old, and could not talk "straight" yet. He was playing on the front porch, having a good time with his building blocks, and much interested in the store he was building. Presently a stray dog came along, stopped, and looked at the little boy longingly. The dog was hot and tired.

"I dess he's firsty," said the boy. "I'll dit him somefin' to dwink."

A tiny saucepan was on the porch.

The little fellow poured some water into it and set it before the dog, who lapped it eagerly.

"It's all don'," said the boy. "I'll dit him some more."

Five times the little boy filled the saucepan; then the dog bobbed his head, wagged his tail, and went off.

The little fellow laughed gleefully.

"He said, 'Fank you,' didn't he, mamma? I dess he was glad to get some cold water, wasn't he?"

"Indeed he was," mamma answered.

That same day, a little later, two little children came along. Stopping outside the fence, they peered into the yard. They wore ragged clothes and were bare-footed. They looked at the small boy within the gate with an expression similar to that with which the dog had regarded him.

"Dey want somefin', mamma," he said. "Maybe dey is firsty, too. Shall I ask 'em?"

"You may, if you wish," his mamma answered smilingly.

"Is you firsty?" he began, getting nearer to the fence.

"Can we have just one flower?" questioned one waif, longingly.

"One for each of us," put in the other.

"You tan have you' hands full," was the smiling answer. "I'se dot a whole bed full of flowers."

He hurried around, picking the flowers—violets and pinks and June roses—which his fair little hands held out to the "unwashed," who thanked him with grateful voices and passed on with radiant faces.

"Bless my little man!" said his mother, in a low, fervent voice.

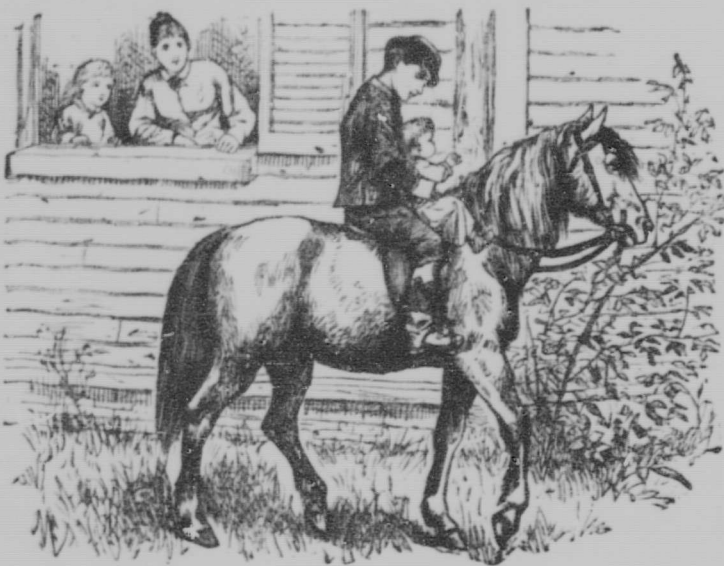
He did not hear her, but I am sure God will bless him.—*Christian Observer.*

A YOUNG KING.

Josiah, King of Judah, was only eight years old when he began to reign; but the Bible tells us that "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Some years after he became king he ordered that God's temple should be repaired, and he sent Shaphan, the scribe, to see that this was done. When Shaphan returned he brought to the king the book of the law from the temple; and Josiah then found that God was angry because wicked things were done in the land, and because idols were worshipped.

Then the king called the people together and read God's message to them; and after that he went through the country and broke up the idols which had been set up all over the land. Even the sun that shines in the sky had been worshipped.

Josiah was such a good king that the Bible says of him, "like unto Josiah was there no king before him that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might."



BABY'S FIRST RIDE.

TWO SIDES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

In their nest of twigs three young storks
lay;

Tired of waiting and hungry were they;
Their bills snapped with delight

When Dame Stork came in sight
With a treasure picked up on her way—

With a fine, fat young frog,
Just fished out of the bog.
But the frog was not happy that day.

At play on the carpet baby sat,
Rosy, mischievous, dimpled and fat;

When puss ventured too near,
One hand seized a soft ear,

And then, finding the other, pulled that.
Next, he pinched the long tail,

Till poor puss raised a wail.
Fun for the baby, but not for the cat!

What's sport for one may not be for two,
So here's a hint for me and for you,

To take care that our gain
Is not somebody's pain.

For all the world round this rule holds
true,

That if what we call fun
Will hurt some other one,
Why, then, it isn't the thing to do.

"MY TURN FIRST!"

"Oh, isn't it high!" cried Fred.

"I'll be afraid to get up there," said
Alice, with a little shiver of curiosity.

"Even if you fell, it wouldn't hurt you,
because the grass is nice and soft," said
little David, which made the other chil-
dren laugh.

They were all standing under a big
maple tree on the lawn, looking up with
eager eyes at the swing which Uncle
Harry was making for them. The rope
was fresh and strong, and the board for
the seat was a nice new one, and Uncle
Harry was tying the knots so tight up
there among the branches that there was
no danger of their slipping. When every-

thing was ready, and
Uncle Harry had
come down safely to
the ground, the chil-
dren were ready to
begin the fun right
away; but the diffi-
culty was that each
one wanted to be
first—Fred because
he was the oldest,
and David because
he was the smallest,
and Alice because
she was the only girl.

It was Uncle
Harry who found a
way of arranging
the matter. "Here
is the one who has
the first turn!" he
cried, going to the

gate and opening it to admit a ragged
little boy of Fred's size, who had been
silently and wistfully watching the group
for some time.

The new comer was at first shy and
bashful, but his cheeks flushed with plea-
sure when Uncle Harry placed him in the
swing, and gave him a strong starting push.
Back and forth went the swing, and the
poor boy's teeth flashed and his eyes
sparkled as the breezes swept past him,
while all the other children forgot their
little disagreements and laughed, too.

Uncle Harry's kind deed had chased all
the selfishness away, and there was no
more trouble after that. When the boy
was helped down, little David's turn came,
and then Fred gave way to his sister; and
finally he clambered into the seat, and
Uncle Harry swung him higher and
longer than any of the others, because he
had waited until the last.

NOT SO STUPID AFTER ALL.

It was Saturday afternoon, and one of
those dismal rainy days that come so often
in November. Mother thought the chil-
dren ought not to go out, so they had spent
nearly all the afternoon in the library
making scrap-books for the Children's
Hospital.

"I wish I was an English girl," sighed
little Alice.

"Why?" asked Norman.

"'Cause then maybe I could have a
dear little donkey to ride," she answered,
looking at a picture she had just cut
from a paper. "What do you suppose
this donkey is doing, mother?" she asked,
turning the picture so the others could see.

"Why, he's opening that gate, isn't he?"
said Norman.

"Yes, I think that is what he is trying
to do," answered Mrs. Blakely. "I re-
member reading a story, too, that just fits
that picture. It was about a farmer who
had several horses and one donkey. He
said the donkey was always the ringleader
in any piece of mischief. Once he fas-

tened the horses in a field next to one
where there was a fine crop of oats, but as
they could not jump over the gate, the
oats were safe.

"But the donkey managed to get into
the oat field, and then he went straight to
the gate and pulled and tugged with his
teeth at the pin in the ring until he got it
out. The gate swung open, and the deli-
ghted horses trotted gaily into the field.

"When the farmer saw the horses gal-
loping about and trampling down his oats,
he could not imagine how they had gotten
in; he supposed some mischievous boy had
been playing a trick on him. He never
thought of the little donkey; but when the
same thing happened three times running,
he decided to catch the tricky person, who-
ever he might be.

"So early one morning he went out and
watched, and you can imagine his sur-
prise when he saw the donkey walk up to
the gate and pull out the pin while the
horses stood looking on, ready to trot in
as soon as the gate swung open."

"Well," said Norman, "I always
thought donkeys were stupid, but I don't
see anything stupid about that little fel-
low."

ALEC AND HIS PETS.

Alec Fite had two pets; one was his
donkey, Stonewall Jackson, and the other
was his dog, Maceo. Alec bought this
dog for a dollar and a half from a boy on
the street. He was an intelligent crea-
ture, and he and Alec became fast
friends. Stonewall Jackson, Maceo, and
Alec were inseparable; and as Maceo
was the last to join the firm, he had to be
trained. One of the tricks he was taught
was to ride on Stonewall Jackson's back.
It takes a great deal of patience to teach
a dog tricks; and when the dog is full of
mischief, as was the case with Maceo, it
takes more than usual.

Alec kept at it, day by day, until he
had taught Maceo many tricks not usual
in dogs. Stonewall Jackson would stand
still for a while; but when he got tired,
off he would trot, leaving Alec to run
after him, and sending Maceo flying to
the ground. It would all end in a great
frolic, in which Alec, Maceo, and Stone-
wall Jackson would join. But the next
day the lesson would have to be gone over
again, for Alec was determined to make
something of Maceo. He finally suc-
ceeded, and the three gave no end of
amusement to all who came to the house.

SUNSHINE MAKING.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;

Others need its cheer and so do you,—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;

Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear so soon.