

# SUNBEAM

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No. 21.

## A CHINESE RECEPTION ROOM.

The Chinese are a very hospitable and a very polite people. They are very fond of entertaining their friends, and the rich folks entertain them most magnificently. They are very profuse in their salutations and compliments. The mansions of the rich are often situated in the midst of elegant gardens, and are adorned with very great taste. In the engraving, we are shown the interior of

ion letters are for the most part moral maxims or proverbs, of which the Chinese are very fond. An artist will be seen copying the extraordinary-looking dragon on the screen to the left of the picture. The grave and dignified figures, with their bald heads and pigtails, and rat moustaches and almond eyes, are very queer-looking. It is sad to think that one-third of the human race living in China have never heard of the gospel of Jesus.

The performing elephant was started on in advance of the others. He and his keeper were walking quietly along in the very early morning. The only disturbance was the elephant's apparent determination to walk on the sidewalk. The keeper drove him from the sidewalk several times, but, like a mischievous little boy, back he would go. When the elephant reached the corner where the constable was, he touched the constable on the arm



A CHINESE RECEPTION ROOM.

one of these mansions. It will be observed from the size of the figures how lofty and spacious the apartment is. Through the latticed doorway and the large oval windows, without glass, is caught a glimpse of the beautiful gardens without. The numerous and elegant lanterns hanging from the ceiling will attract attention. When these are all lighted at night, the effect must be very beautiful. The sentences inscribed in gold or vermil-

## THE ELEPHANT'S JOKE.

A very amusing story is told in one of the English papers of an elephant and a constable. The day was very windy, and the constable stood in the shelter of a large building looking in an opposite direction from that in which the elephant was appearing. The circus had given its performance for the week, and men and animals were on their way to the next town.

with his trunk. The constable, turning, saw the huge beast at his shoulder, and, frightened almost to death, began running down the street and the elephant after him. The keeper called and called, but the animal paid no attention. The constable ran until he reached an open gateway, into which he rushed, shutting the iron gate after him. The keeper says that the elephant fairly chuckled, as though he had had a great deal of fun.

## LITTLE PRAYERS.

Upward float the little prayers  
Day by day.  
Little prayers for little cares,  
In work or play.  
Every moment brings its trial  
Or its pleasure ;  
Little prayers for self-denial  
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer  
Every day :  
"Keep me, Lord, in thy dear care,  
Come what may ;  
Lead my little feet apart  
From evil things ;  
Daily hide my little heart  
Beneath thy wings.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 17, 1903.

## HOW THE TWINS SOLD PLUMS.

Eli and Eben, the twins, had a plum-tree. Grandpa and the man Joshua sprayed it in the spring, when they sprayed the other trees, and grandpa helped to thin the fruit ; but the boys had to get up early two or three mornings a week all summer to jar the tree for curculio.

Besides, they kept the grass and weeds away from it ; they watered it, and put salt and ashes about it, and in the fall they had a fine crop of plums to sell.

Eli could climb better than Eben, so he gathered the plums, while Eben held the step-ladder under the tree. Grandpa went through the shed while they were sorting plums and putting them in little baskets.

"Don't sell anything but plums, boys,"

he said, pleasantly. I've known folks to sell more than they meant to. A man I once knew took some pears down to the store one day to sell. They looked nice and Mr. Brown bought them, but he had to throw away 'most all of those in the bottom of the basket, and that man can't sell anything more to Mr. Brown."

Grandpa went off to the barn, and the twins looked at each other.

"Let's look the plums over again," said Eli. "I don't know about that box over there."

"I'm afraid there's one in here that isn't nice, too," said Eben, soberly picking up another box. "We'll sell good ones or we won't sell any!"

Eli nodded. "That's so."

They did sell nice ones, for Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, told grandma a week afterwards that she hoped the twins would raise plums every year she lived in Demster, for she never bought such plums before.

"I'm glad they didn't sell truth and honour, when they only meant to sell plums," said grandpa.—*The Child's Hour.*

## A PURE HEART.

Did you ever try to clean a bottle that was dirty both inside and out ? It was quite easy to get the outside clean, but quite a different matter to clean the inside. And yet only when the inside was cleaned was the bottle really fit to be used.

You might keep on scrubbing the outside of the bottle for ever, and yet if you did not clean the inside, the bottle would never be clean.

There are some people, little folks as well as big, who try to put on nice manners on the outside, and yet in their hearts they are thinking of all kinds of wicked things.

God wants clean hands, and a clean heart, too. So let us ask him to cleanse our hearts from sin, that we may be pure in his sight.

There is just one way in which our hearts may be cleansed from sin, and that is through faith in Jesus' precious blood ; for in the Bible we read : "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

## TOMMY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

I thought that when a boy is big enough to have a slate and book and go to school he is big enough to take care of himself, and go the way that he wants to ; so I did not go straight down the road, as my mother told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, "Bow-wow-wow!" and there was a big dog running right at me. Didn't I run ? That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tum-

bled over and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my clothes ; so I had to go home to mamma. Mamma said : "Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get too old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that." And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school, cause I didn't go.—*Gem.*

## BUILDING WITH BLOCKS.

BY MARGARET AMOS.

Jessie was busy building with the blocks Aunt Mary sent her on her birthday, when baby Ben awoke, and mamma put him down on the floor to play too.

"No, no, baby," said Jessie crossly, when he put out his hand to take some of the blocks. "My blocks, baby can't have any. I'm going to build a big high house away up to the sky," she said, raising her arms above her head ; "then perhaps I can climb up to God's place."

Baby began to cry.

"I wonder if God would want a selfish little girl in his place," said mamma. "She might make others unhappy. Look at poor baby ! God likes us to make others happy by sharing our things with them. Try it now with baby brother."

Jessie looked ashamed, and gave baby some blocks, and helped him to start a house too.

By and by she asked : "Did Jesus have blocks when he was a little boy ?"

"Yes, I think he may have had," answered mamma. "You know his father Joseph was a carpenter, and he would likely give Jesus bits of wood to play with."

"And he wouldn't keep them all to himself, would he, mamma ?"

"No, I am sure he wouldn't be selfish," answered her mother.

Baby had a nice time playing with Jessie after that.—*Jewels.*

## PADDY MINDED THE TELEPHONE.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog. When she left, she quite forgot the dog ; and as soon as our friends discovered him they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail. Some hours passed and he was still there ; so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

One of the boys held him while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear. Then my sister whistled, and called, "Come home at once, Paddy."

Immediately he rushed at the door, barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.—*Selected.*

ROY'S WISH.

BY A. GIDDINGS PARK.

"I wish I was a little dog,"  
Roy, pouting, said one day  
To mamma, who'd refused him leave  
Out in the rain to play,  
'Cause little dogs don't have to ask  
Their mamma if they may,  
But go just where they want to go,  
And always have their way!"  
And then he pouted all the more,  
Stamped loud, and kicked against the  
door.

Mamma looked grieved, yet no reply  
Her naughty boy she made;  
But when 'twas supper-time Roy's plate  
At table was not laid;  
Yet on the hearth he saw it placed,  
With scraps of meat and bread,  
His pretty silver cup, with milk  
Close by, where Jip was fed.

A moment more, two chubby arms  
Round mamma's neck were pressed,  
A little boy with golden hair  
Was sobbing on her breast.

"I—don't—don't—want—to—be—to—  
be—  
A—dog—gie—any—more!"  
Sobbed little Roy, as though his heart  
Were smitten to the core.  
Then mamma said, "I'm glad to find  
My little boy has changed his mind!"  
And gently kissed the tears away,  
While Roy was soon absorbed in play.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 25.

DAVID'S JOY OVER FORGIVENESS.

Psa. 32. Memorize verses 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—Psa. 32. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did David do when he saw his sin? He confessed it. Had he tried to hide it? Why could he not long hide it? What was his relation to God? Could he live without him? What did he write first? What is it in our Bible? The fifty-first psalm. What did he next write? Psalm 32. Did the Lord read David's heart? What did he see in David's heart? Could he then give him full forgiveness? Yes. What song did he sing? (Verse 7.) What did the Lord say to him? (Verse 8.) What does David tell us to do? (Verse 11.)

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn against whom David had sinned. Psa. 51. 4.

Tues. Learn David's prayer. Psa. 51. 10.

Wed. Read the Lord's answer. Isa. 1. 18.

Thur. Read the thirty-second psalm.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read Nathan's parable. 2 Sam. 12. 1-6.

Sun. Read how David's heart turned to God. Psa. 73. 25, 26.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God is faithful to forgive sin.
2. That he gives joy for sorrow.
3. That we should share the joy with others.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 1.

DAVID AND ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 15. 1-12. Memorize verses 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.—Exod. 20. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was the treacherous son of David? Absalom. How did Absalom look? What did he want to be? Had he ever done wrong? He had killed his brother Amnon. Where did he now live? In Jerusalem. What did he begin to do? Why? Did he really feel kind toward the people? What is the worst of sins? To seem to be good when we are not. What did Absalom ask of the king at last? What lie did he tell? What wicked plan was in his mind? Did the king know about it? What had Absalom failed to do? To ask counsel of God.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about a very handsome young man. 2 Sam. 14. 25, 26.

Tues. Find that good looks may hide a bad heart. 2 Sam. 13. 26-28.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. 2 Sam. 15. 1-12.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Find how David loved Absalom. 2 Sam. 13. 37.

Sat. Learn what Absalom found. Prov. 16. 18.

Sun. Find three sins that Absalom committed in this lesson.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That goodness and truth are more than beauty.
2. That the Lord looketh upon the heart.
3. That he will not let a deceitful heart have its own way.

God Almighty cares for me,  
Gives me all I have of good.

WHAT AILED OLIVER.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long. Breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is singing a sweet song. Get up, get up, or I shall throw this pillow at you!" This is what sister Charlotte said to Oliver one morning.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast table his father said: "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

Oliver hung his head, and Charlotte said: "I woke him in good time, father; but he went to sleep again the minute I left the room, though he promised to be up in five minutes."

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father. "I believe you are suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said: "Yes, it is as I thought; poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again; keep his breakfast warm by the fire, and when he feels strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy went upstairs with his sister, and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors; he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary, singing. He called his sister, and said: "Charlotte, what is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton, don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness, a sad complaint."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, ate his breakfast, and ran off to school. Since that day Oliver has been the first one up in the house.—*Selected.*

DO YOU SAY: "THANK YOU"?

When papa or mamma or any kind friend gives you a nice present, do you say: "Thank you"? You are certainly not very polite if you don't.

When God hears your prayers when you are sick, and makes you well again, do you always say: "Thank you"? If not, I am afraid you are very ungrateful. When you say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

and God takes care of you all night, do you say: "Thank you for keeping me all night?"

When you pray in the morning, "Give us this day our daily bread," and God gives you all you want to eat during the day, do you thank him for this goodness in the evening?—*Olive Plants.*



CHINESE SAMPAN.

## ALMOST A MAN.

I don't wear dresses any more—  
See my coat and breeches,  
Cuffs and collars, pockets too,  
Made with many stitches!  
I must have a watch and chain,  
A silk umbrella and a cane.  
No more kilts and skirts for me—  
I'm a big boy, don't you see?

You can give away my dresses  
And my other baby clothes,  
Give away my horse with rockers—  
I want one that really goes.  
But two nice goats, I guess, will do,  
And I want a carriage too,  
No more chairs hitched up for me—  
I'm too big for that, you see!

I think I'll give my picture books  
To little sister Mary,  
I'll go to school and learn to read  
In the big dictionary,  
Or maybe in a g'ography  
Or 'rithmetic or history.  
They're just about the size for me;  
For I'm a big boy, don't you see?

—Selected.

## DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. "O dear!" he said, "a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"How?" asked Davy.

"You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey."

"I believe that I will try, sis," said Davy.

"Here is a verse that will help," said Ella: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

## A KIND BROTHER.

Charley was having a pleasant ride with Mr. Brown, who was very sociable and told good stories. Charley had just listened to one, and he was almost sure that Mr. Brown was going to tell another, when they drew near the street-car track, and saw a little girl trying to pull her cart across. But the cart was too heavy, or she was too small, and she could not move it. "Why, that's my little sister!" said Charley; "I must go and help my little sister." So out he jumped, and when Mr. Brown was about to drive on, he said:

"Will you please let my little sister ride in my place? I'll draw the cart; it is too heavy for her." Then, looking a little wishful as she climbed into the carriage, he added: "And would you just as soon tell her the story I thought you were going to tell me? She likes stories, too."—*Youth's Companion.*

## A SCHOOL UNDER A TREE.

"I wish I might introduce you to the pretty little school I visited last summer in the little mud village called Navinapitty," writes a missionary from India.

"It was not a school-house; there was not even a roof, there were no walls, there was only a bright sand floor, and the roof overhead was the blue sky.

"But there was the shade of a little tree; a singular looking tree whose fruit seemed to be made of iron hooks and chains, and old sickles or nails, for it was called the 'Devil Tree,' and these things had been hung on its branches to keep away the demons.

"Under this tree, gathered in a half-circle, were twenty or thirty little brown boys and girls. How pretty they were!

And yet it was not their clothing that made them bright, for they had very little clothing on, but their bright eyes, their shining faces, and their oily hair.

"They had no books, they had no slates, nor did they even have pencils, but with their little brown hands they smoothed the sand before them, and then each child with his little dirty finger marked the strange letters of the Tamil tongue, or the equally singular figures, on the sand."—*The Children's Missionary.*

## "I AM MY SISTER."

The day was bitterly cold, when the bell of the Deaconess Home rang out, and a little girl was admitted, and asked for Miss F.

"I've come after the jacket you promised me last night, Miss F. Can I have it now?"

"But you have on such a nice, warm jacket. It was your sister I asked to call. You don't need one."

Frightened at the possibility of losing the coveted garment, and eager to make her loved teacher understand, the childish voice rang out clear and sweet: "But I am my sister. We're twins, and this jacket is just borrowed of her to keep me warm while I came after mine."—*Deaconess.*

## TWO IN ONE.

A little girl who had disobeyed mamma asked her for forgiveness, and then, receiving it, started back to her play. "Stop," said mamma; "isn't there some one else whose forgiveness you should ask?" She thought a moment, and then asked: "Papa?" "No, not papa; but who is it who has said, 'Children, obey your parents?'" When you disobey me, you disobey Him too." "O," said the little one, "I didn't know there were two disobeyers in one." That is just it, though; there are always two in one.—*Selected.*



BOAT SCENE IN CHINA.