

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXV.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1904.

No. 12.

WAITING FOR PAPA.

Alice waited for papa every evening to see him coming from work, and when she saw him coming around the corner she would put on her hat and run to meet him, and she never missed going unless it was raining, and then she would sit at the window to catch first sight of him and run to the door to let him in. What a lovely evening they would have! Papa would play all sorts of games with her till it was time for her to go to bed. No wonder Alice loved her papa, because he loved her.

BURNED OUT.

"Now be quiet, my little ones," said Mother Pigeon, "and I will tell you a story which happened to your father and me not long ago. I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

"We were sitting quietly here in our home one day, in the top story of this building, when the air became very thick with smoke and almost stifling, it was so hot. Your father and I were much alarmed, when suddenly, from the larger room, of which ours forms a part, the flames came bursting in upon us. We were glad to escape with our lives to the little platform outside. From this we looked down and saw the fire-engine breathing away like some terrible monster. The water soon



WAITING FOR PAPA.

spattered us badly, and we flew farther up the street to watch the flames rapidly destroying our cosy home.

"That day there was a good deal of excitement in pigeon society over a bag of grain with a large hole in it, which was nearly spilled before the owner discovered the accident. At this banquet some of the down-town pigeons told some more

stylish birds of our disaster. Although we business birds were not on calling terms with them, the stylish pigeons put aside all ceremony and came to express their regret to your father and me, perched on a neighboring roof. The weather was very severe, and that night we suffered much from the cold.

"The next day we went at early morn to view the ruins of our home. It was in a dreadful state. The roof had fallen in, and great icicles hung from the walls where the engine had thrown large quantities of water; and the snow was piled high up on our little aughting place, giving it a very doleful appearance. What we were to do we did not know. Fortunately for us, the owner of the building was a very good, kind hearted man. Looking from his office across the way, he was much moved by our distress, and soon had carpenters and masons at work repairing the damage. In a short time we were in our cosy little home again, and have lived here ever since."

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.

JUST ONE.

Just one good deed, and though others
ne'er knew it,

Angels will carry it up to the throne;
At the hereafter Christ's records will show
it;

"Fell thou the hungry? Come hither,
mine own."

Just one kind word, and though others
ne'er guess it,

Angels will chant it at vespers to-
night;

At the hereafter Christ's promise will
bless it;

"Cheered thou the weary? Stand thou
on my right."

—Selected.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1904.

ALWAYS TOO LATE.

BY MARY M. HENKLE.

Tom Brown was a slow boy. He was
"always too late." When his mother sent
him to the corner grocery after eggs, he
pattered along the road until, when he got
there, Mr. Green was taking the last egg
from the tub for Mrs. Emerson.

The older he grew the slower he be-
came. He was always tardy to school
and never had learned his lessons. The
result was that he graduated the "don-
key" of his class.

When he was about twenty years old he
came to the conclusion that he had better
take pretty Marion Harker sleigh-riding,
but he poked around so long that the snow
was all melted before he was ready to go.

Once he decided to have a "fishing
party," but before he sent out his invita-

tions the creek went dry. At last "he
went a-courting," but he waited so long to
"pop the question" that his girl married
his rival for spite.

Farm work didn't suit him, so he de-
cided to be a commercial traveller, but he
was so slow that his trains were always
gone when he got to the depot, and his
rivals in business carried all the orders
with them. He tried several trades, but
he couldn't make a success of any of them,
so he went back to the farm.

He planted his wheat so late that the
frost killed it; his corn was just begin-
ning to "ear" when the frost killed it,
too. He was too slow to dig his potatoes,
and they, too, spoiled.

At last he got too slow to eat, so he
starved to death.

How many, many "slow Tom Browns"
there are in this wide, wide world. We
may help to make the world better by
hurrying along in our daily tasks in life;
then when our evening of life shall come,
we will leave a remembrance of some kind,
timely act to cheer some other loiterer in
life. And when, at last, our spirit takes
its flight, somewhere under God's great
heaven, we will be remembered, and an-
other cannot fill our vacant place.

CORK.

Children with active, inquisitive minds
are led to ask about objects that they see
about them; and sometimes people find
themselves unable to give satisfactory
answers. In this children should be en-
couraged; and we should try to be able to
answer them, so as to lead them to close
study and to a thirst for general informa-
tion.

"Where do corks come from?" asks the
bright little boy, as he sees them removed
from bottles.

I will tell you. They are cultivated and
made in Spain. Immense fortunes have
been made in their production. The cork
tree will grow in poor soil. It will not
endure severe cold, and must have sea air.
It is found only along the coast of Spain,
along the northern coast of Africa
and upon the northern shores of the great
Mediterranean Sea. There are two barks
to the tree, the outside being the one used.
The bark is valuable according as it is soft
and velvety. When the tree is about ten
years old, at which time it is about five
inches in diameter and about six feet up
to the branches, it is stripped of the outer
bark for about two feet from the ground.
The inner bark is a very deep red; and if
this is injured while the tree is small, it
will die. But leaving the tree growing,
in about eight or ten years the bark will
again be so far advanced in strength that
the tree is again stripped, this time about
four feet from the roots; then it is left
for as many more years. The second strip-

ping is coarse, and is used about fishing
nets; but every ten years after the first
few strippings, it is regularly stripped,
and each year two feet higher up, until the
tree is forty or fifty years old, when it is
at its best for use, and may then be strip-
ped every ten years from the ground to
the branches, and will last sometimes two
hundred years. It is about twenty years
before much is realized from the tree. The
bark is taken to the manufacturer, and is
there made into the form in which we now
use it, and is then shipped to different
parts of the world.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY
OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from
among the Rabha Cosaris, one of the tribes
inhabiting the hilly country of Assam.
He was only thirteen years old when he
put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a
Christian he broke his caste. His friends
were in great distress at this, for they
think that to break one's caste is worse
than death.

The priest can restore caste by an
endless course of ceremonies and costly
offerings to himself and to the gods.
His friends loved Bunaram very much
and would have gladly have paid all the
expense if he would give up his new
religion, for, of course, their efforts
would be of no avail had he continued a
Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up
Jesus and come back to the worship of
his people, but to their entreaties he firmly
answered: "No! You may cut me in
pieces, or do what you like with me; but
I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said:
"You are not my son any longer. If
you loved me you would let me get back
your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated
as an outcast. He had to eat his meals
in the cow-house because he was a Chris-
tian.

When he returned to school and told
his teacher what had happened, the
teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram,
did it make you sorry that you were
Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and his religion was more pre-
cious to this noble boy, lately a poor
heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.

Did you ever think how sweet it would
be to have Jesus right in your home? This
is the way you may do it: Ask him to
come and live in your heart, and then he
will be in your home. Ah, if he does truly
live there, how happy you will be to go to
him with all your joys and griefs, and with
all your sins! Jesus loves children to
come to him.

TO THE O

A long, long h
Like a leaf
Across the cor
To the othe

'Twas twilight
The streets
And the queer
With parasol

With painted
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SIX MONTHS W

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Matt. 28. 1-15

Now is Chr
Cor. 15. 20.

QUESTI

What do w
crucifixion?
from the cross
Who was Jose
Arimathea, a
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pect him to r
to the tomb
time was it?
Whom did th
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What did the

TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

A long, long breath, and away we go,
Like a leaf in the north wind whirled,
Across the continents, over the seas,
To the other side of the world.

'Twas twilight there; it is morning here;
The streets are hot in the sun,
And the queer little maids go walking by,
With parasols every one.

With painted fans in their small brown hands,
They toddle on tiniest feet,
And shyly glance at the wonderful queues
Of the queer little boys they meet.

The scholars stand, in this singular land,
With their backs to the teacher turned;
And upside down are the books they read,
And their lessons aloud are learned.

For dinner they give us a bird's-nest soup,
With tea and a bowlful of rice;
Two ivory sticks for a knife and fork,
And a nice little stew of young mice.

The shadows darken and all the town
Is lit with the lantern's glow;
And a curious crowd with eyes aslant,
Come out to see us so.

A smile and a sigh, and away we fly,
With our parasols gay unfurled,
And a long farewell to the folks who live
On the other side of the world.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

CHRIST RISEN.

Matt. 28. 1-15. Memorize verses 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What do we call the day of our Lord's crucifixion? Why? When was he taken from the cross? Who asked for his body? Who was Joseph? A good, rich man from Arimathea, a place in Ephraim. Who helped him? Nicodemus, a good, wise man. Where was Jesus laid? Who went with him to the rock-tomb? Did they expect him to rise again? Who came first to the tomb after the Sabbath? What time was it? What had just taken place? Whom did they see? What did he say to them? Where did he tell them to go? What did they do? Whom did they meet? What did Jesus say to them? "All hail!" What did they do? What did Jesus tell

them to do? What did the priests tell the keepers of the tomb to say? Why is Easter a blessed day? Because Christ lives and we shall live also.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Learn how Jesus was buried. John 19. 38-42.
- Tues. Find what the Jews did. Matt. 27. 62-66.
- Wed. Learn what happened on Sunday morning. Luke 24. 1.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Matt. 28. 1-15.
- Fri. Find what Mary said to the angels. John 20. 13.
- Sat. Learn what Jesus said to Mary. John 20. 16.
- Sun. Learn the beautiful Golden Text.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Jesus was laid in the tomb.
2. He arose from it on the third day.
3. He is alive for evermore, and we live in him.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 26.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.—Phil. 2. 9.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. J. V. T. and S... Without faith it—
2. P. C. the C. ... Thou art the—
3. J. T. A voice came—
4. The M. of the S. Pray ye therefore—
5. P. and P. Ask, and it—
6. W. (T. L.) Blessed are those—
7. The P. S. Come, and let—
8. J. T. H. For even the—
9. The P. For even Christ—
10. C. T. B. P. Then said Pilate—
11. C. C. Christ died—
12. C. R. Now is Christ—

WHAT A LITTLE ONE MAY DO.

There was once a little English girl, just four years old, living in India. This little girl used to go out walking with an old Hindoo servant, and one day, as they passed a ruined heathen temple, the old man turned aside to make his "salaam," or bow, to the dumb idol.

"Sammy," asked the child, wondering, "what for you do that?"

"Oh, missy," said he, "that my god."

"Your god?" cried the little girl; "your god, Sammy? Why, your god no can see, no can hear, no can walk! Your god stone! My God see everything; my God make you, make me, make everything!"

The old man listened. for he loved the child, and, though he still bowed down to

the idol, he would often let her talk to him about her God. At last he heard that she was going away from him.

"What will poor Sammy do," he said one day, "when missy go to England? Sammy no father, no mother."

"Oh, Sammy!" said the little one quickly, "if you love my God, he will be your father and mother, too."

The old man, with tears in his eyes, promised to love her God. And so she taught him her prayers, and very soon he learned to read the Bible and became a good Christian man.

So you see, even this little bit of a child could be God's messenger.

RIDICULING AN INVENTOR.

George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, used to speak with indignation of how the "Parliament men" badgered and baffled him with their book-learning when he proposed to build a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester.

"The smoke from the engine," said these book-learned men, "will kill all the birds, and the sparks will set fire to the fields and houses. The passengers will be made sea-sick; the noise will frighten away the game, and thousands of coachmen and innkeepers will be thrown out of employment."

The fast mail-coaches were driven at the rate of ten miles an hour. When Stephenson asserted that his steam-coaches would attain to a much more rapid rate of speed, he was laughed at and hooted as a crack-brained enthusiast.

"You must not claim a speed of over fifteen miles an hour," said the nervous counsel of the promoters of the railway to Stephenson, just as he was about to appear before a parliamentary committee.

A member of the committee, opposed to the proposed railroad, thought he could make the simple-hearted engineer assert an absurdity that would kill the project.

"Well, Mr. Stephenson," he asked, "perhaps you could go seventeen miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps twenty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

"Twenty-five, I dare say. You do not think it impossible?"

"Not at all impossible."

"Dangerous, though?"

"Certainly not."

"Now tell me, Mr. Stephenson; will you say that you can go thirty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

The fish was hooked to an absurdity, so every member of the committee thought, and they all leaned back in their chairs and roared with laughter.

Their sons now ride sixty miles in sixty minutes.



A CHINESE BOY.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA.

Almost every Chinese child of high station carries a fan. Fans are the rattles of Chinese babyhood. A Chinese nurse diverts her young charge with views of her swiftly-moved, gaily-painted fan. With that same fan she cools for him the torrid air of the Chinese summer, and when he grows strong enough to walk, and totters about, upon his well-developed yellow legs, his apple-faced mother, if forced to criticise his momentary mode of life, is very apt to score his yellow shoulders with her pink perfumed fan, though, to be honest, a Chinese child is almost never struck.

Many Chinese children who have scarcely a garment, and rarely have a good dinner, have fans, and are experts in their use, for in China the manner in which the fan is carried, opened, used, and moved, is almost as significant as it is in Corea. The nakedest Chinese boy will almost be sure to own a kite. Chinese children are as skilful as Japanese children in kite flying, and are almost as fond of it as are the children of Siam. They also delight in rolling the hoop and in playing battledore and shuttlecock.

It is more than religion with the Chinese to obey as their ancestors have obeyed, and in all things to follow in the footsteps of those ancestors. This held China together for centuries, but now the reluctance of the Chinese to make use of

methods and implements of war that were unknown to their ancestors, threatens to make China, if not a nation of the past, at least a nation torn and dismembered. The late war with Japan should teach China the necessity of the arts of Western civilization.

A large portion of the Chinese are born, live, and die on boats. Strangely enough, none, or nearly none, of them can swim. But almost every Chinese child is an expert fisher, and exceedingly fond of the sport. Fish and rice form very largely the diet of every Chinese child. Except among the very poor, the children and the women eat apart from the men.

The children of wealthier people eat considerable poultry and unlimited fruit. Among the poorer Chinese the girls are taught to cook, to do all sorts of household work, and to sew roughly. I have eaten some delicious dinners cooked by a Chinese girl of twelve. Indeed, cooking is the great national talent of the Chinese.

The boys of the poorer classes are taught one or more of a thousand ways of earning a living. I remember one merry little fellow who lived alone with his grandfather, who was blind and lame, and the small fellow (I think he could not have been more than eight, perhaps not so old) was the real breadwinner of the family. They had a hatching establishment, a small hut with a very low roof, on which the sun in summer beat down fiercely. Near the hut was a good-sized pond, divided by boards an stakes into small sections. On

the floor of the hut they hatched ducks' eggs, and when the ducklings were sufficiently hatched they were put afloat upon the pond. People came for miles, bringing from a dozen to some hundreds of eggs. Those eggs were wrapped in coarse napkins, put on the floor of the hut, and left there until the sun had done the natural work of the mother duck. The process, if I remember, took the better part of a month. I have seen the floor of the hut completely covered with eggs. But it was said that the small boy never made a mistake. At all events, his customers seemed satisfied to a man that they invariably received the result of their own eggs. I never heard of a complaint. —*Pall Mall Budget.*

THE SUEZ CANAL.

There are very few who have not heard of the Suez Canal, the great waterway that leads across the isthmus of Suez, and gives a passage from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, thus saving hundreds of miles of travel.

The canal was opened November 17, 1869. In the first seven months more than three hundred ships passed through. It takes from twelve to fifteen hours to make the passage.

The southern terminus of the canal is Suez, a city of several thousand people; the northern is Port Said on the Mediterranean.

It took four years to construct the canal, and it cost upwards of \$60,000,000.

A little girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there is a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the Sun of Righteousness.



CHINESE FAMILY.