

SUNBEAM

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PROGRESS

IN JAPAN.

The Japanese are among the brightest and most intelligent people of the Orient. Of them it may almost be said in the words of Scripture, "That a nation is born in a day." A few years ago it was almost unknown and its influence was almost utterly insignificant. Now, it is one of the great war powers of the world. It humbled in a few weeks the most populous nation on the face of the earth, one ten times its size. It has adopted in a marvellous manner Western institutions and Western civilization. It has an admirable public school system, with first-class colleges and a great imperial university. It is the only one of Eastern nations which has adopted representative institutions and has its regularly elected Parliament, a considerable number of whose members are converts to Christianity. Its postal, telegraph and railway systems will compare favourably with those of any country in the world. The people are very polite and courteous to each other, and exceedingly fond of their children. Japan has been called the paradise of boys and girls, so many ingenious toys are made for their amusement, and so heartily do their elders enter into the fun.

To the waking up of the spirit to the advantages of Western civilization, the Christian Churches have largely contributed. In this our own Church has taken a prominent part. Our mission to Japan was our first foreign missionary enterprise,



JAPANESE SINGING GIRLS.

begun by those veteran missionaries, Dr. Cochran and Dr. Macdonald. Twenty years ago at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, I said to one of the Japanese commissioners, "Do you know Dr. Cochran or Dr. Macdonald?" The man brightened up and said, "Why, Dr. Mac-

donald baptized me." He also told me that another of the commissioners was a member of our Church in Japan. I asked him why it was that the Japanese adopted the Western costume while the Chinese still wore their pig-tails and long gowns. He laughed and replied that he supposed that the Japanese were more receptive of Western ideas and institutions. The circumstance illustrates the policy of the nation and explains their remarkable progress.

We have now about thirty-six missionaries, including native preachers, in Japan, with a separate Conference. Besides the missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society, who have several educational and industrial schools, an orphanage, and other operations. We have in all 65 preaching appointments, 70 Sunday-schools, and 2,800 scholars. There are 19 ministers, 44 preachers and local preachers, 20 exhorters, and 96 class leaders.

The Japanese are very fond of music, and although much of it is very discordant to Western ears, yet the natives seem to like it, which speaks much for their fortitude. The Japanese have very rare taste in art. Their painting, embroidery, bronze modelling, and tapestry are of surpassing excellence and beauty. The native costume, as shown in our cut, is singularly graceful. The Japanese lanterns are also quite artistic.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

When bedtime comes, the stupid child
Is cross, and tries to run away,
As if the long, long day were not
Enough for little people's play.

When bedtime comes, the clever child
Gives every one a happy kiss,
And off to dreamland hurries, lest
Some flying, merry dream he miss.

When bedtime comes in our town,
You cannot find a curly head,
Or good or bad or in between,
That isn't safely tucked in bed.

—*Youth's Companion.*

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Sunbeam.

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A GENTILE CONVERT.

In China a follower of Confucius became a Christian; and when the mandarin heard of his having given testimony for Jesus, he called him before him and asked if he had joined the "Jesus people." The scholar said: "Yes." The mandarin said: "Don't you know that I have the power to punish you?" "Yes," said the scholar. "Will you give up these people?" "No." Then he took him and removed from his hat the button, the symbol of his exemption from punishment; then he laid him on the floor, and beat him with bamboo rods until his back was badly cut. He arose from his dreadful punishment sick and faint, and as he staggered to his feet began to preach the gospel again. A scholar across the street heard him, and, moved by the sight of his suffering and fidelity, said: "If you have such a Jesus, all the world ought to have him."—*Westminster Quarterly.*

AT BEDTIME JUNCTION.

"Change cars for dreamland!"
Boy roused up a little. He moved his hand, and it touched the arm of the low rocker. He felt for his picture-book. It was gone. He thought that it had dropped on the floor. Still he did not open his eyes.

"Passengers for Dreamland, change cars!"

Boy knew the voice. He wanted to answer. He tried to lift his head, but it was so heavy that he could not move it. His lips parted, and after awhile he said: "What-t?"

"This is the place where we change cars," said the voice; "it is Bedtime Junction. We reach here at seven fifty-nine. The gentleman called Mr. Charles Albert has taken the dreamland car. I came back after you, and we must go at once."

Boy felt himself lifted by strong arms. The next thing that he knew he was laid in a soft bed, and a soft hand was drawing a white sheet over him, while a soft voice said, "This is the Dreamland car. You do not change again till morning. I will let you know. I look after all the passengers. I am the conductor."

Boy's eyes opened wide. "You're mamma!" he said.

Mamma kissed boy's plump pink cheeks. His eyes closed again, and the Dreamland car moved on, carrying Boy, with a through ticket in his nightcap.—*Youth's Companion.*

TWO WISHES.

"I wish," said Jennie, "that Clara liked me well enough to do the thing I want to do, and to give me things sometimes; then we could have such nice times together, and now we don't agree."

"I wish," said Jennie's mother, "that my little girl liked her friend Clara well enough to do the things her friend wants to do, then I think you would have nice times together."

Jennie thought it over, and then said: "I believe your wish is the best, mamma. I'll go right over and tell Clara that I'll go to her picnic in the orchard this afternoon instead of to my doll party that I wanted to have."

And (would you believe it?) when she went to Clara she found her quite willing to come to the doll party, so they had the picnic first and the doll party afterwards.—*Selected.*

In Japan they do something which sounds very delightful. Some wandering peddlers carry a copper griddle and a small metal pot for holding burning charcoal. They have also batter and cups and spoons, and they let out the whole thing for an afternoon to any boy or girl who has the "cash" to pay for it. Think what good times the children have baking and eating their own griddlecakes!



RUM RUINS THE HOME.

What is this? It is a Home. The State is built on the Home, and if we would have a good, free, pure State, we must have Homes of the same kind. From what I have said as to drink up to this point, it must be clear that it has all to do with the Home, and that Drink must be the one great foe of the State. The Home, in its turn, is built on the heart and brain of Man, and Drink, as we have seen, makes a dire wreck of these, for it kills love and deals in all kinds of wrong and ill. You see the Man in this cut. He is the head of Home—if we may call it. At first it was a true Home, for he had love for his Wife, and peace dwelt with them, and their joy grew as in time there came to them a sweet Babe, and in a few years two more. Their cup of bliss was full. Love was the light of the place from day to day. But then came the foul Drink Fiend. The Man got to love a glass of beer, and his wife from time to time would join him in this. It was not long ere both were fond of Strong Drink. They were in chains as bond-slaves, and the Home went to the bad. Rags and filth took the place of old joy, and now the Man is a dread to each Child. When he comes Home they all run and hide, for he is mad with Drink, and will beat them. His wife is just as bad, and both spend much of their time in Jail. When they are at Home they fight night and day, and it is, in truth, more like a Den of wild beasts than a Home.—*Bengough's Gin Mill Primer.*

A teacher said the other day: "Henry Stover is the only boy in school whom I can trust when my back is turned." Wasn't that a good word for Henry? A mother said once: "I can leave any letter that I write open on my desk; and if I am called away, no matter for how long, I am certain that Nellie will never try to read a word of it." These things couldn't be said of every boy and girl. These children are honest. They do right not only when others are looking at them, but always, remembering that God's eye is upon them. They do right because it is right. This is what we should all and always do: live in God's presence, and do what will please him.

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SETTING UP A MEMORIAL STONE.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

A chubby little sister
Was rubbing at a tub;
A chubby little brother
Came to help her rub.

The chubby little brother
Fell in with a cry;
The chubby little sister
Then hung him up to dry.

— *Select 1*

"Doctor," said a man to his medical attendant, who had just presented a small bill of thirty-five shillings for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this on 'in trade'?" "O yes," cheerfully answered the doctor, "I think we can arrange that; but what is your business?" "I am a cornet player," was the startling reply.—*London Telegraph.*

The way to avoid great faults is to be aware of less.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON II. [October 12.]

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

Josh. 3. 9-17. Memorize verses 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43. 2.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Joshua told to lead the people? Over Jordan. What did he tell the priests to do? To take up the ark and pass over before the people. Of what was the ark a sign? Of God's presence. What happened when the feet of the priests touched the water? The waters parted before them. What did they cross Jordan upon? Dry ground. Where did the priests stand while the people passed over?

In the midst of Jordan. What was brought up out of Jordan? Twelve stones. Who brought them out? Twelve men—one from each tribe. What were they called? Memorial stones. Why did they make a monument of them? That they might show them to their children, and keep in memory the Lord's goodness.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. Josh. 3. 9-17.
- Tues.* Read about the miracle at the Red Sea. Exod. 14.
- Wed.* Read about another parting of the Jordan. 2 Kings 2. 13, 14.
- Thur.* Read a welcome command. Josh. 1. 11.
- Fri.* Learn a promise of protection. Golden Text.
- Sat.* Learn why we should trust God. Isa. 43. 11.
- Sun.* Read a beautiful hymn. No. 679, Methodist Hymnal.

LESSON III. [October 19.]

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

Josh. 6. 12-20. Memorize verse 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

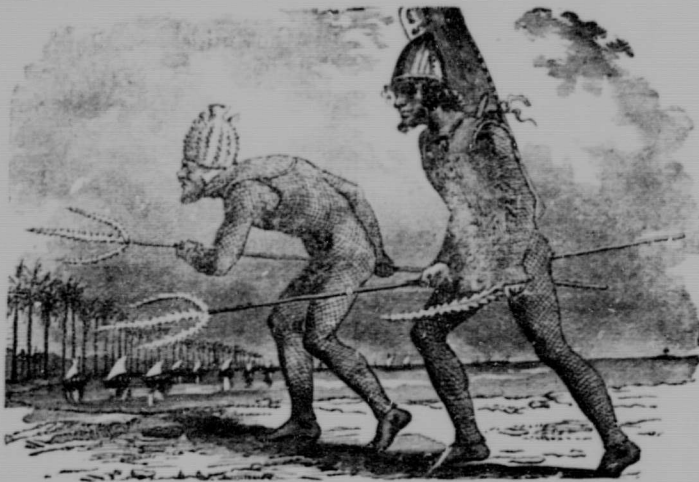
By faith the walls of Jericho fell down.—Heb. 11. 30.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where were the Israelites now? In the land of Canaan. What did they begin to eat? The fruit and grain of the land. What had the Lord told them to do? To conquer their enemies. Who were their first enemies? The king and people of Jericho. What way did they take? The Lord's way. What did they do the first day? They walked once around the city. Who went with them? Priests with trumpets, and with the ark. What did the ark mean? The Lord's presence. How often did they walk around the city? Once every day for six days. What way did they take? The Lord's way. What did they do on the seventh day? They went around seven times. Then what did Joshua say? "Shout!" Why? Because the Lord had given them the city. What happened then? The walls fell flat. What did they do then? They took the city.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about a heavenly visitor. Josh. 5. 13-15.
- Tues.* Read what the Lord said to Joshua. Josh. 6. 1-7.
- Wed.* Read the lesson verses. Josh. 6. 8-20.
- Thur.* Learn what made the walls of Jericho fall. Heb. 11. 30.
- Fri.* Learn how to please God. Heb. 11. 6.
- Sat.* Find how we may have faith. Heb. 12. 2.
- Sun.* Tell some one this wonderful story.



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and limited vegetation. The cocoanut-palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The *sarave* language is spoken on all of these islands. The people are naturally hardy, savage, and quarrelsome. They wear very little clothing, and men are frequently seen entirely naked. The bodies of the men are often covered with scars, and no dandy is more proud of his rings and jewels than are these men of the unsightly scars which indicate their prowess. While not cannibals in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, yet it is said that on some of the islands there is probably not an adult male who has not tasted human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and laboured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged in self-preservation to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly broken in health, they were compelled to take up their residence at Honolulu, where they still continue their labours of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as labourers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet passed.

Broken friendships may be mended, but it is usually a poorly done job that will soon need to be done over again.

CHINESE PAGODAS.

BY CLARA M. CUSHMAN.

One of the familiar landmarks around Peking is this pagoda, which may be seen for miles, rising high above the low temple buildings which surround it. I counted the stories of this and others, and said to an old priest,

"Why do you build pagodas so many stories high?"

"Because," said he, "that is the way to build a pagoda."

This kind of reasoning may do for a Buddhist priest, but it hardly satisfies "a live Yankee."

A pagoda is usually a hollow tower having eight sides, and is sometimes thirteen stories high. A pagoda may have one room at the base, containing the idol or relic of Buddha, while the top is solid.

There are said to be two thousand pagodas in China. There are six in and around Peking. It is said that heaven will protect the place that lies in sight of a pagoda, and destroy all bad influences. Those that I saw were all old and out of repair, which surely is very ungrateful of the Chinese, if they bring as much good luck as the Buddhists say!

The first pagoda was erected in Nanking over sixteen hundred years ago. They say the model was obtained of the Hindoos.

One pagoda in Shantung has a winding stairway of nearly two hundred steps. The top is about one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, and commands a fine view of the country.

For a long time Nanking was celebrated for

its beautiful porcelain tower, built in honour of the empress. It was to have been thirteen stories, and over three hundred feet high, but, though nineteen years was spent on it, only nine stories were completed.

It had one hundred and ninety steps, one hundred and fifty bells hanging on the corners, and one hundred and forty lamps. A Chinese writer said, "The lamps light up thirty-three heavens, and show forth the good and evil among men, and keep off all kinds of sorrow."

After standing four hundred years the Taiping rebels blew it up for fear it would spoil their good luck!

The old pagoda near the temple where I spent many pleasant vacation hours was said to be one thousand years old. I have often gone up into it with the old priest, and talked with him as he lighted the incense.

The little bells on the many corners, that have tinkled so softly and sweetly for many centuries, are dropping off and growing less and less. Those who sing the "Jesus songs" around the old pagoda are growing more and more.

"Some sweet day," all over China, instead of pagodas shall rise the white spires of Christian churches, and instead of pagoda bells and temple gongs shall sound forth the church bell, and happy hearts shall say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

THEY ARE BAD FOR BOYS.

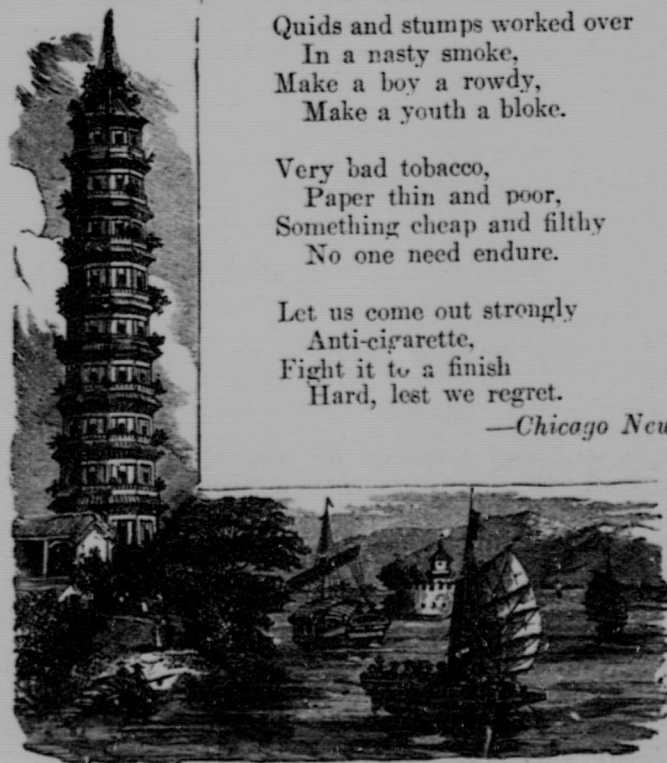
Little bits of paper,
Old cigars chopped small,
Little puffs of smoke, boy
Keeps from growing tall.

Quids and stumps worked over
In a nasty smoke,
Make a boy a rowdy,
Make a youth a bloke.

Very bad tobacco,
Paper thin and poor,
Something cheap and filthy
No one need endure.

Let us come out strongly
Anti-cigarette,
Fight it to a finish
Hard, lest we regret.

—Chicago News.



CHINESE PAGODA AND BOATS.