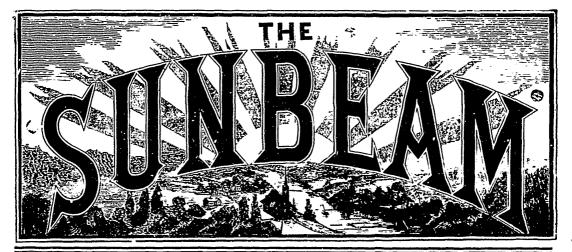
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Vol. I.

JUNE 5, 1880.

No. 11.



CHINESE BOYS.

OU have here a picture taken from a photograph of a Chinese boy.

You will notice that the style of dress is different from ours. Chinese

clothes do not fit tightly at Both boys and men, the wrist. who can afford it, wear a long robe or gown, made of cotton, satin, or silk; and winter gowns are padded with cotton, or lined with fur, or skins of sheep, etc. You will think the soles of the shoes peculiar. They are made of white felt. This boy's shoes have ornamental tops. They are made of cloth and satin. I think if you were to see some of the little Chinese boys on a festivalday you would laugh at their large hats, sometimes like a dunce's cap in shape, but perhaps made of red cloth with several little brass figures of men round it.

I have said that Chinese parents love their children; they, too, are expected, whether they are boys or grown up men, to love their parents above every one else. In fact they are taught to care for them while living, and to worship them after they are dead. Several times in the

year they go to their graves, burn candles, incense, and paper which is stamped and supposed to become money for their ancestors' spirits to use. They also kneel down several times and bow their heads in

front of the grave. Before they leave they often fire off a number of crackers.

Besides their parents, the younger are required to treat their elder brothers and sisters with respect, and to give them the preference in all things. After the father's death the elder brother, if of age, takes his place in governing the family. Their books compare the elder brother to the head, and the younger to the foot of a man's body. However, here, as elsewhere, brothers do not always agree.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1880.

A CHILD SAVED.

OME years ago a Pacific steamer took fire. The burning vessel was headed for the shore, which was not far distant. The only thought of the passengers was self-preservation. One man who was returning from California with a treasure of gold, the result of years of toil and sacrifice, had just buckled his belt containing his gold around him, and was preparing to leap into the water and swim to the shore, when he was addressed by a little girl.

- "Sir, can you swim?" said she.
- "Yes, my child," responded the man.
- "And won't you please, sir, save me?"

The request sent a thrill to his heart. He knew he could not save the child and his gold too. One of them must be lost. It was a question to be decided in a moment—a question which involved the saving of a life or the loss of the savings of his life. It was an instantaneous but mighty struggle. Yet manhood, humanity, self-sacrifice conquered. He unbuckled his belt; he cast his gold aside; he took the little child in his arms and plunged into the water. A child was saved, but the gold was lost.

WHAT THE SPARROWS CHIRP.

AM only a little sparrow,

A bird of low degree;

My life is of little value,

But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers, It is very plain I know, With never a speck of crimson, For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I never sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's fortune,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty, Close picking makes it sweet; I have always enough to keep me, And "Life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found—
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us fall to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid—
For we know that our dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest; I light on many a spray; I have no chart or compass, But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know the Father loves me—
Have you less faith than me?



LITTLE AMY.

ITTLE fingers ever willing,

Never idle all the day;

Little footsteps softly treading,

Rarely finding time for play;

Little wise head always pondering,

Thinking what can best be done—

What could I e'er do without you,

Little Amy, darling one?

Better than all other nurses
You are to me lying here;
All the place seems glad with sunshine
When I hear your footstep near.
Little daughter, He who sent me
Sickness by His own good will,
Sent thee also in His pity
All my days with joy to fill.

CHILD being asked what were the great feasts of the Jews, promptly not unnaturally replied:—" Breakfast, per, and supper."

KEEP SINGING.

E had a servant once who always used to be singing—whether outside the door whitening the steps, whether washing the linen, cleansing the tea-things, or cooking the dinner, she would be constantly singing or humming over something. I said to her one day, "Betsy, what makes you sing so?"

"Well," she answered, "I think it keeps bad thoughts away; and if I didn't sing, sometimes I should get so low-spirited I shouldn't know what to do with myself!"

A good deal of philosophy in Betsy; because you know that boys, if they have to go through a church-yard at night, always begin whistling to keep their spirits up.—Spurgeon.

FLOWERS FOR MAMMA.

flowers are not exactly what she would have culled, or that they are not arranged with strict regard to harmony of colours? It is the desire to please the mother whom she loves, and who loves her, that makes the gift acceptable. A good type this of our offerings to God. One has said, "Ah! well it is for us that God is a loving Father, who takes our very prayers and thanksgivings rather for what we mean than for what they are; just as parents smile on the trailing weeds that their ignorant little ones bring for flowers."

THE violet cannot become the rose, the daisy cannot be the lily; and if each could be the loveliest flower, earth would lose half its beauty. Be content in thy proper sphere; thou mayest be the violet or the daisy; but envy not the rose or the lily; all are beautiful when in their appointed places.

THREE KITES.

THREE kites went sailing into the air, Higher, and higher, and higher; "Mine is the best," cried Johnnie Stout,

"And mine the finest flyer."

-"But mine will go," cried Neddie Day, "Up to the great church steeple!" "And mine," cried tiny Tim, "will rise

Beyond the eyes of people."

Alas! for boys as well as men Who set such kites a flying! They lodged all three in a high-topped tree, And the boys went home a crying.

NEVER DO IT.

NEVER reply to father or mother saucily. Never speak to mother unkindly. Never act ugly to brother or sister.

Never correct father or mother when they are telling anything in public.

Never steal anything, or tell an untruth, or speak ugly words, or circulate scandal.

Never seek play when you can be more usefully employed.

Never say, "I can't," or "Let Jim," or "I don't want to," when you are told to do anything.

Never go to sleep without prayer, as it may be the last chance you will have.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he "Well," was must wait until he was older. his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

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LESSON NOTES.

A.D. 29.] LESSON X. June 6.

THE CRUCIFIXION; or, The Atoning Saviour.

Matt. 27. 35-50. Commit to memory verses 45-50.

THE LESSON STORY.

The enemies of Jesus dragged him before the high-priest, before Herod, the King of Galilee, and before Pilate, the Roman governor, who gave orders that he should be crucified So they nailed him by his hands and his feet to a cross, and then stood it up between two others of the same kind, on each of which was hung a robber. The soldiers divided his clothes among themselves, while all the people stood around, watching to see him die. Over his head was written, THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS. All those who passed by spoke words of abuse and hate against him. Suddenly, at noon, a darkness fell on all the land, while Jesus was dying on the cross. About three o'clock Jesus cried out with a loud voice. Some ran and filled a sponge with vinegar, and placed it on a pole and gave him a drink. Once again Jesus cried out aloud, "It is finished," and then he, the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world gave up his life.

LESSON XI. A.D. 29.] June 13. AFTER THE RESURRECTION; or, The Abiding Saviour. Matt. 28. 8-20. Commit to memory verses 16-20,

THE LESSON STORY.

When Jesus was dead they took down his body from the cross, and laid it in a tomb in a garden near by. There it lay for two nights: but on the third day there was an earthquake and Jesus rose from the dead. He showed himself first to some women who had come to his grave, then to some of his disciples, and afterward to a great company of his followers But the Jews paid money to the soldiers to say that the disciples stole the body of Jesus from his tomb, and that he had not risen from the dead. He had told his disciples to mee him at a mountain in Galilee. They went to the place, and when he appeared some of ther could hardly believe that he was Jesus. said to them, "All power is given unto me ir heaven and in earth." Then he commanded them to go to all people everywhere preaching his gospel, baptizing them as believers in him and teaching them to obey his words. The he said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen;" and after time came back to Bethany, and there ascended to heaven, to sit once more upon his throne.