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# SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1892.

No. 5.

## CHILDREN IN CHINA.

THIS picture presents a number of Chinese scenes. At a strange time, then how the Chinese eat with sticks, then they carry babies, then a Chinese girl going to school and a boy at school. How the boy talks with his father to the teacher. There is no gladness in a Chinese family at the birth of a little girl, though friends and neighbours come together to rejoice when a boy is born. Parents think it a great disgrace to have only daughters in their family, and they fear the girls must be very young to send them with a misfortune. And though it is almost too sad to believe, little girls are sometimes put to death by their own parents, who do not see the trouble in bringing them



to do anything but to use her hands—to cook, weave, do embroidery, etc. She is taken away when quite a child from her own father and mother to be married, and then, unless she belongs to the poorer classes, she is seldom seen outside the house of her mother-in-law. Indeed you will not wonder at this if you remember their strange custom of cramping the feet of women to make them small. The mother begins to bind the foot when the little daughter is only two years old, and the bandages are worn for years, though some of the children die of the cruel pain. At last the poor foot loses all feeling, but it is crippled and almost useless. The small-footed girl cannot walk any distance without the help of a stick, and her hobble must indeed be painful to see. Yet the Chinese admire the walk of

A Chinese girl seldom taught

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

small-footed ladies, and say it is like "the waving of willow-boughs in a breeze."

Are you not thankful, dear girls, for your own loving mothers and happy homes? For your freedom to learn and play, to walk and run? Chinese girls are just as willing and as quick to learn as their Canadian sisters when the opportunity is given them. There are now some schools in China where girls are gathered together to learn from gentle, patient teachers, lessons more precious than heathen masters can teach their pupils. These are the Christian mission schools for girls.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1892.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

I HAVE an alarm clock in my room which makes so much noise every morning at six o'clock that I am forced to open my eyes directly. It is an excellent means of awakening me early, and enabling me to gain the precious morning hours. It is so, however, only on one condition, and that is—that I rise at once whenever I hear the sound.

One morning, instead of getting out of bed at once at the call of the clock; I hesitated, felt lazy, turned round, and fell asleep again. Alas! the following morning I scarcely listened to the sound at all; and in a few days more, although the clock continued to sound at the usual hour, I did not even hear it.

That is strange, you will perhaps say; but strange or not, it is true. I ceased even to awake because I had neglected for some time to rise at the call of my alarm.

We have all an alarm clock within ourselves. It is our conscience. Conscience rouses us, warns us what we ought to do and what we ought to shun. But we must listen and obey at its very first call. We must stop at once when conscience says "Stop," and we must set to work at once when conscience says, "Go and be active." If we once refuse to listen, we shall refuse more easily the second time, and at length conscience will speak in vain; we shall not even hear its voice, and we shall go on unwarned from sin to sin. Of this the following is an example:

A young man, named Robert, had at one time listened faithfully to the voice of his conscience, but by degrees he began to turn away from the right path, and to become unfaithful in little things. In vain did his conscience say to him, "Robert, what you are going to do is evil, abstain from it!" He listened not to the warning. From neglect to neglect, from faults of omission to faults of commission, he proceeded onward in evil until at last he was so lost to all sense of right that he broke into a shop by night to steal the money from the till. He was discovered, arrested, tried, and imprisoned many years.

If we wish to hear the voice of conscience ever speaking clearly and distinctly to us, we must do these things: We must keep our alarm clock—that is our conscience—always in a good state, by the study of the Word of God, and by prayer; then when it speaks, we must listen attentively, and obey at once.

REBUKING A KING.

THE timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked:—

"I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go, for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king. "I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him stand near him in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said: "Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and at his company of obsequious nobles the king severely remarked: "There, lords, is an honest man. He can really remind me of the great sin of swearing, but you can sit here and let me tell my soul by swearing, and not so much tell me of it!"—Exchange.

THE COMING MAN.

A PAIR of very chubby legs,  
Encased in scarlet hose,  
A pair of little chubby boots,  
With rather doubtful toes;  
A little kilt, a little coat,  
Cut as a mother can—  
And lo! before us stands in state  
The future's coming man.

His eyes perchance will read the stars  
And search their unknown ways,  
Perchance the human heart and soul  
Will open to their gaze;  
Perchance their keen and flashing glance  
Will be a nation's light—  
Those eyes that now are wistful bend  
On some big fellow's kite.

Those hands—those little busy hands  
So sticky, small and brown;  
Those hands whose only mission sees  
To pull all order down—  
Who knows what giant strength may  
Hidden within their clasp,  
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick  
In sturdy hold they grasp.

Ah, blessing on those little hands,  
Whose work is yet undone!  
And blessing on those little feet,  
Whose race is yet unrun!  
And blessing on the little brain  
That has not learned to plan!  
Whate'er the future holds in store,  
God bless the coming man!

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, etc., and whose chief delight is in all these things; the other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the parlor, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along her pathway. Which will you strive to be?

## THE BABY.

DEAREST little darling,  
Brightest little flower,  
Sent direct from heaven,  
Our glad hearts to dower.  
Oh! that head so radiant,  
With its sunny hair,  
Oh! those eyes so star-like,  
Glancing here and there.

Hands so full of dimples,  
Limbs so round and white,  
Lips that smile upon us  
With a rosy light.

Dearest little baby,  
Darling little girl,  
God himself looks on thee  
As a priceless pearl.

And in heaven the angels  
Sweeter sing for thee,  
While the virgin mother  
Loves thee tenderly.  
And on earth the flowers  
Put on colours gay,  
For the little baby  
Who may pass their way.

All things bright are brighter  
Since you came to earth;  
All things dark must vanish  
By your baby mirth.  
Loved beyond description,  
Loved beyond compare;  
No one else can rival  
Baby anywhere.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

O. 583.] LESSON XI. [March 13.

## PROMISE OF A NEW HEART.

Lev. 36. 25-38. Memory verses, 25-27.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."—Lev. 36. 26.

Who wrote the words of this lesson? Ezekiel.

Who was Ezekiel? A Jewish prophet and priest of God.

Tell anything more you can about him.

To whom were these words spoken? To the Jews in exile.

Whose promise are they? God's promise to his people.

What does God say he will do? He

says he will cleanse the people from their sins.

What does he promise in the Golden Text? [Repeat Golden Text.]

Do you need a new heart and a new spirit?

What would the new heart help the people to do? It would make them love God and keep his commandments.

What else did God promise? That the people should go back to their own land.

Did he keep this promise? Yes; they were allowed to go back after they had been slaves seventy years.

What else did God say? That the people should have plenty of corn and fruit, and no more famine.

What did he say the people would do? He said they would remember their evil ways and be ashamed of them.

Had they deserved God's kindness? No; he says, "Not for your sakes do I this."

Do we deserve God's kindness to us?

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who was Abraham? The pattern of believers, and the friend of God.

Who was Isaac? Abraham's son, according to God's promise.

## FIRST QUARTER REVIEW.

LESSON XII. [March 20.

## GOLDEN TEXTS.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

The righteous cry and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.

I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.

Behold your house is left unto you desolate.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.

FATE gives us parents, choice gives us friends.

## TENDER HEARTED.

HE was a guest at a New York hotel, and called upon the clerk for a sheet of paper, saying that he wanted to write a letter. Half an hour later he again approached the counter. He had finished the letter. Would the clerk please read it, and see if it was all correct?

The clerk glanced at it and said:

"I see you spell jug 'g-u-g.' That isn't right."

"I know it," was the reply; "but you see I am writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other 'g' to it, he would think I was putting on style over him, and forgetting I was his son. He's sorter tender-hearted and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

And so the letter went off with only one "g" at the end of "gug."

## GLADNESS OF HEART.

"WELL, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action of her little daughter's life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and he took me."

She meant that she felt she had no power to advance towards Christ; that she could only yield herself, and he must take her where she was, and as she was.

There was a pause, and then the mother asked once more: "And how do you feel now?"

"O," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad, so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalms occurred to the mother—"Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many sources of joy in the world. Some children are glad simply because the sun shines, the birds sing, and the air seems full of gladness. Some rejoice in other pleasures, and the blessings of home. Perhaps the saddest sight on earth is a child in whose life there is no joy. Others are mad enough to rejoice in "the pleasures of sin for a season."

But this little girl had learned the only secret of lasting joy in being able to say, "Jesus is mine, and I am his."

Dear young readers, enjoy the blessings God has given you as much as ever you can; but fail not to seek first his favour and forgiveness in Christ Jesus.



CHINESE BOYS.

You 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 the wrist. Both boys and men, 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 festival day 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 LITTLE TRAMP.

BY RENA REYNOLDS.

"WHAT shall I do with Dick?" asked mamma. "He will run away in spite of all I can do."

Papa waited a minute before he answered. "I think he'd like to be a tramp," he said at last.

"Yes; I would," and little Dick smiled at the thought. "I'd like to be a tramp. Please get my clothes, won't you, mamma? and a lunch too, for I'll get hungry."

"Oh! tramps wear old clothes, and they are not in the habit of having a lunch put up for them," papa said. "Get his old suit, mamma; this one is too good."

What! must he take off the pretty blue sailor suit that he liked so well? Dick began to look a trifle less pleased at the prospect of being a tramp. He changed his clothes, then he looked at baby in the cradle. By this time the smile had all faded from his face, but he would not allow himself to cry. He went to the door and looked out. It was very dark.

"Where'll I sleep?" he asked. His voice trembled a little.

"Tramps sleep most anywhere," papa said. "In a barn, or shed, or maybe in a strawstack. 'Taint very cold yet," he added drily.

Dick looked out again, shivered a little and crossed the threshold, closing the door after him. He couldn't say good-bye, for there was a lump in his throat. He concluded to go without "making any fuss." The little boy reached the edge of the porch, when his white kitten ran out from the lilacs near the path. Dick heard the leaves rustle, and didn't stop to see

what it was. He changed his mind a sudden about turning tramp. He thought too much of his home to run away, turned and hurried back into the kitchen that he had left only a moment before.

"I fink I don't want to be tramp no more," he said. "I'd raver stay and take care of Bessie."

Papa only said "All right," but mamma took her little boy in her arms and held him close.

### A STUDENT'S TROUBLES.

I THOUGHT when I'd learned my lesson  
That all my troubles were done;  
But I find myself much mistaken—  
They only have just begun.  
Learning to read was awful,  
But nothing like learning to write;  
I'd be sorry to have you tell it,  
But my copy book is a sight.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
If one can get through; instead  
Of that there are books awaiting,  
Quite enough to craze my head.  
There's the multiplication table  
And grammar, and—O, dear me!  
There's no good place for stopping  
When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little  
To the mountain top we climb,  
It isn't all done in a minute,  
But only a step at a time;  
She says that all the scholars,  
All the wise and learned men,  
Had each to begin as I do;  
If that's so, where's my pen?

### TOO LATE.

THERE is a time for everything, and a secret of success in life lies in doing that at just the right minute.

A veterinary surgeon had occasion to instruct a coloured stableman how to administer medicine to an ailing horse. He had to get a common tin tube—a bean-blower—put a dose of the medicine into it, and blow one end of the tube into the horse's mouth and blow vigorously into the other, and so force the medicine down the horse's throat.

Half an hour afterward the coloured man appeared at the surgeon's office, looking very much out of sorts.

"What is the matter?" inquired the doctor, with some concern?

"Why, boss, dat hoss, he—he fust!"