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PROPOSED NEW METHODIST HOSPITAL, CHENTU, CHINA.

AN APPEAL TO ALL OUR SCHOOLS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have pleasure in presenting the picture of the new Methodist hospital at Chentu, in Western China. For some time we have had a small hospital, as has also the Woman's Missionary Society. These have proved a great boon to the sick and suffering Chinese, but they are not enough for the growing needs. In no way can one preach the Gospel so effectively to the people of China as by the method of the Master, healing the bodies as well as the souls of men. The hardest heart will be melted by the touch of sympathy, and the darkest mind will be illumined by the light of love. When the Saviour drew near the poor leper, and laid his hand upon his hot and fevered flesh, a thrill of hope came to the soul of the sufferer. So on the couch of pain the aid of the kind and skilled medical missionary finds a way into hearts closed and barred against all other means of approach.

It is a great undertaking of our missionaries in that far-off land to erect this splendid hospital as a most efficient way of preaching the Gospel to the people. The native modes of medical and surgical treatment are so barbarous and so brutal that there is the greater need for the use of the up-to-date science of the

present day; and such treatment will be given. The large and lofty wards and wide verandahs of this building will make this house of pain also a house of blessing to multitudes of the sons and daughters and children of China.

This is a work in which the young people of our Sunday-schools can take an important part. Nothing appeals more to us than the condition of the suffering, of the sick, and of those appointed to die.

Many of these are children, for the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and often children are left to perish by their unnatural parents and are rescued by our missionaries, and need sometimes the kindest care to restore them to health.

It is quite within the limits of possibility that the Sunday-schools of our church in Canada should raise during the coming year \$25,000 for this hospital. The small sum of five cents each from each member of our great Sunday-school army would more than secure the needed amount. Even the poorest child in our school could give that. The trouble is, how to collect it. You cannot send your separate givings, but you can unite and send them together.

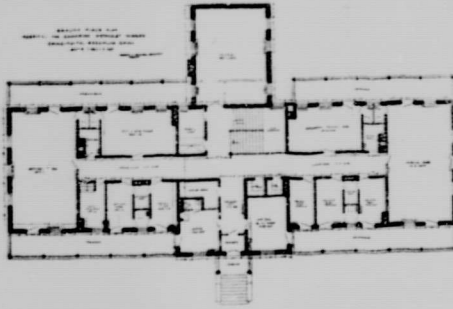
How To Do It.

Let the teachers explain it in the classes. Let it be the subject of prayer and conversation and study. The Mission Rooms will send you a large picture of the Hospital on stout cardboard, which may be framed and hung up in the school as a reminder of the great work in which you may take part. Your school may adopt as its own a child, or a cot, or a room, and receive from time to time news and pictures of its occupant. He will be in a way your patient, and thus in a few months you may have the joy of helping scores to share the blessings of healing.



THE OLD HOSPITAL, CHENTU, CHINA.

When the new hospital is built this will be used for the Isolation Ward.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF CHENTU HOSPITAL.

What a comfort it will be, if you are sick yourselves and need a physician's care, to know that you have a share in bringing the same benefit to some suffering child or man or woman in far-off China. It will make your own bed the softer, your own pain more easy to bear. In your hours of play, or work or study, will it not give greater zest to your games or studies to know that through your aid some one who cannot share these pleasures or duties is being nursed back to health?

Take a share. The hospital will cost \$25,000. This sum is divided into 1,000 shares of \$25 each.

The best way, it seems to us, to organize this great movement for our missionary hospital is for as many schools as possible to take one or more shares. One of our smaller schools, at Mimico, has already done this. Others are following. Scarcely any school is so small that it cannot during the year raise at least \$25 to pay for one of these shares. Some possibly could not do this much. Let them at least do as much as they can in this glorious work. All our larger schools could easily take a full share at \$25, and some two or three.

We will have great pleasure in personally taking one share, amounting to \$25. Other teachers or officers may wish to do the same. But, above all, we want each boy and each girl to have the chance of giving something, however small, and let the money be your own, not what you beg from parents or friends, but your own, something earned by your own hands or gained by your own self-denial. Better do without the candy or the chewing-gum or toys to help those children in that far-off land. See the picture on page 4, of the sick children in the hospital in China, and try to do something to help them.

Address all correspondence to the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

SURE IT WAS RIGHT.

"If I only was sure that is right!" whispered Sam to himself, after he had finished his sum and was about to take it up to the teacher.

"Pooh!" whispered Dick over his

shoulder, "take it up; she's too busy to look at it closely, and won't know whether it is right or not."

"What did you tell me that for?" Sam demanded of Dick when they went to recess.

"That's the way to get along easy," answered Sam.

"But it isn't getting along easy that I'm after; it's being and doing right. If my work isn't done right, it won't do me any good to have it passed by the teacher. I want to be sure I'm right."

A great man once said, "I would rather be right than king. A small man—I mean in spirit—would have said, 'I would rather get along easy than be right.'" The boy who looks at getting through more closely than he does at being exactly right, is apt to make a small, mean man in character, however much money or success he may gain.

MILLY'S REWARD.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

"O, mamma, I dusted grandpa's room, straightened the chairs, wiped his glasses, and made everything neat and nice for him, but he didn't give me any pennies."

"I am afraid my little girl is getting to care more for the pennies than for helping grandpa," said mamma, drawing Milly beside her.

"But mamma, he always does, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"But Grandpa York never does, so I don't go to his room every morning."

"Don't you suppose Grandpa York cares just as much as Grandpa Raymond for the nice little things you can do?"

"Perhaps."

"Grandpa Raymond told me the other day he would rather have Milly tidy up his room than the housemaid. He said you had a finer touch."

"Grandpa York never says anything nice. He just reads and reads, and never seems to know that I'm there, but Grandpa Raymond kisses me and says, 'Ah, here comes my little girl to make things nice for me.'"

"Another case of loaves and fishes," laughed papa, from behind his paper.

"What does he mean, mamma?" asked Milly, an aggrieved look passing over her face, for she felt that in some way she was being laughed at, but could not quite understand how.

"He means, dearie, that the little attentions which you pay your grandfathers seem to be for the sake of the reward. I want you to learn that the greatest reward of working is the pleasure in the work. Does my girlie understand?"

"No, mamma."

"I mean that when you wipe grandpa's glasses, I want you to enjoy doing it, because they are brighter, and because grandpa can see better to read his paper. And when you tidy his room I want you to look over your work and be able to say, 'I am so glad that I am able to do a little to make the world a pleasant place to live in.'"

Milly dropped her eyes. She knew that she had not been working for that kind of a reward.

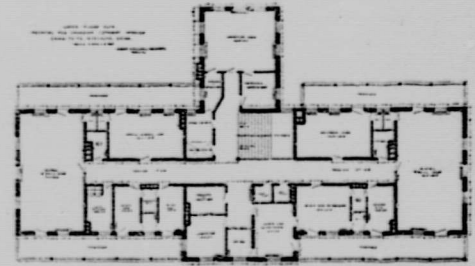
"I think," mamma went on, "that I must ask Grandpa Raymond not to give you any more pennies for the little kindnesses you do him, and besides, I must ask you to do just the same for Grandpa York."

Milly looked up quickly. "I don't like him so well as I do Grandpa Raymond."

"I know you do not, but I think you will learn to like him. Do everything well, and try to find your reward in the pleasure of doing your best."

Do you think that Milly learned this lesson in a day? No, it was weeks, months, and even years before she learned it perfectly. But she had perfect confidence in her mother, and believed that she would only advise what was best. So she set to work, learning a little each day, growing more and more in love with her little tasks, whatever they might be.

"Mamma, did I tell you once, a long time ago, that I did not like Grandpa York?" Milly asked her mother one day, after she had been trying the new plan about two years.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CHENTU HOSPITAL.

"I think you did, dearie."

"What do you suppose made me say it? I do love him dearly."

ALWAYS BE OCCUPIED.

"Always be occupied" was one of the maxims of William H. Prescott. It is a good rule. "Now don't shrug your shoulders at that and repeat the lines about 'All work and no play,' for the rule is not 'Always be at work;' it means simply that we are to be doing something, whether at work or at play, every moment of our waking hours. The great foe of an active, —letting time slip by in a vacuous, empty way—day-dreaming, or whatever you choose to call it. Always be occupied."

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
O, then, hate it,
Touch it never,
Fight it ever

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED
IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 25.

JESUS' POWER TO FORGIVE.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memorize verse 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to
forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus' power to heal the sick had got
noised about, so many brought their sick
friends to be cured. Jesus' preaching also
brought many to hear him. One time the
house was so crowded four men with a
sick friend could not get anywhere near
Jesus. They had such faith in him as the
Divine Healer, they knew if they could
but get their friend to Jesus he would heal
him. As they could not get the sick man
in through the door they took him on to
the flat roof, and made a hole so as to let
him down just above Jesus, who, perceiv-
ing their faith, said to the palsied man,
"Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." This
remark offended the scribes, and they said
nobody could forgive sins but God. They
forgot that Jesus was the Son of God, and
had that power. To prove it was so he
told the poor palsied man who had been
helpless for years to "rise up and walk."

This he did with joy, and great was the
amazement of all who saw him. Then
were the people sure that Jesus really had
power from God.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Who was let down through the roof
before Jesus? A man sick of the palsy.
2. Why had his friends done this? Be-
cause they had faith that Jesus would
cure him.
3. Did Jesus reward their faith? Yes.
4. What did he say? "Son, thy sins
are forgiven thee."
5. What did the scribes say? That
only God could forgive sins.
6. What did Jesus then say? "Arise
and walk."
7. What did this prove? That he had
power of God.

LESSON IX.—MARCH 4.

JESUS TELLS WHO ARE BLESSED.

Matt. 5. 1-16. Memorize verses 3-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
shall see God.—Matt. 5. 8.

THE LESSON STORY.

We often find Jesus off on the mountain
side alone. He felt the need of talking
with his heavenly Father a very great
deal. He knew that God his Father had
sent him to this sinful world to do a great
work. He knew what a great work it was,
and how discouraging oftentimes. But
these quiet communings with God gave
him strength, and he returned to the peo-
ple with such beautiful messages. This
in to-day's lesson is one of the most beau-
tiful. It is called the Beatitudes, be-
cause it tells how each one of us can be
blessed. Here are some of the ways:

1. By being willing to learn right ways.
2. By being sorry for wrong-doing.
3. By being patient and gentle.
4. By being anxious to do right.
5. By being always ready to help
others.
6. By being pure in mind and heart.
7. By being kind to those who despite-
fully use us.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad," Jesus
said, "if you do these things, for great is
your reward in heaven."

Not only does it make one happy here,
if one is trying to do right, but it will
ensure happiness for ever.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where did Jesus often go? To the
mountain alone.
2. Why did he go? To pray to God.
3. What was the result? He was
strengthened to say and do helpful things.
4. What are the teachings in to-day's
lesson called? The Beatitudes.
5. Why are they called Beatitudes?
Because they tell us what will make us
blessed.

6. What are those called who do these
things? The salt of the earth, or light of
the world.

7. What does that mean? That they
are the helpers of their fellows.

THE CHICKENS' SUPPER.

"Chick, chick, chickie!" called Lucielle,
"chickie, chickie!"

And how Mother Hen ran to get some
of Lucielle's supper for her babies!
Lucielle had never fed them before, and
she was very happy when they came peep-
ing around her.

"Now keep quiet," she said, "an' you
s'all all det some."

The good little chickies put themselves
in a row and looked at Lucielle with their
bright eyes, as if they were saying, "Do,
do, Lucielle, hurry our supper! We are
so hungry and well-behaved!"

Down went Lucielle's spoon into her
plate of blackberries, and she threw them
a whole big spoonful; but the chickens,
instead of tasting them, only looked at
Lucielle and peeped louder than ever.
Lucielle was very much surprised.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, "my
chickabiddies won't eat any supper. I'se
'fraid dey's sick."

Mamma come out, looked at the chick-
ens' supper, and then hurried into the
house. When she came back she had in
her hand a panful of corn-meal and water.

"Suppose you give them this," she said,
"and see if they are too sick to eat it."

Lucielle looked at it with surprise.

"It isn't cooked, mamma," she said;

"I don't fink my babies will like it."

"Try them, dear," urged mamma.

So Lucielle gave them a small spoonful
and the chickens ate it so quickly she
could hardly see it go.

"Dear me," she said, "chickies have
very funny manners. Dey won't eat deir
dessert until dey has deir dinner, but
dey stands on deir dinners wif deir feet,
and eats wif deir noses," and Lucielle fed
them another spoonful and forgot to won-
der at their strange manners in her pleas-
ure at seeing them pick it up so quickly.

"I OUGHT TO MUSTN'T."

The chair was so near, and the shelf was
so low,
And I opened the door just in time to see
The last of the coveted caramels go,
While a look imploring was cast on me:
"I ought to mustn't, I know."

The chair was so near, and the shelf was
so low,
To punish, alas! no courage I had;
And I did as, perhaps, you yourself might
do;
I kissed her, right there, so sweet and so
bad;
But "I ought to mustn't," I knew.



SCHOOL IN CHENTU, 1896, UNDER THE W. M. S.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan;
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny-bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
His ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

He's worth a dozen boys I know—
You cannot make him cry—
No matter how the day may go,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

AT NANNIE'S HOUSE.

They had a good time at Nannie's house. There were five children; two sisters and a brother, and two cousins, whose father had gone to heaven. Nannie was the youngest, and they all loved her very much.

They lived in the country and had to take a long ride to get to church. Nannie's father could not stay to the church Sabbath-school, so every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock they all went to Aunt Helen's room, father and mother, grandma and the children, and had a Sunday-school of their own.

One Sunday Aunt Helen said: "Now, while we older ones are talking over the lesson, you children may each make a

picture about it for me. Don't tell one another what you are going to make, but let each one think it out for himself, Then we'll talk about them." So the children, who had been studying the lesson during the week, set to work on their drawing-books. By and by Aunt Helen came to see what they had done.

"What is that?" she asked, bending over Louis' book.

"Why, those," said Louis, "are angels. Don't you see their wings? There were lots and lots of them around the night Jesus was born."

"Oh!" said Aunt Helen, "so there were."

Cora had drawn the road leading from Nazareth to Bethlehem; John had made a picture of a manger with a sleeping baby in it, and Marion was at work on the sheep that the shepherds were watching the night that Jesus was born in Bethlehem. Little Nannie had printed the word "JESUS" in very large letters.

"Oh!" said Louise, "that isn't a picture."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "that is a word-picture. It makes me think of One who can save men. Let us all say this verse: 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.' They named him Jesus because the word Jesus means Saviour. Nannie's picture is very good."

JANIE'S RUN.

How I happened to know Janie came about in this way. When I was a child our home was on the shore of the Penobscot River, far up in Maine. The Indians lived on the islands in the river, but sometimes in winter, when there was hunting, they came to the mainland and

built little huts of hemlock bark to live in. Janie saw the name of a pretty little girl, half Indian and half French, who lived on one of the islands opposite our house. She came every once in a while through the weeds and asked my mother for molasses or sugar. One Sabbath morning in the winter time I saw her running as fast as she could across the cleared field below our house. "Janie," I cried, "where are you going?"

She made me no answer. Straight to the river ice she went, and ran across to the island where her home was. That was the way we all crossed the river in winter time. In summer the Indians rowed back and forth in birch-bark canoes. The little thing had moccasins on her feet and she did not slip on the ice. Moccasins are made of soft leather, without any hard soles, and are like stocking feet, only warmer.

The next day the mission teacher from the island told me the story of Janie's run.

"Janie was late for Sabbath-school and I missed her," she said. "She is one of my best pupils and I wanted her very much. I had five other little girls in my class and they were watching for Janie, too."

"But why did she go home?" I asked.

"You see she keeps the collection. The collection was not pennies, but porcupine quills. Each little pupil brings two quills every Sabbath, and when there are one hundred they can be sold to the women embroiderers for ten cents. The quills have to be of one size and very nice ones or they will not sell at any price. The Indians use a great many of these to trim their clothes. They also make baskets and other things out of them.

"Well, we watched, as I said, and after a while we saw Janie running across the ice. When she came near to the school-house we could see her two little fists doubled up tight and we knew she had the collection all safe."

THE TONE OF THE VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.