

SUNBEAM

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No. 21.

YOUNG CHINA.

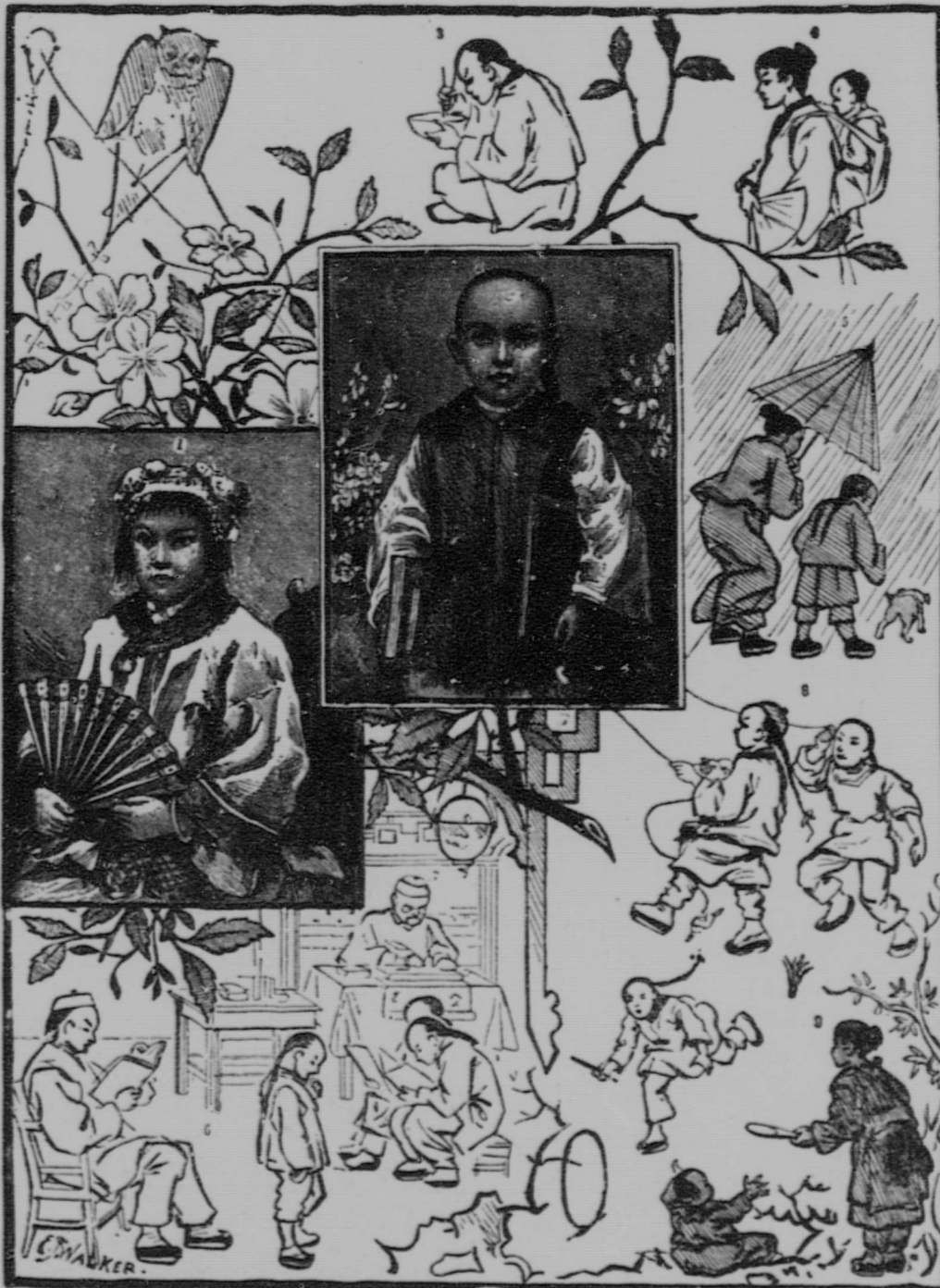
This picture shows a number of Chinese scenes. First a strange kite, then how the Chinese eat with chop-sticks, then how they carry the babies then young China going to school and a scene at school. See how the boy stands with his lack to the teacher.

A SULLEN TEMPER.

Silence is a very good thing under certain circumstances, and in certain places; but there is one sort that produces as much discomfort in a house as the spirit of angry contention. It is the silence of sullenness. Jenny Ross had this sort of silence in a wonderful degree. She was a young lady of fifteen, and might have been a great help and comfort to her mother, if she had only been more pleasant in her disposition. A person may be sad and depressed in spirits from illness or trouble, but sullenness and crossness have no apology. This state of mind

had become so habitual with Jenny that all the household came to look for it. O, how depressing it was to them all!

A little cousin, visiting in the house, caught the influence the first day he was there, though he was but three years old.



YOUNG CHINA.

Standing by her side, as she sat sullenly sewing, he asked her, innocently, "Don't you like anybody, Cousin Jenny?" No wonder the poor little fellow arrived at this conclusion. Her sister Lucy was a gentle, affectionate girl, and suffered most

from Jenny's unpleasant ways. It was so depressing to her heart to receive only a short "Yes" or "No" in answer to her questions, and have all her efforts to please her sister turned from with coldness, and very likely construed into offences. It always threw a chill over any little company to have Jenny enter the room in "one of her spells," as the young folks used to call them. The disposition grows with her years, and what will she be at thirty, if she is so disagreeable at half that age!

You have been told of the horses and cows in Holland that wear shoes made of broad, flat boards, to keep them from sinking into the soft earth. Here is another fact to put with it: In Bohemia, when geese are to be driven long distances to market, they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore-footed.

Be a witness for Christ and the truth

LOVELINESS.

Once I knew a little girl,
 Very plain;
 You might try her hair to curl,
 All in vain.
 On her cheeks no tints of rose
 Pale and blushed or sought repose;
 She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
 Came and went,
 As a recompense for pain,
 Angels sent;
 So full many a beautiful thing,
 In her young soul blossoming,
 Gave content.

—King's Own.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1902.

HE WOULD NOT BE TEMPTED.

A certain boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school, the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." He taught the schoolmaster a lesson.—*Temperance News.*

BABY SAVED HIM.

A poor, disconsolate mother, the wife of a drunkard, had a home barren of

everything but a blue-eyed, two-year-old girl in rags. The father abused the little one and its mother, and in his quest for liquor had pawned every article of furniture in the house.

A few weeks ago the worried mother went into a public-house, where she found the recreant husband. The little girl in her mother's arms recognized her father and gave him one of those little child smiles of recognition which every father covets.

The mother walked over to the bar, where her drunken husband stood, and as the tears coursed down her cheeks, said:

"Papa, kiss Ella and bid her good-bye; I am going to give her to the inn-keeper. Drink up her value, and when she is gone everything we ever possessed is gone. There is nothing in the house to eat, and I am going out to work."

The little one understood the meaning of the words, "Kiss papa," as they fell from the quivering lips of the mother, and she leaned forward to do as she had been told. "Give me Ella!" the father exclaimed as he became sensible of what his wife said, "I have taken my last drink."

A new promise, strong and binding as their wedding vow, was made in the grim corner of the inn, and the two went home to lead a brighter and happier life.

THE FAIRIES' HOMES.

It is said that there was a time when a very funny little people, called fairies, lived upon earth. They made their homes in the cups of flowers, and lived on the honey in the hearts of roses.

Though these fairies are not to be seen any more, there are other fairies working around us all the time. They are great workers, and build beautiful homes everywhere.

The frost fairy makes a pretty house. We call such a house a snowflake. The frost fairy's house is six-sided. It is not strong, and melts away in the warm sunshine.

The salt fairy builds its house like a dish or hopper. This hopper is made of tiny tubes of salt. Salt does not melt in the bright sunshine; but when it gets wet, this queer little hopper dissolves.

The sugar fairies build their houses in a pretty way. When the sugar is melted, they take the tiny particles and string them together like beads. After a while the crystals of sugar harden, and then the fairies have rock candy houses to live in.

Alum fairies build their homes like sets of jewelry.

Sulphur fairies build pretty eight-sided yellow houses.—*Olive Plants.*



Saloonkeeper—Look here, we will have to go out of business if our best customers keep dying off like this. (Looking at Drunkards' Graves.)

Brewer—Don't worry! There are plenty more where they come from—for an enterprising man. (Pointing to the Public School.)

RUM'S RECRUITS.

Our temperance cartoon conveys a very impressive lesson. The army of drunkards depleted by death every year must, the trade frankly tells us, be recruited from the boys. Those who will be in a few years the victims of the drink traffic throughout our land, in our prisons, in drunkards' homes, or in drunkards' graves, are now the boys at school. Shall we let the rum-mill grind out this dreadful grist year after year? This is the question now before the temperance electors.

A BIBLE GENTLEMAN.

It was a hot July morning; and old Mrs. Dawes, carrying the clean linen home to the rectory, thought her basket heavier than usual. Johnnie Leigh, the son of the village doctor, overtook her halfway up the hill. "Why, mother," said he, "that's more than you can manage. Let me have one handle, and then we'll trot it up easily enough." Away they went, Johnnie chatting gaily, and the old woman's face beaming with gratitude and pleasure.

"The idea!" said Fanny Leigh, who came down the lane just in time to see her brother and Mrs. Dawes turn in at the rectory gate. "You are a gentleman, Johnnie! Suppose Lady Blake had met you carrying a clothes-basket? How could you do it?"

Johnnie whistled. "A gentleman? Of course I am. I am a Bible gentleman, like father."

Fannie looked puzzled, so Johnnie explained: "Father says that a Bible gentleman is always civil to poor people as well as rich ones, and poor old Mrs. Dawes is my 'neighbour' just as much as Lady Blake."—*Selected.*

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FOREIGN LANDS.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Up into the cherry tree,
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad in foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorn'd with flowers, before my eye;
And many pleasant places more,
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass,
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown up river slips
Into the sea among the ships;

To where the roads on either hand,
Lead onward into fairyland,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV. [October 26.

JOSHUA AND CALEB.

Josh. 14. 5-15. Memorize verses 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He wholly followed the Lord.—Josh. 14. 14.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who sent spies into Canaan? Moses. How many did he send? Twelve. What did ten of them say? That they were afraid of the giants there. Who were not afraid? Caleb and Joshua. In whom did they trust? In God. What did Joshua do afterward? He led Israel into Canaan. Who came with him? Caleb. What became of the ten spies? They died in the wilderness. What did Joshua do with the land of Canaan? He divided it. Of what did Caleb remind him? Of Moses' promise to him. What did Joshua do? He gave Caleb what he asked for. What did Caleb want? Hebron. What do you know about Hebron? (Draw several answers from the class.)

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the evil report of the spies. Num. 13. 32, 33.
Tues. Read what Caleb said. Num. 13. 30.
Wed. Find why Caleb was so bold. Rom. 8. 31.
Thur. Find the reward of unbelief. Num. 32. 10, 11.



THE NUTTING PARTY.

Fri. Learn the reward of faith. Num. 32. 12.
Sat. Learn all you can about Hebron.
Sun. Learn the best thing that can be said of anyone. Golden Text.

LESSON V. [Nov. 2.

CITIES OF REFUGE.

Josh. 20. 1-9. Memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46. 1.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who told Joshua to appoint cities of refuge? The Lord. Whom had he told before? Moses. Where do we read about this? (See Steps for Tuesday.) What is a city of refuge? A city to run to in time of trouble. Who was the "avenger of blood"? One who was brother or friend of a man who had been killed. What did he do? He ran after the murderer to kill him. What often happened? That a man had been killed by accident. What could the man who had killed him then do? Run to a city of refuge. How long could he live there? Until his case could be tried. How many cities of refuge were appointed? Six. Can you name any of them? Hebron. What is a city of refuge? Yes. Where? In the Lord Jesus Christ.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Josh. 20. 1-9.
Tues. Read about this in another place. Deut. 19. 4-6.
Wed. Learn who is our refuge. Golden Text.
Thur. Find what David's prayer was. Psa. 71. 1-4.
Fri. Find why we need a refuge. Rom. 8. 23.
Sat. Learn a great hymn. Hymn 656, Methodist Hymnal.
Sun. Read a beautiful song of trust. Psa. 46.

THE NUTTING PARTY.

One Saturday afternoon, Helen, Effie, and Kitty started for the nut-grove.

Each little girl had a small basket tied around her waist, and in her hand a stick.

They played they were travellers on the Alps. Papa had read to them of travellers tying themselves together by long ropes, and, with a staff in their hands, ascending the snowy mountains of Switzerland.

So the children asked their mamma to tie them together,—Helen first, Kitty in the middle (because she was the youngest), then Effie, and, bringing up the rear, old dog Major.

First they crossed a field where were large rocks, and some sheep feeding near by. They played that the sheep were bears, and for fear that the bears would run after them, they hurried on without climbing the rocks.

In the next field was a hill, and they had gay sport climbing it, rushing over the blackberry-vines and grassy knolls, stopping every now and then to pick bunch-berries, which were hidden under the leaves.

When they came to the nut-trees, they found some big boys picking nuts. They sat down on the stone wall and waited for the boys to go away. But the boys were in no hurry to go.

So Helen went to the tallest one, and said, "Please go away, big boy, for we want to pick some nuts."

This amused the boy so much that he climbed the tree, and shook the nuts down for them. The little girls filled their baskets quickly, and then went home in fine spirits.

Their mamma put the nuts on the roof over the front-door, where the frost cracked the thick green shells, and the sun ripened the meat inside.

The children ate the nuts on Thanksgiving Day and thought of the pleasant time they had in gathering them.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."



ONLY A CAT.

BY LILLIAN M. DOWSE.

Only a pussy cat, soft, warm, and gray !
And I hear some one ask, What of that ?
She gave me such comfort on many a day,
And a sweet little puss she was, so they say,
What of that ? What of that ?
She was only a cat.

Only a pussy cat sat by my side,
And I hear you again, What of that ?
She was always my friend whatever be-
tide,
And many's the trouble to her I confide.
She is only a cat;
But I say, What of that ? What of that ?

Only a pussy cat's soft little purr !
And you ask, What of that ?
A bundle of coziness done up in fur;
But she loves me, and I love her;
Though she's only a cat.
What of that ? What of that ?

IT WILL HOLD MORE.

"That measure's full up!" said Rob, holding the wooden measure even, and noticing the rounded top as his father poured the stream of yellow grain from the meal bag.

"Not quite," said the farmer; "it will hold a little more if you shake it down well."

"Does, doesn't it?" answered Rob thoughtfully, as a gentle shake left a half inch of the sides of the measure visible. "Now it's full, though."

"It will hold a little more," repeated his father steadily. "Set it down hard, once—there! A pint more will go in easily. Things look full long before they really are so. Some folks round up their time that way. Day's packed full. Can't get in another chore if they tried to. No time to do an errand, dreadfully busy. Worst of it is, they think so, and 'tisn't all hypocrisy and excuses. What they need is a good shaking up and setting down hard. Never was a day so full it couldn't hold a little more. Hold that a

minute, will ye, while I go and lead old Billy out?"

"I believe father heard me telling mother I was so busy I hadn't a minute to go to the store for her!" mused Rob, standing stock-still holding the measure; "and I thought I was. I'm pretty close on time with that physics exam, coming to-morrow, but I might have done the errand. I could have studied all the way over and back if I'd wanted to. I believe I'll shake up my days a little. They'll hold a little more, if they do look full."—*Wellspring.*

TREATMENT OF ENEMIES.

A little girl one day went to her mother to show some fruit that had been given her. "Your friend," said the mother, "has been very kind."

"Yes," said the child; "she gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

The mother inquired to whom she had given them, when she answered: "I have given them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me." On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied: "Because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again."—*Foster.*

A TRUE STORY.

Rover was a big dog; Tabby was only a little kitten. Somebody left her in our yard one frosty night. In the morning we found her in the wet grass. She was shivering with the cold. We made her a warm bed and fed her with new milk.

Rover was not very good to Tabby. He growled crossly whenever he saw her. Poor pussy! It was not her fault she had come to our house.

When Tabby grew bigger Rover stopped teasing her. Perhaps he knew that she wore sharp claws in her soft paws. Anyway, he did not even look at her. So she, like a well-bred cat, did not go near him.

One soft summer day Rover lay on the door mat sunning himself. Tabby sat winking and dreaming away at the other end. I suppose that some of us must have left the gate open. Suddenly a big yellow dog ran into the yard. Seeing kitty, he began to bark. She arched her back and looked cross. He did not mind that. He caught her in his big, ugly

mouth and shook her. The next thing was a surprise to the yellow dog. Rover, at a jump, seized the visitor and whipped him soundly. Away ran the cur, limping and yelping home. Rover walked back to finish his nap. Tabby meowed pitifully, for she was hurt. She would not go to grandpa, who called her. But you can't guess what she did. She walked over to Rover and lay down between his fore paws. He did not bite her. He did not even growl. Instead he licked Tabby's lame neck to make it well. She felt that he was her protector, and this was her way of thanking him. This happened a long time ago, but Rover and Tabby are still fast friends.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech, oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things indeed these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be,
What grander, more sublime!



SELLING ICE CREAM IN CHINA.