

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MAY 28, 1904.

No. 11.

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

This picture presents a number of Chinese scenes. First, a strange kite, then how the Chinese eat with chopsticks, then how they carry their babies, then young China going to school and a scene at school. See how the boy stands with his back to the teacher.

There is no gladness in a Chinese family at the birth of a little girl, though friends and neighbors 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 gods must be very angry to send them such a misfortune. And though it is almost too sad to believe, little girl-babies are sometimes put to death by their own parents, who do not want the trouble of bringing them up.

A Chinese girl is seldom taught 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 won-



CHILDREN IN CHINA.

der 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 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.

A tree will not lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question that every one should bring home to himself is: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affection, lean toward God, or away from him?"

HOME FROM SCHOOL.

The western sun-comes softly in
Through hall-door open wide;
Young Rover lies with low-stretched chin
Upon the steps outside;
The great hall-clock ticks sleepily;
A hint of clucking hen
Comes from the yard uncertainly;
Then all is still again.

But hark! a banging of the gate!
A clatter up the walk!
A tangle of blithe sounds elate
In song and laugh and talk!
Loud strikes the clock! The chickens flee!
Rover's a frantic fool!
The very sunshine laughs to see
The children home from school.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1904.

MOLLIE'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

It was a hot day in July when Mollie and her friend Kate, little girls of eight and nine years of age, walked down town on an errand for one of their teachers—one of the days when the heat was almost scorching.

"Dear me!" said Mollie, stopping under a tree to fan herself with her hat, "don't you wish you had a glass of soda?"

"I'll tell you what's better," said Kate; "we are just around the corner from father's store, so we'll run in there and get John to make us a lemonade!"

Mollie agreed that it would be very jolly indeed, and they quickened their steps, till tired and panting with the heat, they sank down to rest on a big box in the dark, cool store, belonging to Kate's

father. Good-natured John, the porter, was at their service.

"Sure, and I'll fix you up such a lemonade as nobody around here can beat! Just hold on a minute till I get some ice." Back to the farthest part of the store he went and soon returned with two goblets partly filled with tiny slivers of ice. The girls watched him with much interest as he peeled the lemons, squeezed in the juice and carried the glasses off to fill them with water. When he returned the liquid was colored faintly—just a tiny tinge of red.

"What did you put into it, John?" said Kate, tasting hers with evident satisfaction.

"Just a little claret, ma'am, to give it a flavor."

Kate laughed. "It won't hurt it for me, though I won't tell mother, and you must not do it again, John."

Mollie paused with her glass raised to her lips. "What was it you put in it, John?"

"Claret, ma'am; you needn't be afraid, for it is the best kind. Mr. Jones never keeps any but the best."

It was a hard struggle for a moment. A glass of water would have been a boon to the thirsty girl, and how much more she craved the draught in the glass. But she set the goblet down on the counter. "I am much obliged to you, John, but I can't drink it."

"O, you foolish girl!" said Kate, "you don't know how good it is!"

"Yes, I do; but that does not make any difference with the right or wrong of it."

"You may as well drink it as want to drink it," said Kate petulantly, her own conscience beginning to prick her a little.

"But if you will be so silly, John will make you another without any 'wicked' in it; won't you, John?"

"I am very much obliged," said Mollie, "but we are rested now, and ought to be going, and if John will bring me a glass of water I shall be very glad."

"Sure and I will; and I'm mighty sorry I didn't do the thing right for ye, miss."

"You meant to, John, but don't you believe it would be better for you and me and every one if we left the wine and beer alone?"

But she was in doubt if John heard, for he was already half-way across the store to get the water for her; and she wondered why her heart beat so fast, and why it was so hard to say those few simple words to a kind-hearted man like John. It was not ice-water he brought back, but a glass of rich lemonade, that he had made in "no time at all," he said. "And it's honest, too, ma'am; you needn't be afraid to drink it," and as she raised her head, after draining the last drop, to tell how good it was, he added: "And I thank you too, miss, for the little temperance lecture you gave me. You do better than

some of them; you practise what you preach, and I think I'll go home and tell my Judy I'll take my lemonade clear after this, and stick to tea and cold water with her. Do you believe she will be glad to hear it?" So much for one little girl's testimony.

A HAPPY HEART.

A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow and was the pride of his heart just then; so I did not wonder to see his lip quivering and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said; "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and said cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; if you can't fix it, I'll just be as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunshiny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty little toy; but careless little Fred tipped the lid too far back, and it broke off. He burst out with a cry of fright; but little Minnie, with her own eyes filled with tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

Dear little Minnie went to live with the angels a few years ago, but we have a great many such sweet memories to keep of her.

Keep a happy heart, little children, and you will be like sunbeams everywhere you go.

LITTLE THINGS.

Over the smallest steps you can follow on and find the most stupendous achievements. From the slight deposit of a little insect arose the coral islands, and the State of Florida. It was Bruce—was it not?—who regained his courage when he saw the baffled spider, which tried to mount up the wall with his unwonted burden, did not mind the number of falls by which he was so often defeated, but kept right on—as if nothing had happened—and won the victory at last. So little a thing as a pin kept a certain prisoner, who was held in solitary and dark confinement, from becoming a lunatic. Knowing that this would be his fate when deprived of occupation, he took a pin from his clothing and threw it down at random upon the floor of his cell. He then employed his time in crawling about to find it; and when he found it, the first operation was repeated. A perpetual series of these performances kept his mind from stagnation and consequent ruin.

At evening when I see the stars
They are the lights
That dot the meadow

And often when
Across the sky
It is a lady, sweet
Who comes to gaze

For when at night
There's not a star
She's picked them
down
Into the meadow

LES

SIX MONTHS W

CHRIST'S

Mark 15. 1-15

Then said P
to the people,
—Luke 23. 4.

QUESTI
Where did
feast? What
Gethsemane.
came for him
Jesus? What
What was don
taken in the m
about Pilate?
put to death?
want the Jews
they say? W
did they wan
it? Why?
Both.

Mon. Read
1-15
Tues. Find v
John
Wed. See v
Mat
Thur. Learn
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Fri. Learn
15.
Sat. Find
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Sun. Ask,

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3. It is we
him.

THE DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them
down
Into the meadows of the town.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON X.—JUNE 5.

CHRIST'S TRIAL BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-15. Memorize verses 12-14.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus go from the Passover feast? What was the name of the garden? Gethsemane. What did he do there? Who came for him? Where did they take Jesus? What time was it? Midnight. What was done to Jesus? Where was he taken in the morning? What can you say about Pilate? Did he wish to have Jesus put to death? Why not? What did he want the Jews to ask of him? What did they say? Who did they ask for? What did they want Pilate to do? Did he do it? Why? Was he weak or wicked? Both.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. Mark 15. 1-15.
- Tues. Find what Pilate said three times. John 18. 38; 19. 4, 6.
- Wed. See what troubled Pilate's wife. Matt. 27. 19.
- Thur. Learn for whose sake Jesus was given up. Rom. 4. 25.
- Fri. Learn what surprised Pilate. Mark 15. 5.
- Sat. Find where he tried to be fair. Golden Text.
- Sun. Ask, "Am I ever selfish?"

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. Jesus suffered for our sins.
2. It is hard for his disciples to suffer with him.
3. It is weak and wicked to turn against him.

LESSON XI.—JUNE 12.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15. 22-39. Memorize verses 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What happened in Jerusalem on the first day of the week? How was Jesus treated then? Like a king. What did many of his friends believe? Was Jesus a king? Yes. What kind of a reign had he come to begin? Why did he need to lay down his life? On what day of the week was Jesus crucified? On Friday. Where was he taken? What does "Golgotha" mean? The place of a skull. Who went with him? What did they do to him? What was given him? What happened about noon? When did it pass away? What had Jesus done for you and me and all the world? What sign was given in the temple?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Mark 15. 22-39.
- Tues. Read Luke's story. Luk. 23. 33-46.
- Wed. Find what some soldiers did. Matt. 27. 35.
- Thur. Learn how Jesus cared for his mother. John 19. 26, 27.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read Hymn 165 in Methodist Hymnal.
- Sun. Think, what does our Lord ask us to do?

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—
1. We have a Saviour.
2. He conquered sin and death for us.
3. And still does so by his life within us.

THE BIRDS.

Birds are like some other creatures; they like to go in flocks, and when one of them is thirsty and swoops down on the water for a drink, he is pretty sure to be followed by a host of others.

Some day when you are in the country near a woodland stream, ask your papa or some grown-up friend to take you rowing. There is nothing more pleasant than to be out on the water, under the shade of the trees that grow along the banks of such a stream. Besides, if you go gently and quietly, and presently rest on your oars, you may have the pleasure of seeing the birds and hearing their song in their own native home.

We cannot hear the birds sing too often, for if we listen to their song, it will help us to be ever ready to sing a cheerful song, and if we go through life with a song on our lips, it will bring gladness into many another heart.

The birds sing because God is so good to them. He supplies their food and drink. He has provided for them places where they may build their nests, and he gives them all they need. As God cares for the birds, so he cares for all his creatures; and we, who have received his choicest gifts, should ever thank him with glad and tuneful voices, like the birds.

A BROTHER'S CHARGE.

One day a little boy asked his mother to let him lead his little sister out on the green grass. She had just begun to run alone, and could not step over anything that lay in the way. His mother told him he might lead out the little girl, but charged him not to let her fall. I found them at play, very happy in the field.

I said, "You seem very happy, George. Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can she walk alone?"

"Yes, sir, on smooth ground."

"And how did she get over these stones which lie between us and the house?"

"Oh, sir, mother charged me to be careful that she did not fall; and so I put my hands under her arms and lifted her up when she came to a stone, so that she need not hit her little foot against it."

"That is right, Georgie; and I want to tell you one thing. You see now how to understand the beautiful text: 'He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' God charges his angels to lead and lift his people over difficulties, just as you have lifted little Annie over these stones. Do you understand it now?"

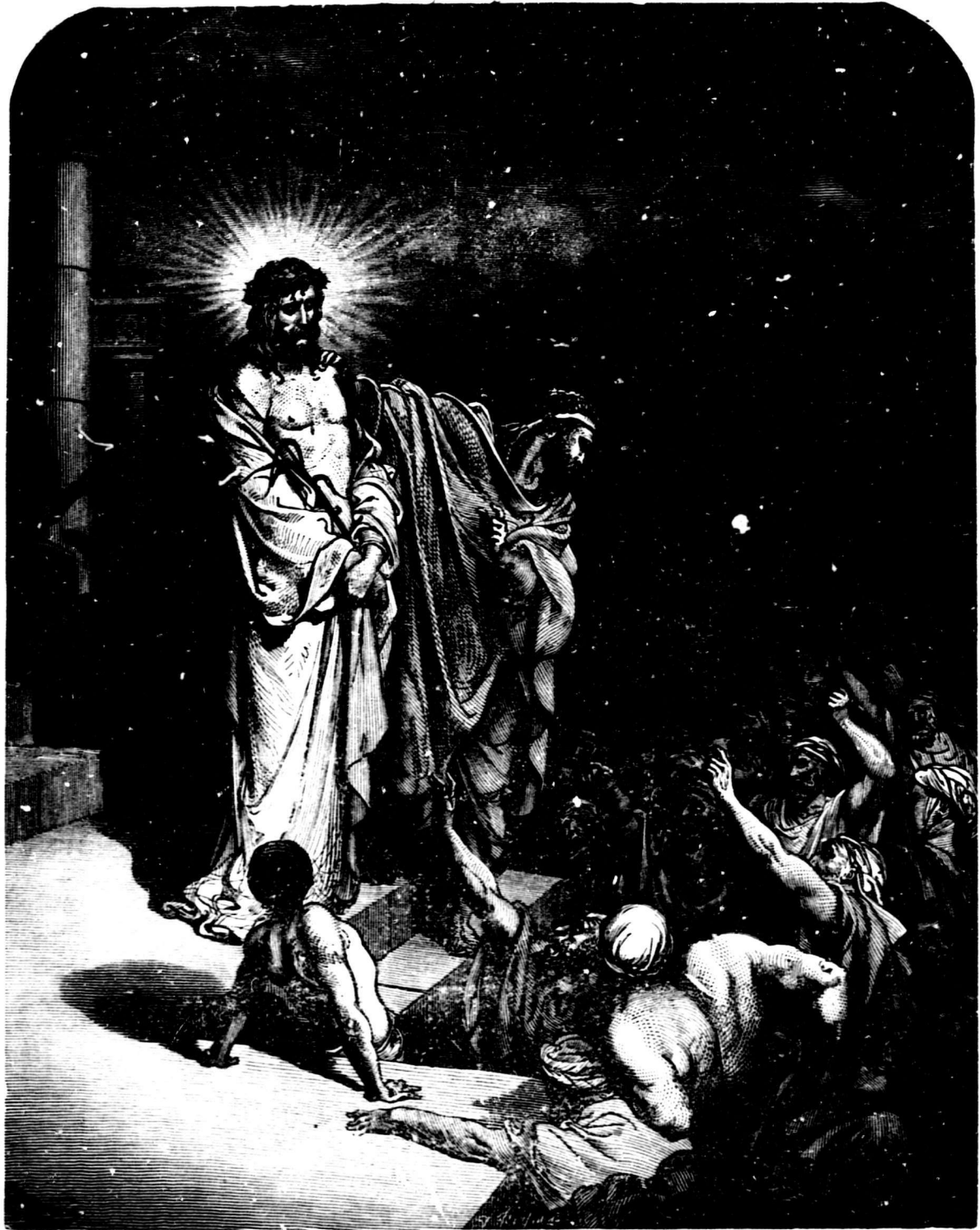
"O yes, sir, and I shall never forget it while I live."

Can one child thus take care of another, and cannot God take care of those who trust him? Surely he can. There is not a child who may read this story over whom he is not ready to give his holy angels charge.

ON A HIGH LEVEL.

"He's a coward and a sneak," said Tom, "but I'll get even with him yet!" "I shouldn't think you'd want to be even with him," said his mother. "I'd rather be on a level with brave and generous boys, if I were you." Tom looked astonished; that was a new view to him. But wasn't it a true one?

That which a man suffers for this world fills his heart with darkness; but that which he suffers for the other fills it with light.



"BEHOLD THE MAN." PILATE PRESENTING JESUS TO THE JEWS.