

"Yes, you were smart, or the fish were foolish. They should have had more sense than to nibble at a worm."

"They did not know that a hook was hidden in the worm," said Bert.

"I know men and boys," said the schoolmaster, "who will nibble at the bait although they know the hook is there, and they see others caught on the hook every day. I think they are more foolish than the fish."

"I don't know what you mean," said Bert. "Who does the fishing, and what does he use for bait?"

"Old Satan is the fisherman, and men and boys are the fish he catches. In the country he uses cider for bait."

"He shall not catch me that way," said Bert.

"Nor me, either," said Joe.

The schoolmaster smiled. "Look out for him; he uses many other kinds of bait, and people wiser than you have got caught," he said, and went on his way.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 22, 1902.

THEY HELP THE CHILDREN.

Some people say that there is no need of forming children's societies, and scorn the idea of signing a temperance pledge. I will tell you of the help that a Boys' Temperance Band gave to a boy of sixteen who was very, very fond of strong drink, and had often been found drunk. His father and mother always drank beer at meal time, and the boy had his share of the nasty stuff. He learned to love it and crave it. When he was twelve years old he worked for a railroad company, and much of the money he earned was spent for beer. He was drunk nearly every

night in the week. One day he was so drunk he could not walk, and fell down in the road. A passing cart went over his leg but did not break it. The next day he was drunk and fell out of a boat into the river, and came near being drowned. Beer soon became a tame drink, and he gave it up for whisky. He lost his position because he was so often drunk, and had to seek other kinds of work. One night he was riding to his home on horseback and was so drunk he fell off. His head struck the wheel of a wagon as he fell, and he just escaped being run over.

Soon after a Boys' Temperance Band was started in the town, and he was coaxed to join it. It was hard work at first to deny himself of the drink, but he was treated so kindly by the persons having charge of the society, and he became so interested in what was done at the meetings, that he made up his mind he would be a true, loyal member, and close his lips to all strong drink. Then he became a different boy. The money he earned was spent for good clothes, instead of whisky or beer; he became neat in his habits, went to the meetings with clean face and hands, and hair neatly brushed. His skin became clear, his eyes bright, and he held up his head in a manly way. But for that society he might have gone on in his bad ways and died long before his time.

We like to think of the Loyal Temperance Legions, Bands of Hope, Juvenile Templars, Royal Crusaders, Junior Epworth Leagues, and various others that are doing so much for the girls and boys of to-day, teaching them many useful lessons, and preparing them to become useful as well as Christian women and men.

A LITTLE GOLDEN GIRL.

When five-year-old Phyllis got up one morning her hair was long and golden, but when she went to bed that night it was short and almost black. This is how it happened: The weather was very warm, and the little girl was so uncomfortable with such long curls and so many of them, that her mamma decided that the hot little head and the sweet little neck would be happier without the curls; so she sent the little girl to visit Mr. Bobbs, the barber. While the pretty hair was very light at the ends, it was quite dark close to the little maid's head, but nobody realized how very dark it was. Perhaps the barber, who was in the habit of cutting little boys' hair, was absent-minded, and forgot that Phyllis was not a little boy too, for he cut her hair very short indeed. Even Mr. Bobbs was surprised at the result. A little golden-haired girl had climbed into his chair, but it was a little black-headed one that climbed down.

"Dear me!" said her mother, looking in dismay at the little dark head: "I wouldn't have known the child if I had met her in the street. Who would suppose

that a little hair could make such a difference? I should have liked it better if Mr. Bobbs had cut the black end off."

"Why," laughed Phyllis, "he couldn't do that, because the golden end wasn't fastened in. It seems funny to be two kinds of a little girl all in one day, but I'm just as comfortable as I can be. My neck is so nice and cool."

"But," mourned her mother, "I've lost all my gold."

"O no, you haven't," cried Phyllis, "Mr. Bobbs said that he knew you'd want those old curls. I can't see why—such hot, tangling things—but I brought them home in my blouse, and here they are, all done up in paper. I guess I'm your little golden girl inside, anyway."

"Why, so you are," said her mother, feeling quite comforted. "I'm so glad that I still have a little golden girl."—*Young People's Weekly.*

THE DRINK FOR ME.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

Cold water is the strongest drink,
Cold water, pure and free;
God knew just what was best, I think,
For you, my friend, and me.

The horse drinks only water clear,
And he is strong, I'm sure;
The camel, in the desert drear,
How much he can endure!

Birds fly o'er many and many a league
Of land and stormy sea,
And scarcely seem to know fatigue—
How strong they all must be!

Where do they get their strength, I pray?
Not from the fiery stuff
Men drink, and call so good to-day;
I call it bad enough.

They get it from the water bright
God gives with lavish hand,
To leap and sparkle in the light,
And bless each clime and land.

Some little children have great faith in God. Nellie's doll had been broken, but Harry and Alice wouldn't admit having done the mischief. Harry said, "I didn't do it;" and Alice said, "Well, I am very sure I didn't do it." So Harry said: "Be right still now; I am going to ask God. Now listen. O God, did I break Nellie's doll? Didn't Alice break it?" They listened a few minutes, and then Alice said: "Now, I'll ask him. God, did I break Nellie's doll?" Just then little Ernest came in, and bearing the doll mentioned, said: "Baby break Nennie's dolly." "You broke it, did you, little rogue?" said mamma, who had been listening. "So, children, God sent baby to tell you who did the mischief."