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THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"O Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace" crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the hand of his favourite, Lucy, who was always called "Peace" because of her gentle and loving ways.

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm tired of fairies."

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"O, that's good," cried Bob. "Were they all iron with heavy bars; and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?"

"No; the doors I mean are pink and scarlet; and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white; and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards were away," said Cousin Will "I have known some things

to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened, and the lady began to talk very fast like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters

the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, colouring; "were you listening?"

"O, you mean our mouths are doors!"

exclaimed Harry, and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my lips, keep the door of my mouth.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side, and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out."

IT TOLD HIS GUILT.

There are some people in this world who do wrong, hoping that they will never be found out. It is vain for them to hope this, for God who sees all things, sees them when they are doing wrong. It is hard also to conceal wrong-doing even from those around us.

Not long ago, I read of a boy who visited a gentleman, and was left alone for some time in the room. When the gentleman returned to the room, he noticed that the bird-cage was empty. He at once questioned the boy, who said he

knew nothing at all about the matter. "But you must know about it," said the gentleman. "When I left the room the bird was in that cage. Birdie, where are you?" he called.



HINDU CARRIAGE.

This is a very queer sort of carriage. What clumsy looking wheels and springs. Instead of horses the small cattle of the country are used. One would think that the drapery on the animals would be intolerably hot. I suppose it is used to keep off the flies.

is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?" "O yes," said the other little crimson lady from the other door; "and what a turn-up nose she has!" Then poor Lucy, who was around