

# SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1905.

No. 9.

## HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA-HORSE.

This "strange fish," for a fish he truly is, though belonging to a very odd family—the pipe-fishes—is not an entire stranger to our northern waters, being found along the New Jersey coasts, and quite far up the Hudson River. Some very fine specimens constitute one of the points of special attraction in the New York Aquarium.

The picture gives a striking portraiture of the creature; and what a jumble of oddities—the head of a horse, fins of a fish, tail compounded of a crocodile's and a ring-tailed monkey's, and the ribbed body of a Chinese lantern. In general he is found holding on to some sea-weed or fragment of shell, swaying backward and forward, with oft repeated and very rapid vibrations of the pectoral fins. If it is his pleasure to release his hold and change his location, he moves in the upright

form seen in the engraving, using the large back fin for propulsion. His voyaging, however, is very short, as he generally adheres to the first object that lies in his way.

The hippocampus is very docile, and easily tamed, and to one who is so fortunate as to obtain a specimen, he will serve for many an hour of deeply interesting study and observation.

There isn't anything more blessed than to "do errands" for God.

## SOMETHING TO LEARN.

The Chinese have a way of making imitation dollars out of silver paper and cardboard, and then burning them before the altar of a god so that the money may go to heaven and become the property of their dead relatives there, or be laid up for themselves. They will sit all day long, making this "spirit money" for their

## A MISSIONARY HERO.

Now, children, I am going to tell you a story about a missionary hero, and I want you to listen with both your ears and not to be like those idols that have ears and hear not, for when I get through we are going to have questions on what I have read, and I want each one to answer them right. I will read very slowly:

I will tell you about a man who is called the Father of Missions, for he lived one hundred years ago in England. His name was Carey, and he was a poor man and a shoe-maker. After he gave his heart to Jesus he also gave his life, and as he sat at his shoe-maker's bench, pegging and sewing shoes he kept a book open in front of him, and in this way learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, and French. One hundred and nine years ago he started out alone for India, that great land so full of people who knew nothing



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future life. We may laugh at such superstition; but is it better to do as some Canadians do—spend all the years of their life making real gold or silver dollars, yet never even try to lay one of them up in heaven? Have we not, perhaps, a lesson to learn from the Chinese in this?

We have received a story written in lead pencil which we regret we cannot use in either Sunbeam or Happy Days. No name attached.

ing of the dear Lord Jesus.

Some one said, "There is a gold mine in India; who will explore?" Carey answered, "I will go down, but you brethren, must hold the ropes." Can any of you tell me what he meant by that? He worked there for forty years, preaching and teaching the people about Christ, writing our Bible in their language, so they could read about him themselves, and fighting the government, who did not want the people taught about Christ, and trying to get them to make