

SUNBEAM

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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



HIPPOCAMPUS, OR SEA-HORSE.

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

laws against Suttie. Who knows what that was? When he died he was known all over the world for a life given entirely to Christ, and as one who left to the world a great work—the Bible written in twenty-four different languages.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1905.

CHRIST IN OUR YOUTH.

An evangelist, some ten or fifteen years ago, held special services in two churches in a large town. In one church twenty adults were added to the membership during the series of meetings, and both the pastor and the evangelist were greatly encouraged. In the other church, the result of the meetings was seen only among the boys and girls, of whom twenty-two or three were added to the membership. The eldest of them was but sixteen, and the evangelist felt much disappointed. But to-day the church to which the twenty grown people were added is feeble and weak, while the other has the best membership in the town, hard at work in its development. The best Christians are those who give their fresh, strong youth to be trained for Christ. A boy of fourteen, a girl of twelve, may bring into a church the power and beauty of a long, consistent, noble Christian life, to enrich it year by year.

THE BLIND PARTY.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

T'was an odd name to call it—Ted Holman's birthday gathering; but that's what it really was—a blind party.

When Aunt Rachel made out the list of

the "eligibles," as she playfully called them, one name was objected to—that of Nan Hobart.

"Why, Ted—"

"Don't you see, Aunt Rachel, she's rough—you don't know her—and older'n most of us; and she wears such awful clothes, and uses dreadful grammar, and—"

"But, dear," gently remonstrated his aunt, "suppose—"

"What?" eagerly.

"That we make it a blind party; then she could come and you'd never mind it in the least. You wouldn't notice her clothes and grammar and roughness, and 'twould give her such an enjoyable evening; I'm afraid Nan Hobart hasn't many pleasures."

Ted looked puzzled.

"A blind party, Aunt Rachel! I—I guess I don't understand. Can't we see? Is that it?"

"Partially, dear."

"Do we all have bandages over our eyes, like blindman's buff? The last time we played at school Nan was blinded, and she seemed more awkward than ever. Are our eyes blinded all the time—the whole evening?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Rachel, mysteriously; "but not with anything tied over them. One has to be blind without—especially the host."

"I don't see; guess I'm blind now," laughed Ted. "But if we'll have a better time I want it—the blind party. And Nan—of course she can come!"

"You will have a much better time." And so, when the guests were invited, Nan's name was included among the number.

"And now, Ted," began Aunt Rachel, when the list was carefully revised—and it included five other little people not thought of at first—"let me explain, for we want this party a splendid success."

"About being blind?"

"Yes, dear."

Ted drew his chair up a trifle closer.

"In the first place, there are now, since we added the Parkers and Newcombs, six guests with Nan, who will be poorly dressed; awkward, as you say; and whose grammar and manners will not be the best."

"They'll not be like the rest," said Ted, thoughtfully.

"No; and they must have just as good a time for all that, and this is what I mean by the blind party. Do you see?"

"No—not yet."

"It is this, Ted," continued Aunt Rachel. "You, as their host—and all your friends, Tom, Harold, Clyde and the others, will follow your example—must be blind to all their faults. You must be blind to their dress; blind to

their odd ways of speech; blind to their awkwardness; blind to everything."

"I—I guess I—"

"See? And you must treat them—these six, I mean—as though they were the children of Judge Holmes or Professor Wilcox; better, Ted, if anything. For any slight or unkind remark would hurt; it would spoil their entire evening."

"I think, Aunt Rachel," after a minute's silence, "the blind party will be dandy! And I don't know," seriously, "but I'd feel better to be blind all the time; not really and truly, but blind to things people can't help. I'm going to try it, anyhow!"

He did, and it proved a splendid success.

A PEASANT BOY.

Carlos is a pleasant boy, whose home is in sunny Italy. He is poor, indeed some people would say that he was very poor. But Carlos does not mind that at all, for he has a good home, even though it is a humble one, and he always has something to eat and to wear. He thinks it no hardship to eat simple food and wear plain clothes, and since he has such a cheerful, contented disposition, he is a great comfort to his parents.

Carlos is not the only child in the home, for he has three sisters and four brothers. Some of these are younger, and others are older than himself. There are a good many mouths to feed, and probably the reason why Carlos' parents are so poor is because they have had so many children to care for.

THE COUNTRY ROAD.

From the busy fields of farmer folk
It starts on its winding way,
Goes over the hill, and across the brook,
Where the minnows love to play;
Then, past the mill with its water-wheel
And the pond that shows the sky;
And up to the bridge by the village store,
And the church with its spire so high.

You would never think that the country road,

From the hill to the store, could be
So long to a boy with an errand to do
And another boy to see.

You can never dream how short it is
From the farm to the frozen pond,
Nor how very much farther it always is
To the schoolhouse just beyond.

Oh, the country road! at the farther end
It runs up hill and down,
Away from the woods and the rippling
brook

To the toiling, rushing town,
But, best of it all, when you're tired and
sick

Of the noisy haunts of men,
If you follow it back, it will lead you home
To the woods and fields again.

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EASTER MORNING.

Lift up, O little children,
You— voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet.

Cho.—Oh, sing the blessed story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead.

Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun;
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

Ring, all ye bells, in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again.
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness
For death no more shall reign.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON VI.—MAY 7.

THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

John 15. 1-12. Memorize verses 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.—John 15. 8.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. John 15. 1-12.
- Tues. Read the story of the ten virgins. Matt. 25. 1-13.
- Wed. Read the story of the sower. Matt. 13. 1-8.
- Thur. Learn the Golden Text. John 15. 8.
- Fri. Find out how Jesus loved his disciples. Mark 3. 32-35.
- Sat. Read something about love. 1 Cor. 13.
- Sun. Read something about faithful servants. Rev. 3. 12.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Have you heard your teacher tell nature stories? Have you heard them in the fields or in the garden? What kind of nature stories did Jesus tell? What are they often called? Is the vine and the branches a story? What is it? A parable of nature. What did Jesus call himself? What did he call his disciples? Why did he tell them this parable? Can the branch live if cut from the vine? Why not? Can a branch bear fruit by itself? Where must it stay? What does the gardener do with a barren branch? What will he do if at last it does not bear fruit? What kind of fruit should a Christian bear? What may we do if we abide in his love.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Christ is our life.
2. We must be joined to him or die.
3. Without him we can do nothing.

LESSON VII.—MAY 14.

JESUS PRAYS FOR HIS FOLLOWERS.

John 17. 15-26. Memorize verses 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I pray for them.—John 17. 9.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What do we call the Lord's Prayer? What is really the Lord's prayer? What did he pour out in this prayer? What was he about to do? To leave them alone in the world. What did he know? When did he come? On the day of Pentecost. What was Jesus to his disciples on his human side? What on his divine side? Shall we ever understand his love? What is enough for children to know? What did he want his disciples to be kept from? What would keep them? What do cold and quarrelsome Christians need? What was the sign when the Holy Spirit came? What did it mean? Has the sign proved a true one?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find some divine words about Jesus Christ. John 1. 1-5.
- Tues. Find some of his prophetic names. Isa. 9. 6.
- Wed. Read why he came into the world. John 3. 14-17.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. John 17. 15-26.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Read how the prayer was answered. Acts. 2. 1-21.
- Sun. Read about the church as it shall be. Rev. 22. 1-5.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. In Christ we may be made one.
2. In him we may be kept from evil.
3. In him we may have all things.

A MERRY GAME.

The Barnes and the Fosters were next-door neighbors and the best of friends. There were four little Barnes and four little Fosters, and they had splendid times together, playing all sorts of games.

One day these eight little folks had been together almost all the afternoon. They had played tag, blindman's-buff, going to Jerusalem, and half a dozen other games. "I don't know what else we can play," said Charlie Foster.

"Let's play French and English," said Eddie Barnes.

"What is that?" asked Charlie. "Why, you know the French and English used to be at war, and they were always trying to see which was the stronger. Now four of us will be the French, and the other four will be the

English, and we'll see which will come out the best."

The four Fosters decided that they would be the English, and the four Barnes were to be the French.

"Now, you French go out of the room for a little while, and then come back and see if you can get in," said Charlie Foster.

The French accordingly withdrew from the room. As soon as the door was shut behind them, the English began to barricade the door. First they tried to lock it, but the lock was old and out of order, so they could not use it. They waited some time, listening for the enemy, and at last they heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Oh, how hard they tried to hold the door fast, but they could not keep it shut, for the enemy had brought reinforcements with them, and Mr. Barnes, upon whom they had called for help, easily pushed open the door.

"We've won! We've won!" shouted the four Barnes, triumphantly.

"So you have," answered Charlie Foster, "but just wait until next time we play this game, and you'll see that we can get reinforcements, too."

WANTED.

We very often see this sign upon stores or offices, and every day we find it printed in the newspapers. All kinds of people and things are wanted. Sometimes it is a man wanted to attend to a garden, or a woman is wanted to do sewing. Sometimes a teacher is wanted in school, and sometimes scholars are wanted to fill up the classes. Did you ever think that boys and girls are wanted all the time by God, our loving, heavenly Father? Somebody has put this thought into these beautiful words:

"Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into the fields where harvest
Is ripening day by day;
Now, while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air;
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
Oh! follow Jesus there!

"Wanted! young hands to labor;
The fields are broad and wide,
The harvest waits the reaper
Around on every side;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are too weak or small,
For in his service holy
The Master needs them all.

"Wanted! young ears to listen;
Wanted! young eyes to see;
Wanted! young hearts to answer
With a throb of sympathy,
While on the wild waves' sighing
The strange, sad tale is borne
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn."



THE POWER OF THE BRAKES.

BY M. A. ADAMS.

Some time ago, in a trip across the continent, I had the pleasure of riding for many hours on a locomotive through the finest passes in the Rocky Mountains. The most thrilling part of it was not as we climbed slowly upward, higher and higher among the mighty snow-clad peaks, nor even when we gained the crest and could see through the clear air summit after summit rising sublime in the distance. No; the thrill came when, after a pause, as if to gain strength, the locomotive, with its long train of cars—a weight of countless tons added to its own heavy mass—began to go down, down the steady grade that did not end for hours. It was actually terrifying to see the slope of the track ahead, and think of the mass and weight of the cars behind. If for one moment control were lost, how terrible was the bare imagination of what must follow!

Yet the engineer, though keenly attentive to his work, did not look in the least

worried or afraid. He even conversed with me as we went down the descent, so that I gradually lost my fear, and began to enjoy the magnificent scenery that came into view at every turn. We plunged into the tunnels, we crossed high, slender bridges over mountain streams two hundred feet below, we crept along the sides of ledges, we threaded one ravine after another—always down, but steadily, easily, safely. Before the run was over, not a thrill of fear was left, and I was as much at my ease as the engineer himself. The secret of our safety, when he explained it to me, was simple enough. The air-brake, strong and secure, made these steep passes as little dangerous as an ordinary level track; and, though care was necessary, fear had long ago been lost.

What does the air-brake do, you ask. It controls the train, absolutely. It can stop it short at any point and at any moment. The engineer need not go an inch faster than he chooses, for his hand on the lever dominates the entire train. If

his hand were not steady, if the brake were not strong, if the train once broke from control, certain destruction, upon such grade, would follow; but as it is, engineer and passengers are as safe as if in their parlors at home; and this is proved by the curious fact that an accident insurance policy taken out for railroad travel is cheaper than if taken out by a stay-at-home person. The risks of the railroad, since the air-brake was invented, are less than the risk of falling from a window or catching fire from a stove.

I have thought a good deal, since my ride, of the moral side of the air-brake. When I see a boy or girl whose temper is not under control, the question rises hauntingly: "How about that temper in the difficult crises that must come, sooner or later, to every life? When absolute control is needed over herself, will that girl be able to put the brakes on? Will that lad, when his very life depends upon mastering his passion, be able to rule it?" When I notice a bad habit, I wonder whether the brakes can be clapped on it by the young owner, or whether it will take him on to ruin. The air-brake of self-control, if it is out of order, means danger every hour till it is in working trim again. Are we learning to apply it. Can we stop short on any dangerous track?

Suppose we try our air-brakes, and see how far we can depend on them: and, if we find that they are out of order, let us make it our first business to set them right, for the time will come when we shall need them, and when, if we cannot use them, some terrible catastrophe of character will be the result.

BEDTIME.

Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away;
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops ev'ry head;
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is for ever scheming
Merely to keep out of bed.