

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1904.

No. 5

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

Did you ever press to your ear a sea shell? If so, you will remember the strange, murmuring sound as if of the far-off sea. So the lad in the picture—who was probably born by the distant seashore—hears, or thinks he hears, the murmur of that playmate of his childhood's hours. It carries him back in thought to the great wide sea in which he once sported, and he is for the time a child once more.

A WORD HUNT.

Do you want a new game for a winter evening? Here is one given by an exchange, which may be new to some of our readers:

Select a word containing as many vowels and common consonants as possible. Let us suppose, for instance, that you have chosen the word "extraordinary."

Each member of the company being supplied with paper and pencil, let the word "extraordinary" be written at the head of each piece of paper. To start the game, instruct the company to form lists of words beginning with E, and containing no letter not found in the word "extraordinary." Where a letter is repeated in "extraordinary" it may be repeated in the words. For instance, these words might contain two A's or three R's, but, in this case, no

other letter could be used more than once. Appoint a time-keeper, and assign two minutes for the formation of lists beginning with E. When the time is up, the

that he has formed that word. That word, therefore, counts nobody anything.

Ella's second word is "earn." All hands go up except Robert's, and therefore "earn" counts one for every one but Robert.

The third one on Ella's list is "edit." Lucy and Tom, this time, fail to find the word in their lists, so the word counts for every one but Lucy and Tom, and it counts four, because it is a word of two syllables, and the ordinary count is doubled.

No one has Ella's next word, which is "editor," and there are ten players beside Ella. The word, therefore, since it has three syllables, counts Ella thirty.

After Ella's list is completed, Robert, who sits next, reads his, omitting, of course, the words read by Ella, whose value has already been determined. And so it goes around the circle.

After one letter is thus completed, two minutes are given, in a similar way, to making out words beginning with the next letter of the word, which, being X, will prove a puzzler.

The victor in the game may be considered either the one whose total count is the greatest, or the one who has been the victor in the greatest number of the letters in the word "extraordinary."

Of course, in this game the familiar



THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

lists should be compared in the following manner:

Ella, we will say, begins to read hers. Her first word is "eat." Each member of the company puts up his hand, signifying

whose total count is the greatest, or the one who has been the victor in the greatest number of the letters in the word "extraordinary."

Of course, in this game the familiar

prohibitions hold good—that proper names do not count, and that slang words, foreign words, or contractions, should not be used.

STARS AND 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.
She 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.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1904.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

BY WALTER N. EDWARDS.

A very simple but very suggestive thing is a mouse-trap. A useful article for catching mice, and perhaps equally useful in bringing home to youthful minds a few illustrations and suggestions.

The Trap.—To the mouse the trap is doubtless a very innocent-looking thing. Possibly he does not think about it at all, but that does not prevent the trap from catching him all the same. If he is once tempted inside, it is almost a certainty that he will be caught. It looks harmless enough, and even if the mouse examined it carefully it is unlikely he would perceive any danger to himself in going in. We may, therefore, be pretty safe in saying that the mouse is caught through ig-

norance, for if he knew the danger he cannot conceive of the mouse being foolish enough to enter. If some wise and clever mouse who had discovered the danger of the trap could speak to all the other mice and warn them of it, there would be very little use in setting traps, as the mice would all say, "No, thank you; I prefer the outside." The saloon may be compared to a mouse-trap in this respect—that it has two sides, the inside and outside, and just as the outside of the trap is the safest for mice, so the outside of the saloon is the safest for boys and girls. To many the saloon seems harmless and innocent, but just as many mice are caught in the innocent-looking trap so many men and women are caught by the evil influence of the public house.

The Bait.—Now, the trap by itself could never catch a mouse. There must be the bait. It is the smell of the bit of cheese or bacon that tempts the poor mouse to destruction. Having once sniffed this, he can't resist, but enters the fatal opening and is soon a prisoner. The bait used in the saloon is strong drink. Take this away and the saloon would be harmless. But while the drink is there men and women are attracted and enticed by its influence, and in spite of all persuasions and pleadings they enter again and again until they become the victims of the intoxicating cup. Although they are not shut in as the mouse is, they are so enslaved by drink that their condition is even worse in many cases than that of the mouse.

The Victim.—We can't help feeling sorry for the poor mouse. The only wrong he has done is to try and get a meal, but there he is entrapped, and he must die. How much worse off are the victims of the saloon trap! No one can tell all the evil caused by strong drink. It is computed that 100,000 people die each year through it in the United States, and that nine-tenths of the crime and poverty are caused by it. Starving children, dirty houses, cruelty and vice are the outcome of this great evil. Just as the poor mouse cannot escape from the trap, just so the poor victim of drink cannot escape from its awful power.

The Safeguard.—We need not trouble ourselves about a safeguard for the mouse. He must take his chance, but boys and girls are of more value, and if we can safeguard them it is our business to do it. The pledge is the great safeguard against the dangers of strong drink. Many may say that just a little drink won't hurt them, but we must remember that all drunkards have begun by taking a little. The pledge will enable us to keep free from the awful curse and slavery of strong drink.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Strike while the iron is hot.

THE LITTLE FARMER BOY.

BY FAY STUART.

Kenneth Stevens was not a whistling, barefoot boy who drove the cows home each night from the pasture. Oh, no! He would probably have been afraid of a real, live cow. You see, Kenneth was a little, merry-faced boy of only five years who had lived in the great city of New York all his life.

His mother had read him many stories about country life, and the stories that his father sometimes told him about the big farm where he lived when he was a boy were even more interesting than the printed ones. So one day, after he had been sick with the measles and could not go outdoors, he began to build a farmyard in one corner of the play room.

Mother lent him the green rug, which looked a great deal like a mossy field, and Kenneth built a fence all round it with his blocks. The stories had all fallen out of his Mother Goose book, so he stood up the painted cover and made a fine barn. The pig-pen was built beside the barn, and Kenneth used clothes-pins for logs, while a small pasteboard box with doors cut in the sides was the sheepfold.

At first his marbles were the pigs that ran squealing into their pens; the woolly sheep were bright colored balls of worsted, and some shiny brown chestnuts did duty for cows.

One day mother brought home a little cedar tree that was only ten inches tall. It looked very real growing beside the pond in Kenneth's farmyard. In mother's shopping bag were several pine cones and a bunch of hemlock twigs.

Mother showed him how to make a grove of hemlock trees by sticking the twigs in the pine cones. He clapped his hands in delight when it was all done.

"My farm is ever so nice, isn't it, mother?" he cried.

"Very pretty, Kenneth," replied his mother. "The next time I go down street I will buy you some animal crackers to play with instead of the marbles."

When the crackers came, there were horses, sheep, goats, cows, and pigs. Kenneth stuck stout pins into the rug and leaned the animals against them, so that they could stand anywhere he wished to put them.

One night the little pet kitten was shut into the play room; in the morning the horse had lost his tail, the cow's head was off, and the goat had disappeared.

"I s'pose Blossom got hungry, mother," said Kenneth, slowly, as he set up the cedar tree. "But I do wish she had eaten one of the horses instead of my goat, 'cause then I'd have three left."

All through the long winter days, the little farmer boy kept busy and happy among his animals in the sunny corner of the cozy play room.

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SIX MONTHS W

LESSON

DEATH OF

Matt. 14. 1-12

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THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—Psaln xx. 5.

The Temp'rance banner is unfurl'd,
And 'neath its broad folds stand
The best and bravest of the world,
A strong determined band.

Not with the glitt'ring arms of war,
Nor roll of battle-drum,
But armed with weapons mightier far
In God's own strength we come.

To save the fallen is our aim,
And succour the distressed,
To wipe away our country's shame,
And make her truly bless'd.

Though foes may scorn and friends deride
Shall we withhold our hand?
If God the Lord be on our side
Who can against us stand?

Then join this glorious crusade
Against our country's hane,
Till 'low the tyrant Drink is laid,
And joy and Temp'rance reign.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

SIX MONTHS WITH THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 13.

DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Matt. 14. 1-12. Memorize verses 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who put John the Baptist in prison? For what? Where was the prison? What feast did the king give? Where? What did they drink? Who came to amuse them after the feast? What surprise did Herod have? Who was the dancer? What did Herod say to her? Why did he make so strong a promise? Because he was excited with wine. What did Salome do? What did she ask when she came back? Did the king grant it? How was the head brought to Salome? What is a charger? A large dish or platter. Who had made her ask for it? Where did John the Baptist's spirit go? From prison to heaven.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Matt. 14. 1-12.
Tues. Find what an evil heart Herodias had. M.Lk. 6. 19.
Wed. Learn what we might expect from a wine party. Prov. 23. 31-33.
Thur. Learn the Golden Text.
Fri. Learn something that every child should know. Prov. 20. 1.

Sat. Find how we know that Jesus had sympathy for sorrow. Matt. 14. 12.

Sun. Learn the safe way for each of us. Prov. 4. 14. 15.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. God's children need not fear death.
2. That only sin brings death.
3. Nothing can really harm a child of God.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 20.

JESUS FEEDS THE FIVE THOUSAND.

Matt. 14. 13-23. Memorize verses 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did Jesus often go? Who followed him there? What did they want? Where did he once go? Why is it called a "desert place"? Because there were no people living there. What grew there? Much grass. How many people followed him there? Could they get any food? How did Jesus feel about them? What had a boy brought? What did Jesus tell the disciples? What did he first do with the boy's supply? What did he next do? What had the disciples to do? Where did the people sit? Was there enough food for all? How many broken pieces did they pick up? How many people were fed? With what had he fed their souls? With the bread of life.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about a boy who followed Jesus. John 6. 5-14.
Tues. Find how four thousand were fed. Mark 8. 1-9.
Wed. Read the story of the widow's meal. 1 Kings 17. 8-16.
Thur. Read the lesson verses.
Fri. Read how the hungry are filled. Psa. 107. 1-9.
Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
Sun. Read about the living bread. John 6. 26-36.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. Our Father knows when his children are in want.
2. He pities us as a father pities his children.
3. And he feeds both our souls and bodies.

THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

Gerty had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long, and she felt cross and thought she had a hard time. "O, mamma, I wish Dick wouldn't sing! he makes my head ache," she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song. "Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said her mother.

Gerty still fretted, so her mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Her mamma had not covered the cage very closely, and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said her mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be as grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from the pillow and said, "Yes, mamma, I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."

RAINING UPSIDE DOWN.

The little tin basin was empty, just as sure as the world! And Peggy had left water in it the last time she made mud pies in the backyard, so as to be sure to have it ready to mix with next time. Peggy always made arrangements beforehand for things, even mud pies; and, of course, she hadn't thought of going out to grandfather's and staying so long when she made this arrangement.

"Now, where's that water gone?" she mused. "If it had been at grandfather's the chickens would have drunk it up; but here—"

"Poh! I know where it's gone!" Dicky cried, loftily. Dicky went to a big school, not kindergarten, and so he knew a great deal.

"It rained up; that's where it went," he explained.

"It what, Dicky Plummer?"

"Rained up into the sky; it always does, and then, by'nby, it'll rain down again. Where'd you s'pose all the rain comes from?"

"Well, I didn't s'pose it came out o' my mixin' pan, so there!" cried Peggy's clear, indignant little voice, scornfully. Then she ran to mother to see what it all meant, for mother always knew.

"Dicky says it rains upside down, mother!" she cried. "I guess he'd laugh to see it!"

Mother laughed to see Peggy's puzzled face.

"He can't see it, dear; nobody can, unless the air is so cold that it runs together in tiny drops and makes a mist or fog. Dicky was right; the water in your little tin pan was taken up into the air again, to rain down some day with the other water the air has drawn up from the surface of ponds and rivers. If it should be very cold when it gets ready to come to us, it will be—what, Dicky?"

"A snowstorm," said Dicky, promptly.

"Yes, dear. And so it goes back and forth between the sky and earth. It's one of the wonderful things the wonderful world is full of, little P—"
—Primary Education.



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

COME, AND HELP US.

BY NEWMAN HALL.

We fight against beer, wine and gin,
Chief abettors of sorrow and sin:
Come, follow our flag! let none of us lag!
The battle we're certain to win.

Hurrah for our cause good and true!
To aid us we surely want you!
Love never must pause in the temperance
cause,
God helping we'll carry it through.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

Do you think that the innocent babe in her sister's arms would ever become such a looking man as this is? See the old drunkard giving the baby some of the horrid stuff that makes him a sot.

An artist once looked around for the finest face he could find for a picture. He saw a little boy, so beautiful and innocent that he thought he could not find a prettier face anywhere. He took the boy's picture and painted it. When he had finished it, he thought he would like to have a picture of the worst looking person he ever saw. It was a long time before he could find one to suit him. At last he saw a drunken man lying in the gutter. He looked so wretched that the artist said: "That is the very picture I want." He went to work, and when the picture was finished, he placed it beside

that of the little boy. A gentleman, who had known the little boy and the man, one day said to the artist: "Do you know that the man in the gutter was once that little boy whose picture is so beautiful? I have known him ever since he was a child."

Now, look at the picture again, and resolve never to drink anything that can make you drunk.

BABY WILLIE'S SUNBEAMS.

Little Willie laughed and clapped his hands, and then stretched them out to catch the pretty sunlight that streamed in upon his bed in the crib.

All the children laughed, and Charley said: "Silly baby."

"Not so silly, after all; it is a very pretty thought," said mamma. "It's what God wants all his children to do—catch the sunbeams. Look at baby's face and see." And, sure enough, the little fellow had bent his head forward until the golden light was on his rosy cheeks and bright curls.

"I think I know what mamma means," said Louie, looking into the baby's laughing face. "She means catch the—the happy, and be glad instead of cross."

"That is it," said mamma. "There is happiness all around us. If we try to catch it for ourselves, and make others happy too, will not that be like sunshine?"

Yes, and if things do not go just right, we can call it cloudy weather; but we can be cheery, and so make sunbeams."

THE GLASS OF GIN; OR, WHEN IT IS SAFEST TO RUN.

"Go the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbour, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sunday scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another.

Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad; but he thought that the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a saloon, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. Aye, thought I, this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor. Presently, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door?"

"Why, sir," said he, "not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard; my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison, if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drunk it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pouring out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I know too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it, I am safe."

"Well, thought I, I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now it will be a good thing, if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-checked apple, as a man is by a glass of gin."

Time is short. These boys and girls will not long be children. They will grow up. They may get "too big for Sunday-school." You have then but an hour a week for a short period. Then let there be no dawdling, no foolish or trivial discussion. Press the main points of Christian teaching. Remember that eternal destinies may hang on these fast-receding opportunities.