

THE HARD LESSON.

Mr little brother, do not cry,
Be good, pick up your slate and try;
It only wastes your time, you know,
To sulk about a lesson so.

Just let me whisper in your ear
What I do with my lessons, dear:
When one's so very hard to get
I think I cannot master it,

I take it to the Lord in prayer,
For mamma says that he will care
For everything that troubles me;
And so he helps me, don't you see?

He helps me to be still and good,
And study earnest as I should;
Then when I try with all my might,
I'm very sure to get it right.

Now dry your tears, my little man,
And try and try, hard as you can;
Ask Jesus' help, and I am sure
You'll not be troubled any more.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE DANCING SCHOOL.

A SWEET young miss of ten summers whose mother had foolishly sent her to a dancing-school was led one happy day to give her heart to Christ. After that she went round the house singing about Jesus all the time. Her mother, who did not love the blessed Saviour, brought home a pattern for a new dress, and said:

"May, dear, isn't this a pretty pattern? How should you like it for a ball dress?"

"It is lovely, mamma," replied May, "but I don't want it. I don't want to go to dancing-school any more."

Sweet young May! She had more wis-

dom than her mother, because she had taken Jesus for her teacher. He was teaching her that she could not enjoy a ball dress and still keep the robe of righteousness with which he had clothed her new-born soul. She felt that the pride and vanity and envy of the ball-room would soil that robe, and as she preferred his pure white robe to the gay ball-dress, she wanted to give up the dancing-school and all that belonged to it. I am sure Jesus loved the charming child very dearly for making that choice.

ABOUT BEING THE CAPTAIN.

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. They had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play base-ball, to have regular military drill, and I don't know what else, which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing. Can you imagine why? When they met to organise the club every boy wanted to be captain. Nobody would consent to be in the ranks; and, as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be captain, boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead, one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world have had splendid soldiers to command them, but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told without the least delay, and without any shirking of duty.

A person who wishes to be captain must learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage, or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way, will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of leader has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow, and before you can rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done, and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing; and when a boy is Rex, or King, on the play-ground

or at the picnic, or in the schoolroom, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.

OUR TREASURES.

The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth;
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health,
We too would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that ever
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

A WISE CAPTAIN.

A NANTUCKET steamboat captain was once asked by a passenger on his boat how much ardent spirits he used.

He replied, "I never drank a teaspoonful of rum, brandy, gin, cider, wine, or beer, I never smoked or took snuff, and I never drank tea or coffee."

"But," said the passenger, "what do you drink for your breakfast?"

"Cold water," was the answer.

"And what with your dinner?"

"Cold water."

"Well," said the passenger, "but what do you take when you are sick?"

"I never was sick in my life," was the ready and glad reply.

He was a wise captain. He was accustomed to exposure in all sorts of bad weather, wind, and storm, and never believed in the foolish notion that he must take a drop of spirits to "keep out the cold."

Cold water was the drink of Adam in paradise. Cold water was the drink of the children of Israel in the wilderness. It was also the drink of Samson, and of Daniel, and of John the Baptist. It is the best drink for you.