

THAT DREADFUL CAT.

BY MRS. ADA D. WELLMAN

Who would have thought that handsome cat

Would do so mean a thing as that— Spring for the bird-cage on the wall? But ah, Sir Puss, you had a fall!

The door's unlocked. Quick, birdie, fly! He cannot catch you though he try. The cat—hal! see! his paws are caught! So that's the sort of game he got!

Well, well, my dear, 'tis sometimes so, That he who'd bring another low Gets caught himself, to his dismay, And sees his victim fly away.

Should any try to lower you From what is right, my dear, and true, Then quickly raise your thoughts like eagle wings, And fly away to better things.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1894.

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN.

THE first Easter Sunday was almost nineteen hundred years ago. You have heard the story of it ever so many times, but it never grows old. The Jews killed Jesus by nailing him upon a wooden cross. About sunset on a Friday he died. The next day—Saturday—was the Sabbath of that country; so his friends took down his body and hastily buried it that same evening. They did not put it in a coffin and cover it with earth, but wound it in a fine linen sheet and laid it in a new tomb, hollowed out of the solid rock. After they had rolled a heavy stone against the door, the mourners went away, and Christ's enemies sealed the tomb door to keep anybody from breaking in, and set a guard of soldiers about the place. All day Saturday the spot was quiet; but toward sunrise of Sunday, the third day after the crucifixion,

two women came to the tomb, bringing sweet spices to anoint the body. They loved Jesus dearly, and were sorrowful to think of his awful death. As they drew near the place they wondered how they should open the heavy door; but they found the door wide open, and a young man dressed in white—a bright angel from heaven—sat there and told a wonderful tale. "Fear not," he said. "You are looking for Jesus. He is not here; he has risen, as he said. Go quickly and tell his friends." Then the two women—each was named Mary—ran to tell their friends and Christ's friends that he had come to life, and that they should see him for themselves. Let us thank God for Easter Day! —S. S. Advocate.

WHAT DOES UNSELFISH MEAN?

THREE little children—Johnny, Fred, and Louise—were sitting in the room one evening, while their mother was busy ironing. Johnny was nine years old, and he read aloud to his little brother and sister. Whenever they came to any hard word that they could not understand, their mother would tell them what it meant.

Louise held up her hand for attention. "I'd like to have mother tell us what 'unselfish' means. Maybe I know, but I want her to tell it her way," said the child.

"I will illustrate it by a little story when Johnny is through reading and I have done ironing," said their mother.

Then, after the space of a half-hour, she told this story: "Once upon a time there were three little children, and their mother told them that she would give each one a penny for every six eggs he brought into the house. The oldest child brought in six or eight eggs a day, but the younger ones couldn't find any. The nests were all low down in quiet places easily reached. The eldest of the three little ones thought of a plan that pleased him exceedingly, and he put it into execution. He would slyly peep into the other nests, and if there were no eggs in them, he would take those out of his nests and put them in theirs, and let his little brother and sister think that they had been laid there. That is what one calls an unselfish act. He was glad to give up his own pleasure to make his little brother and sister happy, though I believe his delight was greater than theirs. You should all seek to be unselfish. Study the comfort and happiness of others before your own. If there is anything good or enjoyable, try to help somebody else to get it. Never fear but you will be happy enough. An unselfish person is rarely unhappy."

Just here the mother's eye fell upon Johnny. Little fellow! he was appearing unspeakably full of some kind of emotion. His hands were thrust down into his pockets, and he looked right into the grate, just as though he thought the red flames were something wonderfully new and beautiful. His face was red too, but then the reflection of the glowing fire might

have made that. He twisted his head round uneasily when his mother's eye fell upon him.

"That boy in the story was our blue-eyed little brother Johnny, wasn't it, mother? Say, wasn't it, Fred? Say, all of you! Oh! I thought my hen pitied me, and laid lots of eggs just to please me, and there it was our Johnny all the time." Louise flew to the little hero, and pulled his head about and hugged him and kissed him; and there he sat looking just as ashamed as though he had stolen some body's hen's eggs, and been caught at it.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I HEARD a strange story of a little girl the other day; she has two faces. When she dressed up in her best clothes, when her friends are expected to come to tea, when she is going out with her mother to call upon some neighbours, she looks bright and sweet and good that you would like to kiss her.

When she is spoken to, she says, "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," when she ought to say "Thank you" very sweetly when anything is given her.

This is her company face. I am sure she has another, that she puts on when she is alone with her mother. If she cannot do what she likes, or do what she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry. Nobody would care to kiss her when she wears that home face.

There is another little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach. She would rather hear mother say, "My good little daughter!" than the proud ladies she meets say, "What a little darling!" She loves to help about the house, or carry flowers or fruit to a neighbour. She has good manners, and they seem to spring right out of her kind heart, and not to be "put on" at all.

Which is best, to be a girl with one face, or a girl with two faces?—Mantonagh Magazine.

OPENING THE HEART.

BY REV. J. G. CUNNINGHAM.

"I KNEW a little boy—he was my brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' My mother called to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, 'Robert, what would you say if any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?' He answered, 'I would say, 'Come in.' Next morning there was a brightness and a glow about Robert's face that made my father ask, 'What makes you so glad to-day?' He replied, 'I awoke in the night, and felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said to the Lord Jesus, 'Come, and I think he has come.' I feel happier this morning than I ever was before.' I could see that Jesus had come in by his obedience, by his countenance, and by the love he showed God's Word and to God's people."