

HE DIDN'T THINK.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a bit of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.

An old rat said, "There's danger"
Be careful where you go."
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I do not think you know."

So he walked in boldly,
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.

Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching Mouse fast there,
Because he did not think.

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WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

I WAS walking along a narrow, dirty street in a large town about thirty years ago, when I saw a crowd of boys and girls laughing and jeering at an old man who was feebly tottering along, leaning on a thick stick for support. I had just made my way through the crowd when a poor, thin, ill-looking boy stepped from it, and going up to the old man took a piece of paper off his back, on which was written, "Who'll bid for the saint?" He had no sooner done this than a rough lad caught him by the arm, saying: "Hello, sneak, you'll get something for that!" When their leader uttered these words several other lads came up and joined in tormenting the poor boy.

I then went up and made them let him alone, while I took his hand and commended his conduct in taking the paper off the old man's back.

"Sir, do you know what made me do it?" he asked.

"No what was it?" I asked carelessly.

"Well, sir, that old man, they call him 'Saint Willie,' he comes to our house every week to read and talk to mother. One day he came, and said to me, after telling me all about Jesus, 'If ever you're a-going to do anything that ain't right, say to yourself, 'What would Jesus do?' (and he'd always go right) then you do it;' and that's what made me do it," he cried triumphantly.

If every reader of this little story would ask themselves whenever they are in difficulty as to what they should do, or are tempted to do anything wrong, "What would Jesus do?" they would find it would be a great help to them in their daily life.

A BETTER WAY THAN
QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other?

'You did!' "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A kind answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.

THE PEAR ON THE GROUND.

A LITTLE boy, as he walked home from school, saw a pear lying on the ground in the front yard of a large, fine house. It was a nice, yellow pear. The little boy was hungry. "How I would like that pear!" thought he. "I might reach it through the slats of the fence. No one sees me." Hardly had the thought come to him than he called to mind these words, *Thou God seekest me.*

He at once turned his head away from the pear, and walked bravely on. But he had not gone far when a little girl came running after him, and said, "My mother sent me with this pear to give to you little boy. She saw you through the blind as you looked at it, and sends it to you with her love."

JOHNNIE'S REASONS.

ONE day Johnnie brought some of his books to his Uncle Charles for him to look over. In one of them was Johnnie's anti-tobacco pledge.

"What does this mean?" inquired Uncle Charles.

"Why, we boys have a society against tobacco, and we had to take the pledge in order to join."

"Oh, is that all? Then why did you not take a pledge against something else,—going to Boston, for example,—and get up a society on that?"

"But perhaps we might want to go to Boston some time."

"Very well; so sometime you may fancy that you want to take tobacco."

"But we won't do that, you see."

"Why not?"

"Because we have promised not to."

"Have you no better reason? If any one should show you that you could get some good by using tobacco, would it be right for you to be pledged against it?"

"But could we ever get any good by using tobacco?" inquired Johnnie, opening his eyes widely. "Don't you really think that tobacco is bad, uncle?"

"The question is not what I think, but what you think. A boy who makes such a promise as that ought to have some good reason for it, if he really intends to keep his promise; but as to the reasons," said he rubbing his forehead as if trying to find them, "why, in the first place it costs so much; and then it is so filthy. Don't they call it the filthy weed?"

"Yes; but we are often obliged to deal with filthy things, and we are willing to pay for things we like and that do us a great deal of good."

"But tobacco doesn't do us good; it hurts us."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it makes us so sick at first. And even after a man gets used to it, if he should swallow the tobacco it would kill him."

"Very good. If these are the reasons for your pledge I shall believe in it; it is very well for boys and men to pledge themselves against liquor and tobacco, but it is better still that they should know the reasons why they ought to avoid them. So you boys know what tobacco really does to those who use it?"

I don't believe the boys know much about it. If they did, they would never break their pledge; and some of them have done that. I have often heard that there were very good reasons for never touching tobacco.—*Julia Colman.*