

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,  
 Travelling the King's highway,  
 Conning over the lessons  
 From the Guide-book every day,  
 Said, as each hindrance met him,  
 With purpose firm and true,  
 "If on earth he walked today,  
 What would Jesus do?"  
 It grew to be his watchword,  
 In service or in fight;  
 It helped to keep his pilgrim garb  
 Unsullied, pure, and white;  
 For when temptation lured him,  
 It nerved him through and through,  
 To ask this simple question,  
 "What would Jesus do?"  
 Now, if it be our purpose  
 To walk where Christ has led,  
 To follow in his footsteps  
 With ever careful tread,  
 O let this be our watchword,  
 A watchword pure and true,  
 To ask in each temptation,  
 "What would Jesus do?"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1901.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

"O mother!" exclaimed little Jeanie, running to me in an ecstasy of delight; "see what a beautiful book father has given me! And only see, mother, my name is written in it, so everybody will know it's mine, and nobody can rub it out!"  
 Like the lightning's flash came into my mind our Saviour's words: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."  
 "Mother, do you know why father gave this book to me?"  
 "No, Jeanie, I have forgotten."

"Why, don't you recollect, I always said 'wait a minute,' when you told me to do anything; and he said, if I wouldn't say it for one whole month, he would give me something; but I didn't think it would be anything so beautiful as this book."

"It is a very pretty book, Jeanie, but I know of one more beautiful, in which I trust my darling's name will be written."

"O mamma, what sort of a book is it? What is it called?"

"Our Saviour called it the Book of Life, and he said we must rejoice over our names being written in it more than over anything in the world."

"Is everybody's name written there, mamma?"

"No, my darling, only the names of those who love Jesus while they are on earth and try to serve him."

"How can I serve him, mamma? I don't know anything I can do for him."

"Yes, my child, you can do something for him every moment in the day. Kind words, little things done because we love Christ—in all these we serve him."

This morning, Tommy asked you to help tie his wagon; you refused, saying you were in a hurry. If you had given up your own pleasure and helped him, because Jesus says we must love and be kind to each other, you would have served Christ."

"O mamma, I didn't know such a little thing as that was serving Christ."

"Why, my daughter, have you forgotten what Jesus said of the cup of cold water, given for his sake? Our lives are made up of little things that happen every day, and what we do for Christ's sake is put down in his Book of Remembrance. You overcame a bad habit for the reward of this pretty book; remember that Jesus promises all the glorious things of heaven to every one that overcomes temptation and sin, and serves him truly."

QUEER ANIMALS.

Some animals and birds have not only been seen to do very funny things, but have evidently known how funny they were.

There is a story of an Englishman in India who had a monkey. One day the native cook was busy "plucking" a fowl ready for boiling; and having finished preparing it, put it into the pot on the fire. He then went away.

Now all this time the monkey had been lying close by, pretending to be asleep, but really keeping one eye on the cook and another on the flock of crows which had flown down, attracted by the cooking operations. No sooner had the cook gone than the monkey sprang up, seized a crow, killed it, "plucked" it just as he had seen the cook do, took off the lid of the pot, drew out the fowl, popped in the crow, and retired. When the cook came back and found his fowl turned into a black crow, his face was a picture, and so was the monkey's.

Practical jokes are sometimes dangerous; but this was really very funny, wasn't it?

A magpie's trick was also very odd. He lived in a stable yard with a pair of kestrels (a kind of hawk), which had a habit of sitting on the edge of the water pails set to warm in the sun. The magpie had nothing to do, and got up to mischief. He quietly came behind the kestrels, and seizing one of them by his long tail, gave it several strong pulls and pushes. The kestrel lost his balance; and then the magpie gave one push more, and sent his victim toppling into the pail of water, from which he emerged flapping and screaming. But by that time the magpie had flown off and hidden himself in the haystack.

The tormentor, however, tried this trick once too often. One of the kestrels saw him coming, and catching him by the leg, gave it such a nip that Mr. Magpie squealed for help, and had to be rescued.

THE GOOD QUEEN.

"I will be good," said the Princess Victoria at the age of eleven, when she first learned that she was heir to the throne.

"It is because she has been good," says the *Montreal Star*, "that all the world loved her. Only those who met her could appreciate the charm of her personality, but all the world knew of her goodness. There exists almost everywhere in the United States a most bitter hostility to anything savouring of monarchy, and dislike of England is very general, but the Queen's name was always respectfully and even warmly greeted, not because she was Queen but because there is a general feeling that she was one of the best women that ever lived.

"There can be no doubt that the moral tone of the British Empire is higher because Queen Victoria has reigned over it so long and her influence for good has not been confined to the British Empire."

THE NEW QUEEN.

If anything could console the English people for the loss which they have sustained in the person of Victoria, it is the knowledge that their new queen is, like her lamented mother-in-law, a woman of singularly blameless life, of kindly disposition, a pattern of all domestic virtues, a woman whose heart goes out instinctively to all sorrow and suffering; in one word, a sovereign both lovely and lovable.

The Queen of England, as she is now in truth, soon came to be queen in the hearts of the common people, who knew her for the personal interest she took in their welfare. Not merely columns, but volumes, can be written of her innumerable acts of kindness, generosity, and of tender consideration of others, which illustrate the sympathy which she felt and which can only be surpassed by the sympathy which she inspired.

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