

### WHY THE CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

A CAT, one day, a sparrow caught;  
About to eat her up,  
"Stop!" cried the sparrow; "Gentlemen  
Should wash before they sup."  
Grinnalkin paused. To be presumed  
So fine was rather nice.  
"Quite true," he said, and dropped the bird  
To follow her advice.

Off flew the sparrow. "Ah, you rogue?"  
Cried pussy, in a rage,  
"So that's your game! But I'll be wise  
In future, I'll engage!  
I'll never wash before I eat,  
But after." Which is still  
A fashion that the cats keep up,  
And, doubtless, always will.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

### OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

"MAMMA," said little Annie, "won't you please give me two apples to-day for my lunch? I want to give one to Jane Woods."

"Certainly, my dear. But why do you want to give one to Jane?"

"Because, mamma dear, she stole one out of my basket yesterday, and I want her not to be tempted to do this again. For our teacher says that if we are sincere in praying—'Lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way of evil ourselves, but should try to keep others from being tempted; and so, I think, if I give Jane an apple, she will not want to steal any more."

The apple was given; and at recess time Jane came to Annie, looking very sorrowful, and said "Annie won't you please take this apple back again? I suppose it's mine now, as you gave it to me; and I want to

pay you back for the one I stole the other day." Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness saved her; her thoughts were thoughts of peace and love. And we see how she was helping the blessed Saviour to spread "peace on earth" by the peaceful, loving thoughts that she cherished in her heart. The first way in which we may promote "peace on earth," is by having peaceful thoughts.

### A TURTLE'S EGGS.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

WHEN little Gertie and Ruth were at their grandma's in the country last summer, they saw something that they never saw before.

What do you think it was? I don't suppose you could guess if you tried a week, so I will tell you.

One day their Uncle Peter came in with a lot of small, round, white eggs, a little larger than the pretty glass marbles you have to play with.

He had them in his hat, and called to the little girls to come and see them.

They dropped their tins—for they were making mud pies—and started for their uncle. They looked at the small white eggs, and wondered what kind of eggs they were.

"These are turtle's eggs," said Uncle Peter.

"Was the old turtle on the nest when you found them?" asked the children.

At this question he was very much amused, and you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when he told them that his hired man had ploughed them out of the soft earth, back of the barn, not far from the creek.

Uncle Peter broke one of the eggs, and in it was a little turtle, perfect even to the "house on its back."

There were fifty-six eggs in all. Only think if the eggs had not been disturbed, what a band of little turtles would have found their way to the creek!

The mother turtle scoops out with her hind feet a hollow in the sand or dry earth, in which she lays her eggs, and the heat of the sand or earth hatches them. She never gives herself any trouble about her children, and they take care of themselves as soon as they come out of the sand.

The children's uncle told them of the different varieties of turtles, and that some of them were used for food.

They listened with the closest attention, and when he had finished they scampered off, Gertie to finish their baking, and Ruth to "get the turtle soup going for dinner."

### THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

Now, Carlo, don't you bozzer me;  
I know you want to play,  
But 't must study awful hard,  
't went to school to-day.

I wish, poor Carlo, you could go;  
I never could before;  
I had no boots or clothes, you know,  
'Cos we were dre'ful poor.

But now it isn't so no more;  
I'se sura I don't know why,  
But papa buys me lots of things,  
And mamma doesn't cry.

It's something on that pretty card,  
Where papa wrote his name;  
'Cos mamma kissed it lots of times,  
And put it in a frame.

I don't know (perhaps it isn't so),  
But do you know, I think  
(Now mind, you mustn't tell.)  
That papa used to drink.

—*Temperance Banner.*

### DON'T GIVE UP.

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; try, my boy—try." The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel, and he did become a fine scholar. It was Dr. Adam Clarke. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy—try."

ALWAYS speak kindly and politely to servants and work-people. If you want them to do anything for you, ask, and not order them. They will respect and love you, and be much more willing to wait upon you if you do so.