

CHASING THE BROOK

' Stop, stop, pretty water !'

Said Mary one day,

To a frolicsome brook

That was running away.

' You run on so fast'

I wish you would stay;

My boat and my flowers

You will carry away.

" But I will run after;

Mother says that I may;

For I would know where

You are running away."

So Mary ran on;

But I have heard say

That she never could find

Where the brook ran away.

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The Sunbeam.

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"I'VE TRIED NOT TO GET ANGRY."

THESE six words, dropped from tender lips long years ago, have been to me a daily sermon. At the close of the lesson one Sabbath morning I said to the members of my class: "Let us each try this week and see if we can do any good or get any good." The following Sabbath morning, at the hour for Sunday-school, we were in our places. The lesson was read and discussed, when, recalling the parting words of the previous week, I asked the question: "Have we?" And a sweet child-voice from the corner answered: "I think I have."

"What have you done, Lottia?"

Lifting her tender blue eyes to mine, she answered in a timid, gentle voice: "I've tried not to get angry."

Dear little motherless one, struggling with the daily temptations and besetments, recognizing possibly her hastiness as one of

her sins, she had been striving to overcome and learn the true meaning of the Christ spirit. Little did she dream that her teacher was gaining a lesson that would never be forgotten.

Ah! impatient ones, ye who indulge in unkind words, in harsh rebukes, in hot tempers and unruly passions, take the six words into your soul; as a warning-bell let them chime day by day: "I've tried not to get angry."

JESUS KNOWS.

A LITTLE boy was sent very quickly for the doctor for his little baby brother, who was very sick. After he got back, he said,

"Mamma, I run'd all the way, and I prayed, too."

"What did you say to Jesus?"

"I couldn't think of anything else, so I just prayed, 'Now I lay me.' But don't you think Jesus knew that I wanted him to make Harry well?"

Yes, little boy, he certainly did. He knows just what we want, even if we cannot think of the words to tell him with.

THE NAME OF THE WOLF.

ROSALIE and Ben had never been to the country in their lives before last summer.

And how glad papa was to be able to send mamma and them and Baby Bess away from the glaring, dusty days, and the baking, smothering nights, out to the shady woods and the wide grass-fields!

The woods east of the farm-house were as safe as could be, but still mamma, with her city ideas, was timid about their venturing too far in.

"Don't cross the brook, chickies," she said to them every morning, when they left the farm-house door.

"Oh, mother, we could cross it just as easy," said Ben, in a coaxing tone.

"But you must not," said the mother, positively.

"Not for anything?"

"Not for anything;" and that was the end of the matter.

Not quite the end, either. That brook was a great temptation, and Ben several times suggested happenings that might make it right for them to cross it.

One day a rain-storm came up suddenly before the little folks under the trees had noticed the cloud. "Now, Rosalie," said Ben, 'we must run across the brook and get inside the shed, or we'll get wet."

They started on a run, but neither little conscience felt easy, for they knew they were disobeying mamma. Just as they got to the edge of the water a very fierce flash

came, followed by a roll of thunder. Rosalie stopped short: "Oh, Ben," she said, "that sounds like God was telling us not to do it."

So they did not cross. Ben tucked his sister's red shawl up over her head, and they stood close together under a large tree. In a few minutes Farmer Brown's coloured man found them, and with umbrella and wraps hurried them home.

"My dear little Red Ridinghood," said mamma, taking off the wet shawl while Rosalie told about their not crossing the brook, "you met your wolf in the woods after all, and I am so glad you refused to follow him!"

"What wolf, mamma?"

"His name was Disobedience," said mamma, smiling.

NOT AFRAID.

MAMMA is reading to her little ones from the Bible. The story is about a man named Jacob, who once saw a ladder that reached up to heaven. He saw God above the ladder, and angels going up and down on it. "My! That was a tall ladder!" said Gertie. "Guess it was. I'd be afraid to go up so tall a ladder—wouldn't you?" asked Renie. Gertie thought a minute, and then she said: "No, I don't think I would have been afraid—at any rate, not if God held the top."

Dear little Gertie! She knew that if God held the ladder, it would be safe and strong. We can go anywhere that God leads us. If he holds our hands, we shall always be led in the right way.

We should all of us trust God, just as little Gertie did. Our life is like a ladder. Each day is a round. Be sure that God holds the top.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SERMON.

A VERY little girl, whose papa is a minister, liked very much to play at the water-pail, which stood upon a low bench where she could reach it. It was thought best not to remove it, but to teach her not to touch it there. More than once her chubby fingers had been "snapped" because of their naughty trick. At two years old she went with grandma to church. She listened very quietly. On returning, some one said, "Well, so you have been to church?" "Yes." "And did you hear papa preach?" "Yes." "And what did he say?" "O—he p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e peoples 'ey mus' be—good chillens—an'—not play in 'e water-pail!" Dear baby! she had heard to better purpose than many an older listener.