

THE JAY AND THE THRUSH.

One summer day a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush
In accents loud and clear;
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spoke unto a jay,
Who sat and listened near:

"How lovely, friend, the dress you wear!
When perched on bough or in the air,
How gay your coat of blue!
While I am clad in plainest brown,
I'd give the world, were it my own,
To be arrayed like you."

"And gladly would I change my dress,"
Replied the jay, "could I possess
The gift you have for singing.
I'd sing above the cotter's shed,
Above the brook and grassy mead,
And keep the woodland ringing."

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour.
"Such strains I never heard!"
The blind man said. Meanwhile the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,
Who cried: "Delightful bird!"

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THROW THE REINS TO CHRIST.

An interesting story is told of Professor Drummond. He was staying with a lady whose coachman had signed the pledge, but afterwards gave way to drink again. This lady said to the professor: "Now, this man will drive you to the station. Say a word to him if you can. He is a good man, and really wants to reform; but he is weak."

While they were driving to the station, the professor tried to think how he could introduce the subject. Suddenly the horses were frightened and tried to run away. The driver held on to the reins, and managed them well. The carriage swayed about, and the professor expected every moment to be upset; but after a little the man got the better of the team, and as he drew them up at the station, steaming with perspiration, he exclaimed: "That was a close shave, sir. Our trap might have been smashed into matchwood, and you wouldn't have given any more addresses."

"Well," said Professor Drummond, "how was it that it did not happen?"

"Why," was the reply, "because I knew how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the professor, "look here, my friend. I will give you a bit of advice. Here's my train coming. I hear you have been signing the pledge and breaking out again. Now I want to give you a bit of advice. Throw the reins of your life to Jesus Christ." He jumped down and got into the train.

The driver saw in a flash where he had made the mistake, and from that day ceased to try to live in his own strength.

HOW THE MOUSE GOT THE COOKY.

Ponto, the spotted dog, came trotting into the field behind the barn. He held in his mouth a fine bit of cooky which the baby gave him.

As he ran, he growled to himself, "I do wish babies ate bones instead of cake. I am tired of cookies. I will hide this till to-morrow."

The wise old mouse was in the field just then, seeing the grass grow. He heard the dog, and he thought the cooky would be nice. So he squeaked, "Do you want a bone, Ponto?"

"Yes; have you got one?" barked he.

"I think the dog fairy has one for you."

This pleased Ponto. He had never heard of the dog fairy. He thought a fairy bone must be very sweet indeed. So he said he should be thankful for one.

The mouse squeaked to him to run around three times in a circle; then he was to lie down in the grass, and shut his eyes for three minutes; then he could open them, and look for the bone.

Ponto at once dropped the cooky. He ran around and around after his tail ever so many times. Then he lay down and shut his eyes. After awhile he jumped up again. But there was no bone. And the cooky was gone! The wise old mouse had carried it off to his children. Ponto was puzzled. "I must have turned around too many times," he snarled.

Ever since then some dogs have a habit

of walking about in a circle before they lie down in the grass. Perhaps they are thinking of the fairy bone.

Whenever an educated mouse sees a dog going about in this way he laughs in his sleeve.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.

Not long ago a singular incident occurred at the brickyard at Seabrook, illustrating a faculty in animals which closely approximates reason.

There is in the yard a horse and mule, which are much attached to each other, the mule especially showing attachment to the horse.

After work hours they are turned loose on the high ground formed by the canal bank through the marsh, flanked on one side by marsh land, which is not firm enough for them to walk over, and on the other by a deep canal with steep banks.

The other evening they were turned loose as usual. Not long afterwards the hand, who lodged in a little house by the brick kiln, heard a most unearthly bray. At first he paid but little attention to it, recognizing that it was the mule's unmusical voice. Soon it was repeated even more startlingly than before. Leaving his supper, the coloured man went to the door, and, looking up the bank, saw the mule standing on the verge of the canal with every indication of intense alarm. He repeated the bray, and the man ran toward him. When he came near, the animal made a sound expressive of delight, but remained looking into the canal.

The cause was soon found. The horse, in grazing too near the canal, had slipped in, and, with only his head out of water, was vainly struggling to climb the steep bank. With difficulty he was finally brought to a place at the bridge where he could be helped out, the mule accompanying the process with every mark of delight.

Without the mule's intelligent call for help, the horse, a valuable one, would have been lost. We have often heard of horse sense, but in this case the mule certainly exhibited a high degree of it.

A MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

"I feel very happy to-day," said a mother, "because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned around a moment after, of his own accord, and said that he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe that I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."