

HE LOVES ME SO.

I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8c., monthly	3 00
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 054
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 08
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
22 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1906.

GOD'S DAY.

When Daisy comes down to breakfast on Sunday morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than general on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is, mother," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is always so much more happier on Sundays than on week-days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely: "You see, father, Sunday is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE IDOL.

In a heathen home, away on the other side of the world; there lives a little girl who has been going to a mission school. One day one of the idols in her home was missing. Her father and mother hunted

for it, and after awhile it was found in the little girl's bed.

She had heard at school that idols were only pieces of wood, and she thought she would find out if this were true, so she took down the idol to sleep with her, to see if it would know enough to get up in the morning.

Her strange act and the reason why she did it made her father and mother think a good deal, and the next Sunday the whole family went to church.

WEBSTER'S READY WIT.

Daniel Webster, when in full practice, was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. A physician



MARJORY AND DOROTHY EMBERSON.

made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will.

Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death, some affirming that it is at the commencement of the disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the court and audience with laughter.

A FIRE IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. R. EMBERSON, B.A.

Last night at one o'clock we were alarmed by the sound of the fire-bell and cries of "Fire, fire!" On looking out we discovered the house in the next lot in flames. It was a very large house, in fact a mansion, built by the last Shogun, Prince Tokugawa, and was surrounded by four smaller houses. During the past year all these buildings have been used as barracks for one hundred and fifty Russian prisoners. When we observed the fire the prisoners were beginning to rush from the buildings carrying their belongings to a place of safety.

So rapid was the fire that in one hour the five buildings were one heap of smouldering ruins. The nearest of the buildings stood about one hundred feet from the mission house, and in part of the intervening space an evergreen grove is growing. Our property was not injured in the least, for which we feel devoutly thankful. The night was calm, and the space between our house and the fire was sufficient to place it just beyond the danger line. Several thousands of citizens were soon on the spot, and as the military guards would not let them in where the prisoners were, they crowded into the mission lot, waiting for the word to hurl our furniture out of the house.

But I did not say the word, I only kept the doors locked lest in a fit of excitement they should begin the work of destruction before there was need. After goods are hurled out in the street at a Japanese fire they are not worth much. Everybody was marvelously kind, and even though a strong wind had been blowing, thousands of willing hands were waiting to beat back the flames

from our property. Several gentlemen came to me saying, "I have brought all my servants to help you." The poor prisoners had to sleep on the open ground till morning, and to-day are seeking hither and thither in the city for lodgings. They expect to return to Russia in a week or so.

This is a picture of Mr. Emberson's children. They must have been very much alarmed by the fire.

Christ is come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to stand in the strength of faith in him.—
McLaren.

DR
BY

When time sweet
by one
Above, in the
And the birdies
to sleep,
And the flow
dew.

I will tell you
A land where
White, white li
Where rivule

Where we find
we've so
And longed
Castles and fai
They are eve

In that land th
Which every
The very wind
notes
As it passes

But, hush! I
heart,
You shall s
For with keel
The dream-s

LES

SECC

WORDS AND WA
11

LESSO

THE

Luke 9. 28-36

This is my
Luke 9. 35.

What a wo
been for Peter
the transfigur
taken these th
the mountain
tom to go the
time of his
felt the need

Suddenly
around Jesus
glistened lik
dazzling. A
sleepy and d
wards they b
Elias and Mo
ciples were c
they might be
and his heav
Just then
saying, "Th
him."