

## HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY.

"I never can do it," the little kite said, As he looked at the others high over his head;

"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."

"Try," said the big kite; "only try!

Or I fear you never will learn at all."

But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-bye; I'm off," and he rose toward the tranquil sky.

Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,

And trembling he shook himself free for flight,

First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,

Up, up he rose through the air alone,

Till the big kite, looking down, could see

The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,

As he sailed with the big kite, side by side!

While far below he could see the ground,

And the boys, like small spots, moving round.

They rested high in the quiet air,

And only the birds and clouds were there.

"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;

"And all because I was brave, and tried."

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## Sunbeam.

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### HELPING THE MINISTER.

"One thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman.

"What was that?" inquired a friend.

"It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to hear and understand every word I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, little ones, and, when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says; for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

### 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 are 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.

### ONE LITTLE WORD.

The little word "again" has apparently nothing humorous about it, but it once threw an assembly into fits of laughter.

It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned a little subdued mirth, especially as the unfortunate divine was very tall, and seemed to cover the whole platform in his frantic efforts to rise.

When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "Mr. R. will again take the floor."

Clapping, stamping, and laughter reigned for several minutes. The reverend gentleman had never before met with so enthusiastic a reception.

## 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; when 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.

### WHERE IS HEAVEN?

"I'd like to know where heaven is," said Alice, looking up into the blue sky.

"I know, and mamma knows," said Harry, the little brother, looking up from his book. "Heaven is where God is."

Harry was right; and since that is true, then heaven must be a lovely place. Where God is there can be nothing bad, but everything is goodness and love. "God is love," and if we keep our hearts warm with love for him and for every thing he has made, we shall be glad when the hour comes for us to go and live with him.

### 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."