

DANIEL PURPOSED IN HIS HEART

BY OTTIE H. JOHNSON

I have made up my mind, God helping me,
That I will not stain my lips
With the ruby wine, with its sparkle and
shine,
No, not in the tiniest sip!

I have made up my mind—for I can
choose—
That I'll keep God's temple pure,
As Daniel of old, of whom we are told,
Who was brave and strong to endure.

I have made up my mind, yes, once for all,
I've a purpose high and grand,
In myself I'm weak, but his strength I
seek
Who is able to make me stand.

I have made up my mind: 'tis not so hard,
If a boy in time begins,
In the battle of life, in the toil and strife,
'Tis the brave "I will" that wins.

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DAISY'S WAY.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

The sky was clouded and it was a dreary gray day out of doors—and within doors, too, for that matter, for Daisy had the measles, and so she could not go out and play; nor could she have any of her little friends come and play with her, for she did not want to share the measles with them, and they were not very anxious to divide with her. She could not use her eyes, for they were weak, and she did not want to have nurse read aloud to her. She did not feel able to play with her dolls; so you can see that, altogether, she was not in a very happy frame of mind!

"O dear! It is so dreadful to have the

measles and not be able to go out and have a good time!" she said to the doctor.

"I suppose it isn't very pleasant," the doctor answered, "but I don't think that you have very much to complain about, when you have so much to make you happy and so many to do all they can to pass the time away. Now if you were the little girl I am going to see next, you might think that you had something to complain about."

"Why?" asked Daisy; "Has she got the measles, too?"

"Yes, she has the measles," the doctor answered, "and she is quite ill with the disease, so that she has to stay in bed. Her mother has to go to work in a factory every morning, and leaves Nannie alone all day."

"Why, who takes care of her?" asked Daisy, in surprise.

"She has to take care of herself," the doctor answered. "Before her mother goes away in the morning she puts everything Nannie is likely to want during the day on a chair by the bedside, and when Nannie wants anything, she reaches over and gets it. Sometimes one of the neighbours comes in and sits with her for a while, but not often, because all the people in the house where Nannie lives are too busy with their own work to have any time to spare to take care of a little sick girl, unless she should need them very much indeed."

"O, that must be perfectly dreadful!" said Daisy. "I wouldn't like that one single bit. It's bad enough to have the measles, when you have plenty of folks to take care of you, but I don't know what I should do if I had to do as Nannie does. Does she cry all the time?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the doctor. "She is the bravest, brightest little patient I have; and whenever she has anything at all that she can give away, she tries to make a little sunshine for some one else. The other day a lady sent her some oranges, and she knew that I was going to see some other sick children who did not often get fruit or have any friends to send them some, and so she made me take half of the oranges to the other children, and it seemed to make her happier than if she had eaten them herself."

"I believe I will try to make some sunshine for Nannie," said Daisy thoughtfully. "Would you mind taking her some things to-morrow, doctor, when you go to see her?"

"No; I should like to take them very much indeed," the good doctor answered; "and I think you will have a happier day in trying to make some one else happy than if you fretted about yourself."

All the rest of the day, when Daisy felt strong enough to do anything, she looked over her treasures and picked out things to send patient little Nannie; and when the doctor came next morning, he smiled to see what a collection she had made.

"Now didn't you make sunshine for yourself when you were trying to make it for Nannie?" he asked, as he packed the best of the pretty picture-books into the

bag, and looked up at Daisy with a smile.

"Yes, indeed," Daisy answered.

"It's a rule that always holds good," the doctor went on. "If you are not happy the way to become so is to make some one else happy. It is a rule I never knew to fail, and I have seen it tried a great many times."

REUBEN'S COMPANY.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Reuben and Frank were two little Hindu boys. Their fathers had been converted many years ago at the mission, and when their little sons were born they named them after the missionaries who had taught them the right way to live.

Frank had come over to Reuben's to play with him, and the young friends busied themselves for some time flying kites and spinning tops. They soon grew tired of this, and Reuben's mother told them they would better play something different. Then they commenced a game which is much liked by the Hindu children.

They filled a paper bag with fruit, parched rice, and little cakes, and then hung it on a branch of a tree. Reuben's mother next tied a handkerchief over the eyes of each and gave him a stick.

The boys took turns in striking at the bag, and of course, they made many mistakes. Sometimes they would strike against the trunk of a tree and sometimes against each other.

"It's lots of fun to be blindfolded and try to break the bag," laughed Frank, "and it is lots of fun, too, to have the handkerchief off my eyes and watch Reuben strike the bag."

"Just think, there are only two of us to eat all the good things in the bag when it bursts," said Reuben. "If the other boys knew about this they would come here wouldn't they?"

Their loud shouts and merry laughter soon brought other children to the spot, and a gay time they had trying to break the bag.

"There, I have done it at last," cried Frank, as his stick burst the bag, and its contents went flying over the ground.

Then what a scrambling there was for the fruit, the cakes and the corn, the little fellows almost rolling over each other in their eagerness to get some.

Reuben alone had none.

"Why, where is your share?" asked Frank.

"O, the others are my company," answered Reuben, "and it was only right for me to let them have their pick first."

"But they're not invited company," said Frank.

"That makes no difference," replied Reuben.

"Then we will all give you some of ours," cried one of the boys, handing a cake to Reuben.

The others did the same, and the polite little boy thus got as many dainties as did his playmates, and gained their good will beside, which was best of all.