

rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockleshell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the stern hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken, but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge her off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1899.

### THE BROKEN BRANCH.

BY PANSY.

"It is broken!" said Minnie sorrowfully. She held in her hand a beautiful branch from a grapevine.

"Yes," said her father, "the storm last night broke it off; it was a thrifty branch and would have borne many grapes."

"Can't you tie it on again, father?"

"Oh!" said her brother Nelson, "don't

you know any better than that? You can't tie branches on that have been broken off, they've got to stay on the vine if they amount to anything. All it is good for now is to be burned."

"Poor branch," said Minnie; "it had pretty green leaves and now they all will die."

Just then they were called to breakfast. When they had finished father called Minnie to sit beside him and listen carefully while he read from the Bible. This is part of what he read:

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. For without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

"Father," said Minnie, "that is all about our grapevine."

"It is like our grapevine," said father, "but, you see, Jesus is talking about people; he calls himself the vine, and his children the branches. You saw what happened to the branch that broke from the vine?"

"But, father, how could people break away from Jesus?"

"Listen, dear, to another Bible verse: 'If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide.' People who are not trying to do as Jesus says are like the broken grapevine."

"Nelson," said Minnie to her brother, a little while after, "are you a broken-off vine, or do you belong to Jesus? I'm going to grow close to him always."

### EDITH'S DOLLY.

BY E. B. WALKER.

"I've told you over so many times, Dorothy Wilson Greene," said Dorothy's mother, "that you must sit still and not run about so. Will you be good now while I talk to Mrs. Brown?"

Dorothy's blue eyes stared serenely into space, for she was a very quiet and obedient dolly, in spite of what her mistress said, and as she made no violent efforts to get down from the high chair, Edith thought she was safe.

"Does your child give you much trouble?" asked Dorothy's mother's real mother, "or is good?"

"She's dood," answered Edith, "cept she makes too much noise."

"That's a good sign," said the real mother; "that means she isn't sick."

"She isn't sick now," said Edith, "but she's had whooping-cough and croup. The doctor came every day."

"That's too bad, Mrs. Greene; but I'm glad she got over her troubles safely."

Dorothy Wilson Greene's dangers were not all from whooping-cough and croup, however. Baby Grace was playing too near the high chair. There came a sudden crash and a wail, and Baby Grace, high chair and Dorothy were in a heap on the floor.

"There! Mother's kissed the bumps well," said the real mother, who had rescued her baby girl first,

Grace's hurt was partly fright at the suddenness of the tumble, and her mother's voice soothed her. She turned tear-filled eyes to Edith, who sat holding poor Dorothy.

Poor Dorothy! Her bumps were more serious, being made on doll stuff instead of yielding flesh. Her eyes were knocked in and her nose was gone.

Edith's face showed how sorry she was. Grace felt that she had been naughty, and slipping down, she stretched her arms to take Dorothy.

"Mother, kiss Dorothy well too," she said.

Mother couldn't do that, but she comforted the little mother's heart, and one day a new head, with smiling blue eyes, was Dorothy's again.

### DAISY AND THE BIRDS.

Sometimes little children who want to be kind do things that are very cruel because they do not know better.

Daisy Wells loved birds better than any other pets. She never forgot to give her canary his seeds, his water, or his bit of fresh greens.

One day Ned Wilson, a big boy, who was not so bad as he was thoughtless, climbed a tree in Daisy's yard and brought down to her a nest full of young robins.

Daisy was delighted and wondered why the mother bird screamed shrilly and wheeled round and round in such a crazy way. She wanted her to alight and sit quietly on her shoulder as her pet Dick, the canary, often used to sit.

In a moment or two Mrs. Wells heard the robin's cry and hurried to see what had happened. She called Ned Wilson and made him put back the nest as securely as he could, hoping the poor mother bird would be comforted to find her little ones safe and sound.

Then she told Daisy the great difference between pet canaries and robins. She talked to Ned about the cruelty of stealing nests until he realized it as he never had before. He promised her never again to meddle with one, and also to prevent other boys when he could.

### THE DUSTMAN.

The dustman's coming on his rounds  
And throwing lots of dust  
In baby's sleepy little eyes—  
It doesn't hurt, I trust.

The little limpled fingers try  
To rub it all away,  
But in the baby's pretty eyes  
The dust prefers to stay!

And then comes such a sleepy yawn,  
And such a heavy sigh!  
And Mr. Dustman throws some more  
In either little eye!

But no more dust he'll throw to-night,  
For baby's very wise—  
She's gone to sleep, and safely shut  
Both sleepy little eyes.