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# SUNBAM

## CANOE LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to Eskimo, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the material requisite for its construction, cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

"And the forest life is in it—  
All its mystery and magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily."

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances overland from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out to the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game, dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skillful Indian. The man who does all this, and

does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can

travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers and the fur hunters pursue their lonely calling.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettles, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp are placed in it, and the swarthy voyageurs step lightly in. All but one. He remains on shore to steady the barque on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters, now buffeted with, and advances against the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to further progress again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water, and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the voyageur in the bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling water before him, dashes into the stream.



SHOOTING A RAPID.

easily carry it on his shoulders overland where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail barque, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family

Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a

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.

THE LITTLE MAIDEN'S GARDEN.

There was once a little maiden  
Who was very fond of flowers;  
She tended them and weeded them  
And watered them for hours.

She'd pansies and forget-me-nots,  
And violets white and blue,  
With tall proud yellow lilies  
And little white ones too.

She'd marigolds and hollyhocks  
And daisies white and red,  
That grow in little borders  
Around each flowery bed:

With wallflowers and carnations,  
And many a royal rose;  
She must have had a little bit  
Of every flower that grows.

A thrush came to the garden,  
And sang there every day,  
And as for bees and butterflies,  
They couldn't keep away.

The bees made lots of honey,  
But it was not half so sweet  
As the pretty little maiden  
Who kept the garden neat.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON II. [July 9.]

DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-21. Memory verses, 17-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.—Dan. 1. 8.

DO YOU KNOW.

What led to the downfall of Jerusalem? Disobedience to God. What king took the city? Nebuchadnezzar. When did this take place? In the year 605 before Christ. To what city were they taken? To Babylon. What did the prisoners become? Slaves. What did the king choose for himself? Four young princes to be his servants. Where did he want them to eat? At his table. Why was Daniel unwilling to do this? What did he do? What did he beg the officer to let him do? What was the result? How did the boys look after eating plain food? Were their heads clear? Is this true of those who eat rich food and drink wine? What does this prove? That they are wise who follow God's way.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read about a heathen king and some honest boys. Dan. 1. 1-7.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Daniel 1. 8-21.
- Wed. Find the secret of Daniel's wisdom. Golden Text.

- Thur. Learn a text which asks and answers a question Psalm 119 9
- Fri. Find why it is best not to drink wine. Prov. 23 20, 21.
- Sat. Find the right way to treat wine. Prov. 23. 31, 32.
- Sun. Learn how to live a good and happy life. Psalm 1.

LESSON III. [July 16.]

THE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan. 3. 14-28. Memory verses, 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.—Dan. 3. 17.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was the king of Babylon? Whom had he made his prisoners? The people of Jerusalem. Which boys did he select to be his servants? What did he set up in Babylon? What did he command the people to do? Who refused to do this? Why? They could not worship an image and be true to their God. What did they tell the king? What did he threaten to do? Did he keep his word? Why were the young men not harmed? [Thursday's Help.]

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read what an angry king did Dan. 3. 1-13.
- Tues. Find how the young Hebrews had been honoured. Dan. 2. 46-49.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses carefully. Dan. 3. 14-28.
- Thur. Learn a reason for confidence in such a time. Isa. 43. 2.
- Fri. Find how a mighty king changed his mind. Verses 28, 29.
- Sat. Read a song of praise to our God. Psalm 136.
- Sun. Tell this story in your own words to some one.

KATIE'S EXAMPLE.

"I'm not going to walk one step with Susie Peters, so there! I think it is mean in Miss Henderson to put me with her! She wears an ugly patched dress, and her shoes have holes in them, and Nell and I want to walk together."

"Where are you going to walk?" asked brother Dick.

"In the Easter procession. We are to march down the middle aisle, and half of us go up the left and half the right, to the choir seats; and I lead one of the divisions. Think of having Susie Peters with me in her old brown dress and all the rest of us in white, with wreaths of flowers on our heads! I won't do it, anyhow."

"Little daughter, what do you think Jesus would do if he were here to walk in your Easter procession?"

It was Mrs. Maxwell's voice. Katie's cheeks grew red, she had not known that her mother was within hearing.

"I don't know," she said, speaking low. "Don't you? Come here, dear, and let me tell you a story.

"One night when Jesus and his disciples had been walking the dusty roads all day, they came to the house where they were to have supper together, but there was no servant to bathe their tired feet, as was the custom in that country, and Jesus got a basin of water and a towel, and bathed and dried the feet of every one of them.

"It was then that he said those words in your Bible verse: 'I have given you an example.' I wonder what he would do about Susie Peters?"

Katie said not a word. But that evening when she was getting ready for bed, she said, "Mother, I've got a secret for you; I'm going to walk with Susie Peters and give her some of my flowers and be nice to her."

Then mother kissed her little girl and was glad.

A PRETTY PET.

Mary and Donald have a tame robin for a pet. At first he only came to the window-sill to pick up the crumbs they scattered for him. But when he became better acquainted he ventured nearer, until the three were fast friends. The moment they open the door Bobby hops down to them, and is often at their feet while they are looking all around for him.

As soon as the severe winter weather comes, he taps at the window, and directly they open it he hops in, and very often lives in the nursery day and night for a week or ten days without going out. If he does venture out, and it is still cold, he comes back again very soon. At Christmas-time, when the evergreens are up, he seems even more at home, and likes to sit on them and sing.

One morning they heard him making a great noise. They went to see what was the matter and found that the snow was gone.

They opened the window and he soon flew out; but he always says good-bye before he goes, by turning round and giving a chirp.

THE BIRD'S CUP.

Millie has a dainty silver cup. She is very proud of it. One day she said, "No one has such a pretty cup as this!"

"I saw a bird drink from a prettier one to-day," said father.

"Do birds drink from cups?" asked Millie.

"Yes, sometimes. This was a leaf cup, the cup of the pitcher plant. It has a lid, and holds water as well as your cup."

"And do the birds really drink out of it?"

"Yes; the rain and the dew gather in the cup. By-and-bye a thirsty bird comes along and sips from the leaf cup, and lifts up his head as if to thank God for the drink. God provided that dainty cup for his birds. And, in Africa, the traveller's tree, which holds water where the long leaves grow to the trunk of the tree, is another instance."



## SEEKING A SAVIOUR.

BY TRESSA R. ARNOLD.

James and Arthur had been friends all their lives. They went to school together and had always shared in each other's joys and sorrows. They had often talked together of their plans for the future, of what they meant to do when grown up. They had promised to help each other and if they were ever separated they were to remember each other forever. As they grow older and began to see the real of life they saw there would be many difficulties to overcome and that they could not accomplish what they desired without great effort. They saw they would need much courage and wisdom. About this time James attended a meeting held for young people, and heard many things which helped him to see the only way to real success. God's Spirit began to move his heart, to show him his need of a Saviour, a counsellor, and leader. As the true light continued to shine James yielded to its direction. He humbly prayed for forgiveness of sin and for a new heart. Very soon he received pardon and peace and was made very happy in a Saviour's love. Then it was he felt safe and ready for the conflicts of life. He knew that very soon it would be necessary for him to provide for himself, so he consecrated his whole life to God, believing that he would be directed in the right way. As soon as James entered into his new life he felt very anxious for Arthur to enjoy the same, so he sought him in his home. Arthur, in the meantime, had been reading the experience of some boys, who were remarkable for their piety, and who were success-

ful in their undertakings because the Lord was their leader, and he had been praying for a number of days that he might become a Christian. On hearing this, James suggested that they go away and pray together. And like the boys in our picture they earnestly engaged in prayer. The result was Arthur found the Saviour and rejoiced in his new life. No one who gives his heart to God in youth will ever regret it. We will have peace and true happiness and all the good things the Lord gives his children. Oh, that every child would hasten to give his heart to Jesus and live for him.

—o—

## THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him a promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal, and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a brier," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on step by step, just as the song goes,

One step, and then another,  
until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.

## GIRLS AS PACKHORSES.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords, says a traveller. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side or a long rough pathway under the weight of bundles of faggots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by

swinging matts heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by the law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit to the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers, till by the time the girls come to womanhood, there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

## A VACATION SONG.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

Slates and books are put away,  
Study is suspended;  
School-room doors are closed and locked,  
Till summer shall be ended.  
To the sea and country hastes  
Many a little rover;  
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,  
"Lessons now are over!"  
We need not look in a spelling-book,  
For lessons now are over."

Climbing up the mountain paths,  
Through the meadows straying,  
Picking berries, ferns, and flowers,  
By the brookside playing;  
Listening to the merry birds  
That sing to every comer,  
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,  
"How we love the summer!"  
Vacation joys bring girls and boys  
A happy, happy summer."

Strolling on the level beach,  
Washed by the billows daily,  
Shouting to the foaming waves,  
Plunging in them gaily;  
Seeking shells and mosses fine,  
The ocean's scattered treasure.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,  
"Vacation gives us pleasure;"  
While mirthful cries and beaming eyes  
Declare vacation's pleasure.

When the autumn days begin,  
And summer flowers are drooping,  
What a host of little folk  
Back to school come trooping!  
Then the teacher smiles to see  
Each sunburnt little rover.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,  
"Vacation days are over!"  
Dear teacher, how we'll study, now  
Vacation days are over!"

Little May was being taken up to bed by her mother. She stopped on the staircase and whispered. "Take my hand, mother, and then the dark will be all light."