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SUNBEAM

VOL. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1899.

No. 14.

THE KITE.

That looks like a very fine kite, and evidently the boys think so. That is Jimmy sitting with the paint-brush in his hand. He has been trying his skill as an artist, to the satisfaction and delight of himself and his friends—the bird in the centre, his latest effort, calling forth a special amount of admiration. This kite is a joint-stock affair, each of the boys having contributed some portion of it. Harry is so busy getting the string ready he has no time for anything else just now. Pretty soon their kite will be ready, and will be sailing like a bird itself away over the houses and trees; then, boys, you had better take a firm grip of that string.

WHAT THE SUNBEAMS DID.

The spring sunbeams felt that they were the busiest and the happiest sunbeams of all the year. They always began their work on the earth by having a frolic with Jack Frost. It was great fun.

"Suppose they do melt the snows on the roofs of the houses," thought he, "I can freeze 't into icicles as it drips over the eaves." So he chose the shady side of the house, and went to work. The icicles grew longer and longer. "They don't know where I am, and not a bit of noise will I make, for I don't want them to find me."



THE KITE.

He was so intent upon his work that he did not notice that the sunbeams were creeping round the corner of the house (he could not hear them, for they knew how to work quietly, too), until suddenly they shone right upon the icicles. How the icicles sparkled and twinkled in the sunlight, and looked so brilliant that Jack Frost almost forgave them for finding out his hiding-place!

to work for children who see everything."

Did you ever hear of the fairy who draws pretty lines on the faces of little folks, and makes people love them? There really is such a fairy and his name is Unselfishness. Has he visited your house yet?

Then as soon as the spring sunbeams had driven Jack Frost and the March winds away, they had a great many different kinds of work to do. Each bud on every tree had to be encouraged to take off its winter jacket and let the leaves and blossoms come out and begin to grow, and the ground must be warmed for the little seeds.

When the children noticed the grass in sheltered places, they shouted to one another "See how green the grass is! Surely spring has come. Let us go down to the brook and see if the pussy willows are out."

They were children with very bright eyes, and they looked at every tree and bush, and saw all the different kinds of buds. Then they took sticks and gently pushed the dry leaves away, and found the fresh green leaves.

That pleased the sunbeams very much. "Such smart children!" they whispered to the trees. "We love

DANIEL PURPOSED IN HIS HEART

BY OTTIA 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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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1899.

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.

THE STORY OF DANIEL.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

From childhood's home, far, far away,
They took the Hebrew lad;
But he had learned to trust and pray,
When homesick, lone, and sad;
God made him brave to do the right;
He would not drink nor eat
The dainties put within his sight—
The king's rich wine and meat.

The king was troubled with strange dreams,
Which God to Daniel told;
And he was clothed—it wondrous seems—
In scarlet and fine gold;
And he was lifted high, and made
A ruler in the land;
Still to his God he humbly prayed,
And blessed his guiding hand.

But envious hearts were turned to hate:
"Command, O king," said they,
For thirty days, both small and great,
To thee alone shall pray."
But Daniel knelt before the Lord,
Three times a day, in prayer,
And all his heart to God outpoured,
And found a blessing there.

Into the den of lions, then,
Was faithful Daniel cast,
God sent his angel to the den,
And when the night was passed
The king found Daniel saved from harm
By God's protecting love.
Oh, let us trust the gracious arm
Of him who reigns above.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON IV. [July 23.]

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5. 17-31. Memory verses, 24-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God is the judge.—Psalm 75. 7.



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was the new king of Babylon? Why do you think he was not a wise and sensible king? How many lords did he invite to his feast? A thousand. What went on while the company were eating and drinking? The enemy was getting into the city. What appeared on the wall to Belshazzar? A hand, writing. Who was called to read the writing? Why did they send for him? Verses 11, 12. Did Daniel read the writing to get the reward? Verse 17. What did Daniel say about Nebuchadnezzar? Who had weighed Belshazzar in his balances? God. Who had his kingdom? What reward was given Daniel?

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read about the new king of Babylon. Dan. 5. 1-4.
- Tues. Find what happened during the feast. Dan. 5. 5-16.
- Wed. Read the lesson verses. Dan. 5. 17-31.
- Thur. Learn to what pride leads. Prov. 16. 18.
- Fri. Learn from the Golden Text who rules of men.
- Sat. Find why Daniel dared to be so bold. Prov. 28. 1.
- Sun. Find the secret of Daniel's courage. Dan. 6. 10, 11.

LESSON V. [July 30.]

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Dan. 6. 10-23. Memory verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is thy keeper.—Psalm 121. 5.

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was now king of Babylon? To whom did he give a high place in the kingdom? Who became jealous of Daniel? What did they persuade the king to make? A law against praying, except to the king, for thirty days. What did they do this for? To get Daniel into trouble. Did Daniel keep on praying to God? Yes, and

did not try to hide it. Why could not the king change this wicked law? Because it was a law of the Medes and Persians. Where was Daniel thrown? Was the king happy about it? How did he try to comfort Daniel? Where did he go early in the morning? What did he find? What became of Daniel's enemies.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read what jealousy did? Dan. 6. 1-9.
- Tues. Read of a good man's trust in God. Dan. 6. 10-23.
- Wed. Read why Daniel prayed with his face toward Jerusalem. 1 Kings 8. 44-50.
- Thur. Find what faith can do. Heb. 11. 32-40.
- Fri. Read a song of praise. Psalm 66. 8-12.
- Sat. Find how wise Daniel was to be true to his God. Mark 8. 34-38.
- Sun. Tell some one all you have learned about Daniel.

ADRIAN'S CAP.

Adrian is three years old, and a few days ago his father bought him his first cap.

"Now," said his aunt, "if Adrian is big enough to have a cap, he is big enough to know what to do with it."

So she took him on her lap and explained very carefully what gentlemen do with their hats, and how they take them off when they say "How do you do?" or "Good-bye" to a lady, and she told him that he must never wear his cap in the house.

Then Adrian went out on the porch to practice it. When Miss Nina passed, he took off his cap and said, "How do?"

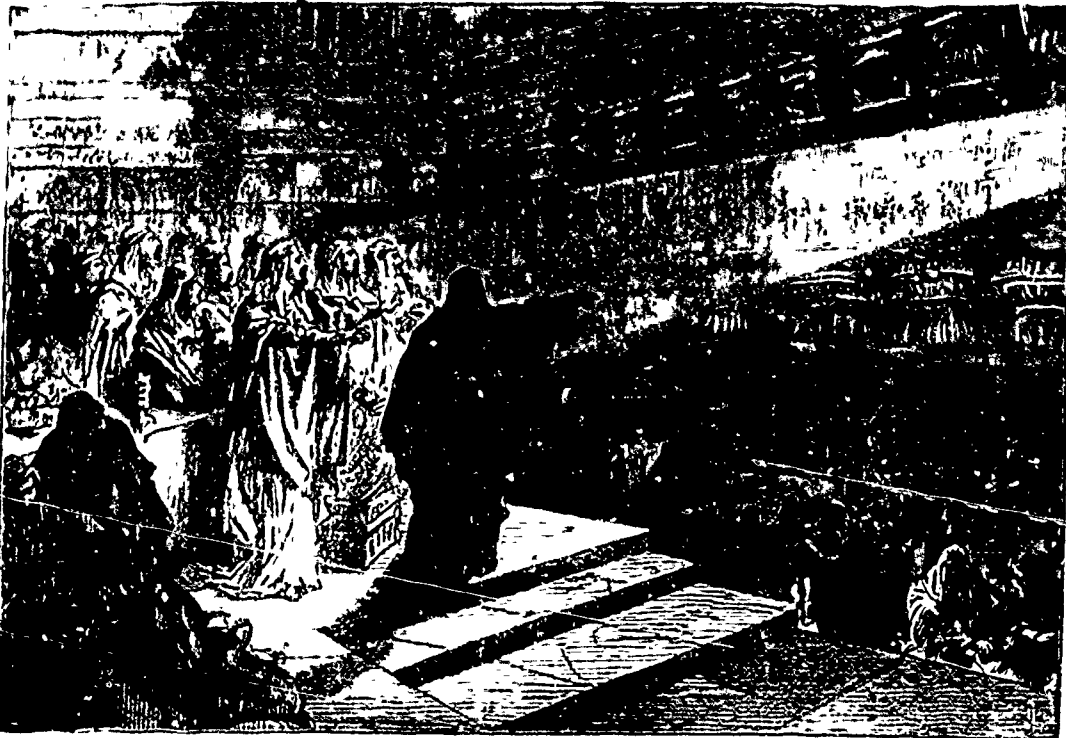
When mother came up the street, he took off his cap, and she kissed him and called him her precious little man.

Then he took off his cap and bowed to all the ladies that came along. When he went in to eat his dinner, he took off his cap the minute he stepped inside the door.

He has had his cap for two weeks now, and he has not once forgotten about taking it off in the house and whenever he speaks to a lady or an old gentleman.



THE THREE HEBREWS IN THE FIERY FURNACE



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—SEE LESSON FOR JULY 23RD.

TWO BROTHERS.

BY PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN.

Oh, Jim, he went to war,
En John, he stayed to hum
En beat the kyarpits fer his mar,
While Jim he beat the drum

En Jim, he worked a gun, b' gosh,
En seen the Spaniards die;
John helped his mother do the wash,
En ca'med her when she'd cry.

Now, Jim was in the very thick,
Of battle more'n once,
While John, he nussed their grandad, sick,
For eight long mortal months.

En Jim came home with shoulder-straps,
When fightin' all was done,
En all the gals they sot their caps
To ketch this widder's son.

Well, Jim, he j'ined his Betty fair,
But John he's still t' hum,
A-keerin' o' his mother there—
A hero, too, b' gum!

NIAGARA HUSHED.

To awake from sleep to the consciousness of a great or unexplained noise is often appalling, but it may be less fearful to awake to the consciousness of a sudden stillness where the ear has always been used to sound. One who from birth had been accustomed to the roar of Niagara has lately told in a daily paper the story of the morning, now fifty years ago, when the roar of the cataract ceased, and a great stillness settled over the district. He says:

"I was born twenty-five years before, with the roar of Niagara in my ears, and

have lived ever since within a mile of the cataract. I awoke that morning oppressed by a strange feeling, which I found was caused by the astounding fact that the roar of Niagara was gone.

"My first thought was that I had become deaf in the night, but the sound of the ticking of a clock in the next room assured me that my hearing was not affected. The tumult of Niagara was stilled and the unwonted silence was appalling.

"I hastily dressed and ran from the house. Scores of people were hastening toward the falls to learn the cause of the alarming quietness. The sight was a strange one. Where the river had been was now a naked bed of jagged black and slimy rock, and the precipice over which it had hurled its waters was bare from shore to shore. Niagara was dry, or so nearly so that the sound of the water that fell over the rock was as the trickle of a brook.

"People from the Canada side walked along the edge of the precipice, and made their way nearly to Goat Island on the American side, without wetting their feet. A number of ancient gun-barrels were found among the rocks of the river bed above the rapids. People swarmed to see the strange sight.

"This extraordinary condition of affairs continued all day. When the people went to bed late that night Niagara was still silent, but when they awoke the next morning the thunder of the falls was shaking the earth, as usual, and the cataract had returned to its old habit.

"The power which had silenced Niagara was soon discovered. It was in March that the noise of the cataract ceased. The winter had been one of the coldest on record. Thick ice formed on Lake Erie. The break-up came suddenly. Toward the

end of March a stiff, north-easterly wind came up and roke the ice fields, separating them from the shore and driving the ice floes up the lake, piling them in great banks as they moved.

Toward night, on March 30, the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter and became a fierce gale. The surface of the lake was packed with miniature icebergs, and the storms hurled them back with such force that a great dam was formed at the head of Niagara River.

"This dam held back the water, and before long the river above the falls was drained and by the morning of the 31st Niagara was silenced. For twenty-four hours its voice of thunder was hushed, but by the morning of April 1 the ice-pack gave way under the pressure of water and the cataract reasserted itself.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

Daniel was now over eighty years of age. All the time he had lived in Babylon he had faithfully served his God. King Darius had made him president over one hundred and twenty governors of the kingdom of Babylon, and although he was a captive, he was the greatest man in the kingdom. The governors who were under Daniel were jealous of him, and they wished to get rid of him. They tried to



find some wrong-doing in him, but could not. Then they asked the king to make a new law that if any one should ask a favour or pray to any god or man, except the king himself, for thirty days, he should be thrown into the den of lions. These men knew that Daniel was in the habit of praying to his God every day, and that he would be sure to break this new law.

I'll be a little sunbeam true—
A tiny ray of light,
And try in all I say and do
To make the world more bright.