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A STRANGE PLANT.

Did ever you see such a strange plant as this growing in a flower-pot? I wonder what name I should be giving it? It is not a morning-glory, but a mother's glory. Perhaps you think that a very queer name, but as it is a strange little plant, no wonder it has such an odd name. This little girl was christened Glory when she was a tiny baby, because she was such a bright little thing, with sparkling blue eyes and light, shining hair.

One day Glory got into a big flower-pot and looked like some strange plant growing there.

AN ARMY KITTEN.

One evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton River, in Virginia, the cry of "Halt! Who goes there?" from a sentry, started every loungee to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen. The whole regiment gathered, including the colonel himself, to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter.



A STRANGE PLANT.

She lived near by, with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and, when the Union soldiers came, she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

A little girl quickly responded. "It is done right away."

Reader, when you repeat that prayer, think of the child's answer. Certainly loving obedience will be prompt. Do you desire God's will done on earth? Then be willing to do his will yourself. This is a prayer which you can help to answer.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but continued to be the property and the special pet of the colonel; and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that stayed and fed with the victor after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunderclouds of human passion and strife.

RIGHT AWAY.

A teacher asked her class what was meant by the expression in the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples: "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven."

After several answers the teacher asked: "How do you think our Father's will is done in heaven?"