

purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her, and said he would always keep the Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterward said that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1904.

THREE QUEER TREES.

How would you like to have a butter tree, a flour tree, and a cheese tree, growing in your front yard? If you lived in the African Soudan, over by Timbuctoo, you could manage it very easily, for all three trees spring up abundantly in the fertile fields that border the Niger River, and the natives do not need to take any care of them at all, except to gather in the butter, flour, and cheese as they ripen.

The butter tree is the best, because what may be called the butter nut is enclosed in a flesh that resembles the peach in taste. The natives make a sweetmeat out of it, like our peach preserves. Then they take the nut, shell it, and boil the kernel. After a few simple processes, the butter is ready, in a white mass, which is cut into blocks for carrying. Karite, as this vegetable butter is called, never gets rancid, even in the hot Soudan, and can be carried across the desert.

The karite tree looks like a chestnut tree as to its bark, but its leaves are like those of a pear tree. It is large and dome-like, and about the most useful tree in

the Niger Valley, for it yields gutta-percha, too; some travellers even assert that, at a certain stage, its nuts can be made into a kind of cocoa. Certainly it is an obliging tree, and ready to do almost anything for men.

The flour tree, or nata, confines itself strictly to business, and produces flour only, by the pod. It is a sweetish yellow flour, very rich, and makes good pastry, according to the testimony of some Europeans. The pods are large, so the supply is ample.

The baga, or bamanbi, tree bears ready-made miniature cheeses on its branches, of which the Soudanese are very fond. They are not quite so good as Camembert cheese, perhaps, but then, there is no Camembert cheese in the region of Timbuctoo, so nobody is discontented with the native article. Besides this, the baga obligingly produces vegetable silk—which nobody has yet learned to spin; but that is not the tree's fault. It is a tall tree, with superb foliage that spreads out like a parasol, high in air.

With these three trees, life is even easier to support in the Soudan than in the happy islands where the breadfruit grows, for a cheese sandwich is certainly better than a plain slice of bread. Mademba, one of the Soudanese chiefs, who has been educated by the French (who now possess this western Soudan), is trying to introduce plums, peaches, and other European fruit trees, into his dominions; and if he succeeds, we may hope that France can acclimatize the karite, and the nata, and the baga, and that perhaps, some day, we shall see orchards of butter trees and groves of cheese and flour trees flourishing as greenly in America as our potato plants do in the Old World, where they were once as unknown as an African growth could be to us.—*Morning Star.*

WEeping TREES.

A weeping tree is indeed an extraordinary sight, but in the forests of Oregon, Washington, Montana, and British Columbia, it is one that may be witnessed at all seasons when the leaves are on. The facts are as follows:

The weeping tree has a continuous and copious dripping of pure, clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches, and seems equally plentiful on clear, bright days, as on damp, cloudy nights. The tree is a species of fir, and the "weeping" phenomenon is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark of this species of evergreen.

In the island of Ferro there are many species of weeping trees, but in this latter case the "tears" appear to be most abundant when the relative humidity is near the dew point.

JANE'S VICTORIES.

"Who's for a game of croquet?" said Willie.

"I am," "And I," "And I," answered three other young voices; and, bringing balls and mallets, away scampered the young couples to the playgrounds.

There were Jane and Amy Jones, and their friends Willie and Winnie James, who had come to make the first two a visit of a week or so.

"Are you good players?" asked Willie, as he hammered down a loose wicket.

"Jane is," answered Amy: "she always beats those who are good players, and she has not lost a game this summer."

"Neither has Willie," said Winnie; "he is a splendid player and sure to win."

"Then we had better take one of the good players on each side," said Amy. "I am not a very good player. How are you, Winnie?"

"Oh, I am only so-so," said Winnie. "Let's do as you say so as to be evenly matched."

And so it was arranged, sisters playing against brother and sister.

At last the balls of Jane and Winnie lay near the stake, while Willie, who had been working sad mischief of late, and who had long since become a rover, was not far off; while Amy had still two wickets to go through, her ball being in a very good position for the next one, and it was now Willie's turn to play. He took a hasty glance at the balls of Jane and his partner, and saying, "I don't believe she can touch you, Winnie; the stake is between her balls and yours," he came down upon poor Amy, struck her ball, croqueted it into the other end of the ground. Amy went after her ball. It was now Winnie's turn. All eyes turned upon her. Jane pushed her ball about an inch, and now it was her turn. She croqueted and hit the ball belonging to Winnie; then playing on Willie's ball, hitting the pole as she did so, and the victory was won, Jane and Amy going off in high colours.

Shortly after retiring there came a knock at Willie's door. "Is it morning?" cried Willie.

"No," said a faint voice; "it is Jane. That game of croquet was not fairly won. I moved my ball a little. I thought it would be so nice to beat you, a boy. Oh, but I'm sorry!"

"I forgive you," said Willie.

Which was the best victory won by her that day.

Whenever you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.

THE SU

Great is the sun,
Through empty
And in the blue
More thick than
rays.

Though closer still
To keep the shade
Yet he will find a
To slip his golden

The dusty attic,
He, through the
And through the
Into the laddered

Meantime, his go
He bares to all t
And sheds a war
Among the ivy's

Above the hills,
Round the bright
To please the ch
The gardener of

LESSO

THIR

STUDIES IN THE
SOLOMO

LESSO

THE KIN

1 Kings 12. 13

12-14.

Pride goeth be
haughty spirit
16. 18.

QUESTION

Who was the
Rehoboam. Who
the people ask th
soon did he give
counsel had he t
their advice? H
was master. W
Did any stay w
tribe of Judah.
tribes that rebell
to rule over the
the two kingdo
Israel. What c
kingdom? Sin
would be so?

Mon. Read of

Kings

Tues. Find w

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12. 13