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HOW LONG IT TAKES.

"O, I'm so hungry!" cried little Joanny, running into the house from play. "Give me some bread and butter, quick!"

"The bread is baking, so you must be patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then asked if it was done.

"No," exclaimed the mother, "not yet."

"It seems a long while to make a slice of bread," said Johnny impatiently.

"Perhaps you don't know how long it does take," said his mother.

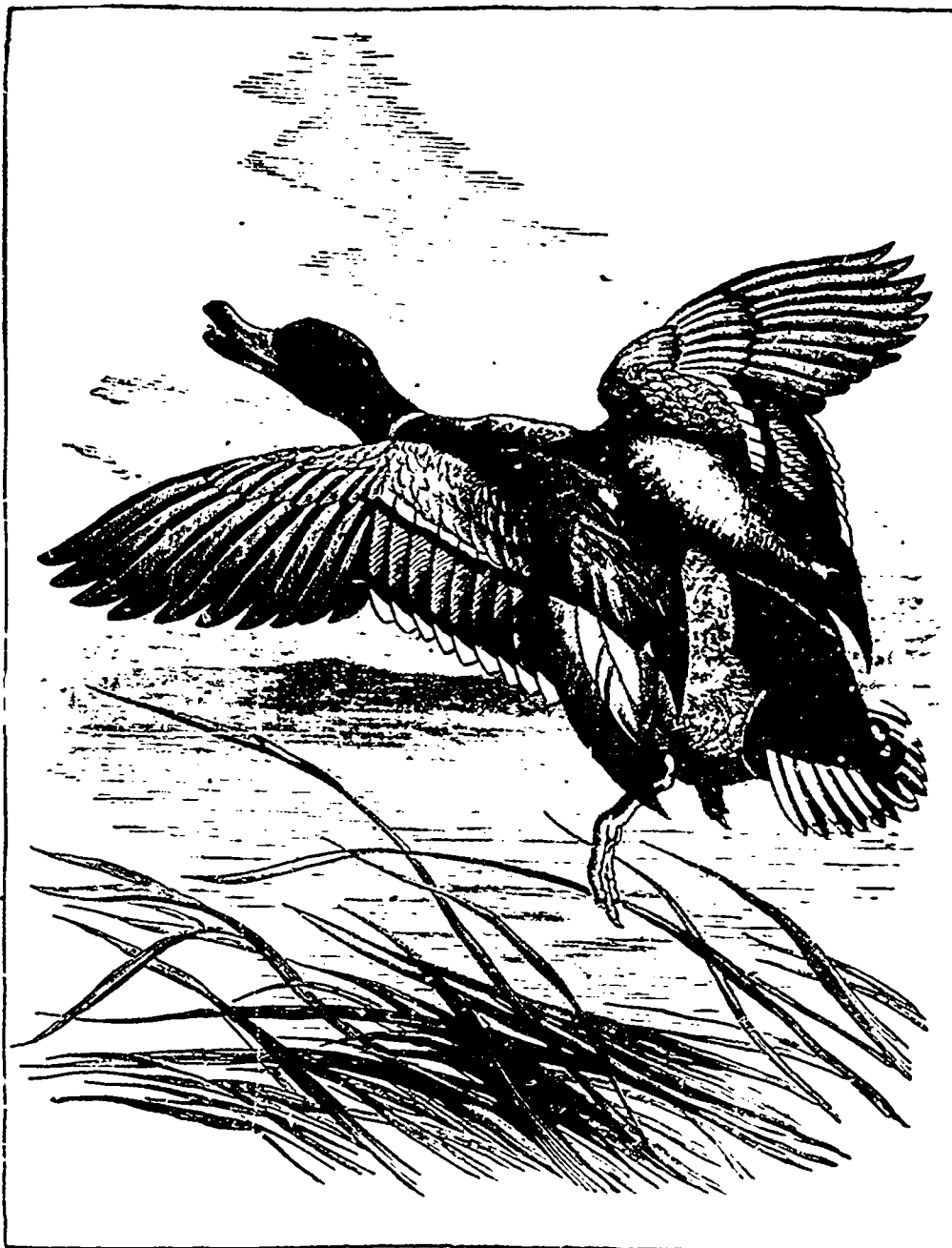
"How long does it take?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring; it was doing all summer; it could not be finished till the autumn."

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said mother. "The farmer dropped the seeds in the ground in April, but the farmer could not make them grow.

All the men in the world could not make a grain of wheat; much less could all the men in the world make a stalk of wheat grow. An ingenious man could make something that looked like wheat. Indeed, you often see young ladies' bonnets trimmed with sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at first sight you can hardly tell the difference."



A WATERFOWL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

nor the corn to grow; but he drops it into the ground and covers it up—that is his part—and then leaves it to God. God takes care of it. It is he who sets Mother Earth nourishing it with warm juices. He sends the rain, he makes the sun shine, he makes it spring up—first the tender shoot, then the blades—and it takes May and June and July and August, with all their fair and foul weather, to set up the stalks, throw cut the leaves, and ripen the ear. If little boys are starving the corn grows no faster. God does not hurry his work, but he does all things well."

By this time Johnny had lost all his impatience; he was thinking: "Well," he said at last, "that's why we pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' Before now I thought it was you, mother, that gave us our daily bread; and now I see it was God. We should not have a slice if it were not for God, would

"Put them in the ground and see," said Johnny. "we, mother?"—*Child's Home*.

"That would certainly decide. The make-believe wheat would lie as still as bits of iron. The real grain would soon make a stir, because the real seeds have life within them, and only God gives life. The farmer, then, makes neither the wheat

Kindness to dumb animals is a creditable expression in any boy. He who is kind to a brute may be relied on, as a rule, for kindness toward his boy or girl companions.