

Useless under the summer sky,  
 Year after year men say I lie.  
 Little they know what strength of mine  
 I give to the trailing blackberry vine;  
 Little they know how the wild grape  
 grows,  
 Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.  
 Little they think of the cups I fill  
 For the mosses creeping under the hill;  
 Little they think of the feast I spread  
 For the wild wee creatures that must be  
 fed—  
 Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,  
 And the creeping things that no eye may  
 see.  
 Lord of the harvest, thou dost know  
 How the summers and winters go.  
 Never a ship sails east or west  
 Laden with treasures at my behest;  
 Yet my being thrills to the voice of God  
 When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 66 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 15
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Hew Drops, weekly	0 48
Herean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Herean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Herean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
 Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
 2176 St. Catherine Street,  
 Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS,  
 Wesleyan Book Room,  
 Halifax, N.S.

## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1905.

### TOM'S BATTLE.

"There isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, on Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again; but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now your temper is your giant.

If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again tomorrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you; and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother came into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but if victory makes you stronger and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

### SALLIE AND THE FLOWERS.

While all persons delight in the beauty and the fragrance of flowers, some few seem to discover in them a spirit of intelligence, and sympathy, and love, capable of responding to the gentle approaches of a human soul.

Sallie was one of these. From the time when she began to manifest any peculiarities of disposition whatever, she began to show a special fondness for flowers. She would move among them as if they had been little children endowed with feelings similar to her own. She sought their companionship and seemed to be most at home with them when most alone with them.

Every colored leaflet, whether found on a slender stalk near the earth, or on the branch of a tree overhead, attracted her attention and kindled her admiration. Quietly and lovingly she would place her hand around every rose or flower of any kind within reach of which she came, and kindly press it toward her face, while inclining her head to it, to behold its beauty and to receive its fragrance. And she would walk under fruit-trees in the spring-time, and look up lovingly and tenderly at the branches covered with white or pale-red blossoms.

One day she was found, when quite a small child, trying to climb the bent trunk of a small peach-tree, some of whose blossoming branches hung just above her head; and, when asked what she was doing there, said that she was "mellin' the flowers."

It was not her fortune always to find her home where flowers grew in great abundance, and richness, and variety. She did not eschew any, however common or poor they might be, that she chanced to find. She seemed capable of discovering soul of beauty even in those that were the ordinary eye the least attractive.

The last place which was known to her as home on earth had a vegetable-garden, but few flowers, and these were not of rich quality. Nevertheless, she would about them and caress them as if they had been the richest and the rarest, and would talk as she stood near them, as if in communion with them. To have heard her and not to have seen her, one would have supposed that she was gently pouring of her soul in confidence to some loved and loving friend.

She never broke forth in exclamations of ecstatic delight in beholding the beautiful things. She rarely uttered words of exalted admiration in regard to them. Usually a smile would dimple her cheeks while she would softly and caressingly speak of something that she had culled from the scanty stock in the garden: "Isn't sweet?" in very much the same manner and tone in which one would speak of a beautiful child.

She loved them, and went about them and talked to them, rather than praise them. She seemed to hold them precious in her heart, rather than on her lips. They were her sisters, gentle, tender, and amiable, like herself; and she, like them, bloomed in beauty for a time, and then faded from the earth.

The last summer went by, and then the flowers, one by one, breathed out their lives. She was left for a season without them, and then she perished, too. When last I saw her grave, I found flowers blooming in brightness and beauty by the side of it, as if they had come to watch and to wait till she should awake and commune with them again.

### PITY THE CHILDREN ACROSS THE SEA.

Pity the children across the sea,  
 Who never the name of the Christ have heard;  
 Dumb idols they worship on bended knees,  
 Which see not and hear not a single word.

Pity the children across the sea,  
 The Master proclaims in a voice of love;  
 "Suffer these children to come to me—  
 Of such is the kingdom of God about the city."  
 Pity the children across the sea,  
 Give them your pennies and pray to-day;  
 And God's richest blessings from heaven shall be  
 Poured on your hearts when him you obey.