

THE SUNBEAM

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AMONG THE WHEAT.

TOM LOKER and his sisters and his baby brother are having fine fun among the wheat. The ripe and bearded ears lie thick upon the ground, and Tom has tied his handkerchief to a staff and is shouting with glee, while Mary is pointing out to baby, whose chubby hands are full of flowers, how the wheat with which God feeds mankind grows on the stalks. When we think of this it is almost as wonderful, and is as directly the work of God, as when Jesus multiplied the loaves for the feeding of the hungry multitude.

PAWS AND CLAWS.

"MOTHER," said little Nannie, "sometimes pussy has paws and sometimes she has claws. Isn't that funny? She pats with her paws and plays prettily; but she scratches with her claws, and then I don't love her. I wish she had no claws, but only soft little paws; then she would never scratch, but be always nice."



AMONG THE WHEAT.

"Well, Nannie, dear," said her mother, "remember that you are very much like pussy. These little hands, so soft and delicate, when well employed, are like pussy's paws—very pleasant to feel, but when they pinch or scratch or strike in anger, then they are like pussy's claws."

"Well, that's funny enough, mother. I never thought I was so much like pussy."

"You love pussy much," said her mother, "and you may learn a good lesson from her. When you think kind thoughts, and speak gentle, loving words, then you are like pussy with her nice, soft paws, and everybody will love you; but when you think bad thoughts, or give way to ugly tempers, or speak cross and angry words, then you are like pussy with her sharp scratching claws, and no one can love you."

BEFORE God there is no difference whether a man takes another man's goods by force or by circumvention.