

SUNBEAM

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No. 13.

A SCHOOL TREAT.

How happy all the little people look in our picture, with their hands and baskets full of flowers, and their hats decorated. They have been spending the day in the country, running in and out of the bright fields, gathering nosegays, singing and laughing, and enjoying to the full the fresh air and warm sunlight. How nice it must be, too, after the streets of a busy city! These little boys and girls belong to some Christian school, probably a Sunday-school, and once or twice in the summer they all go off together to the country and have a good picnic. Here we see them when all is over and they are waiting for the train to carry them back to their homes.

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

When the Montreal train came steaming into the depot, the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits

mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on they pushed one another into



A SCHOOL TREAT.

the car where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B—— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came thick and fast, each one evidently trying to outdo the other in profanity. Mrs. B—— shuddered for herself and her boys, for she

could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who, with her mother, sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and, going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, gave him a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and

scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and

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 Willie; 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

Kings

Wed. Read h

sel.

Thur. Read th

12. 13

THE SUMMER SUN.

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days,
More thick than rain he showers his
rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull,
To keep the shady parlor cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad,
He, through the key-hole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hay-loft smiles.

Meantime, his golden face around,
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air, with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the world, he goes.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, FROM
SOLOMON TO ELIJAH.

LESSON I.—JULY 3.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

1 Kings 12. 12-20. Memorize verses,
12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an
haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov.
16. 18.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was the fourth king of Israel?
Rehoboam. Whose son was he? What did
the people ask the new king to do? How
soon did he give them an answer? Whose
counsel had he taken? Why did he take
their advice? He wanted to show that he
was master. What did the people do?
Did any stay with Rehoboam? Yes, the
tribe of Judah. What became of the ten
tribes that rebelled? They chose Jeroboam
to rule over them. After this what were
the two kingdoms called? Judah and
Israel. What caused this division of the
kingdom? Sin. Who told them that it
would be so? The prophet Samuel.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read of the death of Solomon. 1
Kings 11. 41-43.
Tues. Find what the people asked. 1
Kings 12. 1-5.
Wed. Read how Rehoboam asked coun-
sel. 1 Kings 12. 6-11.
Thur. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings
12. 12-20.

Fri. Learn the cause of the trouble in
the Golden Text.

Sat. Learn what Jesus said about the
proud. Luke 14. 11.

Sun. Find where all this trouble started.
1 Kings 11. 1-13.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. "Grievous words stir up anger."
2. A broken silence cannot be mended.
3. The root of all trouble is in the heart.

LESSON II.—JULY 10.

JEROBOAM'S IDOLATRY.

1 Kings 12. 25-33. Memorize verses 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5.
21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was Rehoboam's kingdom called?
How large was it? What other tribe was
joined to Judah? What did Judah have
that Israel had not? What took place
there every year? The Passover, and
other feasts. How far did the people come
to them? Did all worship the Lord alone?
What city did Jeroboam, King of Israel,
build up for himself? What did he think
about? What did he fear? What wicked
thought came to his mind? Did he make
the thought a deed? What was it? What
message did he afterward send to the
people? What did he say these idols had
done? What followed this great sin?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the story of Jeroboam's call.
1 Kings 11. 26-37.
Tues. Find how Jeroboam was to keep
his kingdom. 1 Kings 11. 38.
Wed. Read the lesson verses. 1 Kings
12. 25-33.
Thur. Learn the four words of the
Golden Text.
Fri. Learn again the second command-
ment. Exod. 20. 4-6.
Sat. Read what Jesus says about wor-
ship. John 4. 23, 24.
Sun. Read about worship in heaven
Rev. 21, 22, 23.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The Lord is a Spirit.
2. We must worship him in spirit and
in truth.
3. To worship gold, or any earthly
thing, is idolatry.

THE MINNOW'S ADVENTURE.

A little minnow lived in the lake. The
lake was very deep in some places, and
only large fishes lived out there. Near
the shore it was quite shallow. Here
the little minnow and his playmates
lived.

One day the minnow was swimming

around, having a merry game with the
other little fish. Suddenly, as he was
rising almost to the top of the water, he
found himself all alone in a very small
place. He swam round and round, and
said, "Where am I? This is not the
lake or the river. I wonder what it is."
Just then he saw a little boy looking into
the dipper, for it was a dipper in which
he had been caught.

"Oh, it is a minnow!" said Harry.
"I never thought I could catch a min-
now, they are so lively. Isn't he pretty?"
"Oh, let me see!" cried his sister
Fannie, and another little head bent over
the dipper.

"Oh, what a darling little fish! And
how fast he goes! What round eyes he
has, and what a big mouth! O Harry,
let us keep him for a pet!"

"All right," said Harry, "we can put
him in the goldfish globe."

They ran home and showed the minnow
to their mamma. She brought the gold-
fish globe and put their pet in it.

"We will put some white sand and
pretty stones in the bottom," said Fan-
nie; "that will make it seem more like
his home in the lake." The minnow was
very glad when he found himself in a
larger place where there were stones and
sand.

Fannie and Harry liked to watch him
dart swiftly about or slowly float, just
moving his tiny fins.

One day mamma said, "I think the
minnow would like to go back to the lake
now. You have had him a long time,
and I am sure he misses his little play-
mates." So the little children carried
him back to his home.

A PRAYER.

Keep my little voice to-day,
Keep it gentle while I play;
Keep my hands from doing wrong,
Keep my feet the whole day long;
Keep me all, O Jesus mild,
Keep me ever thy dear child.

—Selected.

WOULD HE ?

A little girl sat on a stone watching
the other children play. She was all alone,
and looked very sad. Her feet were bare,
and her dress was torn.

"Why does not that little girl play
too?" I asked the children.

"Her father is an old drunkard, and she
is not dressed pretty, as we are; we don't
want her," they said.

Poor little girl! Would Jesus treat her
so, do you think?

He who would love his race must first
love those of his race who are nearest to
him.



OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE HANDS SOME WORK MAY TRY
TO HELP THE POOR IN MISERY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE LIPS DO
TO PLEASE THE KING OF HEAVEN?
THE LITTLE LIPS CAN PRAISE AND PRAISE
AND GENTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS SAY
SUCH GRACE TO MINE BE GIVEN.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers?
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will go?
Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for which he died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.

ONE OF AUNT ANNIE'S STORIES.

"Aunt Arnie, please tell us a story—a brand-new one," begged Ollie; and Ned said: "Yes, do, auntie, please."

Auntie said, "You dear little beggars; let me see if I can think of one I haven't told you." And then, looking down at the book in her lap, she said:

"Why, I'll tell you one of these.

"They were written a long, long time ago by a great poet. His name was Chaucer. He loved flowers and birds and things. You could hardly read what he wrote, because his words and spelling are so old-fashioned; but I know you'd like some of his stories. This is one:

"There was once a poor widow who lived all alone with her two daughters in a little house. They were very poor, but very happy, because they were so contented with that they had. There were three big pigs, three cows, and a sheep, and a rooster with seven hens, which belonged to the widow's family!

"One night the rooster (Chaucer calls him a cock) had a bad dream, and he waked up his hen wives and sisters to tell them that he had dreamed that a great beast was about to eat him. They laughed at him, and said he must have been eating too much to have such bad dreams. He felt ashamed that he had been so frightened, and tried to forget it.

"Later in the day, as he was very proudly stalking about the yard, he saw behind some bushes an ugly face with bright, sharp eyes watching him. He was terribly frightened, but the beast said in a soft voice:

"I've only come to hear you sing, Sir Cock.' And then he begged the cock to raise himself on his toes and saunt his eyes, and then sing just as loud as he could with his beautiful voice.

"The silly cock was fooled by the fox's flattery, and of course just as soon as he closed his eyes the bad beast seized him and carried him off to eat him.

"All the hens began to screech, and the widow and her two daughters, and even the cows and the pigs and the one sheep ran after the fox. The cock told the fox to laugh at them because they could not catch him, but of course when he laughed he let go of the cock, who flew away into a high tree and wouldn't come down, no matter what polite words the fox said to him, and so the fox had to go home without his dinner."

"That's a great story," said Ned. "I guess that fox wasn't so stuck on himself after that."

"Nor the cock, either," said Ollie.

"No," said Aunt Annie, "I should think after that the cock wouldn't be so ready to do anything that a strange animal might ask him to do, and I guess Mr. Fox learned that it was best to hold on to a dinner when he had one."

A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunderstorm came up. Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked in low voices about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, "Well, I think I will, too."

And they both went to sleep without more words.

In Eastern Australia 100,000,000 sheep and great herds of cattle and horses now feed upon pastures covering flat ground which thirty years ago was a desert of soft sand, so "rotten" that the feet sank at every step. This once worthless ground has been beaten into compact soil by the feet of the sheep and cattle, and it is believed that other great desert expanses in Australia may be turned into productive pasture and in a similar manner.