

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXVI.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1905.

No. 15.

ABOUT SEEDS.

How wonderful seeds are! A bean, a chestnut, a grain of corn or rice or wheat, the tiny flower seed—each one plantlet will grow up a plant that will bear its own kind. Each plant has a seed vessel which is a true treasure box, because it has in it the promise of the plant to come.

God, who made the world, has made everything so beautiful and wonderful. And even in the tiniest of the little seeds we shall find how He has fitted it for exactly the place it has to fill—just as He has a place and a work for the smallest boy or girl.

Grass seed is very light and small; the wind can shake it from its case and blow it along. The seed of the maple tree has a pair of wide wings, so that it will float far before it drops to the earth to plant a new tree. The poppy has a seed pod like a beautiful little box with a fluted lid. The seeds of all berries are in a nice pulp, so that birds will



IN THE FIELDS.

Do you know that a watermelon is really only a great, handsome seed box? The pumpkin and squash are seed boxes too. So are bean and pea pods. The lady-slipper has a queer, pointed seed box, and when it is ripe it snaps open and flings out the seeds a yard or so off. Thistles have sails or down on the seed, so that they can be carried about by the wind. Some seeds, as nuts, beans and peas and grains, are good for food. Pomegranate seeds are of this kind. In a big, round seed box, about the size and shape of an orange, are a great number of seeds, each enclosed in a pulp, and the whole making a refreshing food. See how many seeds you can find, and you will wonder at the variety of their color and their strange and pretty shapes, from the big coconut down to the little portulaca, like a bit of steel filing.

pick them and carry the seed far off to grow in a new place. The chestnut has a prickly burr with three brown nuts or seeds in it.

The rose seeds are in a bright red berry which attracts birds. Cherries, plums, apples, have their seeds in a rich pulp.

opher, "and ye shall find restlessness." "Learn of me," says Christ, "and ye shall find rest."

"Learn of me," says the philosopher, "and ye shall find restlessness."

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

Blessed Spirit, be thou near
When temptations rise;
Keep thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home,
Safe to heaven's shore.

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	2 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 25
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 12
10 copies and upwards	0 08
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 54
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 06
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
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 29 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUENRICH,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1905.

WHAT KITTY MISSED.

"I'm going to read to my dollies, as papa does," said Kitty.

So she got her dolls, and placed them in a row against the wall. Near by she stood the pussy-cat that was made of cotton flannel and stuffed with bran; and the donkey who could move his head up and down, but was hollow inside.

Kitty took up the paper and began. It was a wonderful story about a little girl who had a pair of red shoes, who went out to walk and got into the mud; but the story was hardly finished when she heard her mamma calling: "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

Kitty went on reading, as though she did not hear. Then her mamma called again, "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

And the little girl answered, "I'm reading a story to my dollies."

Then once more she heard her mamma call, "Come up-stairs, Kitty; I wish to see you."

But the little girl did not move. She waited a long time. Then when she was tired of playing with her dolls, she threw

aside her paper and went slowly up-stairs.

"Do you want me, mamma?" she asked.

"I did want you, but it is too late now."

"What did you want me for, mamma?"

"I wanted to dress you in your nice new dress, so you could go out walking with Aunt Carrie. She wanted to take you down street to see the man who had the performing bear, and then she wished to take you to get some nice ice-cream."

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dancing for joy, "I'm glad! I like that!"

"It's too late now," answered mamma; "Aunt Carrie has gone. I called my little girl three times, and she answered, but did not come. So she has lost the treat Aunt Carrie wished to give her, and must stay at home. Besides, Kitty has done wrong; she has not obeyed her mamma."

After that Kitty was more careful, and when she heard her mamma call she obeyed. As she grew older she learned that to obey her mamma was the very best way to show her love for her; and that any other kind of love was only "make-believe," and not real love.

NED'S PEACH-STONE.

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned, "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will.

"Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first, in about four years."

"Oh!" said Will again (this time with great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, think how long 'tis since last Thanksgiving, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by, anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to; come on."

He waited impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach-stone.

"See me shy this at Rover."

Rover gave a little velp as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Later in the day Ned spied it, and picked it up. He carried it to where he had planted the other; then looked about with a thoughtfulness unusual in so small a boy, born of wise heed to what "papa says."

"I don't believe there will be quite room enough there when it's a tree. Those

apple-trees'll shade it too much. I guess it had better go over in that corner."

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will.

"My peach-tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?"

"Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

BY MARY JOSEPHINE SHANNON.

I saw a wonderful voyage last night—

(A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down);

The ship was o' gold and glittered bright
And a-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town.

"Hollo!" cried old Wind to the fair;
boat,

"It is I who will show you how to float!"
And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast

That the foamy billows rose far and fast

"Tu-whit, tu-wheel!" screamed an owl
from a tree,

(A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark);

"I am glad I am not afloat," quoth he,
"Afloat to-night in yon fragile bark!"

Quoth he, "This oak is o' l and bare,
But I'd ten times soon be here than there!"

And he huddled close to keep safe and warm,

And shelter himself from the coming storm.

But the gay little boat sailed merry and brave—

Now leaving behind it a track of light,
And now sinking deep in the trough of the wave,

Till, a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight,

And I thought as I saw it fall and fall,
Now, surely this is the end of all—

That little gold boat can never again
Rise to the top of the tempest-tossed main!

When lo! up, up, would she lightly float,
(A-ring, a-ding, on the waves' high crest;)

Now, give me a name for this little boat
As she ploughs her way from the east to the west?

"A name? It is given, O soon, so soon—
For the little gold boat
Is the crescent moon,

The stormy sea is the wintry sky,
And the clouds are the billows mountain-high!"

"WE ARE SEVEN."

This poem by Wm. Wordsworth used to be in the school reading books. I do not know that it is now. Our young people should all know it:

I met a little cottage girl—
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered: "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this can be."

Then did the little maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we,
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid;
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If those two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master, we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven."
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON V.—JULY 30.

MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.
2 Chron. 33. 1-13. Memorize Vs. 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. 14. 34.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the last part of Hezekiah's life. 2 Chron. 32. 27-33.

Tues. Find the name of Manasseh's mother. 2 Kings 21. 1.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron. 33. 1-13.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. See what God says about affliction. Hos. 5. 15.

Sat. Learn something for every one to remember. 1 Sam. 16. 7.

Sun. Find some counsel given to a young prince. Prov. 4. 14, 15.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who became king after Hezekiah died? How old was he? How long did he reign? What was the name of his mother? How did he begin his reign? What did he begin to build? To what did he offer sacrifices? Can you tell what he did in the temple? And what did he make his children do? Is heathenism worse than this? What at last did the Lord send him? Where was he taken? Whom did he begin to think about? What change came over him? Did God hear his prayer? What did he do for Manasseh? What did Manasseh do after he came back to his kingdom? What had he lost? Many years and much happiness.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The heart is deceitful above all things.
2. God alone can make it good and true.
3. If we leave him it is a long, hard journey back again.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 6.

JOSIAH'S GOOD REIGN.
2 Chron. 34. 1-13. Memorize verses 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12. 1.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Find who was a child prophet of the Lord. 1 Sam. 2. 18, 19.

Tues. Find what Child taught in the temple. Luke 2. 40-52.

Wed. Read the story of Josiah's passover. 2 Chron. 35. 1-19.

Thur. Read the lesson verses. 2 Chron. 34. 1-13.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read of the last days of Josiah. 2 Chron. 35. 20-27.

Sun. Read the song of wisdom. Prov. 8. 12-21.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who reigned over Judah after Manasseh died? How long did he reign? Who became king then? How old was he? What was his home? Why was Josiah better than Manasseh? Perhaps he had a better mother. What was his mother's name? When did he begin to seek the God of Israel? What did he do at twenty? Did he send his servants to do these things? He went with his servants to tell them what to do? How did he do the work? Thoroughly. What was his next work? To whom did he trust this work? To Shaphan, Maaseiah and Joah. Where did they find money? In the temple.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned that—

1. The wisdom of kings is the gift of God.
2. A child with this wisdom may be a good king.
3. A man without it cannot be a good king.

A MEMORY.

What was it came to a tempted boy,
In a city alone, among so-called
"friends,"

Urging sin with a gilded name,
Urging wrong in pretence of fame?
What was it saved him there alone?

Only a memory of mother dear,
In a far-away home, in a sunny land,
Singing at twilight, soft and low
Tender songs to a little band;

Only a memory of mother dear,
Telling at twilight pure, sweet tales,
That brought noble thoughts and deeds so near
To the little lads and lassies there;

Only the prayer dear mother said,
That last sad day, with her hand on his head,
That God would bless him and carry him through
Temptations and sins that around boys grew,
And keep her boy's heart and honor both true.



JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

Dinner was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plan, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort.

POLLY AND THE MOUSE.

"There are mice in the shed," said mamma.

"Yes, I saw one this morning," said Jack.

"It must be caught," said mamma. "It nibbles the cakes and pies when they are set out to cool."

"Poor little mouse," said little Polly. "I think there's enough pies and cakes for it to have a little bit."

"I'll set my trap for it," said Johnny. He did so. The next morning he went early to the shed to look.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "I've caught him!" Polly and Jack went to look, too.

"Polly," said Johnny, "you go and get your cat."

Polly went, sorely against her will.

"Now, Polly, you sit right there and hold kitty while I open the trap. The moment I say 'Let go,' you let her go."

"Let go!" screamed Johnny.

Polly gave kitty one squeeze and then let go.

What a rush and a halloo was in that small shed! How the boys shrieked and tumbled over each other!

"There—it's got away! It's in that hole."

"Polly," said Johnny very gravely, "I'm afraid you didn't let go quite quickly enough."

"I'm afraid I didn't," said Polly meekly.

But she smiled to herself as the boys went out. Then she went and gave kitty a big saucer of milk.

WHAT BABY LOST.

BY M. HENDERWICK BROWNE.

Baby's lost his pretty smile,
It's been missing for a while—
He has found a frown instead:
Well, I'll put him off to bed.

When he gets to Sleepytown
He may lose his naughty frown,
And may find his pretty smile.
That's been missing for a while.

JACK'S DREAM.

One lovely summer day a little boy named Jack went up into a haystack to watch the men gather hay.

Jack watched the butterflies and bees as they played together, and they sang such sweet songs and the hay smelled so sweet that before little Jack knew it he was fast asleep.

He dreamed that away off, ever and ever so far, he saw a little black cloud, and it was dancing all about. He watched it because he had never seen such a funny cloud before, and as he watched the little the hay. But he still saw the cloud, and nearer, and little Jack tried to crawl under the hay. But he still saw the cloud, and it was coming nearer and nearer, and he saw it had wings and was making a noise like a thunder cloud.

But just then the little black cloud with the wings flew right down on Jack with such a racket that he waked right up, and what do you think he found? Way, just a big, black fly buzzing on his nose.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patch on the jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away.

There was no time to be lost, and the superintendent said: "Come, John, come; what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir, I'm cutting it out to take with me. My dear mother put the lining of this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all that I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of the dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico in his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

We know that many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers spanners to you? Will you not show your love and obedience? That little boy who loved well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind: that if you should one day have look upon the face of a dead mother, thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your willfulness or disobedience.

In a certain regiment, an Irishman and a Scotchman being in company, the conversation turned to feats of strength. Says Scotty to Pat: "Scotland can boast of the strongest man in the world." "How's that?" said Pat. "Well," said Scotty, "we have a man in Scotland that can put his arms around the biggest tree and pull it up by the roots." "Pshaw," said Pat, "that's nothing. In Old Ireland we have a man that can get into a barrel and pull up the river." (Collapse Scotty.)