

HARVEST-TIME.

Long in the strange, dark underworld,
The little waiting seeds lay curled;
Then, fed by sun and rain and dew,
They felt their life stir—and they grew.

And now the golden harvest day
Fulfills the hope of March and May—
The joy forecast in summer's prime
Blesses the happy harvest-time.

O Thou, whose sunshine brings to birth
All the fair things of Thy fair earth,
Sow in our waiting hearts the seeds
That have their fruit in noble deeds!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheap est, 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, 65 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 20
Less than 20 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 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Revere Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Revere Leaf, monthly	0 05
Revere 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 20 to 26 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

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

Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1903.

HE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.

"Hello, little stranger, what is the matter?"

The rough-looking waggoner softened his voice in speaking, for the child in the road was crying.

"I am lost! I can't find my father," sobbed the child.

"Is he a big man with a long white beard?"

"Yes; that's my father."

"It's all right, then, because he is looking for you. Keep right along, and if you don't find him he'll find you."

And the child dried his tears, and sprang into the road again, for if his father was looking for him, of course he could not fail to be in his arms again after awhile.

Dear boy, dear girl, if you are trying to come to Christ, and the way seems dark, and the path steep and difficult, take courage. He is looking for you, too, and

if you only persevere you are sure to meet him in the way, and to hear his gracious voice saying, "Come unto Me."

A CHANCE FOR COURAGE.

BY PANSY.

"This is a verse for boys," said Archie Miller, as he repeated it in a loud strong voice, "'Be strong and of a good courage.' There isn't anything in it for girls. They can't be strong, and they haven't got any courage. They are afraid of the silliest things! Worms and cows, and even a mouse. I'll be Joshua; he was a soldier, and was going to take Moses' place; I know all about him. I wish my name was Joshua," and Archie marched across the floor with his head up, looking as much like a soldier as he could.

His sister Jessie said not a word. She was nearly two years older than Archie, but he always treated her as though she were younger, and often told her she was "nothing but a girl!"

On the way home from school that afternoon Archie fell in with bad company. Two boys decided to cross the creek on the log, instead of going a little farther and crossing by the bridge. They coaxed Archie to do the same, but his mother had told him never to cross the log, and he shook his head.

"You're afraid!" shouted the boys. "Oh, oh! Archie is a little 'fraid cat! he's afraid to cross the log!" They danced round him, clapping their hands and shouting, "'fraid cat! 'fraid cat!" until Archie lost his temper.

"I'm not, either!" he shouted. "I'm not afraid of anything; I would just as soon step on the log as not!"

"Oh, no," said his sister Jessie, catching hold of his sleeve. "Don't go, Archie! you know what mother said."

"Oh, oh!" mimicked the boys, "Don't go, little sissy! tie yourself to your sister's apron and let her lead you home!"

"Let me alone!" said Archie, shaking himself loose. "Girls are afraid of everything. I'm going across the log."

Away he ran. In the middle of the log his foot slipped and down he fell. The boys screamed and ran away as fast as they could. The creek was wide and deep enough just there to reach almost to Archie's head. He tried to scramble up, but the stones were slippery, and if it had not been for his brave little sister he might have been drowned.

She laid down her bag of books, scrambled down the bank, and in a few minutes more had her arms round Archie and was helping him walk the slippery road to the shore. They met half the village as they trudged home, brave "Joshua" with his wet and trembling hand clasped close in his sister's. The frightened boys had run home screaming that Archie was drowned!

"Weren't you scared," Archie asked his sister that evening, "when you stepped right into the water? You are so afraid of water."

"I didn't think anything about it," said Jessie. "I was thinking of you, and I knew I must get to you right away."

"It takes true courage, my boy," said his father, "to say 'No' at the right time, and to forget self at the right time and think of others."

RUSSIAN BABIES.

Well, now it is very funny, but I have heard that it is this way: In Russia, when the mothers want to get rid of the babies while working, they have all sorts of queer ways of doing. One traveller saw a mother wrap her baby up in a kind of bundle, only its head out, and tuck it away on a shelf.

Another had her baby hung from the wall on a peg, while a third baby was slung over one of the rafters by a strong cord. Every now and then it was drawn up and down by means of a loop over the mother's foot. This was done to quiet it.

The traveller got a look at this baby. It was as dirty as a pig in a pen.

"Why do you not wash it?" he asked the mother.

"Wash it?" she cried. "Wash a baby? Why, you'd kill it!"

How many of you would like to be a Russian baby? Didn't I hear some of those boys say they would like it? I fear I did. Oh, shameful!

ELSIE'S ONE PINK.

Grace and Elsie each had a flower garden, which they watched every day for blossoms. Next door lived Mrs. Graham, an old lady, who could not see the lovely summer flowers because she was too sick to get out of bed, and both Grace and Elsie were very sorry for her.

One morning Elsie found a lovely pink in blossom in her garden, and three had come out in Grace's.

Elsie said: "Let us take them to poor Mrs. Graham."

"No, indeed," said Grace; "I should be ashamed to take four pinks. Let's wait till we have a lot."

But Elsie said: "I'll take mine this morning. I think that she will like even one when she knows that it is all I have."

Mrs. Graham did like Elsie's one pink very much. She was very glad indeed to get it. She said that she had been wishing she could smell a pink, and the spicy odour of this one made her feel ever so much better.

So it happened that Elsie's one pink carried joy to some one because she made good use of it, although it was only one little flower; but while Grace was waiting for other pinks to blossom in her garden, the first three faded, and so they never helped any one.