

who is engaged in it will only let it lead him. The "green things growing" ever point upward. Day after day is the farmer taught his dependence upon God.

He prepares his soil, sows his seeds, and while God is watering it with his rain, and ripening it with sunshine, the husbandman must wait in hope for the harvest; and the plenteousness of his harvest depends in a measure upon the amount of labour and care he has bestowed upon the soil and the tender young things.

Many allusions are made in the Sacred Scriptures to the husbandman and his labours. Our Saviour was fond of drawing lessons from the sower, the corn, the wheat, the harvest, and the reapers, and what are the lessons he teaches us? Let us search his word and find out, if we do not know already? Will you?

The engravings in this number illustrate life on a Canadian farm, and nowhere in the world, we think, can finer farms and farm buildings, horses and cattle, be seen than in our own land. We had occasion some time ago to compare the farming capabilities of Canada with those of the United States. We found that the Province of Ontario, in which we live, raised more wheat and more stock to the acre, had greater value in farm buildings to the acre, and greater wealth in all the elements of prosperity than any State in the Union, with the exception of two, which raise more wheat than Ontario. Since then the extraordinary development of the wheat producing areas of the Prairie Province of Manitoba have put Canada to the very front in that respect also. Let us learn to appreciate the advantages of our own country, to be proud of it and of the world-wide British Empire, of which it forms a part.

LOTTIE'S TROUBLE.

"Have a nice time, dear," said Lottie's mother. "Remember not to go in the back-yard; stay 'round in front."

So Lottie took Dolly and trotted out the door with her.

Presently her mother heard the sound of loud crying. "Oh, dear," she sighed.

Just then Lottie came to the door. Her yellow curls were all tumbled, and her blue eyes were running over with big tears. "The bushes—the bushes hurt me," she wailed, holding out a pair of chubby hands with dreadful scratches on them.

"Yes, and they tore your white dress. It was too bad! Poor Lottie!" And mother took her and Dolly in her arms and rocked them in a big, comfortable chair. "But what made you go into the back-yard after mother said not to?" asked mother. "Dolly wanted to see the little green gooscherries," sobbed Lottie,

"and we looked at them, and then we fell." "Next time you must tell Dolly that you have to mind mother; will you?" "Yes," whispered Lottie.

Mother says that Dolly has never got Lottie into trouble since.

BABY'S WEATHER.

When the baby's eyes are stormy,
And we smile at her in vain,
Grandma shakes her head, and murmurs
She afraid it's going to rain.

When the baby's eyes are dancing,
Shining like two stars with fun,
Grandma smiles and says she's certain
We shall have a spell of sun.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

GREATER THAN A RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

Sam was a farmer's son. A new railroad had just been built through his father's farm. One Sabbath Sam was surprised to see an engine drawing a car stop in front of his home. The president of the road stepped out and started to examine a new bridge. The little barefooted Sam trudged along behind the party. After a while the president turned to Sam and said: "See here, my little fellow, do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," said Sam; "I suppose you are the head man of this railroad." "And what do you think I would be likely to want now above everything else?"

Sam replied: "I should think, sir, you would want to get God to forgive you

for taking his day from him to come and look at your new bridge."

The president looked at the boy for a moment, and then said: "Who told you to say that?"

"No one," answered Sam; "I just thought of it in my own heart, sir."

"You think right, my boy; and I thank you for reminding me of my duty, and promise you that the reminder will not be forgotten. You have shown yourself a greater man than the railroad president."

So Sam Brown ran home to tell his father that he was a greater man than the president of the railroad.—*Selected.*

GROWING.

The *New York Times* calls the attention of growing boys and girls to the fact that while they are growing they are forming their figures for life. Drooping the shoulders a little, drooping the head as one walks; standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other, do not tend to form a straight figure or a graceful, easy carriage.

An easy way to practise walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house, walk up to the wall, and see that your toes, chest, and nose touch it at once; then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A Southern school-teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head well raised.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

WILHELMINA'S DOLLS HAD THE MEASLES.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina when she was quite a little child. Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the older members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favourite.

One day she sat by a courtly old general, and, after eating some fruit, the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed: "I wonder that you are not afraid to sit next to me."

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honoured to sit next to my future queen," replied the general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little girl replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles; they're all of them down with it."