

SUNBEAM

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No. 20.

CANADA'S CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

This is the thanksgiving number of Sunbeam. If the hearts of any people in the world should be filled with thanksgiving it should be those of the people of Canada. The present writer has seen many lands, but he has seen none where the conditions of existence are more advantageous than in our beloved Canada. Seldom, if ever, have these conditions been more favourable than they are today. God has favoured our country with

could be heaped on Canada or its representatives were too great.

The discovery of the gold and wealth of Rossland, Klondike, and Wawa, and the still greater wealth of our golden harvests have attracted the attention of millions beyond the sea. We may expect a near future development of the resources and increases of the population of our beloved Canada such as it has never seen before.

God crowneth the year with his goodness; and his paths drop fatness. If we would, as a nation, express our true

ON THE FARM.

Most of the readers of this paper live in the country, many of them on the farm. There is no better place to live. None that will better develop a strong and sturdy manhood with vigour of body and mind. The farmer feedeth all, the king himself is served by the field. The cities are depending not only for food, but for the brain, and brawn, and muscle that run the great enterprises of the age, on the fresh blood that continually pours in from the country.

No life is more independent than that



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

a bountiful harvest. The price of grain and all kinds of produce in all the markets of the world gives the Canadian farmer a splendid recompense for his toil.

The splendid position of Canada as the very foremost of all the great colonies of the empire, comprising two-fifths of its whole extent, has been recognized in the mother country and throughout the world. The generous gifts of Canada to the famine-stricken sister dependency of India profoundly impressed the mother country with a sense of the great resources of our country. At the Jubilee no honours that

thanksgiving, we would obey the injunction of the wise king of Israel, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Then shall we realize the blessing promised in the Word of God, "That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store; that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

of the farmer. What would we do if there was no one to cultivate and till the soil for us that we may be supplied with food? How much in the way of variety should we have if it were not for the farmers, be they tillers of acres or of only the small garden patch. I fear that some of us would be under the necessity of turning farmers ourselves.

And yet, independent as he may be of all human aid, it seems to me that in no other occupation is a man so dependent upon the Creator, for no other leads one so near God and heaven, if he

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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Sunbeam.

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."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

One day wee Willie and his dog
Sprawled out on the nursery floor;
He had a florist's catalogue,
And turned the pages o'er.

Till all at once he gave a spring:
"Hurrah!" he cried with joy;
"Mamma, here's just the very thing
To give your little boy!

"For when we fellows go to school
We lose our things, you know,
And in that little vestibule
They do get mixed up so:

"And as you often say you can't
Take care of 'em for me,
Why don't you buy a rubber plant
And an umbrella tree?"

Nathan that night? His plan for a temple at Jerusalem. Did the Lord want David to build a temple to his name? (1 Chron. 28. 3.) How had the Lord gone with his people through the wilderness? What did the Lord say he would do after David's time? Establish his son's kingdom. What son did he mean? Solomon. What promise did he make? How has this promise been fulfilled in Christ?

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read what King David said to Nathan. 2 Sam. 7. 1, 2.
- Tues.* Learn a verse about David's love for God's house. Psa. 26. 8.
- Wed.* Learn where the Lord found David. Verse 8.
- Thur.* Read the lesson verses. 2 Sam. 7. 4-16.
- Fri.* Learn the Golden Text.

God forgotten him? No. What had David forgotten to do? What did David want? Was he selfish? What must we love more than self? The will of God. Does God love the sinner? Yes. Whom did he send to show David his sin? Nathan. What did he do when he saw his sin? What might he have done? He might have turned against Nathan. Against whom had David sinned? (Verse 4.) What does the Lord wish to see in our hearts? (Verse 6.)

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses from your Bible. Psa. 51. 1-17.
- Tues.* Read what David wrote when he was forgiven. Psa. 32. 1, 2.
- Wed.* Find how he suffered when he was trying to hide his sin. Psa. 32. 3, 4.



THE BELVOIR FARM, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 11.

GOD'S CONFIDENT WITH DAVID.

2 Sam. 7. 4-16. Memorize verses 8, 9.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy throne shall be established for ever.—2 Sam. 7. 16

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where did David live? In Jerusalem. Was he at war? No. What kind of a house did he live in? Who was Nathan? A prophet. What did David say to him one day? What did Nathan reply? Who read David's thoughts? God. What did he show to

Sat. Learn the beautiful promise in verse 16.

Sun. Learn of what greater throne David was the type. Heb. 1. 8.
THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God gives us our best thoughts.
2. That he means that we shall carry them out in acts.
3. That we can trust him to help us.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 18.

DAVID'S CONFESSION.

Psa. 51. 1-17. Memorize verses 1-4.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Psa. 51. 10.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What good king fell into sin? Had

Thur. Find what he says about confession. Psa. 32. 5, 6.

Fri. Learn the Golden Text.

Sat. Read a verse from James about confession. James 5. 16.

Sun. Find how the Lord calls us to leave our sin. Matt. 11. 28-30.
THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That we cannot hide our sins from God.
2. That he asks us to confess them to him.
3. That if we are sorry he will forgive us.

When Missionary Sunday comes around do not ever say, "O dear, it is always Missionary Sunday," or, "I think I might do what I please with my own money," for "God loveth a cheerful giver."

THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL.

The king may rule o'er land and sea ;
The lord may live right loyally ;
The soldier ride in pomp and pride ;
The sailor roam o'er oceans wide ;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things ;
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads ;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy or sell,
The teacher do his duty well ;
The men may toil through busy days,
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways,
Beggars or kings, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

qualities. She was so obliging that she would have been greatly loved except for one odious habit. In fact, Nannie was a tell-tale, and repeated what she heard and saw so as to make mischief. This habit grew upon her until even her brother and sister were afraid to do or say in her presence what they wished to be kept private. Her schoolmates would often run away from her, saying: "O, don't let Nancy Tell-tale hear us!" She had many times repeated to her Mother Goose's severe rhyme :

Tell-tale tit,
Her tongue shall be slit,
And every doggie in the town
Shall have a little bit.

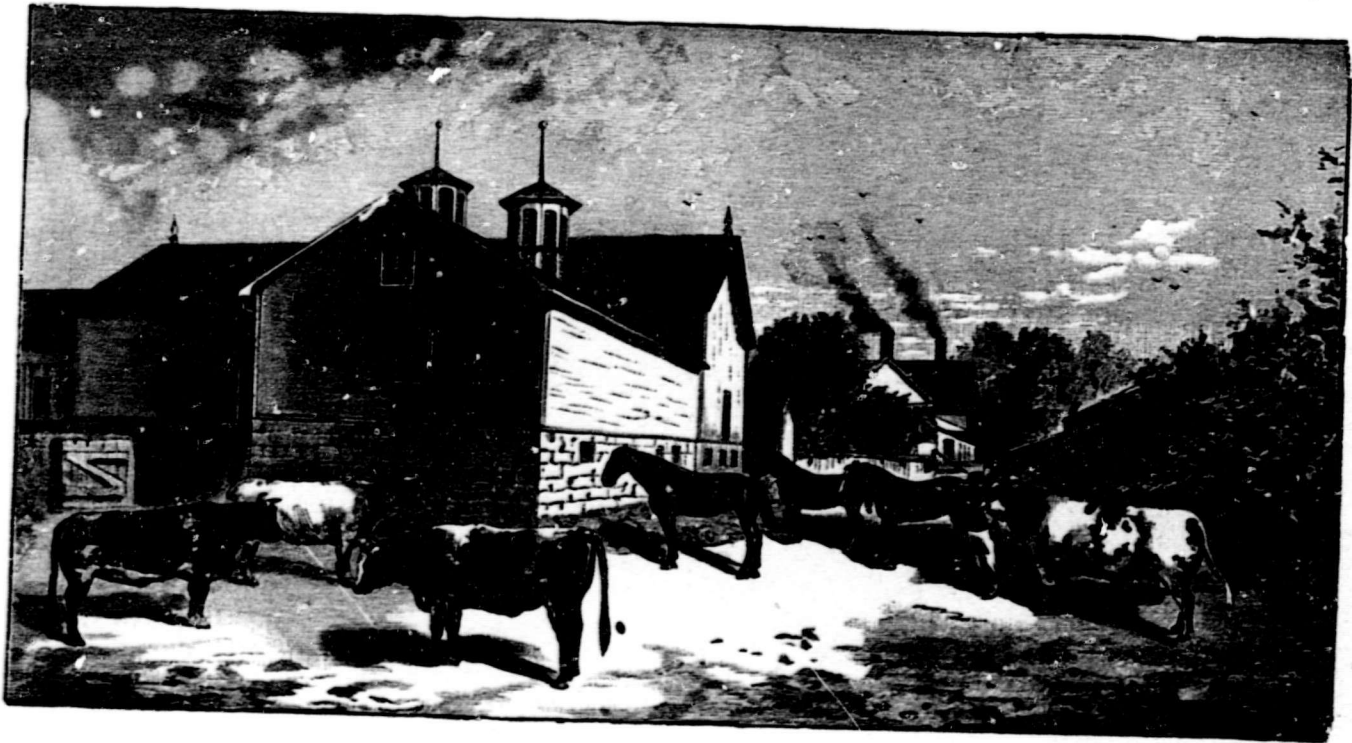
It grieved Nannie's gentle mother to hear that her daughter was called Nancy Tell-tale, and it grieved her still more that

they should not have said, for their aunt had been very disagreeable to them that morning. "She is as cross as a wild-cat," said Joe. "And as stingy as she is cross, and is always listening to somebody's tales, and by the time she repeats them over they make white black," added Jessie.

It is an unhappy truth that what is repeated over and over gets a great deal of falsehood mixed with it, for each one tells the news with his or her view of it, and often with much left out and something put in.

When Nannie got home she hurried upstairs and told her aunt of Jessie's and Joe's talk. Of course that lady was highly indignant, and made a vow that she would not give them any of a nice lot of oranges she had just bought, but turned over their share to Nannie.

Little Nancy Tell-tale was, however, a



AN ONTARIO FARM VIEW.

The farmer's trade is one of worth ;
He's partner with the sky and earth,
And partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses by his gain ;
And if men rise or if men fall,
The farmer, he must feed them all.

The farmer dares his mind to speak ;
He has no gift or place to seek ;
To no man living need he bow,
For he who walks behind the plough
Is his own man, whate'er befall,
Beggars or kings, he feeds them all.

NANCY TELL-TALE.

A little girl, with sparkling eyes and brisk step, walked behind her brother and sister to school. This little girl's name was Nannie, and she had some fine

she deserved the ugly nickname. Her mother was a sweet lady, but she so much disliked to punish her children that she would unhappily allow them to do what was wrong rather than punish them. Jessie and Joe, the two older children, inherited her gentle nature, but Nannie loved to tattle. Her father's sister stayed with them a great deal and petted Nannie, and, perhaps, without knowing it, encouraged her to be a tale-bearer.

Unfortunately, there are grown people who disobey God's command, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people." They make quantities of trouble for themselves and others by their disobedience.

As Nannie went to school with Jessie and Joe, her sister and brother, she chanced to overhear them say some things

great loser, for she daily lost some of her brother's and sister's love. The worst of it is, she constantly puts a greater distance between herself and her heavenly Father. His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, blesses those who are peace-makers ; but a tattler is a peace-breaker, and opposes God.

Think well of your home ; in a few years you will go forth therefrom, to return only as a guest for a day. The childhood home is a very dear spot, and few in age cease entirely to long for its return.

Bamboo is a grass which sometimes grows as high as forty feet. In China they use it to make houses, boats, fans, paper, and many other things.