

## THE RUNAWAY ROSEBUD.

A bud ran away  
To the end of a spray.  
Said the rose: "Dear me, what a bother!  
You darling in pink,  
Now, how can you think  
Of running so far from your mother?"

The bud with a pout,  
Quite glad to get out,  
Replied: "You can see very plain,  
Though I'd like if I could,  
To be loving and good,  
There is no way to get back again!"

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 27 1903.

## WESLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Rev. John Wesley was born in the village of Epworth, England. Epworth is in Lincolnshire. The chief place in this shire is the city of Lincoln, which was an ancient town even in the days of the Roman occupation. Lincoln is about one hundred and fifty miles north-east from London, and Epworth is about thirty-four miles north-west from Lincoln.

When John Wesley was born Epworth was a market town of about two thousand inhabitants, and, after a lapse of two hundred years, it remains a quiet country town with about the same population.

The old village church, which was old even at the beginning of the eighteenth century, still stands, and looks as if it would stand many centuries more. In this venerable edifice the Rev. Samuel Wesley, John Wesley's father, officiated from the early part of 1697 until he died on the 25th of April, 1735, a period of thirty-eight years.

The rectory in which the Wesley family resided for many years still remains, though not exactly in its original state, for it was considerably enlarged in 1883, but the house in which John was born was destroyed by fire on the 9th of February, 1709.

In the excitement occasioned by the fire John, who was only between five and six years old, was overlooked. After a time he was missed, and just as the roof was about to fall the child looked out of a window, and a man climbing on the shoulders of another was able to reach him, and the child was rescued from impending danger, for immediately after he was taken from the window the burning roof fell within the walls. In after years Mr. John Wesley took as his motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" a text from the second verse of the third chapter of Zechariah.

The present rectory was built upon the site of the building in which John Wesley was born.

## FACE TO FACE.

BY "PANSY."

Jack Wister sat on the steps of the side porch studying his verse. He spelled the words out slowly, and then said: "Why-ee!" in his most astonished tone. The words were, "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face." Jack knew very few Bible verses, and almost nothing about the Bible. He had just come to the country to live with Mrs. Wister. The only Moses he knew was Mrs. Wister's hired man, who worked in the garden and took care of the horses.

"I wonder if he was scared?" said little Jack. He thought it over for a while, then he slid down from the steps and ran to find Moses.

"Say," he began as soon as he reached the garden, "tell me all about it. When was it, and was you awful scared? What did he say?"

Moses stopped his hoe and looked at little Jack. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Why, about that time the Lord talked to you. When was it? 'The Lord spake unto Moses face to face,' that is what it says, but it doesn't tell what he said."

Moses put his hands on his sides and bent himself double with laughter.

"What you laughing at?" asked little Jack. "There's nothing to laugh at. I just wanted to know about it."

"Of course," said Moses, "that's all right. Well, I was pretty scared, I tell you! So scared that I don't just remember what was said. I shall have to think it up before I can tell you."

"My!" said Jack. "I shouldn't think you would forget that. If he should speak to me, I guess I'd remember it!" Then Mrs. Wister called him, and he ran back.

The next morning while Moses was brushing the horses Jack came and stood beside him.

"Well, sir," said Moses, "have you come to hear about that time you were speaking of last night?"

"No," said Jack, with a sober face: "you cheated me last night. I thought that it was you, but it wasn't. It was a different kind of Moses. Mrs. Wister told me all about him; and and I guess maybe you will be afraid when the Lord speaks to you. He is going to some day—Mrs. Wister said so; you'll see him plainly. We all are going to, and he is going to speak to us; and the folks that haven't told the truth, and haven't tried to obey him, will be afraid then. Maybe you will be, Moses."

"Maybe I shall," said Moses, and he did not laugh.

"And Mrs. Wister says," added Jack, "that God speaks to people now, little soft words that only their hearts can hear, and tells them what to do, and I'm going to listen and mind him. You'd better do it, too, Moses, if you don't want to be afraid."

"That's so," said Moses, "that would be the safe way, I guess."

## GOOD-BYE.

Little fishes in the brook  
Play without a fear,  
You are safe from rod and hook  
Till another year.

Eyes that all your secrets learned  
Now must learn from books,  
Little feet to school have turned  
From the woods and brooks.

—The Youth's Companion.

## THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

Gerty had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "O mamma, I wish Dick wouldn't sing! he makes my head ache!" she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said her mother.

Gerty still fretted, so her mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Her mamma had not covered the cage very closely; and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said her mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be as grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from her pillow, and said: "Yes, mamma, I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."—Christian Observer.