

## JESUS, HEAR US.

Jesus, high in glory,  
Lend a listening ear;  
When we bow before thee,  
Infant praises hear.

We are little children,  
Weak, and apt to stray;  
Saviour, guide and keep us  
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,  
Watch us day by day;  
Help us now to love thee,  
Take our sins away.

Then, when Jesus calls us  
To our heavenly home,  
We will answer gladly,  
Saviour, Lord, we come.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JULY 27, 1899.

### HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

YOU cannot be holy, my young friends, unless you in secret live upon the blessed word of God, and you will not live on it unless it becomes to you as the sacred word of his mouth. It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away. It is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter-time. A letter from the dear one at home is as music heard over the water; but half a dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score of pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and tone which paper cannot carry.

Now, I want you to get the Bible to be not a book only, but a speaking-trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of

his voice. You must read the word of God to this end; for it is while reading, meditating, and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it seems suddenly to change from a written book into a talking book or phonograph. It whispers to you or thunders at you as though God had hidden himself among its leaves and spoken to your condition—as though Jesus, who feedeth among the lilies, had made the chapter to be lily-beds, and had come to feed there. Ask Jesus to cause his word to come fresh from his own mouth to your soul; and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, you will make good speed in your pilgrim way to the eternal city.

### BOBBY'S WOLF.

BY PANSY.

"It is a pretty hard verse for a little boy like Bobby," Mrs. Harmon said, as she looked thoughtfully at the card which had the verse for the day printed on it. But Bobby had keen ears and a good memory, and was soon repeating the hard verse glibly enough.

"Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."

Mr. Harmon laughed when he heard the verse.

"What can a four-year-old do with such grown-up words as those?" he asked. And the mother said she didn't know; perhaps they would be made useful to him in ways that "grown-up" people did not understand.

"There isn't any wolves in this city," said Bobby, complacently, having as little regard to grammar as he had to logic.

"O yes, there are," said mamma, as she took him in her lap and explained the meaning of the words as well as she could. Bobby was restless, and hummed a tune softly, once, while she was talking, because he "forgot." And once he interrupted her to ask whether wolves, when they dressed up like sheep, said "Baa!" And, on the whole, Mrs. Harmon was disposed to think that Bobby would get little help from his verse.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, when Bobby sheltered himself from the wind in the corner of his father's house, and leaning against the great stone wall, listened to John Walker while he coaxed:

"It's just a little way, not more than two blocks from here, and I shouldn't think your mother would be afraid to have a big boy like you go down there, 'specially

with me; and it's a great deal warmer there, because it's on the sunny side of the street. I don't believe but what if your mother were here she would want you to go, so as to get out of this ugly east wind."

Bobby put the tips of his fingers together, in a way that he had when he was thoughtfully interested in any thing, and looked curiously at John Walker.

At last he spoke:

"You're a wolf, Johnny Walker. You don't know it, but as true as you live, you're a wolf. I told mamma, I did not believe I'd see one, and she said p'rhaps I would; and I have. And you say 'Baa!' too, just as mamma said maybe you would. You make it sound like Baa, but it means a howl all the same; mamma said so."

"Don't you go to calling me no names," said John Walker, his face growing red, "because I'm three years older than you, and I won't stand it."

"But I can't help it, you see, because it is in the Bible. And Jesus said, 'Beware of 'em;' that means, you take care that you don't do a thing they say, because they are only making believe be good. You are making believe my mamma wants me to go down to Court Street, when she told me not to go; and I know you are a wolf, because mamma described it to me this morning. I'm a-going in now. I don't like to play with wolves."

And Bobby pulled his hat a little further on his head, and trudged off.

### NOT YET.

"Our little baby is dead," said a little boy with tearful eyes to his teacher one morning.

"Would you like to die, my dear?" asked his teacher, after a few words on the nature of death.

"Not yet," replied the child, thoughtfully.

"Why do you say not yet?" the teacher asked, thinking that the child wished to see more of life on earth before dying.

"Not till I have got a new heart," said the boy.

That was a thoughtful reply for so young a child. I hope the teacher told him the good news of the readiness of his good Father in heaven to give him a new heart at once without money or price. Whether he did or not, I will assure you that the Great Teacher waits to give you, all of you, new hearts just now. You need not live another hour without that precious gift. Let our whole SUNBEAM family cry as with one voice, "O Lord, create in us clean hearts!"