

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1903.

No. 11.

THE FATHER OF METHODISM.

The accompanying portrait is that of John Wesley, the noble man who founded Methodism, the two-hundredth anniversary of whose birth we are going to celebrate on June 28th of this year. We do not remember him because of his riches; for he lived and died a poor man. But we remember him because of what he did for others. His long life of eighty-eight years was spent in the service of his Master. He travelled up and down the length and breadth of England, establishing churches and preaching the gospel of repentance. It is said he seldom travelled less than forty miles a day until he grew very, very old, and usually his travels were on horseback.

His father before him had been a minister, and John grew up in the rectory at Epworth. He had eighteen brothers and sisters, but most of them died when they were little babies.

John Wesley himself had a narrow escape when he was but a few years of age. The family awakened one night to find the rectory on fire. They beat their way out through the flames, to find, alas! that one child was missing. But a few moments later the little head was seen at the upstairs window, and two men, one standing on the other's shoulders, managed to reach up and rescue the child at the last moment. Thus John Wesley was saved to become one of the greatest preachers of England, at a time when the people were drifting away from religious things. Indeed, his influence has been felt to the ends of the earth. We would have every boy and girl realize they have an interest in this celebration of Wesley's birth. It was John Wesley who gave us our Methodist Church that we so much love.

JESSIE AND THE CHICKENS.

BY ELLEN LAKE.

Mother and Jessie had just come to grandmother's for a visit.

"May I have my shade hat on and go out to play?" asked Jessie, the first morning.

"After breakfast, dear," answered mother, helping her into her high-chair.

Jessie ate cream toast while grandfather and grandmother and all the aunts talked about many things. But by and by her grandfather said, getting up from the table:

"Does Jessie know what we have for her?"

"No, grandfather," said Jessie.

"Guess," said grandmother.

"Is it candy?" she asked.

Jessie clapped her hands.

"See them? All little and soft and yellow, running round the ground. Go gently, so as not to frighten them," said grandfather.

By that time Jessie was running fast and laughing. "Oh, chickies! chickies, dear!" she cried. But when grandfather told her not to scare them, she took short, slow steps. Near their little house she stood still and watched. "Are they playing in their front yard, mother?" she whispered.

"Yes, and that's their mother, Mrs. Cluck, inside the house," said mother.

Just then Mrs. Cluck spoke up. "Cluck! cluck! cluck," she said, and every baby chicken ran into the little house, as fast as his yellow legs could go.

"Don't they come in quickly when their mother calls?" said Jessie.

RUN, BUNNY, RUN.

Up the tree, and down the tree,
Run, bunny, run,
Do not hide away from me,
Run, bunny, run;
I don't want to hurt you, dear;
You can trust me, never fear;
In the sunshine, bright and clear,
Run, bunny, run.

Walnuts, chestnuts, many more,
Run, bunny, run,
Gather for the winter store,
Run, bunny, run;
Pretty soon, some fine, cold day,
Old Jack Frost will come this way,
"Ready!" he will hear you say,
Run, bunny, run.

Something I can learn from you,
Run, bunny, run,
Learn a lesson good and true,
Run, bunny, run;
I must find as moments fly,
Nuts of wisdom to lay by,
I can do it, if I try,
Run, bunny, run.

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and of your absolute need of Christ.



JOHN WESLEY.

"No, it's better than anything to eat," said grandmother.

"A dolly?"

"Better than all the dollies in the world," laughed grandfather.

"Then, I don't know," said Jessie.

"Well, come and see," and the whole family bustled round, putting on the little girl's coat and tying her hat under her chin. Grandfather set her high on his shoulder, and everybody went along—where do you think? To the stable-yard.

"Now, look, Jessie," said grandfather, softly, pointing over by the fence. "See the baby chickens!"