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THE BOY JESUS.

BY BISHOP J. W. HOTT.

The writer shall never forget his sitting beside the Virgin's Fountain, just below Nazareth, the only spring for the town, and looking upon the mothers and their children coming down at eventide for water, which these women and children carried away in large earthen jars upon their shoulders and heads. How the very heart toyed with fancies and images of the child life of Jesus! Did he tread these streets a barefooted boy? Did he come down this street to this same fountain at eventide, barefooted, beside his mother, and with her carry the water from this gurgling fountain to their humble home? What conflicts the mind had, not to believe the story of the youth-life of Christ, but to have a realization, a conviction, that such a life was lived here at Nazareth! Once fully grasped by the heart, the child-life of Jesus is a precious truth. This child-life sanctified and hallowed motherhood. It fitted his arms to receive and his hands to bless those who were carried to him. To-day, as then, he gathers the children to his bosom; and receiving them he also takes our hearts.

A HINT TO MEDDLERS.

A little white rose bloomed all by herself in a nook in the hedge. "Ah," cried the wind in passing, "what a pity you should be suffocated there! I will blow a hole in the hedge, and the breeze shall find you through it."

"I pray, sir, you will leave me as I

am; I breathe well enough," said the rose.

"I know better," said the wind, rending the hedge as he passed on, and the boys rushed through and made her tremble with fear.

"You are not well placed there," he said, as he came by again; "I will give you a better berth than that."

"I beg you will leave me as I am; I like my place well enough if it were not for the gap you made," said the rose.

But the wind would not listen; he

plied the hedge: "There are some folks who are never satisfied but when they are meddling in other folks' business. They think nobody can be happy except in their way; and you are one of them, and this bare stem is a specimen of your work.—*Sunday Hour.*

RIGHT SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys;

but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought that his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated.

Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his trousers and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him round, said:

"This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"



THE FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH.

broke her stem, and she fell to the ground. "Oh, you mustn't lie there!" he cried; "I will carry you to the spot that will suit you exactly."

"Nay, I entreat you to let me lie and fade in this pleasant grass," said the rose, beseechingly; but he caught her up and whirled her on a few yards, when her petals were scattered and her leafless stem was cast on the hedge.

"How is this?" exclaimed the wind.

"How is it? This is how it is," re-