

mercifully provided for, than ever I have been, that I may do my endeavour to instil into his mind the principles of thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently, and bless my attempts with good success."

This careful training was not misspent, for the child John became a serious and earnest soul, and gave such evidence of religious devotion that his father admitted him to the holy communion when he was only eight years of age.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1903.

### A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY.

Dear little Dot has certainly found the wrong way this time, with the left stocking on the right foot. So she will have to pull it off, and try again. She looks a little bit puzzled; but there is no hint of a frown on her smooth, baby brow, nor any show of petulance on the sweet lips; and I am quite sure she will not get cross or ill-natured when nurse tells her to pull off the stocking, and put it on the other foot, so that the pretty red stripes will be on the right side instead of the wrong.

Darling little Dot's temper is always on the right side, as are her sympathies and loving words. One day, when she saw a big, rude boy on the street snatch a ball from the hand of one half-a-dozen years younger, and run off with it, she looked first surprised that any one could be so wicked as to take what did not belong to him; and then she turned all her sympathy toward soothing the grief of the little five-year-old, who stood crying bitterly at the

loss of his pretty plaything, and said to him, softly and soothingly:

"Don't oo cry any more. I'll dive oo mine big parlour ball, if oo'll des tum home wid me and nurse." And when he forgot to thank her, Dot only said: "He was so s'pised he fordoot to say anything; but I'm glad I dave him mine big ball, tauze ze poor 'ittle fellow cried so hard when he didn't want to lose his own pitty ball."

Our Dot found the right way again, when her brother Joe was sick with the measles. Before that, when he was well and strong, he used often to tease his little sister, and call her "baby" when she wanted him to take her to ride or walk with him. This was not because he did not love Dottie, or enjoy having her to play with, but from the sheer love of teasing.

But when Joe had the measles, and felt very lonely if his mother had to go downstairs and leave him by himself, Dot stayed and waited on him, brought him books and playthings to amuse him, told him what was going on downstairs, and who had called to ask after him, and she tried to make his sick-room seem bright with her sunny face and merry little songs.

Joe was in the wrong way when he teased his dear little sister so thoughtlessly; but now he turned "right about face," and was on the right side, when, after he got well, he said:

"Dear little Dottie, Joe was a bad boy not to take you out, when you wanted so much to go with him, hunting birds' nests and playing snowball; and now I am strong and well again, I am going to take you riding with me every day."

They did go, and right merry times they had all the bright sunny days during the long winter. They were both on the "right side" now, and the big, strong, generous boy loved his little play-fellow better than ever, since she had led him so gently to follow her, as she follows the dear Saviour's command: "Little children, love one another."

### WESLEY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

At ten and a half years of age John Wesley was sent from home to attend school in the city of London. A great change it must have been for a child of such tender years to come from a remote country village to the greatest city of the kingdom, but, as his brother Samuel said, he was a brave boy. He was entered as a student in Charterhouse School, as it was called. The buildings had belonged to an old monastery which was on the system of *La Grand Chartreuse*, and the modern name Charterhouse was simply an English corruption of the French word *Chartrouse*. This place ceased to be a Car-

thusian monastery at the dissolution of the monasteries by order of Henry VIII. After some time, through the beneficence of a Mr. Thomas Sutton, who died in 1611, it became a hospital, or home for the poor and aged, and also a free school. Here John Wesley remained for about six and a half years. He was a good student, and even at that time learned Hebrew. At seventeen he went to Oxford University, entering as a student at Christ Church.

John Wesley's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been students in, and had graduated from, Oxford University, and he was following in their steps. At the age of twenty-two he graduated. He had been a close student, and was regarded at twenty-one as "a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments," and as a "very sensible and acute collegian, baffling every man by the subtleties of logic, and laughing at them for being so easily routed," for he was "gay and sprightly, with a turn for wit and humour." In 1726, when he was about twenty-three, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and the same year was made Greek lecturer. In 1727 he received the degree of Master of Arts.

### HOW HE PROVED WHO HE WAS.

A father wished to send his twelve-year-old son to a distant city for some valuable papers. The man who had the papers had never seen the boy, but the father planned to send a letter by him to prove that he was his son. The boy forgot the letter, and when he reached his journey's end, the lawyer would not believe that he was the man's son.

The boy: "I have my father's picture in my pocket."

"That is of no account," said the man; "any one could bring that."

Then the boy remembered that his father often amused his friends by tying certain kinds of knots that none of them could untie. So he asked: "Have you one of my father's famous knots?"

"O, yes," said the lawyer, handing him one. "Untie that and we will believe you."

The boy quickly took the hard knot apart and so proved who he was.

This is a little like the way that Jesus proved that he was truly the Son of God. He did what only God can do. When the people saw the helpless man go away well and strong, they knew, and so do we know, that Jesus, who had made him so, must be God. We know, too, that it is safe to trust Jesus, and to believe that he can forgive our sins, as he forgave that sick man and his friends did: believe in Jesus, and go to him.