

## WHY JESUS CAME.

Children, Jesus came to save you—  
Came that you through him might live  
In his happy home in glory,  
If to him your heart you give.

Are you getting ready, children—  
Ready for the mansion bright,  
Where the saints are ever living,  
Near their Saviour, clothed in white?

He is waiting pleading, knocking,  
At your heart, oh, let him in!  
Then a free and full salvation  
And his glorious smile you'll win.

Come, oh, come away to Jesus,  
Bid your sins a long farewell;  
Cast yourself upon his mercy,  
He can save from sin and hell.

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1902.

## THE THISTLE IN THE HEART.

"I've come again, mamma," said little Lillie White, quietly peeping into the chamber where her mother was writing. "Lillie couldn't help it, mamma."

"And what's the matter with my little girl this time?" said her mother, laying down her pen. "You haven't got another thistle in your finger, have you?"

"No, mamma; the finger is well now; but there is something stinging me here in my bosom. You needn't unfasten my dress, mamma. You couldn't see it—it's deep. I know what it is: it's wrong feeling there. I hate Carrie Marsh, mamma. She is never good to any of us. But her aunt in New York sends her the prettiest things you ever saw. Now she has sent her a blue dress, and a doll all dressed in

pink and white. She brought 'em to me to look at, and said, 'You can't have such pretty things, Lillie White.' That made me hate her. I know it is wrong to have this feeling, and it stings in my heart worse than the thistle did in my finger. Won't you take this out, too, mamma?"

"Only Jesus can take out a sting like this," said her mother, putting her arms very gently around her darling's neck. "Go to your room, my dear child, and kneel down and tell Jesus all about your trouble. Ask him to forgive you for giving way to a wrong feeling, and to take away the sting from your heart."

Then the little girl slipped away from her mother's arms and went to her own room. After a while she was seen walking in the garden, talking to her poor, soiled dolly, and kissing its face as lovingly as Carrie Marsh could have done with her fine, new one. By and by she raised her bright and smiling face to the window, and seeing her mother looking down she said:

"It's all right now, mamma. Jesus has taken away the thistle from my heart just as you took away the one from my finger."

## THAT KISS OF MY MOTHER.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went off slamming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his fourteen years' experience with one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some people.

Stop! hear more. That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed and he shook and patted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her: Yet how have I behaved? her oldest boy! How tenderly she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to-night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at her

bedside. "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother! and may God help me never to behave so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that was the sweetest moment in his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and noble Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to do so!

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones.

A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away.

There was no time to be lost, and the superintendent said: "Come, John, come; what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John; "I'm cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death-scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

We know that many an eye will moisten as this story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go to God for the fatherless and motherless in all the great cities, and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind: that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Old School Presbyterian.*