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JOHN WESLEY'S DEATH.

John Wesley, the good man of whom we are hearing so much just now, grew to be very old. He did not have to suffer a long illness as so many people do. He was able to be up till a few days before he died. When too weak to sit up any longer, how do you think he spent some of his time. He spent it singing—singing beautiful hymns as long as he had strength. He was not afraid when he felt himself dying. For he knew in a few hours he would be with his dear Saviour whom he had loved and served all his life.

It is a scene well worthy the artist's brush, the closing hours of this veteran of Methodism. His end befitted his life. One may say of him, in spite of his burden of eighty-eight years, that he died in the thick of the battle. During the last few weeks of his life, he preached a number of vigorous sermons. Only six days before his death, he preached from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near."

This was his last. On Saturday, three days later, he wrote his final letter. It was to Wilberforce, urging him to continue his efforts against the African slave-trade. Then, for three days, he weakened gradually, praising God as the tide of life ebbed out to sea.

Thus died one whose power had made itself felt, not only throughout the three kingdoms, but throughout the New World well. Of him it is written, "No Eng-

lishman whatever, save the sovereign himself, swayed a wider or more profound popular power." He who once had been persecuted, beaten, and stoned, had to be buried before six o'clock in the morning to prevent accidents from the great crowds that thronged to look upon the face of the departed leader, crowds from which rose constantly the sob of sorrowing hearts.

WESLEY'S EARLY MINISTRY.

In 1725 John Wesley was ordained deacon. Then in 1727 he went to serve

by his brother Charles, then a student at the university. This company was nicknamed the "Holy Club," and its members were called "Methodists." They were devout and methodical, and carefully observed the method of study and living prescribed by the university authorities.

In 1735 John Wesley started as a missionary, or, as Wesley wrote, a missionary to Georgia, where he landed on the fifth of February, 1736. On the first of February, 1738, he returned to England.

His preaching now became so scrip-

tural and spiritual that in a short time the clergymen of the English Church would not let him, his brother Charles, or his friend Whitefield preach in their pulpits. So they were compelled to go out and preach in the open air to the multitudes, who needed and desired to hear their discourses. Then persons converted under Mr. Wesley's ministry desired him to form them into a society and to care for them. So in the latter part of 1739, in London, he organized his

first society. Other societies were formed here and there, and in a short time Mr. John Wesley found himself the head of a great religious organization. This spread rapidly in his lifetime, and to this day continues to advance throughout the world.

We truly fear God when we conscientiously shun the very appearance of evil as well as all wrong.



DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.

From "Hurst's History of Methodism," by permission of Eaton & Mains.

as curate at Epworth and Wroote, rendering valuable assistance to his father. In 1728 he returned to Oxford, and was ordained a presbyter or priest in the Church of England. Called back to the university, he gave up his curacy in 1729 and returned to Lincoln College, where as a fellow he taught, and as moderator presided over the discussions or disputations which were held six times a week. He now became the head of a little society of university men who had been gathered

THE RUNAWAY ROSEBUD.

A bud ran away
To the end of a spray.
Said the rose: "Dear me, what a bother!
You darling in pink,
Now, how can you think
Of running so far from your mother?"

The bud with a pout,
Quite glad to get out,
Replied: "You can see very plain,
Though I'd like if I could,
To be loving and good,
There is no way to get back again!"

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TORONTO, JUNE 27 1903.

WESLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Rev. John Wesley was born in the village of Epworth, England. Epworth is in Lincolnshire. The chief place in this shire is the city of Lincoln, which was an ancient town even in the days of the Roman occupation. Lincoln is about one hundred and fifty miles north-east from London, and Epworth is about thirty-four miles north-west from Lincoln.

When John Wesley was born Epworth was a market town of about two thousand inhabitants, and, after a lapse of two hundred years, it remains a quiet country town with about the same population.

The old village church, which was old even at the beginning of the eighteenth century, still stands, and looks as if it would stand many centuries more. In this venerable edifice the Rev. Samuel Wesley, John Wesley's father, officiated from the early part of 1697 until he died on the 25th of April, 1735, a period of thirty-eight years.

The rectory in which the Wesley family resided for many years still remains, though not exactly in its original state, for it was considerably enlarged in 1883, but the house in which John was born was destroyed by fire on the 9th of February, 1709.

In the excitement occasioned by the fire John, who was only between five and six years old, was overlooked. After a time he was missed, and just as the roof was about to fall the child looked out of a window, and a man climbing on the shoulders of another was able to reach him, and the child was rescued from impending danger, for immediately after he was taken from the window the burning roof fell within the walls. In after years Mr. John Wesley took as his motto: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" a text from the second verse of the third chapter of Zechariah.

The present rectory was built upon the site of the building in which John Wesley was born.

FACE TO FACE.

BY "PANSY."

Jack Wister sat on the steps of the side porch studying his verse. He spelled the words out slowly, and then said: "Why-ee!" in his most astonished tone. The words were, "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face." Jack knew very few Bible verses, and almost nothing about the Bible. He had just come to the country to live with Mrs. Wister. The only Moses he knew was Mrs. Wister's hired man, who worked in the garden and took care of the horses.

"I wonder if he was scared?" said little Jack. He thought it over for a while, then he slid down from the steps and ran to find Moses.

"Say," he began as soon as he reached the garden, "tell me all about it. When was it, and was you awful scared? What did he say?"

Moses stopped his hoe and looked at little Jack. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

"Why, about that time the Lord talked to you. When was it? 'The Lord spake unto Moses face to face,' that is what it says, but it doesn't tell what he said."

Moses put his hands on his sides and bent himself double with laughter.

"What you laughing at?" asked little Jack. "There's nothing to laugh at. I just wanted to know about it."

"Of course," said Moses, "that's all right. Well, I was pretty scared, I tell you! So scared that I don't just remember what was said. I shall have to think it up before I can tell you."

"My!" said Jack. "I shouldn't think you would forget that. If he should speak to me, I guess I'd remember it!" Then Mrs. Wister called him, and he ran back.

The next morning while Moses was brushing the horses Jack came and stood beside him.

"Well, sir," said Moses, "have you come to hear about that time you were speaking of last night?"

"No," said Jack, with a sober face; "you cheated me last night. I thought that it was you, but it wasn't. It was a different kind of Moses. Mrs. Wister told me all about him; and and I guess maybe you will be afraid when the Lord speaks to you. He is going to some day—Mrs. Wister said so; you'll see him plainly. We all are going to, and he is going to speak to us; and the folks that haven't told the truth, and haven't tried to obey him, will be afraid then. Maybe you will be, Moses."

"Maybe I shall," said Moses, and he did not laugh.

"And Mrs. Wister says," added Jack, "that God speaks to people now, little soft words that only their hearts can hear, and tells them what to do, and I'm going to listen and mind him. You'd better do it, too, Moses, if you don't want to be afraid."

"That's so," said Moses, "that would be the safe way, I guess."

GOOD-BYE.

Little fishes in the brook
Play without a fear,
You are safe from rod and hook
Till another year.

Eyes that all your secrets learned
Now must learn from books,
Little feet to school have turned
From the woods and brooks.

—The Youth's Companion.

THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

Gerty had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "O mamma, I wish Dick wouldn't sing! he makes my head ache!" she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said her mother.

Gerty still fretted, so her mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Her mamma had not covered the cage very closely; and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said her mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be as grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from her pillow, and said: "Yes, mamma, I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."—Christian Observer.

I SPY.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

I spy, I spy
A starry eye,
Looking at me
From the soft blue sky.

Sweet star, sweet star,
Twinkling afar,
Do you know me,
Whatever you are?

So bright, so bright,
All through the night,
Giving to us
Your golden light.

I too; I too,
May shine like you;
Love's happy light
Keeping clear and true.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I. [July 5.]

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10. Memorize verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—1 Sam. 7. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Samuel? When was he called by the Lord? What was his mother's name? Hannah. Whom did he live with in the temple? Eli, the high priest. What had Samuel come to be? Who took his place as judges? What were their names? Joel and Abiah. Were they like their father? Were the people satisfied with them? What did they ask of Samuel? What did Samuel do? What did the Lord say to him? Whom had the people rejected? What did he tell Samuel to show them? Did he do so? What did they reply?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the boy Samuel. 1 Sam. 1. 14.

Tues. Read how Samuel judged the people. 1 Sam. 7. 2-13.

Wed. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 8. 8-10.

Thur. Learn the Golden Text.

Fri. Read about a child king. 2 Chron. 34. 1-3.

Sat. Read the song of a shepherd boy who became a king. Psa. 23.

Sun. Find a prophecy about the King of kings. Isa. 9. 6, 7.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That a good boy makes a good man.

2. That we do not always know what is best for us.

3. That the Lord always knows.

LESSON II. [July 12.]

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

1 Sam. 10. 17-27. Memorize vs. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is our king; he will save us.—Isa. 33. 22.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was Saul? Can you tell how he looked? What was he doing? What was his father's name? Kish. What place did he come to? Zuph. What did Saul wish to see there? Why? What did Samuel know when he saw Saul? To what did he invite him? Did he tell him what he wanted to know? Where did he go with him? What did he do to Saul there? What came upon Saul on his way home? Where did Samuel call the people together? What does "Mizpeh" mean? The Lord be between thee and me when we are absent one from another. What did Samuel do there? Who was chosen? Where was he? What did the people do?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read about the son of Kish. 1 Sam. 9. 1-5.

Tues. Find how he was led to Samuel. 1 Sam. 9. 6-17.

Wed. Read of the visit with Samuel. 1 Sam. 9. 18-27.

Thur. Read of Saul's anointing. 1 Sam. 10. 1-16.

Fri. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 10. 17-27.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Find how the kingdom was set up. 1 Sam. 11. 14, 15.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God would choose the best things for us.
2. That we love to choose for ourselves.
3. That God does all that he can to make our choices good.

THE GIRL'S REVENGE.

Two men in the south of Africa swore eternal hatred to each other. One of them found at length the little daughter of his enemy in the wood. He ran quickly to the young girl, cut off two of her fingers, and sent her home bleeding, while he, with brutal joy, shouted, "I have had my revenge!"

Years passed, and the little girl was grown up to a woman, when one day a poor, gray-headed beggar came to her door earnestly begging for food. The young woman recognized him immediately as being the same horrible man who cut off her fingers when she was a child. She

went into the cottage instantly, and desired her servant to bring him bread and milk. She sat down near him, and watched him while he ate. When he was ready to go, she pointed to her hand and said:

"I, too, have had my revenge!"

The poor man was quite perplexed and confounded at this, for he did not know that the little girl had become a Christian, and had learned the meaning of that sweet verse, the last of the twelfth chapter of Romans.

Which revenge was the sweeter?

A VOICE IN THE DARK.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"Sister, sister, baby wants 'oo, sister" said a little voice in the dark nursery.

Louise heard the voice, but she could hardly get herself to wake up. "Go to sleep, baby," she murmured, and her own eyes went fast shut, and she was almost asleep again.

But still the little trembling voice called, "Sister, p'ease tum to baby."

Louise got up quickly this time; she wondered what could be the matter. When she got to Nelly's cot, the baby crept up close, and put her little arms tightly round Louise's neck. "Listen what it says," she whispered.

"What, baby? I don't hear anything."

"Listen!" said the baby.

Everything was still in the nursery except the little clock going "tick! tick!" on the mantelpiece. But off in the big oak tree across the meadow the night bird was calling, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will."

"Listen!" said baby again; "somefin' says, 'Bad 'ittle Nell, bad 'ittle Nell.'"

"Oh, no, Baby Nell," said Louise, putting her arm around the little trembler, "it doesn't say that."

"'Es," said the little one, placing her lips close to her sister's ear in the dark. "'cause I bwoke the blue plate, an' I said I didn't!"

"Oh!" said Louise, "is that what keeps baby awake? But it isn't the bird that says that, darling; it's the little voice inside of you that God put there to keep you from doing wrong."

"Never mind. When you've told mother, and said you were sorry, the voice will not say so any more."

Sure enough, when mother had kissed Baby Nell and left her alone on her little white cot, the bird-call came again, "Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will"; but this time Baby Nell smiled to hear it. "Birdie says, 'Dood-night-Nell, dood-night-Nell,'" she whispered to herself, and in a few minutes she was so fast asleep that half a dozen birds could have had a hard time to wake her. The next night and every night after that during the summer, the bird sang "Good-night-Nell, good-night-Nell!"



FIRST METHODIST "CLASS-MEETING" CALLED BY THAT NAME.

TWO GATHERINGS.

The class-meeting is one of the earliest institutions of Methodism. It must have been a great joy to Wesley to go around to these gatherings of God's people and hear them tell of the love of Christ in their hearts. Our picture shows the first of these that was called by the name of "class-meeting."

The other picture represents a gathering of a very different nature. John Wesley was rounding a hill one day, when some one warned him of a mob gathered on the other side to attack him.

"Turn back, I beg," said his warning friend.

But do you think Wesley was afraid? Nay, he knew he was the King's messenger, and that God would protect his servant, and bravely went on in the discharge of his duty.

WESLEY'S PARENTS.

John Wesley's father was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a clergyman of the Church of England. The Wesley family for many generations was of considerable importance. The name, sometimes spelled Westley and also Wellesley, was an exceedingly honourable one, and had been borne by men who were conspicuous in various spheres. Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, belonged to the Irish branch of the family. Our John Wesley's grandfather was also John Wesley, and his great-grandfather was Bartholomew Wesley. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were clergymen, but his grandfather and his great-grandfather lived during the English Commonwealth, and after the Commonwealth was overthrown and Charles II. ascended the throne they were ejected

from their churches and compelled to suffer severely because they were Nonconformists, and would not take the oath prescribed by the "Act of Uniformity" to never favour "the alteration of the government either in church or state."

Samuel Wesley, the father, was a distinguished scholar, author, and poet, and a forceful man in public affairs and in ecclesiastical circles.

John Wesley's mother, Susannah Wesley, was a daughter of the noted Nonconformist divine of London, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Annesley, and was his twenty-fourth child. Dr. Annesley's grandfather was the Viscount Valentia, and his uncle was the first Earl of Anglesea. Susanna Annesley, therefore, was a lady by both birth and breeding.

John Wesley's parents had nineteen children. Two children, one called John and the other Benjamin, died in early infancy, and the fifteenth child was baptized

John Benjamin, but he signed himself John Wesley.

In view of the stock from which the family came, and in view of the character and accomplishments of both father and mother, it may be said in the best sense that John Wesley was well-born.

DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history; and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they had fought, he longed to be a man, and do some great thing himself. "Oh dear," he said; "a fellow has to wait so long, and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"Our Sunday-school teacher told us that," said Davy.

"You must fight with yourself, Davy, when you don't want to obey mamma, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey. I wish that you'd try."

"I believe that I will, sis," said Davy.

"I'll give you a verse that will help, Davy," said Ella: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

—Sabbath-school Visitor.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Through the night thine angels kept
Watch beside me while I slept;
Now the dark has passed away,
Thank thee, Lord, for this new day.

North and south, and east and west,
May thy holy name be blessed!
Everywhere beneath the sun,
As in heaven, thy will be done!

Give me food that I may live;
Every naughtiness forgive;
Keep all evil things away
From thy little child this day!



WARNED OF A MOB: "TURN BACK, I BEG."