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PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

One day, before the time of railroads and telegraph wires, a traveller, mounted on horseback, pulled up at the inn of an English village. A man of noble countenance, tall and slender, and wearing a long, black gown. He held the reins a moment before dismounting and looked long at the old brick church, with the ivy clinging to its windows, and and at the rectory, too. For the man was John Wesley; and the village was the village of Epworth.

He had lived in that rectory when a boy; his father's ashes were lying among the green mounds around that old church. Next day was Sunday, and John Wesley wanted to preach in that church where his father used to preach. But the curate of the church said he could not preach there. For Wesley was well known as a great preacher, who travelled up and down the country, preaching to great crowds in the streets and fields and everywhere. Wesley believed in rousing the people to give up their lives of sin, and many of the ministers at that time believed that it was enough if they just observed the forms of a religious service and went to the English Church.

But Wesley decided, if they would not let him preach inside the church, that he would preach outside. So when the service was over that morning, a friend of his stood at the church door and told the people that Wesley would preach in the grave-yard that afternoon. When he came to preach he found that nearly all the people in Epworth had come out to hear him. It was

the largest congregation ever seen there, and Wesley stood up on his father's tomb, that all the people might hear, as he talked of the salvation that Jesus had brought to men. Many of the people were so touched that they were won for Christ, and through all the next week John Wesley



JOHN WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

Wesley preached every day on his father's grave. Very soon societies of Methodists were formed throughout the neighbourhood, and the people no longer had to worship according to the forms of the Anglican Church.

WESLEY'S CHILDHOOD.

John Wesley's early childhood was spent amid the atmosphere of the quiet village of Epworth. The Wesley home was one where religion reigned, where high culture shed its refining influences, where intelligent common-sense guided day after day, where mutual helpfulness was inculcated, and where mutual happiness was the constant aim.

The example of a scholarly father was ever before the children, and the influence of a cultured mother was always felt; but above all was a spirituality that never waned. Such an atmosphere was favourable to scholarship and religion, and it is not surprising that out of that home came great scholars and great Christians.

The father was a greater force than sometimes has been supposed, but it was the mother who exerted the greatest influence upon the children in early life. She was their first and best teacher. A marvellous teacher she must have been, as may be seen from the fact that in a single lesson on the fifth birthday of the child, she enabled each child, except one, to master the entire alphabet.

Children with such beginnings are likely to do well, and it was in such an atmosphere, with such examples and with such training, that John Wesley spent his first ten years and a little more.

Probably John received special attention, for two years after he had been rescued from a fiery death his mother wrote in the book in which she recorded her private meditations: "I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, that thou hast so

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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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.

THE OWL'S OPINION.

My little lass with golden hair,
My little lass with brown,
My little lass with raven locks
Went tripping into town.

"I like the golden hair the best!"
"And I prefer the brown!"
"And I the black!" three sparrows said—
Three sparrows of the town.

"Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!" an old owl cried,
From the belfry in the town;
"Glad-hearted lassies need not mind
If locks be golden, black, or brown!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! so fast, so fast
The sands of life run down.

"And soon, so soon, three white-haired
dames
Will totter through the town.
Gone then for aye the raven locks,
The golden hair, the brown;
And she will fairest be whose face
Has never worn a frown!"

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON XII. [June 21.]

PAUL'S CHARGE TO TIMOTHY.

2 Tim. 3. 14 to 4. 8. Mem. vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.—2 Tim. 4. 8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What did Paul call Timothy? How many letters did he write to him? Where was the second one written? What did Paul think when he wrote it? What came to him soon after? What emperor sentenced him? What was Nero? A wicked and cruel man. What does Paul ask Timothy to study? Why had he known the Scriptures from childhood? He had a good mother and grandmother. To what work does he urge him? What was his office? He was the first bishop of the church of the Ephesians. What did Paul say of himself? Why did he not fear to die? What made him sad? (Verse 16.) Who stood by Paul? What was Paul's hope? (Verse 15.) Who also may have this hope? All who love God.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Learn how Paul loved Timothy. 2 Tim. 1-6.
Tues. Read the lesson verses. 2 Tim. 3. 14 to 4. 8.
Wed. Find Paul's advice to Timothy, 2 Tim. 2. 15.

Thur. Learn why Paul did not fear to die. 2 Tim. 4. 7.
Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
Sat. Find another time when the Lord stood by Paul. Acts 23. 11.
Sun. Read a beautiful song of hope. Psa. 121. 1-8.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—
1. That death is a gateway to life.
2. That Paul was glad to pass through it.
3. That we may be glad too.

LESSON XIII. [June 28.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.—2 Tim. 4. 18.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P's F. to E.... Remember the words
2. The R. Now is Christ—
3. The L. of L... Love worketh no—
4. P's J. to J.... The will of—
5. P. A. If any man—
6. The P. A. P... The Lord stood—
7. P. B. F. I will fear no—
8. P. B. A. Having therefore—
9. The L-G. S... For as many as—
10. P's V. and S... Then they cry—
11. P. at R. I am not ashamed—
12. P's C. to T... There is laid up—

DEVELOPED OR SMOTHERED.

"It's awfully nice of you, mamma, dear, to give me that lawn-mower. Come and see what I've done," and George Sellers drew his mamma to the window. Like soft, green velvet, the lawn sloped down to the village street.

"You have done more than that, darling," said Mrs. Sellers, caressing the damp, golden curls. "You are developing the man, sturdy and strong." George looked sorely puzzled, "Don't you know, dear, that within this little body a man is waiting to be developed—or smothered?" Mrs. Sellers continued. Still the child looked puzzled. "Work brings out the strong man, but coddling smothers him," she said.

"O, I see! I'll tell Paul that," and he straightened his sturdy little arm. "There's muscle for you!" he said; "and O, mamma, Mr. Arthur said he would give me twenty-five cents if I would mow his lawn. May I?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do it," she answered, and soon the click of the mower was heard in the adjoining yard.

"Such a shame!" said Mrs. Wyman, who was coaxing Paul to try and eat his breakfast in the house over the way. "And that boy has thousands of dollars

in the bank. See how he works, poor boy!"

On their way to school George said proudly: "I've earned some money this morning. Now I'll have my own money to give and to use, but I'll be careful how I use it. I'll not waste it, for I know what it cost."

As the summer went by the quarters in George Sellers' bank came to be dollars; for his work was well done, and he had plenty of it. He was sturdy, strong, and full of fun; while Paul Wyman was often shut in from sickness, and was pale and destitute of strength.

"I wish I was George Sellers," he said whiningly one day. "He has all the good times, and I saw him put a silver quarter in the missionary box. He said that he loved to give it, for he earned it himself."

"Poor boy! it's a burning shame," said Mrs. Wyman.

"To be a man!" cried Paul. "Well, I think that I'd like it. George's mother says that work makes a man; and George is growing up a grand, strong man."

SAMOAN CHRISTIANS.

On one of the Samoan Islands John Williams found a small chapel, and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm to distinguish him from his neighbours.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while, and bring home some religion.

"And when that is gone I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now won't you give us a man full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

That is what is needed in all the heathen lands: a "man full of religion."

When the natives of these islands are converted they say: "Now we are the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do."

If they are told that he would not wish them to go to a certain place, they reply at once: "Then we won't go."

If a friend says, "He would be sorry to hear you use such language," they answer: "Then we won't say that any more."

If it is hinted to them that he would rather they would not do some special thing, they still respond: "Then we won't do it." No wonder that they are so faithful as pupils.

The man who walks with God must do so with clean feet.



THE FASHION-PLATE GIRL.

There's a dear little maid in the fashion-plate book,

(I'm glad it's not Bessie nor me!)

She always has such a dressed-upified lock,

With her dainty hands bent in a tiresome crook.

How she stands it we never can see;

The quaint little fashion-plate girl!

I know she'd be frightened to slide down the hay,

Or to frolic and romp as we do,

Supposing we wait till some sunny day,

And then ask her out on the hillside to play.

I think she'd be willing, don't you?

The poor little fashion-plate girl!

—St. Nicholas.

GRACE DARLING.

William Darling, the father of Grace Darling, whose name stands among the heroines of history, was keeper of the Longstone Lighthouse, on one of the Farne or Fern Islands, a group of seventeen islets off the north-east coast of

Northumberland, opposite Bamborough. On one of these islands there is the tower of a priory built to the memory of St. Cuthbert, who spent the last two years of his life here. Upon two of the islands are lighthouses, the passage between them being very dangerous in rough weather.

No doubt little Grace watched her father many a time as he trimmed the great light, and when she grew older and stronger, tended it herself and rowed her father backward and forward, and in and out the dangerous passages.

On the morning of the 7th of September, 1838, as William Darling was looking from his lighthouse window, he saw a vessel lying broken among the Farne rocks.

It was the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, nine of whose passengers had survived and were every moment expecting a watery grave. The storm was still beating wildly, but Grace urged her father to put off for the wreck, which he did through her earnest solicitations, his sole companion being his brave daughter. It was a daring thing to do in the midst of such a wild sea, but they reached the sufferers, who were crouched upon a rock, and brought them in safety to Longstone. The world rang

with the story of the rescue, and the lighthouse at Longstone was visited by many. Testimonials, presents and money poured in upon the brave girl who had risked her life for others. She did not live long, however, to enjoy the change in her circumstances, but died of consumption, on October 20, 1842, after a year's illness.

THE EMPEROR AT THE FORGE.

Boys often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think beneath them, especially if it is a task which properly belongs to some one else. But every one should cultivate an obliging disposition, and be able to help in any emergency to the extent of his ability.

Emperor Joseph set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith; "but this being a holiday, all my men are away at church; even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows instead of calling an attendant to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages. The work was finished, and, instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing emperor, as he entered his carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

I have known some shop-boys who would have waited long, and sent far for help, before they would have "come down" to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity. A readiness to oblige, and to take hold of unaccustomed work when necessary, has often been excellent business capital for a young man; while the opposite spirit never wins friends. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Sometimes the things which seem easiest are really the hardest to learn. Waiting looks like a very simple thing, but to wait patiently is sometimes a difficult thing to do. When we do not get the thing we want just at the right time, when we have to put up with something unpleasant till a change comes, we need to know how to wait patiently.