

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIV.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1903.

No. 11.

THE FATHER OF METHODISM.

The accompanying portrait is that of John Wesley, the noble man who founded Methodism, the two-hundredth anniversary of whose birth we are going to celebrate on June 28th of this year. We do not remember him because of his riches: for he lived and died a poor man. But we remember him because of what he did for others. His long life of eighty-eight years was spent in the service of his Master. He travelled up and down the length and breadth of England, establishing churches and preaching the gospel of repentance. It is said he seldom travelled less than forty miles a day until he grew very, very old, and usually his travels were on horseback.

His father before him had been a minister, and John grew up in the rectory at Epworth. He had eighteen brothers and sisters, but most of them died when they were little babies.

John Wesley himself had a narrow escape when he was but a few years of age. The family awakened one night to find the rectory on fire. They beat their way out through the flames, to find, alas! that one child was missing. But a few moments later the little head was seen at the upstairs window, and two men, one standing on the other's shoulders, managed to reach up and rescue the child at the last moment. Thus John Wesley was saved to become one of the greatest preachers of England, at a time when the people were drifting away from religious things. Indeed, his influence has been felt to the ends of the earth. We would have every boy and girl realize they have an interest in this celebration of Wesley's birth. It was John Wesley who gave us our Methodist Church that we so much love.

JESSIE AND THE CHICKENS.

BY ELLEN LAKE.

Mother and Jessie had just come to grandmother's for a visit.

"May I have my shade hat on and go out to play?" asked Jessie, the first morning.

"After breakfast, dear," answered mother, helping her into her high-chair.

Jessie ate cream toast while grandfather and grandmother and all the aunts talked about many things. But by and by her grandfather said, getting up from the table:

"Does Jessie know what we have for her?"

"No, grandfather," said Jessie.

"Guess," said grandmother.

"Is it candy?" she asked.



JOHN WESLEY.

"No, it's better than anything to eat," said grandmother.

"A dolly?"

"Better than all the dollies in the world," laughed grandfather.

"Then, I don't know," said Jessie.

"Well, come and see," and the whole family bustled round, putting on the little girl's coat and tying her hat under her chin. Grandfather set her high on his shoulder, and everybody went along—where do you think? To the stable-yard.

"Now, look, Jessie," said grandfather, softly, pointing over by the fence. "See the baby chickens!"

Jessie clapped her hands.

"See them? All little and soft and yellow, running round the ground. Go gently, so as not to frighten them," said grandfather.

By that time Jessie was running fast and laughing. "Oh, chickies! chickies, dear!" she cried. But when grandfather told her not to scare them, she took short, slow steps. Near their little house she stood still and watched. "Are they playing in their front yard, mother?" she whispered.

"Yes, and that's their mother, Mrs. Cluck, inside the house," said mother.

Just then Mrs. Cluck spoke up. "Cluck! cluck! cluck," she said, and every baby chicken ran into the little house, as fast as his yellow legs could go.

"Don't they come in quickly when their mother calls?" said Jessie.

RUN, BUNNY, RUN.

Up the tree, and down the tree,
Run, bunny, run,
Do not hide away from me,
Run, bunny, run;
I don't want to hurt you, dear;
You can trust me, never fear;
In the sunshine, bright and clear,
Run, bunny, run.

Walnuts, chestnuts, many more,
Run, bunny, run,
Gather for the winter store,
Run, bunny, run;
Pretty soon, some fine, cold day,
Old Jack Frost will come this way,
"Ready!" he will hear you say,
Run, bunny, run.

Something I can learn from you,
Run, bunny, run,
Learn a lesson good and true,
Run, bunny, run;
I must find as moments fly,
Nuts of wisdom to lay by,
I can do it, if I try,
Run, bunny, run.

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and of your absolute need of Christ.

DOT AND THE NEW MOON.

BY ANNIE E. LANGDON.

I have been told—do you think it is true?—
That when the new moon first comes into view,
The bright little moon, like a bent silver bow,
If I see it just over my left shoulder—so,
Bad luck will follow me all the month through;
But I don't believe much in signs. Do you?

But the new moon last night, above the elm tree,
Over my right shoulder glanced down at me,
The pretty new moon, and, you know, that's a sign,
That the best of good luck will surely be mine.
I can't help believing that sign will come true.
Signs may be silly—but, now, wouldn't you?

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Subn
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50	
Sunday school banner, 65 pp., 8v., monthly	0.60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0.60	
5 copies and over	0.50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.30	
Less than 20 copies	0.25	
Over 20 copies	0.24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0.08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.054	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1903.

THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

One cold, wet day our city missionary climbed the steps of a house that he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer; so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

"O, please don't make such a noise

sir," said a sweet little voice; "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light, a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin-and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro. "You see, the prince is very hungry," she said; "an' ef he wakes up, he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, of course; I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, and gave them to the brave little sister; and, while she devoured one, he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"O, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child, with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about bein' cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens; and then, when she's away at work all day, I play that the queen's out drivin', an' that me an' baby are livin' in a big, warm house. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary; "you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King, and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice warm house, not very far from here, just opened to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl.

"They call it the nursery," answered the gentleman; "but it belongs to our Heavenly Father."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be sent to this place, to be clothed, fed, and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was called the "Prince"; but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful times.

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

BY "PANSY."

"Father," said Earl, and his voice sounded as though he would like to cry, "can't I ever go and have a sail on the lake?"

"No, I think it more than likely that you can't. Your mother does not like to go on the water, my boy, and I am much too busy to give an afternoon to it; and, as I have told you before, we could not think of letting you go off with the boys on the water, with no older person to take care of you. Our little man must make up his mind to be good, and get along without that pleasure. You have a great many pleasures, remember; so it isn't worth

while to be unhappy about the loss of this one."

"But, father," said Earl, and there was such a lump in his throat that he could hardly swallow the mouthful of muffin he had taken. "there isn't any little boy but me that hasn't been riding in the new boat, and, father, didn't you say that I could?"

His father laid down his fork and looked at Earl. "I should like to know when?" he said. "I know you have been talking about it all the week, but I also know that I have told you each time that I was too busy to go, and that therefore you couldn't go. When did I say you could?"

"Father, it was away back in the spring. May I go and get it and show it to you?"

"By all means!" said his father. "If you have a promise of that kind lying round anywhere, I want to see it."

Earl dashed from the room and upstairs. In a few minutes he came back with an open letter in his hand.

"There!" he said, pointing to a line. "Please read that, father."

Father read: "The splendid new boat has been put on the lake; it is very gay, with bright cushions and flags. When my little boy gets home, father will have to take him some afternoon for a sail in it." Earl's father read the lines, looked at the bottom of the page where the words "Your loving father," were printed, and then laughed.

"I'm caught!" he said; "name signed and all! You are right, my boy. I had forgotten the promise, but it stands. For my name's sake I've got to take you out on that sail. It will never do to go back on a promise. Well, let me see—I can put off that writing until next week, I guess. We'll go this very afternoon." And they did.

In the evening Earl, in his long night wrapper and slippers, was taking a last look at his verse for the next day.

"Mother!" he shouted, "my verse has got a name in it, too!"

"Yes," said his mother; "David wanted something, too, didn't he? See how sure he was of getting it! God's name was signed to the promise, so David reminded him of it when he said: 'For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me.'"

"And God would be sure to do it, then, wouldn't he, mother? God wouldn't break a promise, would he? Father's don't do that."

"No," said his father, "good fathers never break good promises, if they can keep them. Somethin' might have happened so that your father could not keep his, you know; but the Father in heaven is wise, and knows that he is able to keep all his promises. Does n't little boy remember that the promise, with God's name signed to it, is for him, too?"

True modesty suppresses no virtue.

NANCY'S NIGHTMARE.

I am the doll that Nancy broke!
 Hadn't been hers a week.
 One little squeeze and I sweetly spoke;
 Rosy and fair was my cheek.
 Now my head lies in a corner far,
 My body lies here in the other;
 And if this is what human children are,
 I never will live with another.

I am the book that Nancy read
 For fifteen minutes together;
 Now I am standing here on my head,
 While she's gone to look at the weather.
 My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;
 There's jam on my opening page;
 And I would not live with Miss Nancy
 Gay,
 Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

I am the frock that Nancy wore
 Last night at her birthday feast.
 I am the frock that Nancy tore
 In seventeen places at least.
 My buttons are scattering far and near,
 My trimming is torn to rags;
 And if I were Miss Nancy's mother dear
 I'd dress her in calico bags!

We are the words that Nancy said
 When these things were brought to her
 view.
 All of us ought to be painted red,
 And some of us are not true.
 We splutter and mutter and snarl and
 snap,
 We smoulder and smoke and blaze;
 And if she'd not meet with some sad mis-
 hap,
 Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON X. [June 7.]

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 33-44. Memorize verses 41-44.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their
 trouble, and he bringeth them out of their
 distresses.—Psa. 107. 28.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who sailed with Paul toward Rome?
 Who had charge of them all? Why did
 did the voyage become difficult? What
 did Paul tell them? Did they follow his
 advice? What great wind arose? Euro-
 lydon. Did they fear shipwreck? Did
 Paul fear it? Why? What did he ask
 of God? Was his prayer answered? How
 long were they tossed about? (Verse
 33.) How did Paul cheer the men? How
 many were on the ship? What did they
 see at dawn? What happened to the ship?
 What did the soldiers want to do? What

did the centurion command? Why? Did
 they all reach the shore? Who was the
 real captain of that ship? The Lord
 Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about the first part of Paul's
 voyage. Acts 27. 1-32.
- Tues.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 27.
 33-34.
- Wed.* Read about a storm at sea. Psa.
 107. 23-31.
- Thurs.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Fri.* Find where Paul speaks of ship-
 wreck. 2 Cor. 11. 25.
- Sat.* Find the island of Melita on the
 map.
- Sun.* Tell some one the story of the
 shipwreck.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God sails the seas with his
 children.
2. That he kept his promise to Paul.
3. That he is the same yesterday, to-
 day, and for ever.

LESSON XI. [June 14]

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 16-24, 30, 31. Mem. vs. 30-31.
 GOLDEN TEXT.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of
 Christ.—Rom. 1. 16.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul shipwrecked? What
 is the island now called? Malta. How
 did the islanders treat the shipwrecked
 men? What happened to Paul? What
 is a viper? A poisonous serpent. Who
 cared for Paul? What did Paul do in
 return? How long did he stay there?
 When did he go from there? What did
 the centurion do for Paul at Rome? How
 was he kept? Chained by one arm to his
 guard. Who did he first address? How
 long did he speak to them the second
 time? Did they believe? How long did
 Paul live in his hired house? To whom
 did he preach? To Jews and Gentiles.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon.* Read about Paul at Melita. Acts
 28. 1-16.
- Tues.* See what the barbarians found.
 Heb. 13. 2.
- Wed.* Learn a promise that Paul proved.
 true. Mark 16. 18.
- Thurs.* Find another promise Paul proved.
 James 5. 14, 15.
- Fri.* Read the lesson verses. Acts 28.
 16-24, 30, 31.
- Sat.* Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun.* Learn a song for a time of trouble.
 Psa. 27. 14.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—

1. That God's way is often a hard way.
2. That he gives strength to walk in it.
3. That it is always for some good pur-
 pose.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

"How old must I be, mother, how old
 must I be, before I can be a Christian?"
 And the wise mother answered: "How
 old must you be, darling, before you love
 me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I
 do now, and always shall," and she kissed
 her mother; "but you have not told me
 yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another
 question: "How old must you be before
 you can trust yourself wholly to me and
 my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and
 kissed her mother again; "but tell me
 what I want to know."

And she climbed into her mother's lap
 and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old
 will you have to be before you do what I
 want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing
 what her mother meant: "I can now,
 without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a
 Christian now, my darling, without wait-
 ing to be older. All you have to do is to
 love and trust, and try to please the One
 who says: 'Let the little ones come unto
 me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered "yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the
 mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to
 Christ her little one, who wanted to be
 his.

A SLIPPER HOUSE.

BY MARY WHITNEY ADAMS.

Barbara had not had her new red slip-
 pers a week before she lost one of them—
 and, what was worse, she couldn't find it.
 She cried hard, but that didn't do any
 good; and mother searched high and low,
 and that did no good either. The slipper
 was lost and that was the end of it. So
 the other slipper was thrown into the bot-
 tom of the attic closet, and there it lay
 until Barbara, and mother, too, forgot all
 about it.

But when springtime came and mother
 was cleaning house, what do you think?
 Why, the red slipper was full of tiny, furry
 mice! Old mother mouse had found, as
 she thought, a nice, safe, comfortable house
 for a growing family, and there her babies
 were tucked away in the toe in a soft nest
 of bits of paper. The slipper wasn't hurt
 a bit, either; and the queerest thing was
 that, in the same house-cleaning, the lost
 slipper turned up, too. So Barbara wears
 the red slippers; and if you ask her which
 slipper was a house once for eight little
 babies, she will show it to you. There is
 a rhyme about the old woman who lived in
 a shoe, you know; and Barbara thinks her
 slipper story is every bit as interesting as
 Mother Goose's verses. Don't you think
 so, too?



A HAPPY FAMILY.