

WAIT AND SEE.

WHEN my boy, with eager question,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking, o'er and o'er again,
Questions oft to which the answers
(Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling,
Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkened
And the storm about to beat,
In the "children's room" I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby-brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiding,
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me still wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be!
And the Father, in his wisdom,
Gently bids us "Wait and see."

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

OUR Lord calls himself the Good Shepherd, and he cares for his people as a shepherd cares for his sheep. He loves the children, whom he calls his "lambs." This expresses his great love for the children. He said to his disciple, Peter, just before he ascended to heaven, "Feed my lambs." It is the duty of all who represent the blessed Saviour with love and care for the religious instruction of the children. Every pastor of a church is a shepherd—that is what the name "pastor" means.



HANS AND GRETCHEN.

HANS AND GRETCHEN.

LITTLE Hans in this picture is taking a ride, and sister Gretchen is going to market. Hans has a common wooden chair for a carriage, and papa's boots for horses; but he will ride just as well, and be carried just as fast and as far as if he had parlor chairs and a hobby-horse.

Gretchen looks very smiling with her market-basket on her arm, and mamma's hat, upside down, on her head. She has a boot-jack for a baby, and has it carefully wrapped up so that it will not take cold. She looks very smiling and happy, and Hans is a perfect picture of contentment. He ought to look out for his horses, however. One of them has his head down rather low. Perhaps he has the horse influenza. If so Hans must take care of him.

WORD NOT IN VAIN.

JOHN WESLEY was once stopped by a highwayman, who demanded his money or his life. Wesley, after giving him the money, said: "Let me speak one word to you: The time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" No more was said, and they parted.

Many years after, as Wesley was going out of a church in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself and asked Wesley if he remembered being waylaid at such a time. He said he recollected it. "I was that man," said the stranger; "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practice of attending the house of God and of giving attention to his word, and trust that I am a Christian."

A CROWN FOR THE YOUNG.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A TOUCHING incident was related to me the other day of a little girl's faith in God's promises. She had always been very precocious, loving the Saviour from the time she was taught to lisp his name.

When she was just six years old, a malignant disease broke out in the neighbourhood where she lived, and her dearest playmate and friend fell an early victim to its ravages. For a long time she was inconsolable at her loss, feeling that she wanted to die too, that she might go to be with Jesus and her little friend.

Fearing the consequences of such violent grief, her friends took her away for a visit, and one day after her return, as she sat deep in thought, her mother proposed her finishing a motto, "No Cross, no Crown," that she had been working for a present for her papa, thinking that busy fingers might divert her mind.

She worked a few moments; then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I can't work that motto to-day."

"Why not, my child?" the mother asked, holding the dear one in her arms.

"Because, mamma dear, it makes me think so much of Jennie. When I look at the cross I think of Jesus, and when I look at the crown I think of Jennie, for of course, mamma, she has now a crown of life, and is happy with Jesus."

She had recently learned the beautiful promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," and showed by the application of it that she understood its meaning, and that the truth had sunk deep into her heart.