

## SUFFER THEM TO COME.

JESU'S words I oft have read,  
Plain as words can be:  
"Suffer them to come," he said;  
"Let them come to me."

Little children, such as I,  
Know the Master's will;  
If we live, or if we die,  
Jesus loves us still.

Yes, for us he put aside  
All the great and wise;  
Yes, for us the Saviour died,  
Fell that we may rise.

In his arms he takes us now,  
Clasps and holds us fast;  
Though we knew not when or how,  
There we rest at last.

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## The Sunbeam.

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## ON THE WRONG TRACK.

TOMMY is only twelve years old, and I tremble when I look at him, not because I think he will hurt me,—oh, no!—but because I know he is hurting himself. An engine got loose one day and ran off on the wrong track. It ran into a train of cars that was coming, and did a great deal of harm. Tommy is on the wrong track; and he is going to run into other trains which are out on their life-track, and harm them, and very likely get smashed up himself. He is out on the street all day, and sometimes until late at night. He has learned to smoke and knows how beer tastes. He says he is too big to go to Sunday-school, and so he plays in the fields and streets on Sunday. He does not like to go to school and never wants to read anything. What can be done for him? Boys, look out that you do not get on the wrong track.

## AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

ONE night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down town for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questioning by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; so he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet: there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the fire-light knelt his child at her mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed; and, as its rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his own mother's knee,

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours, and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued,

"God bless mamma, papa, and my own self,"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face,

"God bless papa," prompted the mother, softly.

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober,"—he could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspired tone:

"God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was, returned so soon; but that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"

## CHRIST'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

THERE is no sweeter story told  
In all the blessed Book,  
Than how the Lord within his arms  
The little children took.

We love him for the gentle touch  
That made the leper whole,  
And for the wondrous words that healed  
The tired, sin-sick soul;

But closer to his loving self  
Our human hearts are brought,  
When for the little children's sake  
Love's sweetest spell is wrought.

For their young eyes his sorrowing face  
A smile of gladness wore—  
A smile that for his little ones  
It weareth evermore.

The voice that silenced priest and scribe,  
For them grew low and sweet;  
And still for them his gentle lips  
The loving words repeat:—

"Forbid them not!" O blessed Christ,  
We bring them unto thee,  
And pray that on their heads may rest  
Thy benediction!

## BLUE EYES.

LITTLE Max and his sister have strikingly large and beautiful blue eyes, which have often been admired in their hearing by visitors lacking in judgment. The other day, a little girl whom Max had never seen before came to his home with her mother, and to the utter amazement of the family, Max burst into tears at the sight of her. For some time he hid his head in his mother's lap and refused to tell the cause of his grief, but at last he burst out:

"She's got blue eyes. I thought blue eyes belonged to me and my sister!"