

SONG OF THE CITY.

O, MANY, many children
In Zion shall be found;
We hear their happy voices,
And pleasant is the sound;
For children can be Christians,
And while at work or play
Be gentle, like the Master,
And all his words obey.

CHORUS.—O, children, come to Jesus;
His service is a joy;
O, come within the city,
Yes, every girl and boy.

Then come, and bring a playmate,
Perchance a brother dear;
Let sisters come together,
O, never, never fear;
For Zion must have children,
Upon her golden street,
Then come and bring in with you
Whoever you may meet.

—Infant Praises.

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The Sunbeam.

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HOW LUCY CAME TO CHRIST.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Lucy, Lucy, wait!" cried Lillie Watson, running very fast to catch up with her friend on the way home from school. "I want to ask you something."

"Well," said Lucy, as the two met, "what is it?"

"Will you come for me to go to meeting to-night?"

"No?" Oh, no!" answered Lucy, with a toss of her curly pate. "I'm not going to meeting myself."

"Oh, why not, Lucy? You know Mr. Sutton was anxious to have every one of his class attend the revival services."

"Oh, yes, he's always preaching. But I had rather have a good time than go to a poky old meeting. When I get older I may

join the church, but at present,—no, thank you. I'm going out sleigh-riding to-night." "Oh, Lucy, put it off just this one night, and go to church. Won't you?" pleaded Lillie.

"Indeed I won't. I'd go sleighing to-night if it took the roof off the old church. I'm in for fun and a good time, I tell you. Come, go with us, Lil."

But Lillie shook her head sadly, and seeing it was no use to urge the wilful girl, said no more, and left her at the corner where her road turned.

That night at church Mr. Sutton offered an earnest prayer that every member of his Sabbath-school class might be brought to Christ before the series of meetings closed.

While he prayed, Lucy Somerville, with a gay party, was flying along the road behind two mettlesome young horses, taking the ride she had vowed she would have in spite of anything. The road crossed the railroad at a short distance from the village, and the shrieking engine dashed by just as they reached the spot; the wild little beasts took fright and ran away, throwing the entire party from the sleigh. Some were slightly hurt, some not at all, but poor Lucy was taken up for dead, and sadly borne back to the home she had left so gaily only an hour ago.

By morning the news had gone all over the town that Lucy would live, but might never walk alone again as a result of that sleigh-ride. Among the friends who called at her home, Mr. Sutton went often, and with kindest words tried to lead the poor child to the Lamb of God. But still Lucy turned a deaf ear.

"No, no! it was cruel in God to let me be hurt so. I cannot love him when I must always be a prisoner in the house, and see other girls run about as I used to. Oh, I can never be happy again!"

"Dear Lucy, I fear you can never be really happy, unless you give your heart to Jesus," said Mr. Sutton.

"I can't; I don't love him," was her only reply.

Her mother and grandmother tried to lead her into peace, but it seemed as if there was no peace for her.

But one morning she awoke with a strange light in her face, and called her mother to her bedside.

"Oh, mamma, it is all right now!" she said, sweetly. "I am willing to bear everything the Saviour sends upon me, for I do love him because he forgives my wickedness. Won't you send for Mr. Sutton? I want to tell him too."

The joyful mother was only too glad to send for the good teacher; and when he came, Lucy raised herself in her chair and cried out: "Oh, be glad with me; for I have found Jesus at last!"

And Mr. Sutton coming to her side, dropped upon his knees, and fervently said: "Let us thank God, for our lamb which was lost is found."

THE only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.

WHAT AND WHERE.

BY ANNA HAMILTON.

MISCHIEVOUS Tommy,
He hears every day
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you mustn't,"
And "Tommy, you must;"
And "Tommy, stop running,
You'll kick up the dust;"
And "Do not go swimming,
Or you will get wet;"
And "Do not go sailing,
Or you will upset;"
And "Do not be wrestling
You'll fracture your bones;"
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones;"
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird;"
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard,"
Which Tommy on hearing
Exclaims, "Deary me!
What *can* a boy do,
And where *can* a boy be?"

COSTLY JOKE.

OF all forms of practical joking—and there is not one form which is not detestable—that which throws the victim into terror is the meanest. We copy from a daily paper a true incident, suppressing only the names.

While a young lady, nineteen years old, was seated in the parlour of a lady friend in a New York city not long ago, a young man approached her stealthily with a wooden snake, intending to frighten her. The shock was so great that she at once became hysterical, and has since been demented. It is feared that her mind is permanently injured. In her delirium she does nothing but fight off snakes.

THE CHILDREN OF ITALY.

THE children of Italy are generally beautiful and graceful, and have sweet, musical voices. Most of the people are poor, and the children are obliged to work. Some of them who live near the sea gather up sticks and bits of wood and take them into the cities and sell them. Others sell the fish caught by their fathers or elder brothers. They are quite as fond of play as the children of our own land.

FRETTERS.

A LITTLE girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone. She fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good. Never fret about what you can help, because if you can help it do so.—Our Little Ones.