

done it; for a man cannot climb like a monkey, and is not near so strong. You may imagine how the faithful creature was petted. This is a true story. The child was the young Marquis of Kildare.

NEW YEAR.

ONE word for New Year; what shall it be? Only this, child-heart, "Jesus loves me."

One thought for New Year; where is it found?

To keep from temptation! "My grace shall abound."

One word for New Year; what shall I do? "In service for others, to Christ I am true."

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1886.

THE NEW YEAR.

Yes, the New Year has come, and it has come to stay a good long twelve months. Or, will it grow to be an old story by-and-by, and the new plans, the new hopes, and new resolutions, with which we started out so bravely, get old and die as the leaves and the flowers do?

There is but one thing needed to keep the New Year fresh and bright, and that is the new heart, which loves God and all that he sends, and which takes every new day and every new gift as right from his hand. But where is the new heart to come from? The old heart of sin which every one has by nature does not see or believe that God's hand is upon everything, and so it is often fretful and troubled. Rainy days seem dark and gloomy to such a one, and little troubles and bothers look very big. Sometimes life seems a real burden, even to little people, and days are long because there is so little brightness in them.

What then? Why, there is just one thing to do, and that is, to turn right around, and begin to believe and to act as if God is in everything, moving and directing it, as, indeed, he is. That is, to get the new heart, and no one but God can give it! He will give it for the asking, and so any girl or boy who reads these words, and who wants the happy New Year to last, may make sure of it by just asking for the new heart, which makes new and glad life all the year round.

What will it do for us if we begin the New Year and continue it in this loving spirit of trust in a Father's love and care?

It will make us satisfied with our place in life, whatever that may be. It will make us eager to do our work well, however hard and unpleasant it may be. It will make us thoughtful of others, because we have so little care about ourselves. In short, it will make us "children of our Father who is in heaven."

And now, this is not above and beyond even little children. Whoever is old enough to feel the need of a new and true heart, is old enough to ask for it and receive it! Isn't it so, dear children? That this may be the best and happiest of all your years thus far, all your friends wish for you when they say

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE CHILDREN ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN INDIA.

A MISSIONARY writes from India: "The New-year of the Hindoo comes between March and April. It is a grand time for them, as every one that can goes to the Ganges, which is considered a very sacred river, and is called "Mother Gunga," to have a bath. After this the children sit on the bank at the foot of some priest, who decorates them with odd-looking lines from a paste that he makes. When they go home their mothers busy themselves with cooking a kind of fritter made of molasses and rice-flour. The children call these "putoss." They spend the rest of the time in playing and sleeping. Last year, the day before their New-year, I said to the children in my mission-school, "Every child who will come to school to-morrow will receive a pretty picture." I was much



THE SNOWBALL.

pleased to see sixty-four bright faces ready with their lessons, out of seventy on the roll. I gave them the pictures, which were sent me by children in America, and they were much pleased. Poor little children! taught by their mothers to worship gods of wood and stone, to steal, cheat, and tell stories."

THE SNOWBALL.

My, what a big snowball this is. So big that our little friends can hardly move it any more. Yet it began as a very little one. It was by rolling, rolling it along that it grew so large. That is the way little folks accomplish anything in this world. Keep at it. Keep at it, and your little ball will become a big one in course of time.

SENDING LOVE BY THE SUN.

A LITTLE boy who had been carefully educated to a missionary spirit, showed his interest in the heathen on the other side of the world in a beautiful and novel manner. One evening at sunset, after a storm of several days' continuance, he was attracted by the unusually beautiful appearance of the western sky, and stood by the west window sometime watching. All at once remembering what his mother had told him, that the sun rose in China as it set on his home, he began to repeat, "Farewell, sun farewell, sun! Good-bye! Give my love to the little boys in China."