

departure. Throughout the whole of the New Year festivities idolatrous worship is so intermixed with social customs as to make that season a very trying one to Chinese Christians. They are always unmercifully persecuted by their heathen friends when they refuse to take part in these idolatrous ceremonies.—Ex.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
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 to get it	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50
Sunday School Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, 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	0.25
Less than 25 copies	0.25
Over 25 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
Heaven Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Heaven Leaf, monthly	0.05
Heaven Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 5 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, JANUARY 7, 1905.

PROMISE SEEDS.

Here, boys and girls, are four seeds. They are very different, you see, in size and shape. They cannot talk, and yet to me they seem to speak, and each one of them seems to make a promise. This little black one promises me that it will become a beautiful morning-glory, hung thick with brilliant flowers. This large yellow seed makes the promise of a sturdy green corn stalk, bearing stoutly many well-filled ears. This acorn makes promise of a great tree, strong enough to last for centuries, useful for many services of man. And this round brown seed has in it the promise of fragrance and beautiful color and dainty shape, for it is the seed of a sweet-pea.

But what would become of these four promises, if I should lay these seeds on some shelf? You know, all of you, that the promises would soon be dead promises. The only way to make these seed promises amount to anything is to put the seeds in the ground, where rain can fall upon them, and the sun can shine on them, and the soil can feed them.

At the beginning of this year I am sure that all of you want to make some good promises to the dear Saviour who has made so many rich promises to you. But are these promise seeds of yours going to be

laid on the shelf? I think you will all want to plant them. You can do it. You must put them in the soil of a faithful character. You must fertilize them with many prayers. You must pour upon them the strong rains of determination, and you must shed upon them the warm sunlight of faith and hope. If you do these things, then these promise seeds of yours will be sure to grow, and bring forth rich fruit through all the months of this year.—*King's Own.*

LITTLE JOHN THE TYRANT.

They lived, those nine little people of whom I am going to tell you, in a great stone house set in the middle of a beautiful lawn filled with fine old trees. At the side of the house was a garden where all sorts of flowers bloomed. Back of it was another garden where corn and peas and beans and cabbages grew.

People in passing the house and grounds often said: "What a beautiful place! Children who have such a lovely home as that to live in ought to be happy."

But they were not always happy, those nine children who lived there. You think it was a large family? Bless your hearts! they were not the only children who lived in that big house. Why, when they went out to play, there were so many that they seemed to swarm like bees. But the nine were of about the same age, and nearly always played together in a group by themselves.

Now I think you have guessed that the big stone house was a home, where children, whose fathers and mothers were gone away, lived and were taken care of by good people. That is just it.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

Those were the words over the front door, carved into the stone.

One sunny summer afternoon the nine little friends had finished their lessons and gone out to play. John Potter was their leader; he nearly always led in everything. They were getting ready for a Fourth-of-July celebration, but they didn't like some of John's rules. In fact, he often made rules that they didn't like.

"I think you might let me drum on my own drum once in awhile," said Charlie Davis. "I've never drummed it once!"

"No!" said John. "Georgie is to drum it, I tell you." Then John scowled.

"Say," said Davie Wood, "just let me fire a few of my crackers before night. Miss Eastman said I might; she said there would be plenty left for night, and that I ought to fire some of them myself."

"Well, I say you oughtn't," said John, as if he were the king and must be minded. "Don't you dare to touch those fire-crackers. I want every one of them for the barrel."

"I'm going to give one of my papers of

torpedoes to Nellie Blake, anyhow," said little Lloyd Anderson. "She hasn't a single Fourth-of-July thing! Miss Eastman said I could."

"Well, you just can't!" said John fiercely. "What does a little girl want of torpedoes?"

What do you think those eight children did? Davie Wood called a meeting out behind the wood shed, and they every one of them voted that John Potter was too cross for anything, and ordered them about as though they had no rights, and that they wouldn't have him for their leader another hour! They would vote for Davie Wood to lead the Fourth-of-July celebration, and they wouldn't ask John Potter to come to it at all, because he wouldn't let them use their own things when they wanted to, and because he had been away visiting at Dr. Westwood's house for two whole days, and felt above them all.

They carried out their plans, too; and had their celebration without any of John's help; though of course he couldn't help seeing and hearing the pin wheels and things.

"But I ought to be in it!" said John.

Miss Eastman spoke gently. "My boy John must learn not to be a tyrant, if he wants to be in things."

A RARE COIN.

A guinea is an English gold coin, first struck in the reign of King Charles II., of gold which had been brought from the coast of Guinea, whence its name. Its value is twenty-one shillings, or about \$5.12.

Guineas have not been coined since 1817, when they were superseded by the English sovereign, and are now become rare.

They, consequently, are sold at a premium, according to age and preservation.

WHAT THEY ARE LIKE.

Do you know what bad deeds are like? I will tell you:

"Bad deeds in the heart are like weeds in the garden. If allowed to remain they will overrun, outgrow and root out the habits of virtue and honor. Who would not laugh to see a farmer hoeing his weeds? And yet a more foolish thing is the cultivation of evil habits."

A little girl of eight was going to recite at a Sunday-school concert. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came, the little thing was trembling so she could hardly speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it, "Jesus said, Suffer," but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her. "Suffer little children—and don't stop them, anybody, for he wants them all to come." And that is true. There is not a child of any age that he does not want.

NE
O'er the s
Comes
Hark, the
"Unto
List how
Louden
Then aga
Thus t

How I lo
Like a
With the
"Joyf
New Year
Summ
Every ho
Blessin

Mother s
Sweete
Unto gen
Unto h
Hands th
Little
Mother s
Brings

So ring o
Happy
"Little o
Gentle
He will s
Down
Day by o
Little

L
A
STUDIES

LES
JESUS
John 1. 35

Thou an
King of Is

Mon. Rea
J
Tues. Rea
I
Wed. Lea
C
Thur. Fin
M
Fri. Lea
4
Sat. Lea
1
Sun. Try
v
qu

How di
going amo
the Baptist