

JESUS LOVES ME.

JESUS has loved me,
I do not know why;
But because he has loved me
To please him I'll try:
And so, as he tells me
To ask for his care,
I will come to him simply
And offer my prayer.

I thank thee, dear Saviour,
For all this bright day,
For the love that has kept me
And guarded my way;
And I pray thy forgiveness
For sin that is past,
For safety and blessing,
And heaven at last.

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A HAPPY New Year to you children! Perhaps some of the children who are wishing their friends a happy New Year, do not think much about the real meaning of the cheery greeting. But if we really wish our friends a happy New Year; that is, if we wish the new year to be a happy one to them, we shall be sure to try and make it as happy for them as we can.

What should we think of a friend who, on New Year's morning, wished us a happy new year, and then before the day was over treated us very unkindly and made us feel unhappy? Should we not think that they did not really mean what they had said to us in the morning?

Some one has said that actions speak plainer than words, and perhaps this is so to some extent; then let all our words and actions to our friends be so kind as will

show to them that we really do wish them a happy New Year. Jesus will help us to do this if we ask him to.

WASHING MAMMA'S FEET.

ONE bright Sunday last summer the little boys and girls looked up into the face of their infant-class teacher, and she told them how the woman who loved Jesus so much washed his feet. She said, "We cannot wash Jesus' feet now, because he is in his Father's beautiful home, where he wants us to come and live with him some day. But if we love Jesus we can do some little thing for him, and then he will know we love him, just as if we had washed his feet."

By-and-by a little girl who had been in the class ran to the teacher and put up her mouth to tell a great secret.

"I have washed mamma's feet," she said.

"Why, what do you mean, my child?"

"I brought her a stick of wood," said little Alice.—*The Mayflower.*

WELCOME!

WELCOME to the New Year! She brings a host of good things; good wishes, good words, clean white pages in our life's book upon which to write, great hopes, great resolves, and great opportunities!

How shall we treat her? We call her "Happy New Year." Shall she be "Good New Year," and go with us for three hundred and sixty-five days? Or shall we forget the good wishes and good resolves, and go on with the old life of the old year, as if the fair young stranger with her glad new opportunities had not come to us?

O that we may give a heart-welcome to the New Year, and, taking Jesus for our guide, walk hand in hand with him all through the days that she may bring!

Here is a pretty song of the little New Year, which some of our boys and girls may like to sing:

"I am the little New Year, ho, ho!
Here I come, tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,
So open your doors and let me in.

"Blessings I bring for each and all,
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;
Each from me a treasure may win,
So open your doors and let me in.

"Some shall have silver, and some shall
have gold,
Some shall have new clothes, and some
shall have old;
Some shall have brass, and some shall have
tin,
So open your doors and let me in.

"Some shall have water, and some shall
have milk;
Some shall have satin, and some shall have
silk;
But each one from me a blessing may win,
So open your doors and let me in."

—*Youth's Companion.*

UN-WRITING IT.

NINA was told never to make pencil marks in books; and trusting her to obey, papa often loaned her his pencils. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank page of one of papa's books than on the paper he had given her. When she saw the mark, though, she remembered what papa had said; then she thought just the other day she had seen papa make marks and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil.

"I'll un-write it again, as papa did, and then no one will know it."

So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil marks disappeared, great, dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before it was written on, and the indentation of the pencil point was still plain in the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words; you can never rub them out so perfectly that they won't leave some mark on the character.

JUST A-FINKING.

ELSIE was provoked at Rob, and snatched her playthings from him angrily, and stood with flushed face and clouded brow as mother came in.

"Did I hear you say something naughty, daughter?"

"No'm," pouted Elsie after a moment's silence; "I was just a-finking how mean Rob is."

Then mamma told her it was just as bad to "fink" naughty things as to say them. Have you thought of that?

PREACHING FAITH.

ONE summer evening, looking out of his window, Luther saw on a tree at hand a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all? He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him."