

## NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"WHAT wilt thou give to me, dear child?"  
The Saviour asks in accents mild;  
"Close by thy side I stand, so near  
The faintest whisper I can hear.

"I gave my life, dear child, for thee,  
I shed my blood on Calvary;  
A gift unspeakable is mine,  
Come now and tell me what is thine."

"Dear Jesus, take my young, warm heart,  
My feet that shall from sin depart,  
My will to serve thee and obey,  
My hands to work for thee alway.

"Earth's paths are dark, my need is great,  
I come before it is too late;  
Gladly I give myself away  
And take thy gift this New Year's day."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

## FIGHT FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy new year must fight for it. Yes, fight for it; and fight hard and long, too, or he will be joyless all the year. Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight? We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story-books, but on people's happiness. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now if we don't fight this monster, so diligent are his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of

happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable little children. Up, then, and at him bravely! Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is *Selfishness*! His chief servants are Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prowl around happy homes like wolves about quiet sheep-folds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and New Year's day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents! Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land. If you would be happy, you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might.

## HOW HE MEASURED THE TREE.

We sometimes call our Bob the young philosopher, for he is a boy who thinks a great deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself; and he solves some problems which would seem too difficult for such a little fellow. Bob is the owner of a foot rule and a yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden-walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it, to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short, and at other times very long. At length, however, he discovered it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon; then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day—once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon—his shadow was exactly the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near the house which runs up tall and slim. Bob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple. He was

delighted with his discovery, and he talked about it a great deal, and said he should some time try to measure the distance to the moon.—*Nursery.*

## JANUARY.

WHO is this little fellow  
That seems so bright and gay,  
And brings us all good wishes  
In such a cheery way?

He sets us all a-thinking  
Of what we have to do,  
And gives us hope and courage,  
And earnest purpose, too.

He comes so very quickly;  
Before you know he's here;  
Then welcome, January,  
The first-born of the year!

## THE WIDOW'S OIL.

A WOMAN was very poor. Her husband had been a very good man, but now he was dead. She did not know how to get money to live now; and, besides that, a man to whom she owed something came and wanted to take her two boys for slaves. What should she do? She went and told the prophet Elisha about it. He asked her what she had in the house. She told him, "only a little oil." Then he told her to set out all the vessels she had, and borrow all she could from her neighbours; then to take her pot of oil and pour from it. When she did this she found that the more she poured out the more she still had, until she came to the last vessel. Then she had no more oil. After that she told Elisha that she had done as he told her to, and asked what she was to do with the oil. He told her to sell it and pay her debts, and live on the rest. It was God who gave Elisha power to do so wonderful a thing.

## THE TEACHER'S PICTURE.

"HURRAH! Hurrah for our teacher!" the boys cry, as they take off their hats and swing them above their heads. "Do you think it looks like him?" Casper asks. "Of course it does!" "Looks just exactly like him!" "Couldn't look more like him!" they cry, all at once. And then they shout, "Hurrah!" again, until Casper tells them they had better not make so much noise, or he'll come out and see what is the matter. The boys think a good deal of their good, kind teacher, and are going to give him this picture for a present. I am sure he will be pleased both with the picture and with the thoughtfulness that prompts the gift.