

JESUS.

Jesus listens every day,
Hears the lowest words I say;
Hears me when I think a prayer,
For the Lord is everywhere.

When I do not speak aloud,
Jesus knows if I am proud;
Knows when I am good and right,
For my heart is in his sight.

Jesus watches when I sleep,
For myself I cannot keep;
So he keeps me all the night,
Wakes me with his morning light.

Jesus loves me: I shall know
Sometime why he loves me so;
Why he left his home on high,—
Died that I might never die!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

QUICK, glad, ringing words they are. We hear them in the street, in the home, in the office, store, and shop. They are the utterance of the kind impulses of the heart. What a world of meaning the words convey. A Happy New Year! There are so many shadows that darken the year. There are sicknesses, deaths, disappointments, trials that wring bitterly the heart. Then, on the other hand, there are so many things to brighten life. There is the sweet, pure sunshine, a thousand million flowers, teeming fruits and other crops, the songs of the birds, the bright eyes of the children, churches and Sunday-schools, dear and loving parents and kind brothers and sisters, myriads of things to delight the eye, the mind, and the

heart. The Happy New Year shout is a wish that there may be just as few as possible of the things that darken and sadden life, and just as many as possible of those which brighten and gladden and sweeten life.—*Children's Friend*

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

NELLY HART is a regular mischief-maker. Are there two little girls in school who are known as friends, happy in each other's society, Nelly goes to work to make trouble. She picks up some little harmless word here, adds a word or phrase, and takes away a word there, changes the tone and manner, and makes the whole convey an entirely different idea.

"Mary Allen has a pair of mittens just like those I lost," said Frances McIntyre innocently enough.

At recess Nelly calls Mary into a corner. "What do you think Frances says about you?" she asks in a mysterious whisper.

"What does she say?" asks Mary. "Won't you ever tell as long as you live and breathe?" says Nelly.

"No," says Mary thoughtlessly.

"Well, you know she lost her mittens, and this morning she said, 'Mary Allen has a pair of mittens just exactly like those I lost,' she says; and if you had seen the way she looked, and how she tossed her head, and then says she, 'So just like mine.'"

"She didn't mean I stole them?" says Mary, naturally much provoked.

"Of course she did."

So there is the foundation for a very pretty quarrel, and soon all the school is taking one side or the other, and there is a great talk and a trouble.

The little mischief-maker rejoices in the storm she has raised. Do you know any little mischief-maker? If you do, never listen to her "says she's" and "says I's." If she comes to you with a story, turn a deaf ear, for the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds.

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker in all things, and at all times, even at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

THE SUNBEAMS' SONG.

We are little sunbeams bright and clear,
Driving out the shadows dark and drear,
Peeping into busy hearts,
Creeping into lonely hearts,
Giving everywhere we go a ray of cheer.

We are little sunbeams full of joy,
Every one a talent to employ,
Scattering sweet smiles about,
Shattering the wall of doubt,
Sharing with the weary ones our cup of joy.

We are little sunbeams from above,
Sent to tell the world of God's great love,
Bringing light o'er clouded ways,
Singing happy songs of praise;
This our merry mission from the throne above.

"FATHER IS COMING."

THERE is a touching little story told of a sweet little girl who was seen floating down the waters that flooded Johnstown, Pa., some months ago, sitting on her bed holding her doll in her arms and laughing at the roaring, cruel torrents that dashed past. When called to from the shore, she laughingly answered, "Papa will take me; papa's coming!" Perhaps her papa did come, and hand in hand they met the angels that welcomed them to the heavenly shores. But it was just that kind of trust in "father" that Jesus meant when he said, "Except ye become as little children"; the faith that can say, not, "Father is coming," but, "Father is here," in all our difficulties and trials.

LOOKING BACK.

THIS year I have learned:
That God made everybody and every-thing.

That God loves everybody and everything that he made.

That God loves people so much that he sent Jesus to die for them.

That God guides and takes care of the people who love him.

That God hates sin.

That God must punish sin.

That we cannot keep God's law.
That Jesus has kept it for us, if we love and obey him.

That while God tries to make people good, Satan is sowing bad seed.

That though the good and evil grow together, God will divide them at last, because no evil can come to his house, and he will let no good be lost.

That I ought to love Jesus, and try to grow more like him.