

girl who can eat an orange at school and not offer any to the friend at her side has allowed the pigweed to get very large. This pigweed grows so fast in some gardens that I have heard people say that many good plants had no room to grow. At dinner not long ago a boy was sent from the table crying because his sister happened to get a piece of mince pie that looked larger than his. Do not let this pigweed grow. If you find it beginning, commence at once to destroy it. Ask your father and mother to help you. Ask God to show you where the weeds are, and then to help you pull them all up by the roots.—*Well Spring.*

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

NED'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

"This being the first day of the year, A.D. 1901, it is just and right that I make some suitable resolutions for the day. Therefore, be it

"Resolved, That during the coming year I will strive, as far as possible, to do unto others as I would be done by.

"(Signed) EDWARD LAWRENCE."

"There, now, that's done right up in a business manner, I think," said Ned, proudly surveying the paper. "I expect it will be pretty hard work," he added, ruefully.

"Edward, my son," said his father, directly after breakfast, "will you clean off the walks the first thing this morning?"

"Oh, dear," Ned was beginning, when he thought of his resolution, and answered promptly.

"Yes, father, I'll see to it at once;" and started off with a merry whistle.

His father looked in surprise, for Ned had been much given to whining when asked to do anything.

When he came in, his mother asked him to go on an errand for her, and he went at once, notwithstanding he was anxious to get to his book, "Tip Lewis," which he had received at Christmas, and in which he was much interested.

When he did get a chance to read, he found his sister was reading the book.

"Give me my book," he cried.

"Oh, Ned, I'm right in the middle of a chapter, and it is so interesting! Might I just finish this chapter?"

"No," he answered, crossly, "you had no right to get my book."

Then, as he noticed her regretful face, he thought: "Now, I guess that's not just as I'd be done by;" and added, "Well, finish the chapter then, Nellie."

"Oh, Ned," exclaimed his little brother, "won't you show me how to spin my new top?"

"Not now, Freddie, I'm reading, don't you see?"

"But I'm lonesome," pleaded the little fellow, "and I can't do it right."

"Come here," said Ned, suddenly recollecting himself. And in a few moments the little fellow was as happy as could be.

That afternoon Ned went coasting. It was fine sport, and Ned's sled was recognized as the swiftest on the hill. It's queer how boys will tug up a long, tiresome hill, just for the sport of riding down again, when, if asked to work half as hard, they would think themselves awfully abused. But they always have, and they always will, I guess—and girls too, for that matter—and Ned was no exception to the rule.

No one noticed a poorly-dressed lad who had no sled, and stood shivering with the cold, and wistfully watching the merry-makers. Ned saw him.

"It must be pretty hard," he thought, "to have no ride at all, but it's none of my business."

And his sled, when he reached the top, went merrily down the hill again.

But he was not easy as he climbed back again.

"Suppose you had no sled, and he had one," whispered a small voice, "what would you like him to do? Your sled is large enough for two. Why not take him on with you?"

"But my sled would not go so fast."

"Supposing it wouldn't. Do as you'd be done by."

By this time he reached the top of the hill.

"Here, you," he called to the boy: "wouldn't you like to ride?"

Wouldn't he? His cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkled.

"Well, come, jump on then."

And away they went.

Not once, but many times, they went—for Ned never did things by halves; and he acknowledged to himself that somehow he felt lots happier, and the boy was such a nice little fellow, too.

"Come next Saturday, and you can ride some more," he said, when he started

for home, and his new friend promised as he ran joyfully off.

"Well," agreed Ned that night, as he thought over the day, "it may be a much harder way, but it's also much nicer, and I think I'll keep right on for a year."—*Selected.*

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Another year! another year

Has borne its record to the skies;

Another year! another year,

Untried, unproved, before us lies;

We hail with smiles its dawning ray—

How shall we meet its final day?

Another year! another year!

Its squandered hours will ne'er return;

Oh! many a heart must quail with fear

O'er memory's blotted page to turn.

No record from that leaf will fade—

Not one erasure may be made.

Another year! another year!

How many a grief has marked its flight!

Some whom we love are no more here—

Translated to the realms of light.

Ah! none can bless the coming year

Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year! another year!

Oh! many a blessing, too, was given

Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,

And antedated the joys of heaven;

But they, too, slumber with the past,

Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year! another year!

Gaze we no longer on the past,

Nor let us shrink with faithless fear

From the dark shade the future casts.

The past, the future—what are they

To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year! another year!

Perchance the last of life below;

Who ere its close death's call may hear,

None but the Lord of life can know.

Oh, to be found, whene'er that day

May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year! another year!

Help us earth's thorny path to tread,

So may each moment bring us near

To thee, ere yet our lives are fled.

Saviour, we yield ourselves to thee,

For time and for eternity.

—*The Changed Cross*

WHERE SHE FELT WORST.

Julia didn't like to go to school, and complained a great deal of feeling ill. Her mother tried to find out what ailed her, and asked a great many questions. There seemed to be no trouble with her head or stomach.

"Do you have any pain?" she asked.

"No, mamma."

"Where do you feel the worst, dear?"

asked mamma.

"In school," said Julia.