

THE NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

LITTLE children, don't your hear
 Some one knocking at your door?
 Don't you know the glad New Year
 Comes to you and me once more—
 Comes with treasures ever new
 Spread out at our waiting feet?
 High resolves and purpose true
 Round our lives to music sweet.
 How shall we receive this guest?
 How improve the gifts he bears?
 We must join at his behest
 Earnest deeds with fervent prayers.
 Ours to choose the thorns or flowers
 If our duty we but mind;
 Spend aright the priceless hours,
 Life and beauty then we'll find.
 Let us, then, the portals fling,
 Heaping high the liberal cheer;
 Let us laugh and shout and sing,
 Welcome! welcome! glad New Year.

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TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

To our many thousand readers, to the young and the old, the young men and maidens, to all the boys and the girls, to all the little children, we wish a Happy New-Year. May each day as the weeks go by, as the seasons pass in their order, as the big round year rolls on, be a day of blessing and gladness, a day of bounty and grace, a day of sunshine and joy. In basket and in store, in the Sunday-school, in the church, and in the family, in all spiritual and temporal bounty, may the fulness of God's blessing be with all our readers, and may all the year be to each of them the brightest, the gladdest, and the best they have ever known.

WHAT STEPHEN DID.

You would like to know what it was. I will tell you. The church was filled with people. Stephen was there; he kept his eyes and ears wide open, for right up there in the pulpit stood a man who had come all the way over the sea from Syria. He told of the many in that land who did not know the way to heaven. "Poor people!" thought Stephen; "I wish they could know that Jesus loved them. I cannot go to tell them, though, for I am only a boy." The man said that fourteen cents would buy a New Testament, and that any boy could make fourteen cents and send one to Syria. Good news! Stephen tried to think of some way in which he could make fourteen cents.

"How fast the grass grows along the path outside of the gate!" said Mrs. Long. "I cannot find a man in the village to cut it."

"That is my way," thought Stephen. "I'll cut the grass for you, Mrs. Long," he said. And he did. The result was that he made enough money to buy three New Testaments.

SOFTENED BY PRAYER.

LITTLE Annie, before going to bed, lifted up her heart in prayer to Jesus, and gave herself into his keeping, while Nettie was thoughtlessly undressing herself and jumping into bed without prayer. Annie at once fell asleep and was resting peacefully in the arms of him to whom she had committed herself, while Nettie was restlessly turning over. At length she awoke Annie, complaining that her pillow was hard and so flat that she could not sleep upon it. "I know what is the matter with your pillow," said Annie; "there is no prayer in it." Little Nettie thought a moment, then crept quietly out of bed, prayed, laid down again and found her pillow softer. She then said to herself: "That is what my pillow wanted; it is soft enough now," and she soon, too, was sweetly sleeping.

TELLING an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild woods. How much better it is to tell the truth at all times!



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WAS IT WORTH DOING?

ONE Sunday, Miss Evans asked her class if they would not try to be missionaries during the week, and each one try to bring a new scholar to school the next Sabbath.

As Ethel Moore was going to school the next Sunday, she remembered that though she had asked several, they all went somewhere else to school, and so had not promised to come. Just then she saw a little boy, about her own size, coming along. She knew him by name, but had never spoken to him. Now she spoke to him and asked him to come to school. He came and soon learned to love Jesus. When he grew up, he led a great many others to Jesus. Ethel thought at first that "such a little thing was scarcely worth doing;" but she knows now that it was.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

A LITTLE girl was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well; to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school rules. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now I love to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

SOME double their burdens through life by loading their conscience with sin.