

SUNBEAM

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

No. 26.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

A new year is at hand. What kind of a year is it to be to you, boys and girls? Is it to be indeed a "happy" one? That will depend on yourself. "On myself?" some little one asks with surprise. Yes, my dear, on your own little self.

Don't you believe that God wants you to have a happy year? Indeed he does; and he is ready to do all he can to make it so. But even God, who we are accustomed to say can do everything, cannot make a happy year for you unless you help him.

And how can you help him? By doing just as he wants you to do in everything. He wants you to speak the truth, to be obedient to your parents, to be kind and loving to every one, to be industrious, pure-minded and honest. He wants you to keep the Sabbath holy, to read the Bible, to pray to him every day, to confess and forsake sin, to trust and love Jesus.

Now are you ready for all this? If you are, your year will begin with God's smile, and his loving face will beam on you to the end. And what a happy year you will have! You will say when you come to its close that you never had such a happy one before.

Ah, God knows very well what will make us happy. It is to have no naughty will of our own, but to do his will.

Dear children, we are all by nature sin-



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ful, and so we do not love to do this. We choose to go on in our own way, and so we are not happy. We need new hearts: that is what we need most, every one of us. We must go to our Heavenly Father and ask him for Jesus' sake to give us the new heart, washed from sin in the precious blood of Christ, and made soft and pure and tender and right. Then we shall love to please God, to do his will, and shall be happy.

seems very near to us at this season, when we celebrate his birth, and sing our glad songs in praise of him, and declare our love for him in kindly acts toward one another. You know it was the dear Christ who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

If we love him we shall love one another, and every creature God has made. And it will not be love "in word" only,

THE NEW SONG.

A young lady who had refused many times to yield to the Lord, became greatly burdened because of her sins, and sought the Lord. She had ridiculed others for being so straight and plain, and for loving their Bible, but now the Lord forgave her. She felt he lifted the weight of sins from her, and forgave her freely. Immediately she began to sing his praise, and said to the minister, "Oh! now I want to tell it to my mother and sister. Now I want to go with my sister and help her in meetings." She was no longer ashamed of the narrow way, or those who walked in it. The Psalmist said when the Lord saved him that he had put a new song in his mouth. So it is with every one who is born of God.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every one of our boys and girls!

The Christ-child

but "in deed and in truth." And so we can ask nothing better for THE SUNBEAM boys and girls than that they may love one another so much that all may know they are indeed Christ's disciples!

This will make sure a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A bright, a blessed Christmas,
And a glad New Year be thine,
And may the Sun of Glory
Upon thy pathway shine;
Each season show thee clearer
The path thy Saviour trod,
And each Christmas find thee nearer
The Paradise of God!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

LITTLE KNIGHTS AND LADIES.

There might never have been any Little Knights and Ladies of the West School, if Clare Penrose hadn't been afraid of the cows that morning, and Neal Vernon had not gone to her aid. This is the way it happened.

Clare was a little city girl, staying with her grandmother while her people were in Europe, and she was not used to cows. She had climbed the bank beside the road, and was crying softly when Neal came along.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The—cows!" she sobbed.

"They wouldn't hurt you," said Neal kindly. "Hi, there! Go on!" and he drove away the animals nearest her. "Now take my hand," and he led her gently down the bank, and between the big, mild creatures that were nibbling the grass all around.

The little girl was still clinging to her protector's hand when they met Miss

Molly, their teacher. Of course, Clare told her all about it.

"Why, Neal is a real little knight; isn't he?" and Miss Molly smiled down on the manly lad.

The children asked many questions about knights, and that set Miss Molly to thinking. Next day she read to her classes a story about a valiant knight who rescued a lady from danger; afterwards she told them of Neal and Clare.

"But Neal didn't do anything brave," said Teddie Noble.

"He was kind and gentle," replied Miss Molly; "and the boy that is truly kind is generally brave as well. A coward would very likely have laughed at Clare, and would have left her to get to school as best she could." And then she proposed that the boys and girls form a society, to be called, "The Little Knights and Ladies."

This pleased the children, and all said they would like to join such a society.

"But I don't see what the girls can do," spoke up Teddie again. "They can't be knights, and do brave things."

Miss Molly smiled.

"You will find, Teddie, that ladies can sometimes be as brave as knights; but it is especially their part to be gentle and kind; not to be cross, or say mean things about others, always to be sweet and helpful; in fact, to be genuine little ladies! And a true knight is ever a real gentleman, always taking the part of those weaker than himself, and aiding everybody whenever he can."

And this is how The Little Knights and Ladies of the West School came to be.

TOMMY'S REGIMENT.

There was nothing Tommy liked so much as playing soldier. With a paper cap on his head and a wooden sword at his side, he marched up and down the hall until his little legs were tired, and when auntie made for him a real soldier cap, and grandfather gave him a toy gun, he was the happiest little boy in the town.

But one day when a regiment of soldiers marched past the house, with flying banners and a band of music, Tommy declared he would never be happy until he had a regiment of his own. "O mother, what shall I do to get a regiment?" he asked.

Next day when Tommy was taking dinner at grandfather's, grandmother said, "Tommy, I have found out a way to give you more than one regiment."

"O grandmother!" exclaimed Tommy, with eyes as big as saucers. "How—how, grandmother?"

"Well, we must grow them," answered grandmother.

"Oh," groaned Tommy in despair. "grow a whole regiment? Why grandmother!"

"Come, come, my boy," said grandfather, "you must have patience, and we

will have two or three fine regiments. Come over next week, and we will find out grandmother's plans."

"I'll come, grandfather," said Tommy, taking courage as he looked into grandmother's smiling face.

When the time came, Tommy was at grandfather's bright and early. After breakfast, grandfather and grandmother and Tommy went into the garden. The little garden beds were all ready for planting. Grandfather took out of his pocket a little envelope, and dropped seeds into row after row until the bed was filled. Then he filled another little bed with seeds from another envelope, and, last of all, he planted in the rows a whole bag of little baills called bulbs.

When he had finished he said: "There, Tommy, are your regiments, and before long they will come up, and stand straight and fine as any soldiers you ever saw; but, my boy, you must have patience. Give your soldiers time to get ready, or you are a poor officer indeed."

"And when they are all up, they will be well drilled, with their handsome uniforms on," said grandmother.

Was Tommy patient? Not very, for he watched the soldiers every day. But one morning he discovered their heads peeping up; and next day there they stood. The day after there was the grand dress parade. Yellow crocuses filled one bed, behind them crocuses in purple uniform, and last of all white hyacinths, as erect as soldiers.

"There are three fine regiments," said grandfather, and every time Tommy pulled a flower grandfather said it was breaking ranks. But as Tommy was major-general, he could break ranks whenever he chose.

A FABLE.

"Why do you work so hard?" said the willow to the mill wheel, as she dipped her branches lazily into the stream that turned it.

"Because I've a great deal to do, ma'am, and I'm sorry to say I was idle all yesterday," said the mill wheel.

"Well, you needn't go so fast, at all events," said the willow; "it quite tires me to look at you."

"Ah! but I must, you see, ma'am; for I heard the miller say this morning that if this dry weather went on much longer he was afraid the brook would get too shallow to turn me; and then where should I be?"

"You needn't trouble yourself about that," said the willow; "there's plenty of water to last you all the summer. Why, I can see it sparkling in the sun a mile off."

"True, ma'am," said the mill wheel; "but, unhappily, if there were an ocean there it would be of no use to me. You forget that it never comes back when it has once gone past me."

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ONE AFTERNOON.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

Papa and mamma went out to row,
And left us three at home, you know—
Roderick, James, and me.
"My dears," they said, "now play with
your toys,
Like dear little, good little, sweet little
boys,
And we will come home to tea."

We played with our toys the longest while,
We built up the blocks for nearly a mile—
Roderick, James, and I.
But when they came tumbling down, alas,
They fell right against the looking-glass—
O how the pieces did fly!

Then we played the stairs were an Alpine
peak,
And down we slid with shout and with
shriek—
Roderick, I, and James.
But Jim caught his jacket upon a tack,
And I burst the buttons all off my back,
And Roderick called us names.

Then we found a pillow that had a rip,
And all the feathers we out did slip—
Roderick, James, and I.
And we made a snowstorm, a glorious
one,
All over the room. O wasn't it fun,
As the feathery flakes did fly!

But just as the storm was raging around
Papa and mamma came in and found
Roderick, James, and me.
O terrible, terrible things they said!
And they put us all three straight to bed,
With the empty pillowcase under our
head,
And none of us had any tea.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 1.

CHRIST THE LIFE AND LIGHT OF MEN.
John 1. 1-18. Memorize verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

In him was life; and the life was the
light of men.—John 1. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was the writer of our lesson? The
Apostle John. Who told him what to
write? The Spirit of God. Can you see
God? No. Why did he come to earth as
a man? That we might see and hear him.
Why, I did men believe in him? A few only.
What were they called? Disciples, or
learners. What did they become? Mission-
aries. Why was Jesus Christ called the
light? He was God's voice to men. What
was the lesson say of him? That "he was
the light of men." What else is he called? Life and

Light of men. What power did he give to
his disciples? To become the sons of God.
Does he still give that power to men? Yes.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Learn a verse about Light. Matt.
1. 20, 21.
- Tues. Read the song of Simeon. Luke
2. 29, 32.
- Wed. Read a prophecy about the Light.
Isa. 9. 2.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses.
- Fri. Find a verse about eternal life.
John 17. 3.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Find the Lord's words about life.
Rev. 1. 17, 18.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. God and Jesus Christ are one.
 2. He is the Truth, the Life, and the
Light.
 3. He has brought all these to us.

LESSON II.—JANUARY 8.

THE WITNESS OF JOHN THE BAPTIST TO
JESUS.

John 1. 19-34. Memorize verses 26, 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh
away the sin of the world.—John 1. 29.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who was John the Baptist? The son of
Elisabeth and Zacharias. What was his
work to be? To prepare the people for
Jesus. Where did the Lord send him?
Into the wilderness. Whom did he listen
to there? The Spirit of God. What did
he live upon? Locusts and wild honey.
How was he dressed? In coarse garments.
What did the people wish to call him? The
Christ. What did he call himself? A voice.
Of whom did he always preach? Of the
coming Saviour. How did Jesus come to
John? To be baptized. What did John
see? The Spirit, like a dove, upon him.
What did John say? "Behold the Lamb of
God."

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Find how John looked and spoke.
Matt. 3. 1-6.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. John 1.
19-34.
- Wed. Find what a prophet said about the
coming of Christ. Isa. 40. 3-5.
- Thur. Read one of John's sermons. Luke
3. 7-17.
- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Make a word picture of John the
Baptist for some one.
- Sun. Find how Jesus baptized. John
20. 22.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

- We have learned that—
1. God's own children always speak the
truth.
 2. They are humble and unselfish.
 3. God honors them because they honor
him.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

In a wretched tenement in New York, a
little girl stood by her mother's death-bed
and heard her last words: "Jessie, find
Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father
took to drink, and Jessie was left to such
care as a poor neighbor could give her.
One day she wandered off, unmissed, a
basket in her hand, and trudged through
one street after another, not knowing
where she went. She had started to find
Jesus. At last she stopped from utter
weariness in front of a saloon. A young
man staggered out of the door, and almost
tumbled over her. He uttered passion-
ately the name of him whom she was
seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she in-
quired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement. "What
did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus
Christ is? for I must find him"—this
time with great earnestness.

The young man looked curiously down
at her a minute without speaking; and
then his face sobered, and he said in a
broken husky voice, hopelessly, "I don't
know, child; I don't know where he is."

Poor Jessie trudged on; but soon a rude
boy jostled against her, and snatching her
basket threw into the street. Crying,
she ran to pick it up. The horses of a
passing street-car trampled her under
their feet, and she knew no more till she
found herself stretched on a hospital bed.

When the doctors came that night, they
knew she could not live until the morning.
In the middle of the night, after she had
been lying very still for a long time, ap-
parently asleep, she suddenly opened her
eyes, and the nurse bending over her,
heard her whisper, while her face lighted
up with a smile that had some of heaven's
own gladness in it. "Oh, Jesus, I have
found you at last!"

Then the tiny lips were hushed, but the
questioning spirit had received an answer.

Whisper songs will often calm down a
turbulent mood, and are especially useful
where the class has not a room to itself.
The teacher whispers a line, and the chil-
dren repeat it in a whisper. The follow-
ing is an example:

Softly whisper, softly speak,
Little children still and meek,
Hush and listen, do not play,
Hear what teacher has to say,
When we sing and when we pray,
When from sin we turn away,
When our hearts to Jesus rise,
Jesus answers from the skies.

God is good, the sky is saying;
God is great, the hills declare;
God is love, the flowers are telling;
God is round us everywhere.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It is Christmas Eve and Santa Claus is coming, and the two little girls in their warm bed are anxiously wondering where he will come from, what he will be like, and how he will get into their room. In the daytime they eagerly looked forward to the night; but now that it has come they are just a little bit afraid of the old man who is to bring them so many nice presents for Christmas.

However, their fears will not last long, for in a short time they will be sound asleep, and we are quite sure old Santa Claus will come too softly to wake them.

A PRETTY FACE.

Just a few months ago two little cousins, Sarah Singer and Marion Love, each about six years old, called to see their Aunt Lorinda, who was sick with rheumatism. The children were very fond of their aunt; so they came to see how she was. It so happened that Aunt Lorinda's pastor, the Rev. George Goodwill, a plain, unassuming man, came to see her a few moments before the little cousins arrived. The minister kindly spoke to them when they came in, and asked them about their parents, brothers, and sisters. After a pleasant talk of thirty minutes with Aunt Lorinda and Mr. Goodwill, the little cousins said they must return home, because their mammas wanted to know how Aunt Lorinda was, and had charged them not to stay long. So they must go. Then the

minister kindly said, "We will have worship before the children leave;" so they all knelt down to pray.

Mr. Goodwill tenderly prayed for Aunt Lorinda that she might be comforted in her affliction and soon be well again, and for the rest of her family, and then for the little cousins who had kindly come to sympathize with their sick aunt, and to see the rest of the family.

"Heavenly Father," said the minister in his prayer, "bless these dear little girls; keep them well and make them happy; help them to be good, and make their lives bright with the sunshine of thy love."

The idea that the minister should remember and pray especially for them was a happy thought to the children; so they talked about it on their way home.

"It was very kind in Aunt Lorinda's minister to pray for us, wasn't it?" said Marion, as they walked slowly and thoughtfully away from Aunt Lorinda's house.

"Yes," said Sarah, as she drew her cap over her ears to keep them warm, "it was very nice in him to pray for little children."

"But," said Marion, warmly, with her heart and mind on the personal nature of the minister's prayer, "he did not just pray for little children, but for you and me,—these dear little girls, is what he said, for I was listening."

"Yes," said her cousin, "I believe he did pray for us just in that way."

Then they walked on together nearly a square without speaking, each one thinking of their nice visit to Aunt Lorinda's, and especially of Mr. Goodwill's prayer for them. Presently Marion, who could not forget that the minister had prayed, not for children generally, but for them individually, resumed the conversation.

"Hasn't Aunt Lorinda's minister a lovely complexion?" looking earnestly into Sarah's face. "Do you know what complexion means?" she continued, without waiting for her cousin to answer her first question.

"Of course I do," said Sarah; "you mean that he has a pretty face."

"That's it," said Marion, with her own really beautiful face wreathed in smiles; "he has a nice complexion—a pretty face."

Just then the children reached Marion's home, and as she put her little hand on the door-knob she said: "I am glad we found Aunt Lorinda better, and that we met her minister. He has such a nice complexion. Good-bye, Sarah."

"Good-bye, Marion."

Thus the two little cousins separated. That visit to Aunt Lorinda's will likely remain a bright spot in their memory. They will never forget that minister because he prayed for their sick aunt, their uncle and their cousins, and for them.

Now, boys and girls, why did Marion and Sarah think and say that Mr. Goodwill had a "pretty face?" I have seen Mr. Goodwill several times, and I do not think his face is handsome; indeed, I consider it rather homely. I think it was the minister's heart of kindness and love, and not his face, that pleased the children and made him appear so nice and pretty to them.

It is real nice to have a pretty face and form, but it is much better to have a good kind heart. No matter how beautiful one's face may be, if the heart is selfish, unkind, disobedient, or boastful, that person cannot be really pretty. Remember, children, that a good heart always makes a good impression for the one in whose bosom it beats, and even makes a homely face appear beautiful. I know a girl with a beautiful face but it is spoiled by a bad heart. All good children and grown people, too, are truly beautiful—have "nice complexions," as Marion said.

DREAMS.

As I lie quiet in my bed
Do I just think while I'm asleep?
Or does a little fairy creep,
So soft and still, up to my ear
And whisper dreams for me to hear?

I dream the very nicest things!
I dream my tricycle has wings;
I dream my doll can laugh and talk;
I dream my woolly lamb can walk.
How do the dreams get in my head?