

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901.

No. 1.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Yes, and not merely on New Year's Day, or the first month of the year, but through all the circling seasons represented in this picture. In the bright and joyous spring-time, when the streams break their icy bonds, and the leaves and flowers burst forth in beauty; in the sultry summer-tide, when the angler seeks the shade of the trees beside the water-brooks; in the fruitful autumn when the maidens rest upon the stile after reaping in the fields; in the stormy winter when the woodman and his son bring home faggots for the fire. All the year round may health and happiness be yours. That the year may be happy, seek God's blessing every day. Without his smile, whatever else you have you are poor indeed; with it you can never want. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.



There is nothing like them in all the world and we never weary of them.

Fruits have their season, but these beautiful gems we may gather the whole year round. Every morning I choose from the treasury my gem for the day, and think it over and over until it is mine. Then how precious it is!

How many of my dear little friends of the SUNBEAM band will join me in gathering gems, one every day, until 1902 shall come to us? We will then have gathered three hundred and sixty-five of the most beautiful, precious and soul-satisfying gems to be found in the world.

"LOTS OF GOOD THINGS IN HEAVEN."

It was breakfast time. Mrs. Forest placed the little three-year-old Lily in her high chair, tied her bib on as usual; but what should she give her to eat? The delicate Lily could not relish the

"Why, there are no diamond fields in this country."

Not so fast, little girl. There is hardly a household which has not one. I mean the Holy Bible, the word of God. Each day we may make one of its precious promises ours, and they are so much more beautiful and precious than carbon gems, because they nourish and satisfy the immortal soul.

dry bread as her brother Charlie did.

"Mamma hasn't anything nice for her darling this morning," said Mrs. Forest, sorrowfully. "Can Lily eat this bread if mamma puts a little hot water on it?"

Lily's face brightened as she tried to swallow a few mouthfuls of the bread and water, and looking up with a sweet smile, she said: "Mamma, God has lots of good things in heaven."

TALK WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

A new year has dawned, little ones. A sure, glad new year, and if we would make it a happy one, we must fill it with deeds of love and acts of kindness.

We may make it happy too by gathering precious gems every day.

"Gathering gems?" said little Lucy.

A DISCOVERY.

BY CLARA D. MERRIMAN.

I got real cross with brother,
And he was cross with me;
So both of us were really
As wretched as could be.

I tore his number work up,
He gave my cat a slap;
He tipped my dolly over;
I hid his baseball cap.

But then I felt just awful;
And so, I guess, did he.
I said I wished I hadn't;
He said the same to me.

He made a bed for dolly,
'Twas such a pretty toy!
I gave him half my candy,
'Cause he's a good, good boy.

Now I have found out something:
It's strange as it can be!
If I am good to Philip,
He's just as good to me.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1901.

DAISY'S WHITE PAGE.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

"A clean, white page," said Daisy, turning away from the snowy world outside her window and sitting down on the carpet to button her boots. "That's what the lecture man called New Year's—a clean, white page to begin on."

"If you don't hurry up, your breakfast will be a clean, white cloth, with nothing at all to begin or end on," laughed her teasing brother George, overhearing her remark.

"I don't believe George ever thinks of

such things," meditated Daisy, half-vexed, but hastening her dressing nevertheless. "Now I want to do something real good—something first-rate—to begin the clean, new page with."

But opportunities for extraordinary deeds seemed very poor that morning. There were muffins for breakfast, and Daisy did not like muffins or feel inclined to plan great doings while she ate them. Then before she had time to decide what she would do afterward, mamma asked her to take care of baby while she went down to the kitchen for a little while.

"Must I take care of him to-day? Why, mamma, it's New Year's!" exclaimed Daisy, in an injured tone.

"Well, dear, we don't want poor little Puck left to bump his nose or tumble into the fire on that account, do we?" laughed mamma as she turned away to her duties down-stairs.

She came back in a hour, and Daisy again stationed herself at the window and looked out gloomily. So much of the morning gone and nothing worth calling a commencement made yet! She could not think of anything that was quite what she wanted to do—anything that she could do; and so she tapped listlessly on the pane and did not notice when her mother dropped her ball of yarn and had difficulty work, with baby in her arms, to reach it again, nor when she had rocked the little fellow to sleep and needed to have the crib pillows arranged that she might lay him down. She did not even notice when she left the room and returned until she was aroused by her saying:

"Now, Daisy, I want you to put on your hat and warm cloak and carry this basket to Mrs. Hicks."

"Errands to-day, mamma?" Daisy turned around dolefully.

"I promised her these things to-day, and she needs them. You are doing nothing, and everybody else is busy or away," answered mamma, decidedly.

So there was nothing more to be said; but it was certainly a pair of lagging, unwilling little feet that crossed the field and reached the roadside.

There her brother George passed her.

"Hello, marm!" he called. "I should think, from the looks of your face, that you had begun your white page by a pretty big blot of crossness."

"A blot!" "Crossness!" Daisy stood still on the snowy stile to think about it, and a sudden light came to her. How should any one begin the New Year but by doing each duty faithfully as God sends it?

It was a different face and step that went the rest of the way, and when Daisy reached home, she whispered:

"I think I know what motto I want for my new page, mamma; I've blotted it dreadfully to begin with, though. It's the verse on my Sunday-school card:

"Even Christ pleased not himself."

The only way to flee from God's wrath is to flee to him.

LITTLE LOVERS.

They are real little lovers, as they ought to be, for they are brother and sister. But not all brothers and sisters love each other so dearly, I am sorry to say.

Georgie never goes anywhere, if he can help it, without sister Elsie, or if he is obliged to go he is never happy until he is back again, holding Elsie's hand and telling her all that had happened while he had been away from her.

Elsie is just as fond of brother Georgie. He takes part in all her play, and she even shares her dolls with him, and when dolly goes out for a ride in her perambulator it would be hard to tell which pushed it, for Georgie's arms are close around Elsie, and so helps her push dolly carriage.

NATURE STUDIES.

How many kinds of trees are you acquainted with? Do you recognize them in winter, when their leaves are gone? How many birds are found in your neighbourhood? Count the number that you see and hear in a week. Do you know them by their songs and calls to each other as well as by sight? How many wild flowers did you discover this spring? What kind of rocks and stones are found in your section of the country, and what is the character of the soil? Do you know the home-making and nest-building habits of the animals and birds about you? How many are so fortunate as to live in the country, or to go there for a time next summer, make the most of your opportunities to peep into the wonderful and beautiful things of nature, a world full of oddities and surprises.

One of the odd things that happened at the writer's home last summer was to break that the robins took to build the nest on the railing of the front porch, odd enough, under a spreading "matrimony vine." We hardly dared to go in and close of the front door for fear of disturbing the home-makers; for though they had chosen to live so near human beings, they were afraid of them, and any approach to the piazza was a signal for a whirr of wings, dash out into the open, and a startling call when a safe distance had been reached.

We tried not to trouble them, taking only occasional peeps at the sitting mother the blue eggs, and then the scrawny, peck-feathery babies—all mouths and throats it seemed; but disaster overtook the little family, in the shape of a large dog, who tore the nest to pieces, killed the little ones and frightened away the old bird. It is strange that such wise little builders should have chosen so insecure a site for their home.

Often the most useful Christians are those who serve the Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else he would not hide his oaks in the acorns, or the wealth of the wheatfield in the bags of little seeds.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas a week after Christmas, and Santa Claus said:
To-night, when the children are safely in bed,
I'll harness my reindeer, and slyly steal out
To take one more look at the gifts strewn about;
The presents I carried this year were the best,
And Christmas trees never were more gaily dressed.

'I'll go to the Browns', where there's six little boys;
I'm fond of those youngsters, and gave lots of toys;
Those drums that I left there were handsome and strong;
Much pleasure they'll furnish through all the year long.
The boys, when they wrote, asked for things that made noise;
Their parents don't like it—but boys will be boys."

Before I can tell it, for deer can run fast,
Good Santa stood in the Browns' nursery at last;
It makes one feel sorry to say what a sight
His old eyes beheld as he gazed there that night;
The playthings were there that belonged to the tribe.
But as for condition, whose pen can describe!

A horse with its tail off—a dog without head—
A waggon-wheel tied to the waggon with thread;
A trumpet of tin that would never more shout;
A beautiful spinning-top—with the peg out;
The drums—it was awful! each one of the six
Was riddled in holes by a dozen drumsticks.

There's no use denying that Santa felt bad;
He stood there, and looked disappointed and sad.
'These children are naughty and careless," he said;
'Next year I shall not"—here he nodded his head;
'Twas plain that some punishment great was in store—
Could Santa Claus mean he would go there no more?

Next door Santa went, where lived three tiny girls,
All sweet little maidens with soft golden curls.
He said: "They're not boys, with such rough, careless ways,
For girls can be happy in quieter plays;
Their tea-sets and dolls won't be scattered all round,
They've taken good care of them, that I'll be bound."

The shock he received was more cruel, for there
A doll with both arms out lay under a chair;
Another one, eyeless, and hair all pulled out,
Reposed in a bed with a sheet tucked about;
The tea-sets—at sight of them Santa Claus said:
"I feel very sick—I'll go home and to bed."

It makes one feel anxious to think of next year,
There are some more cases just like these, I fear;
A note might be sent to explain children's plays—
Most likely old Santa forgets childish days—
And tell him that toys wrecked and broken but rise
To take on new value in little folk's eyes.

The doll without eyes was a hospital case,
'Twas such fun to doctor and bind up its face;
The one without arms was from Barnum's great show,
Two pins let you see it—'twas born so, you know;
The tea-set was ruined—that thing I'll admit,
But dolls do not mind broken dishes one bit.

Those drums—'twas a pity, it can't be denied—
The boys longed to see all the noises inside;
They suffered to find they were hollow, no doubt,
We all pay big prices that thing to find out;
So Santa, don't plan any vengeance next year,
For toys worn and broken are none the less dear.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON III. [Jan. 20.]

GREEKS SEEKING JESUS.

John 12. 20-33. Memory verses, 32-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We would see Jesus—John 12. 21.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Who wanted to see and hear Jesus? Some Greeks. What were these Greeks? Gentiles. Why could they not go where Jesus was? Because Gentiles could enter only one court of the temple. What did Jesus say of himself? That he should

soon be glorified. What did he mean by this? Honoured, exalted. Did he mean earthly honour? No, he meant honour from God. What did Jesus want to teach the disciples and us? That he must suffer and die before he could be glorified. What does the corn of wheat teach about loving self best? Did Jesus ask his Father to save him from suffering and death? No, he trusted his Father's love. Who spoke to him from heaven? What must we do to seek Jesus? Love him, serve him, and walk in his light.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses very carefully. John 12. 20-33.
- Tues. Learn why Jesus had to die. John 12. 32.
- Wed. Learn a good thing for us to say. Golden Text.
- Thur. Read about the serpent in the wilderness. Num. 21. 8, 9.
- Fri. Find why all do not come to Jesus. John 5. 40.
- Sat. Read about light. John 1. 4-9.
- Sun. Find a beautiful name for God. James 1. 17.

LESSON IV. [Jan. 27.]

CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES.

Matt. 22. 34-46. Memory verses, 37-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

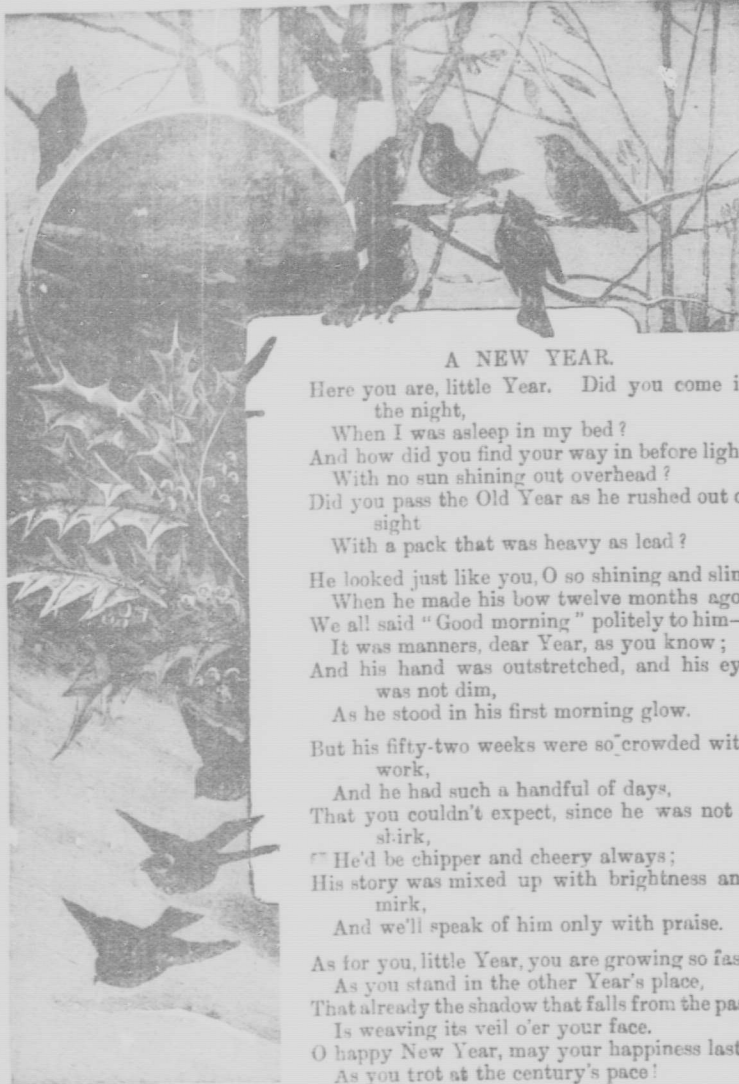
What think ye of Christ?—Matt. 22-42.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

What did a Jewish lawyer study? The law of God. What did a certain lawyer ask Jesus one day? Which was the greatest commandment. What did he hope to do? To puzzle Jesus. What did Jesus answer? Verse 37. What did he say about this first commandment? That it was the first and greatest of all. What did he say was next it? Verse 39. Who is our neighbour? [Steps for Friday] Who gave the ten commandments? God. To whom were they first spoken? To Moses. How can we keep them all? By getting love in our hearts. Who has plenty of love to give us? What great question did Jesus ask the Pharisees? "What think ye of Christ?" Why could they not answer him rightly? Because they did not have love in their hearts. What do we need more than all other things? Love.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Learn a great question. Golden Text.
- Tues. Read the lesson verses. Matt. 22. 34-46.
- Wed. Ask some one to read to you Deut. 10. 1-5, 11, 12.
- Thur. Learn a memory text. John 14. 15.
- Fri. Find who is our neighbour. Luke 11. 30-37.
- Sat. Learn why Jesus can answer all questions. John 1. 1-3.
- Sun. Read what God says about love. 1 Cor. 13.



A NEW YEAR.

Here you are, little Year. Did you come in
the night,
When I was asleep in my bed?
And how did you find your way in before light,
With no sun shining out overhead?
Did you pass the Old Year as he rushed out of
sight
With a pack that was heavy as lead?
He looked just like you, O so shining and slim,
When he made his bow twelve months ago;
We all said "Good morning" politely to him—
It was manners, dear Year, as you know;
And his hand was outstretched, and his eye
was not dim,
As he stood in his first morning glow.
But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with
work,
And he had such a handful of days,
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a
shirk,
He'd be chipper and cheery always;
His story was mixed up with brightness and
mirk,
And we'll speak of him only with praise.
As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast,
As you stand in the other Year's place,
That already the shadow that falls from the past
Is weaving its veil o'er your face.
O happy New Year, may your happiness last,
As you trot at the century's pace!

JOHNNY DREW'S DOG.

BY MAY BLOSSOM.

Johnny Draw's dog is as handsome as he is clever. "He knows enough to talk," says Johnny. "He's a splendid fellow, and I wouldn't change him for the best bicycle in the world, though I do want a bicycle terrible bad."

Prince—for that is the dog's name, has many times made Johnny's father feel ashamed. You see it is this way: Some time ago Prince began to go with Mr. Drew when he started for his store in the morning, trotting home again as soon as he reached the store door. He knew when it was time for him to come home at night, for when the clock struck six off Prince would start for the store, waiting there until Mr. Drew was ready to come home, when he would trot ahead of him.

The man had formed a bad habit, but Prince did not know it was bad. He only knew that every morning and night his master would go in a certain saloon

for a drink of beer or whiskey. Prince did not know what he went there for, but he had seen the man go there so many times and, of course, it must be right, for does not a man know better than a dog?

Prince always waited outside the saloon door until his friend came out: when he would trot on ahead again. He spent a great deal of money for these drinks that did him harm instead of good. He drank during the day, too, but Prince did not know that, and after he had drunk he found his head was not as clear as it should be; he could not attend to his business so well, and he lost his trade.

He finally decided he would give up drinking: he joined a Temperance Club and put a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, to show that he was a temperance man, a "true blue."

Then the dog made him ashamed of his former habits. How? When he gave up drinking he thought it would be wiser to shun the saloon and go home by another way. He, therefore, decided to go through

another street, were there are no saloons. Prince could not get used to this new route. He would trot on ahead, and when he came to the street in which was the saloon would run on a few steps and then stop and look behind him to see if his friend followed. When he found that he had gone on another street Prince would turn and follow very slowly, as though he thought his friend had made a mistake and gone the wrong way. Said Mr. Drew:

"Prince really made me ashamed of myself, for he preached me a sermon on the power of Habit every time he stopped to see if I were going to the saloon."

Prince still comes and goes with his master, and yet has plenty of time for frolics with Johnny. They are the best of friends. Take my advice and be very careful what habits you form. Do nothing now that you will be ashamed of by and by.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

The little children in China have a great time on their New Year's Day. It is not the same day as ours, which all boys and girls know is on the first day of January.

Theirs comes on the sixth of February. All the people in China make it a grand gala day. Business is stopped for three days, and such mirth and feasting as they have!

Everybody gets on a new suit, if possible; even the very poor must have on something new, if they borrow it for the occasion.

On the eve of New Year's Day fruits, and sweetmeats are offered to the old year, that it may depart in peace; and then the new year is ushered in with great rejoicing.

Gongs, kettledrums, dancing and singing follow until daybreak, when every door is closed, the streets are all deserted, and a great silence come over everything.

All is very solemn now, where a little time before all were so gay, for each house must "take in the new year to make it familiar with the family."

But as the day goes on, they change the programme, and concerts, theatres and fireworks are in order.

So you see that from the poorest child to the richest person the Chinese New Year's Day is the best day of all the year.

THE SNOW PRAYER.

A little girl went out to play one day in the newly fallen snow, and when she came in she said: "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I learned in Sabbath-school: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a promise to go with it: "Though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

And what can wash them white, clean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."