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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

[No. 26]

## NEW YEAR'S BELL.

RING out the old,  
ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells  
across the snow;  
Ring out the false,  
ring in the true,  
The year is going  
—let him go.

## THE BLANK BOOK.

AN old man and  
a golden-haired boy  
sat together. A book  
lay before them. Its  
binding was bright  
and new, its pages  
blank.

"This book is  
yours," said the old  
man; "and each  
page represents a  
day. It is for you  
so to write in it that  
the book, when full,  
may not be less fair  
than it is now with  
its leaves white and  
spotless."

The boy took the  
gift joyfully, confi-  
dent that it would  
be better, not worse,  
for his handiwork.

A year passed  
away. The old man  
called for the book.  
The child came  
slowly with hanging  
head, and gave it up  
reluctantly. Every  
page was defaced  
with crooked lines  
or smeared with un-  
sightly blots.



NEW YEAR'S BELL.

"Can I not rub  
them out?" said the  
boy sadly.

The old man  
shook his head.  
"Marks made on  
these pages are in-  
delible," he said.  
"they must always  
remain. But you may  
try again. See, here  
is another book."

The child looked  
up and then sighed,  
"I cannot write  
well," he said, "un-  
less you guide my  
hand."

A book is to-day  
set before each one  
of you, boys and  
girls, and every day  
of the year you will  
fill a page. What will  
you write? Shall  
selfish thoughts, de-  
ceitful words, un-  
kind acts disfigure  
the pages?

They certainly  
will, unless you ask  
him who now opens  
this fresh volume be-  
fore you to guide  
your hand.

"MAYN'T I have  
some more sugar  
in my tea, Auntie  
Georgie, please?"  
"More sugar! Why,  
my dear child, you  
have had three lumps  
already." "Yes,  
Auntie, I know I  
have; but they all  
melt away so!"

## NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"WHAT wilt thou give to me, dear child?"  
The Saviour asks in accents mild;  
"Close by thy side I stand, so near  
The faintest whisper I can hear.

"I gave my life, dear child, for thee,  
I shed my blood on Calvary;  
A gift unspeakable is mine,  
Come now and tell me what is thine."

"Dear Jesus, take my young, warm heart,  
My feet that shall from sin depart,  
My will to serve thee and obey,  
My hands to work for thee alway.

"Earth's paths are dark, my need is great,  
I come before it is too late;  
Gladly I give myself away  
And take thy gift this New Year's day."

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

## FIGHT FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy new year must fight for it. Yes, fight for it; and fight hard and long, too, or he will be joyless all the year. Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight? We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story-books, but on people's happiness. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now if we don't fight this monster, so diligent are his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of

happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable little children. Up, then, and at him bravely! Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is *Selfishness*! His chief servants are Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prowl around happy homes like wolves about quiet sheep-folds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and New Year's day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents! Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land. If you would be happy, you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might.

## HOW HE MEASURED THE TREE.

We sometimes call our Bob the young philosopher, for he is a boy who thinks a great deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself; and he solves some problems which would seem too difficult for such a little fellow. Bob is the owner of a foot rule and a yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden-walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it, to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short, and at other times very long. At length, however, he discovered it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon; then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day—once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon—his shadow was exactly the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near the house which runs up tall and slim. Bob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was longer than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple. He was

delighted with his discovery, and he talked about it a great deal, and said he should some time try to measure the distance to the moon.—*Nursery.*

## JANUARY.

WHO is this little fellow  
That seems so bright and gay,  
And brings us all good wishes  
In such a cheery way?

He sets us all a-thinking  
Of what we have to do,  
And gives us hope and courage,  
And earnest purpose, too.

He comes so very quickly;  
Before you know he's here;  
Then welcome, January,  
The first-born of the year!

## THE WIDOW'S OIL.

A WOMAN was very poor. Her husband had been a very good man, but now he was dead. She did not know how to get money to live now; and, besides that, a man to whom she owed something came and wanted to take her two boys for slaves. What should she do? She went and told the prophet Elisha about it. He asked her what she had in the house. She told him, "only a little oil." Then he told her to set out all the vessels she had, and borrow all she could from her neighbours; then to take her pot of oil and pour from it. When she did this she found that the more she poured out the more she still had, until she came to the last vessel. Then she had no more oil. After that she told Elisha that she had done as he told her to, and asked what she was to do with the oil. He told her to sell it and pay her debts, and live on the rest. It was God who gave Elisha power to do so wonderful a thing.

## THE TEACHER'S PICTURE.

"HURRAH! Hurrah for our teacher!" the boys cry, as they take off their hats and swing them above their heads. "Do you think it looks like him?" Casper asks. "Of course it does!" "Looks just exactly like him!" "Couldn't look more like him!" they cry, all at once. And then they shout, "Hurrah!" again, until Casper tells them they had better not make so much noise, or he'll come out and see what is the matter. The boys think a good deal of their good, kind teacher, and are going to give him this picture for a present. I am sure he will be pleased both with the picture and with the thoughtfulness that prompts the gift.

## GROWN-UP LAND.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, fair maid with lashes brown,  
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood-town?

Oh, this way and that way—never a stop;  
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop;  
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away;  
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay;  
'Tis helping mother; 'tis sewing up rents;  
'Tis reading and playing; 'tis saving the cents;  
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown—  
Oh, that is the way to Womanhoodtown.

Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.  
Manhoodtown lies where—can you tell the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land—

A bit with the head, a bit with the hand;  
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work;  
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk;  
'Tis by ever taking the weak one's part;  
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart;  
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down—

Oh, that is the way to Manhoodtown.

And the lad and the maid run hand in hand  
To their fair estates in the Grown-up-Land.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Mark 1. 1-11.] LESSON I. [Jan. 6.

## THE MISSION OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For whom were the Jews looking? A mighty King and Saviour.

Who had promised to send them a Saviour? God himself.

How did God tell them about his coming? By men called prophets.

Whom did the prophets say should first come? A messenger, to prepare the way. [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

Who was God's messenger? John the Baptist.

What have you learned about John? He lived in the wilderness and wore very coarse clothes.

Who went to hear John preach? Great crowds of people.

What did he tell them to do? Repent and be baptized.

How did repenting prepare the way for Jesus? When men began to hate sin, they wanted a Saviour.

What did baptizing with water teach them? That Jesus could make their hearts clean.

Have you found where John was baptizing on the map? Who came one day to be baptized? Jesus, the Saviour, sent from God.

What happened as they came out of the water? John saw the heavens opened and heard a voice.

What did this voice—God's voice—say of Jesus? "Thou art my beloved Son."

What does this lesson teach us?

I. Jesus is the Son of God.

II. Jesus came to be our Saviour.

III. Jesus can, and will, make our hearts clean.

IV. We must prepare the way by hating and forsaking our sins.

Mark 1. 21-34.] LESSON II. [Jan. 13

## A SABBATH IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

"As his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day."

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who can tell about the voice in the wilderness? What did John preach? How did this prepare the way for Jesus? What did a voice from heaven tell us? How must we prepare our hearts to receive this Saviour?

Why did John stop preaching? He was shut up in prison.

What did Jesus then begin to preach? About the Kingdom of God.

Who belong to Jesus' kingdom? All who love, trust, and obey Jesus.

Who were the first to come into this new kingdom? Peter, Andrew, James, and John.

What was Jesus in the habit of doing on the Sabbath day? [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT]

In what city did Jesus spend the Sunday in our lesson? In Capernaum.

Have you found it on the map? Who was in the synagogue, or church, when Jesus went? A man with an unclean spirit.

To what kingdom did the unclean spirits belong? Satan's kingdom.

What did this one say to Jesus? "I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

What did Jesus reply? "Hold thy peace and come out of him."

Did the wicked spirit obey? He did, and the people were astonished.

Where did Jesus and his disciples go afterwards? To Simon Peter's house.

Who was very sick in the house? Simon's wife's mother.

What did Jesus do? He made her well in a moment.

What happened when evening came? The whole city gathered around the door, bringing their sick friends.

## Remember,—

Jesus is speaking to you in this lesson.

Jesus will hear and answer your prayers.

Jesus will help you overcome all sin.

## FOUR-FOOTED THIEVES.

"I CANNOT think," said grandpa, at the breakfast-table, "who could steal those nice ears of corn that I was saving for seed. And some choice apples, too, are missing this morning. Do you know of any bad boys, Charlie, who would be likely to do such a thing?"

"No, sir," promptly replied his little grandson, who was spending his vacation on the old farm.

The next night and the next more corn and apples were missing, and then grandpa set a watch. During the night there was a great rustling among the corn, and five little mischievous squirrels were seen each to tear off an ear of corn and scamper away to the woods, where the husks were found the next day. They climbed a tree, too, and broke off some apples to hide away for their winter meals. But they had never heard of the eighth commandment, so grandpa did not punish them.

## A TIME-TABLE.

HAVE you sometimes seen papa study a time-table when he was going to take a journey? Why did he do it? Because he wanted to know how to make the very best use of the time that he must spend in going from place to place.

Now, here is a time-table for the dear little people who are starting out on the long journey from "Happy New Year," 1888, to "Happy New Year," 1889:

"Sixty seconds make a minute;

How much good can I do in it?

Sixty minutes make an hour—

All the good that's in my power;

Twenty hours and four, a day—

Time for work and sleep and play;

Days three hundred and sixty-five

Make a year in which to strive,

Every moment, hour and day,

My dear Master to obey."

If you follow this time-table, I am sure you will be very happy little travellers.



AFTER CHRISTMAS—

TIRED.

## DARLING'S QUESTIONS.

"WHERE does the Old Year go, mamma,  
When it has passed away?  
It was a good Old Year,  
I wish that it could stay.

"It gives us spring and summer,  
The winter and the fall;  
It brought us baby sister,  
And that was best of all.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma?  
I cannot understand."  
"My love, it goes to join the years  
Safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year  
When the good Old Year is dead?  
Now all my birds and all my flowers  
With the Old Year have fled.

"I do not think that I shall love  
This New Year at all."  
"Yes, dear, it too will bring the spring,  
The summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma?  
I do not understand."  
"It comes from where all coming years  
Are hidden in God's hand."

—Evangelist.

## WHAT JAMIE SAW IN SNOW-TIME.

ONE day Jamie looked out of the window and saw that the yard had a white snow coat on. But there were large trees in the yard, and the bare black twigs and branches came between him and the white coat.

"Looks like mamma's lace shawl," said

Jamie. "I guess the yard put it on over the coat."

Then Jamie looked up at the blue sky. The sun had gone down behind the white hills, and little blue shadows were trying to cover them up. But the high branches and twigs of the trees came between Jamie and the pretty colour.

"I guess the sky put on a lace shawl, too," said Jamie. "I guess a million hundred men couldn't have made such a big cloak and big shawl. I guess God must be bigger than anything."

"But he loves you just the same, Jamie," said his mamma.

"Yes, he loves us all," said Jamie.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WHAT to do with our restless, growing urchins, during wintry days, when the weather is too stormy for them to go to school, and those too young to attend, is a problem that often puzzles many mothers, as it did mine. After trying various plans she hit upon the following, that proved a success for all parties concerned:

A frame was made of four planed boards, each four feet long, a foot high, firmly nailed together and laid down on the floor, in the corner between the window and stove of the living-room. Heated nurseries are beyond the finances of people in moderate circumstances. In this little pen, so to speak, those two brothers of mine had a seat and tool-chest combined—once a soap-box—and were made to realize that this especial portion of the house belonged to them.

They built houses and ships, made bows

and arrows and waggons, and sometimes whittled till the chips were nearly an inch deep, always being careful that none of them "flew over the fence."

Didn't they make any noise? Why, certainly they did, but we found it far more agreeable than crying, teasing, or dragging a train of chair-cars around.

If company for their elders came, the room was neat, and no putting to one side of children and their belongings. At night they put their goods in the chest, the fence was raised, and the floor swept clean.

## THE NEW YEAR.

SAID a child to the youthful year,  
"What hast thou in store for me?  
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

Wouldst know what most I crave  
As thy bells peal promise bright?  
'Tis those virtues fair which the soul can  
raise  
To an infinite delight.

Truth, patience, courage and love,  
If thou unto me dost bring,  
I will set thee all earth's time above,  
And crown thee, O year, life's king.

## MILTON'S HORSE.

MILTON received a rocking-horse as one of his Christmas presents. He mounted it, and giving it a sharp crack with his whip, said he was going to Philadelphia. "Don't you think you would get there as soon without the whip?" asked papa. Milton stopped and said: "You do not whip your horse, do you, papa?" "No, my dear, I have taught Don to understand when I speak to him, so I do not have to whip him." "Well, I won't, either, any more," and Milton threw away his whip. It is much better to rule by kindness than by whipping. I hope when Milton has a real live horse he will do as his father has done, and never hurt it.

WITH the closing hours of the old year, and the dawn of the new, let teachers say: "I do solemnly promise to devote myself, with all diligence to Sunday-school labor. I will endeavor to study the word of God thoroughly and prayerfully; to spend as much time as possible in reading, and meditation, and prayer, with special reference to my work; as regularly as possible to attend all the means of grace; to visit my scholars as their temporal or spiritual necessities may require, and to be punctually present at school and all meetings of teachers."