

SUNBEAM

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No. 26.

THE YEAR'S CROWN.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Nannie read the words carefully, hesitating over the word "crownest."

"What can it mean?" "How could you crown a year?"

"I wouldn't crown it with goodness, anyhow," said Harry, kicking his heels against a chair, and looking very cross.

"Mean old year, I'm glad it's most gone!"

"I can think of ever so many nice things that we have had this year," said Nannie.

"I can think of lots of ugly ones," said Harry.

"Try it," said grandmother. "Get your blocks, Nannie, and build two towers. Put up a block for every nice thing that we can think of that has come to us this year, and have another pile for every bad one, and the tower that is the highest we will crown with that wreath of holly."

Nannie ran for her blocks. "I'll put one down for mother's getting well," said Nannie, "and another for Uncle Steven's new baby, and one for grandmother's picture of Jesus, and one for my new doll-carriage, and—O grandmother, there are so many!"

"I think it's Harry's turn," said grandmother.

"Well," said Harry, who still looked

cross, "put down a big one for this old sore throat that has spoiled all my fun."

"Shall I, grandmother?" asked Nannie.

"Because, if he hadn't played in the wet,

on themselves by being careless or naughty. "I don't care," said Harry, "there are plenty of others. Put one for the tree that blew down, and smashed the window in my tool-house."

"Oh, no!" said Nannie, "I must put one on the other tower for that. Father said if the tree had fallen the other way, it would have killed all the chickens."

"If you turn the bad things into good ones," said Harry, "of course you'll get the biggest tower. My sprained ankle was bad."

"Oh, Harry!" said grandmother, "the block for that ought to be crowned. Remember, you sprained it in saving Nannie's life."

So Harry found only two bad things, while the other tower was crowned with the holly wreath.



AFTER CHRISTMAS.

his throat wouldn't have been sore, mother thinks."

After a little talk, they agreed to leave out the bad things that they had brought

that pigweed had commenced to grow? Selfishness is its other name. A boy or girl who always picks for the largest apple has pigweed in his or her garden. The

PIGWEED.

Any farmer's boy knows what it is. It gets its name because the pigs are so fond of it. There is a sweet juiciness in its taste that makes others than pigs like it. When it shoots up from the earth, you might think it was a plant or vegetable. The garden that you need to watch most carefully is your heart and life. Did you know

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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Sunbeam.

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.

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 shilling 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!
—Harper's Round Table.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF THE ACTS.

LESSON I. [January 5.]

THE PROMISE OF POWER.

Acts 1. 1-11. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye shall receive power, after that the
Holy Ghost is come upon you.—Acts 1. 8.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who wrote the Acts of the Apostles?
Luke. What was his "former treatise"?
The gospel of Luke. Whom may Luke
have meant by "Theophilus"? Perhaps
a dear friend, certainly all who love God.
What does he first tell them? Of the
Lord's last talk with his disciples. Why
did our Lord want to tell them many
things? Because he was about to leave
them. What did he tell them to wait for?
The Holy Spirit. What did he say they
should be? Witnesses. What must a

witness do? Tell the truth about what he
knows. What did the disciples know?
That Jesus died and rose again. While
he spoke what did he do? He went up out
of their sight. Where did they then go?
To an upper room to wait and pray.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully.
Acts 1. 1-14.
- Tues. Find "Theophilus" in the "for-
mer treatise." Luke 1. 1-4.
- Wed. Find where Jesus first promised
the Holy Spirit. Luke 11. 13.
- Thur. Read about the Holy Spirit. John
14.
- Fri. Read more about him. John 16.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Find a promise which Jesus made.
John 14. 16.

LESSON II. [January 12.]

THE PROMISE OF POWER FULFILLED.

Acts 2. 1-11. Memorize verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your
children.—Acts 2. 39.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long did the disciples wait for the
gift of the Spirit? Ten days. When did
it come? On the day of Pentecost. What
is this sometimes called? The feast of
first-fruits. What day of ours is it like?
Our Thanksgiving Day. How long after
the Passover feast did it come? Fifty
days. Where were the disciples on the
day of Pentecost? In an upper room in
Jerusalem. What were they doing?
Praying and waiting. What did they
hear? A great sound like wind. What
did they see? A bright light like tongues
of fire. What did they feel? A strange
power within them. What did Peter say
of it? That it was the Holy Spirit spoken
of by Joel the prophet. Why is the Holy
Spirit like a wind? He can be felt, but
not seen. Why is he like a fire? Be-
cause he burns up sin. Why is he like a
tongue? He gives power to speak for
Jesus.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the strange story in the les-
son. Acts 2. 1-11.
- Tues. Read what Peter said. Acts 2.
14-36.
- Wed. Learn the Golden Text, and be glad
that you are a child.
- Thur. Find who were filled with the
Spirit. Acts 1. 13, 14.
- Fri. Read what a prophet said long be-
fore. Acts 2. 16-18.
- Sat. Learn what is the fruit of the
Spirit. Gal. 5. 22, 23.
- Sun. Read about the work of the Spirit.
John 16. 7-13.

We are trees, and fruitful ones. It is
for us to say what kind of fruit we shall
bear, and how much.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy New Year! Now who will try
By each day's thoughtful caring,
By gentle ways, by loving words,
By patience and forbearing;—

By knightly service to the weak,
Thus growing truer, bolder,
By giving to the sinking wheel
A staunch and sturdy shoulder;—

By steadfastness in daily work
Until the task be done;
Then hearty zest for every game,
And fairness in the fun;—

By watching that the steps be right,
All the twelve-month through,
To make in home, and school, and street,
Your New Year's wish come true?

—Child's Hour.

A THISTLE IN JACK'S HEART.

"If I were a farmer," said Jack to his
mother, "I wouldn't let any old thistles
grow in my fields. I wouldn't have any-
thing but the best grain and fruit."

"But how about the field you do own?"
asked his mother very seriously. "I
thought I saw a thistle sprouting up in it
the other day."

"The field I do own?" asked Jack in
surprise.

"The other day I heard you say,
'Plague take it!' an expression I never
heard you use before. I said 'Some one
has sowed a thistle in Jack's heart.'"

Our lives are fields given us by God.
Our parents and teachers are trying to sow
good seed, so that nothing but the grain
and fruit may grow in them. Are we
helping them?—Junior World.

A LITTLE TEACHER.

Children in India, like white children,
sometimes have elevated ideas of them-
selves when they know a little. I was
amused one day in the children's ward to
see a little Christian girl, who was just
learning to say her letters, with the Bible
open on her knees, and around her were
gathered several women, two or three men,
and all the little children, and she was
reading verses (reciting from memory)
and telling them about Jesus. I listened,
hiding behind the wall; for if I had gone
in, she could have stopped. Every one
was listening attentively, not doubting in
the least but the child knew how to read.
I turned away attending to something, and
when I came back I saw them all with
heads bowed repeating the Lord's Prayer.
I could only kneel myself, and ask God
to bless what had been said. How one
longed that those who bowed their heads
because the little girl told them to
know Jesus as the child knew!
Woman's Work for Women.



OUR NEW YEAR'S WISH.

To all our readers of the SUNBEAM, to the young and old, the children and young men and young boys and maidens, the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts and cousins, to the scholars in the Sunday-schools and in the week-day schools, to the busy toilers struggling in the race of life, to the strong and the weak, the courageous and the disheartened, the glad and joyous, the buoyant and the weary and heavy-laden, the Editor wishes a happy, thrice happy, NEW YEAR.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Slipping in among the children,
Bright and eager at their play,
Comes the New Year, sweet and
shining,
Just as gay and dear as they.

Not a trouble yet has fallen
On its merry, laughing face,
Not a single wrong step taken
In its hurrying, happy pace.

All the beauty lies before it,
Dew and rain and frost and flowers,
Flying months and weeks and seasons
Woven out of dancing hours.

Hail thee, lovely coming stranger,
In thy first bewitching day,
Slipping in among the children
Just as bright and dear as they.

RACING WITH THE OLD YEAR.

"What are you doing, matama?" asked a little girl as the twilight began to creep over the snow-covered out-of-doors. The mother was leaning against the window catching the last rays of sunlight upon the pages of a note-book.

"I am just finishing up my accounts for the year," answered the mother. "I have all I received set down on one page, and all I spent on the opposite page, and I'm counting up to see if the two pages had been even." "I had some accounts," said

Grace, looking wistfully at the little red morocco book.

"Why, you have," said her mother, putting away her book and taking Grace on her lap. "They are kept in the Recording Angel's book. On one side he has set down all that my little girl has received this year—health and strength, kind friends, a happy home, food and clothes—oh, a long, long list! On the other side he has written what you have done for Him who gives you all this."

"I'm afraid that is a short list," said Grace, mournfully; and the mother was silent.

"I am going to make it a longer list next year," said Grace, but her mother shook her head.

"A year ago," she said, "I heard a little girl say, 'Next year I mean to do this and that and the other thing,' but they are still undone."

And this time Grace was silent. "There isn't any left of this year," she said presently.

"A little piece only," answered the mother—"about enough to take some of my light rolls down to the miller's wife. She hasn't any bread now except what her little Rosa makes, and I can't think that is fit for a sick woman to eat."

Grace looked out of the window; it seemed to be getting dark very fast and the road to Miller Smith's was a lonely one. But there was that long, long list of good things given to her by her Heavenly Father, and such a short, poor list of what she had done for him.

"I'll get one more thing done," she cried, springing from her mother's knee.

"You'll have to run a race with the old year, then," answered mother; and as Grace went out into the winter twilight, basket in hand, the radiant angel smiled as he added a deed of mercy to his records.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE ?

What shall I wish thee ?
Treasures of earth ?
Songs in the springtime ?
Pleasure or mirth ?
Flow'rs on thy pathway ?
Skies ever clear ?
Would this insure thee
A happy New Year ?

What shall I wish thee ?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round ?
Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall insure thee
A happy New Year ?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light ;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright ;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear—
These shall insure thee
A happy New Year.

"A LIE IS FOR EVER."

A little girl came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it; but," and there was a look of awe in the child face, "a lie is for ever."
—Selected.

Harry dearly loved to tease his sister, although his mamma had often told him it didn't show a very brotherly or even a gentlemanly spirit to tease; but Harry answered that boys must have a little fun. "You know I only do it for fun; Lucy is so easily teased." Then his mamma told him that a "little fun," or the fun of teasing his sister until she cried, was no real enjoyment to him, and often caused his sister to be very unhappy, and at the same time did not benefit him any, and she thought he had better discontinue it.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.