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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1881.

[No. 1.

COLD PIECES.

THE New Year had come cold and stormy. Little Mabel Melburn looked out of the window and saw a poor boy shivering with the cold and asking if he might shovel off the snow and get some cold pieces for it.

"Oh, mamma," said Mabel, "mayn't I give him a warm bun and a cup of hot coffee?" "Yes, my dear," said her mamma, and Mabel hurried to the door and said "Here, poor boy, a happy New Year."

"Happy New Year, Miss, and many thanks," said the boy as he took the bun and coffee and sat down on the door step and had a hearty meal.

Then Mabel's father gave the poor boy a quarter for cleaning the snow, and talked kindly to him, and made him promise to come to Sunday-school, and wrote the following verses about him.

Jack became a good boy, and next New Years was earning his living in Mr. Melburn's office. These are the verses:

The Christmas is over, and New Years has gone,



HELPING THE POOR.

There is nothing to come any more, [day,
But to take up my basket and trudge every
Asking pieces, at window and door.

I hate this old shovel,—I hate this old
broom,

But if people would only speak softly and
sweet,
And not slam the door in my face,
They might keep all the pieces, I wouldn't
complain,
I just wish they stood in my place.

And I hate to go
begging about,
Why ever I came
here I've wondered
so much,
But never could fair-
ly make out.

They say that God
knows,—but I
guess when I came
Such a lot crowded
out of the gate,
That I didn't get
counted, or else
He's forgot,
I wish He had told
me to wait.

I stand on the dock,
the water looks coid,
If it was'n't for Johny
I'd jump,
But I can't make him
cry, for he's always
been sick,
And is all doubled
up in a lump.

I see boys and girls
that go riding
around,
With fathers and
mothers and
clothes,
I didn't do nothing,
'taint more than
half fair;
Wouldn't I like to
be them don't you
'spose?

'Tis no use to try, I can never keep good,
For just as I'm going to begin,
They call me a beggar, a nuisance, a pest,
And that makes me madder than sin.

If it wasn't for Johnny, as true as I live,
I never would beg any more;
But I'm all he's got, and I can't let him
starve,
So I guess I will try the next door.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1884.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAPPY New Year! So rang the merry shouts of millions of happy children the glad New Year morning. So echo the voices of millions of men and women, to whom the birth of a new year brings again new joy and the renewal of many hopes. Over hill and in valley, in city, village, and country, on the streets and on the commons, in the homes of comfort and wealth, and the abodes of poverty and want, everywhere the coming of the new year is hailed as a harbinger of blessing, and welcomed with shouts of gladness.

To the many thousands of young readers, the editor sends his hearty New Year's greeting. But now, my boys and girls, this year will be just what you make up your mind to make it. It will be a happy year if you decide it shall, and it will be the reverse if you choose to make it so.

Let me see, then, what you can do to make it a happy year. I can tell you a few things, and you must think of the rest yourself.

In the first place, I want you to make several good resolutions. I know you made resolutions on last New Year's day, and broke them again. But now I am going to

trust you again. Here are several I want you to set down to be lived up to:

1. I will attend the Sunday-school regularly, unless sickness or something else really unavoidable prevents me, and give faithful attention to the lesson.

2. I will read several verses or a whole chapter in the Bible every day, week days as well as Sundays.

3. I will do my best to be obedient and affectionate to my father and mother, and kind to my brothers and sisters.

4. I will keep a sharp look-out over my temper, and not let it play naughty pranks with me. I have learned to my sorrow how bad it is to let my temper run away with me, like a runaway horse does with a carriage.

5. I will study my books faithfully, and do my best to recite perfect lessons at school.

6. That I may do these things, I will pray to God every day for his help, and I will try and give my heart to him in love all the time.

Now, my dear children, if you will carry out these resolutions, I am sure you will have a happy year. You may not have a present of a china doll, or a muff, or a new pair of skates, or a sled, or a ball, but you will have a good conscience, and that is far better than the finest present you can have.

I your homes, dear little readers, by your blazing hearths, around the evening lamp, in your Sabbath-school and church, in your plays with your companions and your intercourse with friends, in your dreams by night and your musings by day, the editor wishes you a happy, long new year.

THE NEW YEAR.

It's come, hurrah!

It's come, its here;

It's come, hurrah!

The grand New Year!

A year to be glad in,

Not to be bad in;

A year to live in,

To gain and give in;

A year for trying,

And not for sighing;

A year for striving,

And hearty thriving;

A bright New Year,

O! hold it dear;

For God, who sendeth,

He only lendeth.

—St. Nicholas.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year to mamma,
To papa, and Benny, and Sue,
A happy New Year to my kitty,
To Carlo and Dolly too.

A happy New Year to my uncles,
Aunt May and cousin Joe,
A happy New Year to the birdies
Out in the wintry snow.

1884.

BY ELLA A. SMALL.

O NEW-BORN year! with greetings true,
From East to West we welcome you,
New denizen to earth!
Our lips frame words of merry cheer
With which we hail your advent here,
And celebrate your birth.

O glad new year! in thy embrace
The days are hidden from our face
In closest mystery;
Not e'en the wise and learned sage
Can read thy closed, unwritten page,
But waits its history.

O untried year! come thou as friend,
To bless us till thy latest end,
And happiness impart?
No answer from thee can we hear,
Thy lips are sealed and dull thine ear
To our inquiring heart.

O present year! help us to learn,
As we thy pages daily turn,
To garner well thy days;
To fill each one with what will last,
Then when they are forever past,
We shall receive His praise.

BE deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorners, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.



YOUNG ESKIMO AT PLAY.

YOUNG ESKIMO AT PLAY.

WHEN I was a boy they used to spell this Esquimaux, but they have shortened it a good deal since then. Although it may be pretty cold in Labrador and Greenland, boys will be boys the world over, and these fur-clad little fellows seem to be having a right good time of it in the snow. They have had, I suppose, a good breakfast of seals' fat and what care they for the cold. The best of all is, that the good Moravian missionaries have carried them the Gospel, and now they have churches and schools, and many of them are good Christians.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE north winds blow
O'er drifts of snow;
Out in the cold who goes from here?
"Good-bye, good-bye!"
Loud voices cry.
"Good-bye!" returns the brave Old Year;
But looking back, what word leaves he?
"Oh, you must all good children be!"
A knock! a knock!
'Tis twelve o'clock!
This time of night pray who comes there?
Oh, now I see!
'Tis he! 'tis he!
Old people know the glad New Year!
What has he brought? and what says he?

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

"A HAPPY New Year! A happy New Year!" were the words shouted merrily through the house on New Year's day, by the Greys, big and little. Yes, even Tot was echoing the words of the rest, in such a broken, funny way they all laughed heartily.

"Why, Tot!" exclaimed Edward, catching up his little two-year old sister, placing her upon his broad shoulder, and dancing about with her, "you do not know what a year means, or 'appy,' either."

"But our little Sunbeam at least knows how to make others happy," said Mr. Grey, as he entered the room where the children were in high glee.

"That's so," emphatically said Edward, "for she never cries or frets, like other babies. Sunbeam, shall I give you a stick of candy to help keep New Year's?"

"'Es, me want tandy, and 'appy New Year, and O, ever so many tings!" stretching out her little arms as though to grasp all the good they could encompass.

"Tot, I guess that is exactly the way with us all," said her sister Agnes. "We would like to grasp ever so much for the new year."

"And would my daughter be any the happier; for, grasping the things of this

world?" said Mr. Grey, in a low, earnest tone.

"No, dear father, I think not. And yet we can't help wishing to have some of its pleasures."

"Very true, dear, and I think our heavenly Father means us to enjoy many of the pleasures of life, but not to become absorbed with them, or set our affections too much upon the things of this world."

"But, father, it's so hard to be a real Christian, and give up dancing, gay parties, and what other children, and big people, too, take so much delight in."

"Not if you constantly bear in mind for whom you give up these things. Christ's disciples, if they truly love him, cannot count anything a hardship if done in his name."

"That's just it," said Edward. "We are all the time forgetting the true meaning of being Christ's faithful soldiers and servants."

THE NEW YEAR.

I AM the little New Year, ho, ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,—
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring for each and all,
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;
Each one from me a treasure may win;
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have silver and some shall have gold,
Some shall have new clothes and some shall have old;
Some shall have brass and some shall have tin,
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have water and some shall have milk,
Some shall have satin and some shall have [silk];
But each one from me a blessing may win;
So open your doors and let me in!

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY ushers in the year,
February follows in the rear,
Then March, that brings us brighter hours,
Makes way for April's sun and showers—
Her robes of green unfolds dear May,
And June, her flowers so sweet and gay;
July glides in with smiling face—
Then August joins the rapid race.
September, with her changing sky,
Proclaims "October days are nigh."
November's voice, so sad and drear,
Calls out "December, close the year!"
And now the cycle twelve is run,
The months are learned—my task is done.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"FAREWELL, dear children!" the Old Year said—

"I shall leave you to-night when you're snugly in bed;

So come, let us gather around the bright fire,

I have something to tell you before you retire.

"I leave you to-night, but with me I bear My record for each; I have drawn it with care.

Now listen: Each word you have carelessly spoken;

All promises made, and all promises broken; Whatever unkindness you've felt, or have shown

In action, in feeling, in word, or in tone; Whene'er you've forgotten, in warm, earnest prayer,

To thank our great Father for all his kind care;

Whene'er you've neglected his pardon to plead

For sinful desires, for wrong feelings and deeds;

Whene'er you've offended your father or mother,

Been fretful or peevish to sister or brother; All the grief you have caused, all the sorrow you've given,

Are noted by me, are recorded in heaven."

Kneel down, dear children, in deep sorrow kneel;

As you think of the records old years will reveal,

Ask pardon of God for each sin that is past; On the mercy of Jesus your burdened soul cast;

Resolve that the New Year shall never record

So many offences in thought, deed, and word. Dear children, remember, and earnestly pray,

Whene'er you are tempted to wander astray; Pray for light from above that will guide your young feet

O'er the rough road of life to that happy seat

On the right hand of God, where the ransomed ones claim

Peace, pardon, and love, in the dear Saviour's name.

A BOY is a chile much longer wid his mudder den he is wid his fadder. A stone-bruise dat he would take ter his fadder, an' show wid a air ob pride, he will take to his mudder an' show it wid a v hine.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

A.D. 50.] LESSON II. [Jan. 13.

HEARING AND DOING.

James 1. 16-27. Commit to memory verses 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only. James 1. 22.

OUTLINE.

1. The Father of Lights. v. 16-20.
2. The Law of Liberty. v. 21-25.
3. The Pure Religion. v. 26, 27.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who is the Father of lights? God our Father.

What does he send down to us? Every good and perfect gift.

Why does he give us the "word of truth?" That we may be saved by it.

What does this show? His great love for us.

How should we receive his word? Humbly and gladly.

What is a doer of the word? One who obeys God.

How may we deceive ourselves? By thinking that we do when we only hear.

What is the "perfect law of liberty?" The law of love.

Whose law is this? God's law.

Who are blessed in their acts? Those who continue in the law of love.

What is it to bridle the tongue? To control it.

What kind of words will a Christian speak? True and loving words.

Who will the Christian try to cheer? The lonely ones.

What will he seek to do? To keep himself unspotted from the world.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Doers of the word—

Believe that it is *God's* word.

That he speaks to *them*.

That he expects them to *follow* it.

"All that the Lord hath said *will we do*, and be obedient."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Practical religion.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Will they suffer nothing there? Good men will suffer nothing in heaven; they will have no want nor pain nor sin.

What sort of bodies will they have? They will have bodies such as can never die, made like the glorious body of Jesus Christ.

A.D. 50.] LESSON III. [Jan. 20.]

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

Acts 3. 1-15. Commit to memory verses 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Matt. 12. 37.

OUTLINE.

1. The Words that Condemn. v. 1-12.
2. The Words that Justify. v. 13-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

For what are bits used? To guide horses. What is a ship's helm for? To turn it about.

What small member of the body has great power? The tongue.

What can the tongue do? Defile the whole body.

Why has it such power? Because it is set on fire of hell.

What can come from the same mouth? Blessing and cursing.

What can no man tame? The tongue. From what source do our words flow? From the heart.

How, then, can the words be made pure? By making the heart pure.

Who can purify the heart? The Lord. Against what should we guard? Against envy and strife.

What is earthly wisdom? Sensual and devilish.

Where does true wisdom come from? From above.

Who are the righteous? Those who let God live in them.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

If the tongue is such a power—

We need to put it into God's care.

To trust him to manage it.

Never to take it out of his hands.

"Whoso keepeth his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The depravity of human nature.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How will they be employed? In praising and serving God.

In what manner will they serve God in heaven? We cannot tell how they will serve Him until we go there.

"PEARS to me your mill goes awful slow." said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starved to death," replied the boy.