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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1897.

No. 1.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

A NEW year has begun. 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



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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.

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

naughty will of our own, but to do his will.

Dear children, we are all by nature sinful, 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

mouth. So it is with every one who is born of God.

You may have many friends, but you have none so kind, so ready, so able to help you as the Lord Jesus.

BUNNY LONG EARS.

BY M. S. HENRY.

LITTLE Bunny Long Ears
Lives in a wood,
He snoops on green moss,
And eats herbs for food
He's a gentle fellow,
But very, very shy.
You really could not catch him
Indeed you need not try.

Little Bunny Long Ears
Hears ev'ry sound,
For he's always listening
As he runs around,
If he hears us coming,
His feet will surely fly,
For he's a gentle fellow,
But very, very shy.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1897.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said a father, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently their father called from a window: "You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said the father, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble

Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, the father found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys. "That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm."

"No," said his papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."

WHAT THEY DO IN CHINA.

"MAMIE," said Aunt Alice, "suppose your father should conclude that you were not worth bringing up, and should bring a tub of water and put you in it, and hold your head down until you were drowned?"

"Aunt Alice!" exclaimed Mamie in a voice of horror, "how can you say such a dreadful thing?"

"I was thinking that if you had been born in China that might have been your fate."

"Why, do they do such things there?"

"Yes, indeed. They don't think that girls are worth raising. I heard a missionary tell of one poor woman who had drowned six little girl babies, all her own!"

When she came to hear about Jesus, and gave her heart to him, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she cried out: "Oh, it seems to me that I can hear my babies crying, as they did before I drowned them. If I had heard about Jesus before, I might have saved my babies!" Poor mother! Should not we hasten to let all the mothers in heathen lands know about our Jesus?"

I heard this story, and I said to myself: "Yes, we must hurry, quick, quick, to tell the poor heathen mothers of Jesus!" But how can we get to them? We must save our pennies, we must earn pennies and bring them to the mission box, to send missionaries and good books to tell the glad story. And we must pray—pray that more missionaries may go. You and I can do something to help them. Let us do all that we can.

FANCHETTE'S FLOWERS.

FANCHETTE and grandmother and Tiny lived away over in Italy, where the sky is so blue and the sun is so warm. Grandmother tended the house and Fanchette sold flowers. Some days Tiny stayed at home and guarded the house while grandmother weeded the tiny garden; some days he went with Fanchette and sat by her feet and watched everything around him with his sharp black eyes. Tiny was only a dog, but he was a very smart dog.

One day Fanchette was sick. Her head ached so badly that she could not get up. Who would sell her flowers? Winter was coming on and grandmother needed more money, and Fanchette did not know what to do.

After a while she thought of a plan. She would try it, anyway; it was the best she could do.

She managed to get up and dress, although the poor head still ached. She took her basket and went to the next house, where the florist lived, and got her usual supply of flowers. Then she went home and called Tiny.

She tied the basket around his neck, kissed him good-bye and pointed to the door, and said, "Go sell my flowers, Tiny." Then she had to lie down on the bed again.

Tiny trotted off to the corner where his mistress always stood. I think Fanchette's customers understood the case, for they picked out their posies and dropped the money into the basket. Tiny had such a fierce growl that the street boys were afraid to go very near to him.

When the flowers were all sold, Tiny trotted home. The headache was gone. Fanchette was waiting at the door for him, and she found more money in the basket than she had ever made before.

The next day Fanchette's customers found the little red-cheeked girl in her old place with her basket of pretty flowers, and they told her what a good flower-seller Tiny was.

A LITTLE BROWN GIRL.

SILVO is a little brown girl who lives in South America. Her father is a rubber gatherer, and has a rude hut built on stilts. It stands in the water, and is very different from our houses. Silvo is awakened early in the morning by the chattering of the monkeys. She likes to go with her father to the rubber grove, where he taps the trees with the hatchet, and places a little cup underneath to catch the sap as it runs out. Silvo's father tells her to keep close to him, because if she should stray away she might get bitten by a big snake or some wild animal. They stay all day in the forest, making their dinner of coconuts and dates. At night the sap from all the trees is put into one large jug and carried home, where it is changed, over a fire of palm nuts, into thick rubber.

Then it goes down the river in canoes to the English traders, who send it to our country; and it is made into balls, dolls, overshoes, and all sorts of nice things for us.

Once Silvo went with her father when he carried the rubber to Para. She saw a great many new things, and heard about the little girls in this country. Don't you think she had a lovely time?

Do our little friends want to know how they can be sure that they will never be drunkards? I can tell them. Simply refuse to take the first glass.

THE GOLDEN TEXT.

I LIKE to think on the Lord's Day morn,
Of the hosts of children far and wide,
Their faces fair and their brows unworn,
Who blithely sit at a mother's side,
Conning, in tones so low and sweet,
Over and over with patient care,
Till by heart they know it and can repeat
The golden text, be it praise or prayer.

For praise or prayer it is sure to be,
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Called from the sacred treasury,
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think that the children dear
Will know the truth when their heads
are gray;
That the hallowed praise their souls will
cheer,
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

I sometimes muse on the Lord's Day eve,
When the golden texts have all been
said,
And my tender fancies I like to weave
Over many a small white bed.
The children sleep till to-morrow's morn,
Armed for whatever is coming next;
Their strength and courage alike unshorn,
And the sword they will carry the gold-
en text.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON II. [Jan. 10.]

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.

Acts 2. 1-13. Memory verses, 1-4

GOLDEN TEXT.

They were all filled with the Holy
Ghost.—Acts 2. 4.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- How long did the disciples wait for the Holy Spirit?
What great day had now come?
What was the day of Pentecost?
When was it held?
What gave it this name?
How long was it now since Jesus rose?
Where did the believers hold an early prayer-meeting?
How many were at the meeting?
What great sound came suddenly?
What strange sight was seen?
What strange power was given to the disciples?
Why was this power given them?
Why did the people in the city come running to the house?
What did they see and hear?
What did some think?
What did some say?
What did these strange things mean?

DO NOT FORGET—

That the Holy Spirit still comes to the heart of believers.

That he comes to those who ask?
That he comes to give new light and new power to the life.

LESSON III. [Jan 17.]

A MULTITUDE CONVERTED

Acts 2. 32-47. Memory verses, 38, 39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off.—Acts 2. 39.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Who preached on the day of Pentecost?
What did he say the strange sights and sounds meant?
What prophet had foretold this?
How were John the Baptist's words fulfilled?
Whom did Peter preach to the crowd?
Why was he not afraid? He was filled with the Holy Spirit.
What great crime did he charge upon the people?
How did some feel when they heard his words?
What did they say?
What good news could Peter tell them?
Whom did Peter obey in teaching these things?
How many were baptized that day?
How did the new believers live together?

LESSONS FOR ME.

- Sin, when we see it, pricks the heart.
The way to get rid of sin is to repent and forsake it.
Those who love Jesus love one another.

ST. MARTIN.

THERE is a pretty story about a soldier named Martin. One cold night Martin had to walk up and down outside the tents for half the night.

The wind blew hard, and Martin drew his cloak around him and shivered. Presently a voice spoke to him, "I am dying of cold and hunger. Give me gold or I perish."

The soldier looked at the shivering form beside him and pitied him, but he had no gold to give.

"I am freezing," pleaded the beggar. "My rags will not cover me."

Martin stopped on his march up and down. He had nothing to give, and he could not leave his post to find anything. A blast of wind blew out the folds of his long cloak. Martin shivered and drew it closer about him.

"I have no cloak and you have one," moaned the poor beggar, as he turned away.

"Wait," cried Martin, and pulling off his cloak, he took his sword and cut it through the middle from top to bottom. "Half for you and half for me," he said. "Take this in the name of Christ."

The beggar thanked him and went away. At last Martin went to his tent to sleep. He drew the blankets around him, and in

his slumber he had a wondrous dream. A wonderful form approached the bed and said, "Martin, you gave your cloak to a beggar. I was that beggar. I was rich, but for your sake I became poor. I am your Lord and Saviour. Whatsoever you do in the name of Christ to the poorest of my children, you do it unto me."

Martin awakened then; but ever afterward he remembered the dream, and he went about seeking those who needed help. He did so many good deeds that the people called him St. Martin.

GREEDY TIP.

Two little mice came out of their snug home in the wall of Grandma Gray's cellar to ramble about by themselves. Their mother was dozing on a bed of dry leaves, and Nibble and Frisk, their two sisters, were gnawing on a dry piece of turnip.

"I say!" exclaimed Tip, "that old turnip is as dry as a bone. I wish we could find something nice to eat."

"Yes," said Tiny, "and it always seemed to me that I could if I could only roam about the cellar; but mother is afraid to let us."

"I know," said Tip, "she's afraid of a great animal she calls a cat; but she says Mrs. Gray never allows any cats in her cellar, so we don't need to fear, and anyway, we're almost as large as mother."

Tip felt very important. "All four of us put together are certainly as large," said truthful Tiny; "but she is much older and wiser than we. Oh, what a cunning box!"

The two little mice in walking on the shelf had come to something like a round, flat, wooden box with four small, round holes in its sides, and looking in at each hole, you could see a dainty piece of cheese.

"Cheese, as I live!" cried Tip, sniffing with delight. "I'll have some," and he started in at one of the holes.

"Wait!" cried Tiny. "Let's go back and tell the rest, and then we can all eat together."

"Not I!" said Tip. "Every one for himself, I say."

So, while Tiny scampered back to call the others to the feast, he went into the hole; but just as his nose touched the cheese something went "click!" and poor Tip's neck was caught fast in the mouse-trap!

"Oh, mother, do wake up!" cried Tiny, rushing into the nest. "Tip and I have found the nicest feast of cheese!"

"Oh, cheese!" cried Frisk and Nibble. "Where? Where?"

"In the 'cutest little round box. Tip's there eating now. He couldn't wait."

"Oh, my child, I'm afraid it is a trap!" said Mother Mouse, and they all rushed to the spot, but alas! when they reached it poor Tip was stone dead! "A sad lesson to you, my dears," said Mother Mouse, wiping a tear from her eyes with one little paw: but let it teach you always not only to look out for traps, but also to beware of being greedy and selfish."

NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

BY FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers in 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.

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at his feet,
Smile of his countenance,
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in his presence!
Christ ever near!
This will insure thee
A happy New Year!

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

MRS. NELSON gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a diary. The books were prettily bound, and on the cover of each book was the owner's name in beautiful gilt letters. The children were delighted, and turned over the spotless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "Mamma will not be pleased if we get tired of them after a while, and throw them to one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me all through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice things in my pretty book!"

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her

case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use in trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it, too. Those who try to hide and cover up wrong-doing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love with truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

Do not ask another to do what you would not do under similar circumstances.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"MAMMA, what do folks mean by the old year and the new? How can a year be old or new?" asked Emily, on the last day of December.

"I will try to tell you, dearie. You know we say the new day after the night has passed. We divide the day into hours because it is convenient to be able to measure time. You do not know when one hour passes into another, but you do know when the darkness comes and when the light. We also know that after day and night have come just so many times the sun grows warmer, the ground softens, the grass springs up and the flowers bloom. After a certain number of days the fruits come; then the leaves turn gold and brown, and then fall off; and again the days grow cold, the snow falls, the ground is hard, the lakes are frozen.

We call these changes seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter. We know that after these seasons have gone by, taking just three hundred and sixty-five days, the same changes will take place again in the same order. Spring will follow winter, summer will follow spring, autumn will follow summer, and winter will follow autumn. So it will go on as long as time will last. So we say at the end of the three hundred and sixty-five days that to-morrow will be a New Year, and the days that have gone are the old year.

"Now, suppose you had a copy-book of three hundred and sixty-five pages, and you wrote one page every day. When it was filled you would lay aside the old book and take up the new. Wouldn't you want to make your next book look better than the old: with fewer mistakes; fewer blots; more like the copy at the top of each page?"

"I understand you, mamma. You mean, don't I want to be a better girl, more like Jesus this coming year than last? Yes, I do, and I will not forget to ask Jesus every morning to help me."

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

THE night when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, a star of unusual brilliancy appeared in the distant East, and the wise men or heathen sages came, by its direction, to pay their homage to the new-born babe. This star led them to where the young child was, and, having found him, they presented gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. This star is truly typical of the Saviour himself. He

is the bright and morning star which has arisen to guide the Gentiles to the knowledge of salvation. It goes before men to lead them through the darkness of this world to the palace of the Great King. This star shines brighter than any other, and so Christ shines brighter in his life than all other men. He is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If men follow his light, they will find peace and safety.

THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year to all the dear children!

A new year to be good and happy in.

A new year to do good and make others happy in!

This is what all who love the children want and ask for them.

Is it what the children want? And are they asking God for such a year as this?