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# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 28, 1889.

[No. 26.

## 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!



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

You will say when you come to its close that you never had such a happy one before.

Ab, God knows very well what will make us happy. It is to have no naughty will of our own, but to do his will. It is to love the Lord our God with all our heart and

while they were working with it. When they were done, one of them asked if it did not hurt him.

"O yes, very much," he said; "but I did not want to give pain to mother, so I tried hard to keep from crying."

Was he not a noble little fellow?

soul and mind and strength, and our neighbours as our selves.

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 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.

## DIDN'T WANT TO HURT MOTHER.

A LITTLE boy once had his leg badly broken. His mother was very sick, and when she heard about it she fainted. But when the doctors came to set the broken limb the little fellow never cried once all the

## JESUS.

Jesus listens every day,  
Hears the lowest words I say;  
Hears me when I think a prayer,  
For the Lord is everywhere.

When I do not speak aloud,  
Jesus knows if I am proud;  
Knows when I am good and right,  
For my heart is in his sight.

Jesus watches when I sleep,  
For myself I cannot keep;  
So he keeps me all the night,  
Wakes me with his morning light.

Jesus loves me: I shall know  
Sometime why he loves me so;  
Why he left his home on high,—  
Died that I might never die!

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

QUICK, glad, ringing words they are. We hear them in the street, in the home, in the office, store, and shop. They are the utterance of the kind impulses of the heart. What a world of meaning the words convey. A Happy New Year! There are so many shadows that darken the year. There are sicknesses, deaths, disappointments, trials that wring bitterly the heart. Then, on the other hand, there are so many things to brighten life. There is the sweet, pure sunshine, a thousand million flowers, teeming fruits and other crops, the songs of the birds, the bright eyes of the children, churches and Sunday-schools, dear and loving parents and kind brothers and sisters, myriads of things to delight the eye, the mind, and the

heart. The Happy New Year shout is a wish that there may be just as few as possible of the things that darken and sadden life, and just as many as possible of those which brighten and gladden and sweeten life.—*Children's Friend*

## THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

NELLY HART is a regular mischief-maker. Are there two little girls in school who are known as friends, happy in each other's society, Nelly goes to work to make trouble. She picks up some little harmless word here, adds a word or phrase, and takes away a word there, changes the tone and manner, and makes the whole convey an entirely different idea.

"Mary Allen has a pair of mittens just like those I lost," said Frances McIntyre innocently enough.

At recess Nelly calls Mary into a corner. "What do you think Frances says about you?" she asks in a mysterious whisper.

"What does she say?" asks Mary. "Won't you ever tell as long as you live and breathe?" says Nelly.

"No," says Mary thoughtlessly.

"Well, you know she lost her mittens, and this morning she said, 'Mary Allen has a pair of mittens just exactly like those I lost,' she says; and if you had seen the way she looked, and how she tossed her head, and then says she, 'So just like mine.'"

"She didn't mean I stole them?" says Mary, naturally much provoked.

"Of course she did."

So there is the foundation for a very pretty quarrel, and soon all the school is taking one side or the other, and there is a great talk and a trouble.

The little mischief-maker rejoices in the storm she has raised. Do you know any little mischief-maker? If you do, never listen to her "says she's" and "says I's." If she comes to you with a story, turn a deaf ear, for the words of a tale-bearer are as wounds.

## COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker in all things, and at all times, even at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

## THE SUNBEAMS' SONG.

We are little sunbeams bright and clear,  
Driving out the shadows dark and drear,  
Peeping into busy hearts,  
Creeping into lonely hearts,  
Giving everywhere we go a ray of cheer.

We are little sunbeams full of joy,  
Every one a talent to employ,  
Scattering sweet smiles about,  
Shattering the wall of doubt,  
Sharing with the weary ones our cup of joy.

We are little sunbeams from above,  
Sent to tell the world of God's great love,  
Bringing light o'er clouded ways,  
Singing happy songs of praise;  
This our merry mission from the throne above.

## "FATHER IS COMING."

THERE is a touching little story told of a sweet little girl who was seen floating down the waters that flooded Johnstown, Pa., some months ago, sitting on her bed holding her doll in her arms and laughing at the roaring, cruel torrents that dashed past. When called to from the shore, she laughingly answered, "Papa will take me; papa's coming!" Perhaps her papa did come, and hand in hand they met the angels that welcomed them to the heavenly shores. But it was just that kind of trust in "father" that Jesus meant when he said, "Except ye become as little children"; the faith that can say, not, "Father is coming," but, "Father is here," in all our difficulties and trials.

## LOOKING BACK.

THIS year I have learned:  
That God made everybody and every-thing.

That God loves everybody and everything that he made.

That God loves people so much that he sent Jesus to die for them.

That God guides and takes care of the people who love him.

That God hates sin.

That God must punish sin.

That we cannot keep God's law.

That Jesus has kept it for us, if we love and obey him.

That while God tries to make people good, Satan is sowing bad seed.

That though the good and evil grow together, God will divide them at last, because no evil can come to his house, and he will let no good be lost.

That I ought to love Jesus, and try to grow more like him.

## AT JESUS' FEET.

WHAT shall I place at Jesus' feet  
This happy New Year's day?  
Where shall I find an offering meet  
Before my Lord to lay?

I have no gems, no treasured store,  
No honours fair to bring,  
Nor aught of good to lay before  
My loving Lord and King.

Such as I have I freely give;  
Dear Lord, take thou my heart,  
Make it thy temple, in it live,  
And never more depart.

I bring to thee my earth-born will  
Dealing unchecked away;  
Say to its wishes, "Peace, be still!"  
Make it thine own this day.

I bring the secret, strong desire  
To win the praise of men;  
The purpose, Lord, henceforth inspire  
Thy praise alone to gain.

I bring the the hidden, baleful springs  
Of evil in my soul;  
Oh, put within me better things,  
My spirit to control.

I bring my service unto thee,  
My wish for great success;  
Guide thou, and be the strength in me  
To labour and to bless.

At thy dear feet my friends I place;  
Their need to thee is known;  
Fulfil in them thy thought of grace,  
Far higher than my own.

Thus do I fully, gladly lay  
My all before thy feet,  
And freely take the power this day  
To stand in thee complete.

## "I AM NOT MY OWN."

"I WISH I had some money to give to God," said Susy; "but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said papa; "but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud: "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a good and great man, who is now in heaven. Now, you see what you have to give to God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself, "I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want them, and he is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to him or keep them for yourself. If you give them to him you will be careful never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do everything good they can. If you keep them for yourself they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed; long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent. She did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will not allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but you will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go; and if you give him your eyes, you will never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying, and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said and all she did, all she saw and all she heard, to remember "I am not my own."

Then he taught her these lines:

O, that mine eyes might closed be  
To what concerns me not to see;  
That deafness might possess mine ear  
To what concerns me not to hear;  
That truth my tongue might ever tie  
From ever speaking foolishly;  
That no vain thought might ever rest  
Or be conceived within my breast;  
That by each word, and deed, and thought  
Glory may to God be brought.

## DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day,  
Little boys and little girls;  
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will;  
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,  
His best will ever grow,  
But he who shirks or slights his task,  
Lets all the better go.

## THE BEST COMFORTER.

ONE day a little boy fell down and hurt himself. He cried and felt very badly. Then another boy went and put his arms around him and said, "Why don't you go and let your mother kiss the place? Mothers are the best things in the world when you're hurt."

I thought, "That little boy knows about it, and he is right. I don't know what I'd do without my mother when I'm hurt." But, after all, some little boys and girls have no mother, and if they have, sometimes there are sorrows that even they cannot help them about. But Jesus can always help us. We can go to him as we would to mother; for it is said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Jesus tells everybody to come to him and he will give them rest, and will comfort us in every time of trouble.

We go to Jesus by praying to him, by believing his word, and by putting our trust in him.

## "I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR JESUS."

"MOTHER," said a dear little boy of eight or nine summers, as he quietly crept into his invalid foster mother's bed-room one morning, "while I've been lying in bed I've been looking up at the stars, and I thought they looked like angels. Then I said to myself, 'Suppose this was the judgment-day, and these were the angels coming with the Lord, what should I do?' Then I thought, 'I'll look out for mother, and keep close to her;' but then I remembered how weak you were, and said, 'No, mother couldn't help me, I'll look out for father—he's strong;' and then I thought, 'No, I know father wouldn't be able to save me;' then I thought, 'I'll look out for Jesus, I know he can save me.'"

It is wonderful how much we owe to people who will not let us do as we please.



NEW YEAR'S WALK.

## EVENING AND MORNING.

A LITTLE child knelt down to pray,  
And, listening, I heard her say:  
"My heavenly Father, please to keep  
Me very safely while I sleep;  
Forgive the faults thou'st seen to-day,  
And if I wake again, O may  
I thank thee from my heart, and try  
To please thee always till I die,  
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then on her pillow soon she laid  
Her bright-haired, weary little head;  
And when the rosy morning broke,  
That happy little heart awoke:  
"I thank thee, Father, for thy care;  
I know thou heard'st my evening prayer;  
Still keep me safe through all this day,  
And may I never from thee stray,  
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

## OUR JETTIE.

YOU never saw a more cunning little dog than our Jettie. The children make a real playmate of him. Every night when Mamie, our eight-year-old, has finished her supper she jumps down from her high chair and calls, "Come, children." Then Jettie and the three pussy-cats follow her at quick-step out into the kitchen where they are all fed, each from a separate dish. Her "children" are quite a care to Mamie, but a delight too.

Jettie is a very sensible dog, and smart. He knows when there isn't much fire in the stove, for only then does he venture near it, and you would laugh to see him

standing close up to it, with his fore-paws resting on the front.

Poor coloured Nancy stood one day watching Jettie as he warmed his feet by the stove; she seemed to be thinking very seriously. She had been attending prayer-meeting every night for several weeks, and although she was not a Christian, she very much desired to be one. After a while she was heard to say, "Nice Jettie, he ha'n't got no sins to answer for," and then she patted him kindly. Nancy felt that she had many sins to answer for. Ah, she has something to do about it too. She must repent and go to Jesus, who will take away all her sins.

Jettie and the pussies cannot think about such things, but Nancy can. We hope she will go to Jesus and be saved.

## TROUBLE INSIDE.

ROBBIE loved the roses, and had coaxed his mamma to let him have his own bush, of which he was very proud. And when it first bloomed he clapped his hands and almost shouted, he was so happy.

But next morning when he ran out, the first thing after breakfast, to view his new beauties, he looked hard at it a moment and burst into a cry; it was all withered and faded. He ran back to tell his uncle, who went with him and pulled open the rose, showing him a little worm in the heart that had caused all the mischief.

One worm, only one, will destroy the finest rose; and there is something like it in us

—one sin, only one, will spoil the sweetest child, unless Jesus casts it out.

## ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year  
Has passed away.  
Have I been learning,  
Day by day,  
To be more gentle  
And more mild?  
More like the holy  
Jesus child?  
Lord, help me ever  
More to be  
More like my Saviour,  
More like thee.

## PROVERBS.

AMOS ATKINS was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs, and spoke proverbs; and, meet him where you would, he had always a proverb on his lips. When he once began to speak, there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos, I was on my way to uncle's. A long walk it was; but I told him I hoped to be there before night.

"Ay, ay," said he. "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope; but he who does nothing but hope is in a very helpless way.

"Have a care of your temper; for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it. Therefore, again I say, have a care of your temper.

"Remember that the first spark burns down the house. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket, and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.

"Look at your feet and your fingers, boy, and let both be kept in activity; for he who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief. An idle lad makes a needy man, and I may add, a miserable one, too.

"If you put a hot coal in your pocket it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek, through God's help, to overcome them.

"Waste not a moment of your time; for a moment of time is a monument of mercy.

"Now step forward, boy; and, as you walk along, think of the half-dozen proverbs given to you by Amos Atkins."