

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

Was there no room in Bethlehem
For Jesus at the inn?

No room for Jesus when he came
To save a world from sin.

No room for Jesus in our homes,

Or round our board, when he,
Above all other friends beside,

An honoured guest should be?

No room for Jesus in our hearts?

O sad and fearful thought!
Room for all else but his dear love,
Who our redemption bought.

Dear little child, wilt thou not try
The Saviour's lamb to be?

So when he calls thee from on high
He will make room for thee.

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A CUTE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I SHALL never tire of telling how *Krissy* came to us. It is a simple story but true, and that ought to go a long way toward interesting the reader. It was a bitter cold Christmas Eve, and we were all huddled closely around the roaring fire-place, when there came a furious knock which roused grandma up from a peaceful nap, and set us all wondering who could be out in such a bad storm. I hurried through the long hall and flung the door wide open. Nobody was in sight, but a huge square basket greeted my delighted eyes. "Oh! here is a big Christmas box for someone," I cried, "Come and help me, Benny." Together we carefully carried our heavy load into the sitting-room, and when Ben lifted the cover there, cuddled down in soft white blankets, was the prettiest, plumpest baby boy you ever saw. The flood of light made the big blue eyes blink

solemnly for a moment, and then such a wistful pleading look crept over that innocent baby face. It seemed to say, "Don't anybody want me"—and something crept into our hearts and we all fell in love with *Krissy* then and there. The card which you see on the basket was all the message he brought us; and where he came from we probably shall never know. *Baby May* said *Kris Kringle* sent him and after that we decided to name him *Krissy*. He is the dearest and best Christmas present that ever came into our home.

THE "MORE BLESSED" CHRISTMAS.

THEY had a lovely Christmas time in a Sunday-school up in Michigan last winter, and I wish every school in the land could have one like it every year. Indeed, many other schools are trying the plan, and they say it works well. This school called it "the 'more blessed' Christmas service." I presume the name came from that text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Everybody gave something. The visitors who were admitted gave in a parcel at the door as their "ticket," and such a mountain as it all made, heaped up about the pulpit. I think the Lord was pleased with such a Christmas celebration, for all the presents were for his needy, suffering ones. There were pretty toys of all kinds to make happy the hearts of little children, plenty of warm little socks and hoods and jackets, good story and picture books, warm clothing of all sorts, handy tools and many other things both useful and pretty. Over four hundred presents were brought in, and I presume they made as many hearts happy when they were given out, and more, too, probably, as fathers and mothers share in their children's joy quite as much as if it were their own.

The children, too, who took part in this "more blessed" service were about as happy as you ever see little folks. You know you can put but one quart of syrup in a quart cup, and one pint in a pint cup. Just so people have capacities for happiness. You may pile on the means of happiness, and it will only overflow; it will not add anything to the amount. Some people, if they had the whole world given them, and all the things in it, would pout and say, "I wish I had the moon."

The "more blessed" kind of happiness comes nearer filling up the measure than any other I know. But to fully convince yourself you have only to make the experiment. I would not wait until Christmas, either. Kind, generous deeds are always in season. "The poor you have always with you."

A CHILD'S REASON.

"T'WAS Christmas week, the wintry light
Faded to darkness, dull and drear;
"These are," I said, half to myself,
"The shortest days in all the year."

Across our darling's childish face
Passed the quick shadow of a thought,
Then suddenly she brightly smiled,
As though she found the things she sought
And said, "I know the reason why;
It's 'cause the little girls like me
Wish it was Christmas, so the Lord
Makes the days shorter purposely!"

GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGERS

ELIZA, Mary, and Maggie were their names, and they boarded one summer in a little cottage in the country. Every afternoon they went out to drive, and about two miles from their home they passed a house where two children lived about as old as they. These children used to come to the door and smile and courtesy when they saw the carriage going by, and often *Eliza* and *Mary* and *Maggie* would throw out a book to them with pictures and a pretty story in it about *Jesus*.

The next summer our three little girls went to this same country home again, and the first time they drove out they looked eagerly for the children in the cottage by the wayside; but none appeared. Seeing his little girls were disappointed, papa stopped to inquire about them, and then the mother came to the door leading one child by the hand. She told them, weeping, that the other child had died during the winter; and yet, smiling through her tears, she told them that one of their books had been the means of leading her little girl to heaven. It taught her that she was a sinner and *Jesus* was her Saviour. The little girl died happy, with the book clasped in her hand.

CHRISTMAS WITHIN.

WELL, this is a rather pleasant change—for the storm and cold and darkness without, warmth and light and cheerfulness within. How the little folks are just beside them with joy at the wonders of the Christmas tree. Was ever tree so beautiful! Did ever tree bear such marvellous fruit!—all sorts of toys and trinkets and sparkling light. There are presents for everybody—for pa and ma, grandpa and grandma, and Tom and Nell, and even for tiny *May*, upon the floor. God bless them all, and give all the families where the *SUNBEAM* goes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.