

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

OVER all the earth are ringing
Happy voices, merry bells!
Wondrous news to mortals bringing,
"Christ is born!" their music tells.

Saviour, Master, King, Redeemer,
Lord of lords and God most high!
Sings the Christian world forever
Of his birth and victory.

Ever then with joyous voices
Greet we his blest natal morn;
At his advent earth rejoices,
Christ, the Prince of Peace, is born!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpoluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird and tree and rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger-prints in the flower and field and snowflake—but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for the chaff and

the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of power and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ—*Morning Guide*.

JENNIE'S SELFISHNESS.

JOHNNIE and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We—oh," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces; they were all about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too!" cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."—*Youth's Companion*.

EARLY SWEETINGS.

"O MAMMA, the early sweetings are ripe; grandpa said so. May I eat some? Please say yes," coaxed Marie.

Now Marie was quite sure that mamma would not say "yes," because she had been very ill, and mamma had brought her to grandpa's farm to see what pure air and sweet fresh-milk could do for her. Marie was very much better, and able to run about again, but she still had to be very careful what she ate.

"Marie dear, you know that you must not touch an apple for a long time yet," answered mamma. "I am sorry for you, but you must wait until I tell you that it is safe for you before you taste any fruit whatever."

Marie went out of the house very slowly, and wandered off to the barnyard. The chickens were not about as they usually were. Old mother hen had taken them off on a hunt for grasshoppers. The cows

were in the orchard lying in the shade of the trees, chewing their cud and thinking lazily how warm it was, or so Marie said they thought.

From the barnyard gate, Marie could see right over to the early sweeting tree. "What a nice seat the branches make!" she said to herself. "It's hot here, and there's nothing to play with. I'm going down to sit in the tree. I needn't eat any of the apples; of course I wouldn't."

While Marie was thinking this she had been going as fast as she could to the tree. "I wonder if any apples have fallen," she continued.

"Sure as I live, here are two. Those old cows shan't have them. My, how good they smell! I don't believe one would hurt me a bit. I heard grandpa say that apples were healthy food. Anyhow, one bite can't hurt me." And in went the pearly teeth through the skin into the sweet juicy apple.

Suddenly, Marie stamped her foot, and threw both apples as far as she could throw.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she said aloud, and ran out of the orchard.

"There! I'll not go into that orchard again till mamma says I may." And she kept her word.

SHADOWS NEEDED.

"WRONG, wrong!" cried a child, tearfully, "My copy lies before me: mountain, meadow, lake, and forest are faithfully drawn, line by line. Why is my sketch a failure?"

The elder sister glanced over the child's shoulder. "True," she said, "mountain, meadow, lake, and forest are skilfully imitated, yet the picture is not complete. Look again. Have you forgotten nothing?"

The child examined her work more closely. Her face suddenly brightened; the tears dried on her cheek. "Ah!" she said with sudden joy, "I have discovered my mistake: 'I forgot the shadows! Now,'" she continued, adding a few dark lines—"now my picture is perfect."

Even thus, no life, however beautiful, is complete without its shadows. We would, if we could, have naught but sunshine; but Christ, the great and loving Master, fills in the shadows, and makes the picture perfect in the Father's eyes.

ETHEL is very fond of honey. One day she begged for a little more, after mamma said she had eaten enough. "Please, just a little. I will not eat it; I want it for the butterflies." A little honey was given her on a plate, and Ethel went out in the sunshine and held it up. She waited patiently for her little friends to come. At first they were shy, but by-and-bye one came, and then another and another. I am not sure that they cared so much for the honey, but they loved to be near the gentle little girl who loves all God's creatures.