

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MY dear little Sunbeams—for that I hope you all are—bright and cheery, and giving joy and gladness, just like the beams of the blessed sun, I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a very happy New Year. I hope you will have lots of fun during your holidays, lots of presents in your stockings, and plenty of cake and plum-pudding; only don't eat too much of it and forget the poor, who have none of the pleasant things you have; and if you will spare some of your own things to give to some poor boy or girl, you will enjoy your own ever so much better. Remember God's great Christmas gift to you—the gift of His dear Son—and give Him your young hearts, and resolve with the New Year to love Him all your lives. Try to let your lives henceforth be like the snow in the fields, pure and spotless, not defiled by sin, like the snow on the roads, all marred and soiled by trampling feet.

I hope, too, you will do all you can for the Mission cause. Ask your friends to give a Christmas present to God to extend the preaching of His Word throughout Canada, and throughout the world.

WOE.

“Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.” (Isa. v. 11.)

'Tis well in the early morn to rise,

'Tis well to rise up ere the sun shine;

And well to hear the words of the wise,

Ay, well to avoid the sparkling wine.

NEVER let a day pass without doing something for Jesus.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ONCE in royal David's City
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby

In a manger for His bed:
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall,
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

NEVER neglect daily private Bible-reading, and, when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. All backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules.—(See John v. 39.)