

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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CHRISTMAS TREES.

MERRY Christmas! Why do we keep it with so much joy and gladness? Is there a little child anywhere who does not know that it is the day when our dear Lord was born? "Christ the prince of glory slept on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful story is familiar to every one of us, and the sweetest thing about Christmas is that it belongs to every one of us, to the poorest as well as the richest, for the infant Jesus came to save the whole world.

The custom of hanging gifts on Christmas trees comes to us from Germany. There, for days beforehand, great preparations are made, and when the eve of Christmas arrives, the tree is lighted with tapers, and its boughs are loaded with presents for parents, children, teachers, friends and servants. We are glad that many of our

Sunday-schools follow the pretty home idea of the Fatherland to a wider conclusion, and have Christmas-trees in the Sunday-school.

FATHER CHRISTMAS' YOUNG DAYS.

No one who has read of the Christmas festivities of Old England can overlook the yule log, whose cheery blaze has enlivened so many English hearths. A heathen custom gave rise to this practice also. About the same time that we keep our great festival, the pagans used to celebrate "Yule-tide," or welcome to the new year. The word "yule," means festival of the sun. Those who helped to carry the yule-log were considered safe from the power of spells, and those who sat round the merry fire made up quarrels and were at peace. Twigs from the log, kept during the year, were believed to be safeguards against charms.

In early times Christmas was marked by much rejoicing and revelry. A man, who was styled "Lord of Misrule," was chosen to superintend the festivities. He would take up his abode in the house of a great lord, where he was followed by a numerous train, whom he ruled as king. He was allowed to do whatever he chose; and no one, whether king or earl, was to take offence at his jokes. Perhaps these revelries reached their highest pitch in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

We must not forget the feasts of this season. A boar's head is still seen on the Queen's table at Christmas. In olden days this dish, crowned with rosemary, was received by the guests with great respect, all standing when it was brought in.

The custom of carol-singing is thought to date back as far as the second century. The word "carol" means a song of joy. In Holland we find, in addition to carol-singing, the pretty custom of carrying round from door to door a star representing that which once guided the Magi. Those who gaze on the star give the young men who bear it alms for the poor.

As we thus glance at the various ways in which men in all circumstances have celebrated the birthday of the Son of God, do we not see that there is a blessed bond of sympathy amongst them all, a bond between the child rejoicing over its Christmas-tree and the unknown believers who sang the first carol long, long ago; the bond of a common belief that the Babe of Bethlehem holds the sceptre of the world. Our thoughts fly to the lowly manger where, drawn by Divine love, all nations, peoples, tongues meet to exclaim, in words whose complete fulfilment we see not as yet: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Of all the days in the year there is but this one that awakens a common interest among the people of all Christian nations. The nations have their separate special days celebrating particular events in their own history. But these days have no particular interest to the people of any other country. But here is one day of the year, the holy Christmas-tide, which belongs to all Christian nations and to all the world alike. Let the day be kept with holy merriment and universal joy. Let grateful mirth be mingled with happy song, and let every heart awake to gladness for the birth of the holy Babe of Bethlehem.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

DAINTY little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-light's glow.
Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.

Funny little stockings,
Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises
Down from top to toe.
Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you Merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

"MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ONE."

NED had a watch, a very good one, though a little old-fashioned. There was one thing about it which displeased him; it was a key-winder, and all the rest of the boys carried stem-winders.

"Why, Ned," said father, "every jeweller says key-winders are the most reliable and durable. Besides, there is no such solid gold in any watch-cases in your school."

But Ned insisted, and father consented for him to take it to the jeweller and have a stem-winding attachment put in. He came back with a doubtful look on his face.

"Father, Mr. Smith says he can't change the watch to a stem-winder, but he can make it look just like one."

"And you told him no?"

"I—I—"

"Want your watch to lie? I want my boy to understand, if he never learns another lesson, the difference between seeming to be and being. And I want him to understand that the bane of society is the contemptible people who are always trying to appear what they are not."—*Guide*.