

THE SUNBEAM

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"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO PAPA
AND MAMMA?"

O father dear! O mother tender!
On this blest morn
When Christ was born

We come our grateful thanks to render.

Here to your chamber
gently stealing,

May our small cry
Be heard on high

While Christmas bells are
gladly pealing!

Ding dong ding!

Dear parents! may no
deeper sorrows

Your lives enshroud
Than passing cloud,

Made golden in the light it
borrows!

As birds anew burst into
singing

When rain departs
So may your hearts

Sing as the Christmas bells
are ringing!

Ding dong ding!

And that your bliss may be
completer,

May our love bless
Your tenderness,

And every day our lives
grow sweeter!

May goodness in our bosoms
dwelling

Wake in us three
Such melody

As now from every tower
is welling!

Ding dong ding!

Teach us your willing self-surrender!

So Love's own hues
Will interfuse

Our very being with their splendour.
And now, with joy-bells gaily leaping,

With one accord

We praise the Lord

Who holds us in His gracious keeping,
Ding dong ding!

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 was their

own.

The children, too, who
took a 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



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

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

symp 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