

## HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

HARK! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies,  
With angelic hosts proclaim:  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hail the heavenly born Prince of  
Peace!

Hail the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings—  
Risen with healing in his wings.

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

## A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

HERE is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow, who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty, "God must have told them to send the things to us."

"Did you ask him to, Arty?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled," reasoned his teacher.

"Yes, but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought, maybe, his time was not as quick as ours."

Oh, if we only could remember, when tempted to fret about delayed blessings, that our Father's time may not be "as quick as ours."

## CHRISTMAS ON A TRAIN.

Mrs. LEWIS and the two children, Dolly and Ben, went all the way from California to Boston to meet Mr. Lewis. They had hoped to get to Boston the day before Christmas, but something happened to the engine, and then they missed a train, and so when Christmas Eve came they were still on the railroad, a long way from Boston.

Mother couldn't make Ben and Dolly understand that Santa Claus did not travel on the top of trains, and neither of the children would go to sleep until they had pinned up their stockings by the side of the window.

The train went whizzing on through the dark night, and Ben and Dolly went to sleep; but I wish you could have seen how queer the people in the car acted.

An old lady fumbled in her bag until she found a pair of mittens. Then she tiptoed across the aisle and stuck them in one of the black stockings. A pretty young lady came up with a box of candy and slipped that in; and when the old gentleman sitting back saw her, he got out his purse, and a new silver dollar went down into the toe of each stocking. Then the conductor came along, and in went two ten-cent pieces. A young man dropped a knife in one and a new silk handkerchief in the other. Two boys by the stove began whispering, and after a while one came up with a little whip and a toy elephant.

I could not begin to tell you how Ben and Dolly acted the next morning. As soon as they wakened they saw the stockings crammed full. They had a lovely Christmas day, after all; for they showed their pretty things to everybody in the car, and everybody smiled and talked to them.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THERE is no other day in all the year that the little ones love so well as Christmas, for on that day almost the poorest of them are sure to be remembered by friends.

Not many little stockings, we are glad to know, are so short or so ragged that they will not hold some small gift that will help to make the day brighter, and sometimes there are more substantial gifts.

One thing this day will be above all others. We must remember to thank our Heavenly Father for his great Gift, the Lord Jesus, who came to the manger of Bethlehem the first Christmas morning.

## CATS.

IN a city in Europe, called Naples, there are a great many cats that live in the churches. They keep the rats and mice away. Sometimes they walk up to the pulpit and sit on the platform. I'm afraid we should laugh if we saw a kitty come into our church some Sunday, but the people in Naples are so glad to get rid of their mice, that they don't mind having the cats in their churches."

## BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

HANG up the baby's stocking—

Be sure you don't forget,  
The dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet  
But I told him all about it,  
And he opened his big blue eyes,  
I'm sure he understood it,  
He looked so solemn and wise.

Ah, what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little toes as baby's  
Safe from the frost and cold.  
But for the baby's Christmas,  
It will never do at all,  
Santa Claus would never look  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby,  
I've thought of a first-rate plan,  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can.  
And mother shall hang it by mine,  
Right in the corner—so.  
And write a letter for baby,  
And fasten it on the toe.

"Old Santa Claus, this is a stocking  
Hung up for our baby dear;  
You never have seen our darling;  
He has not been with us a year,  
But he is a beautiful baby!  
And, please, before you go  
Just cram this stocking with presents  
From the top of it down to the toe."

## NELLY'S WORK.

ALL by herself lives old Mrs. Webster. She is almost blind and her limbs are drawn up with rheumatism; but she is a good woman, and has many friends who like to visit her and carry her food and put her room in order. Among these is Nelly, who goes every day as soon as school is out. She does not make the bed and sweep the room, for she has not learned to do that work yet; but she carries a little Psalm-book in her hand, and sits down at Mrs. Webster's feet, and reads the sweet, comforting word. "It is better than my daily bread," the old lady says. "Yes, it is my daily bread." And when Nelly goes away she lays her hand upon her head, and prays, "God bless you."

## LOVING AND HELPING.

WE can never be of any help to one we do not love. If there is a scholar in your class for whom you do not really care, the first thing is to learn to love him. If you cannot do this, your teaching will not do him any good, and you will only do him a wrong if you keep him in your class. Instead, however, of asking that he be transferred to the care of another teacher who can love him, it were far better that you learn to do the loving yourself. This you can do if you become really filled with the mind and spirit of Christ.—*Westminster Teacher.*