

### 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 triumph 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 heaven-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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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

### 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.



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"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 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.

Christ is come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to fling off the oppression in the strength of faith in him.—*McLaren.*

### CHRISTMAS SONG.

"Glory to God on high!  
Peace and good-will to man!"  
Bright angels cleave the sky  
And fill the heavenly span,  
Chanting o'er Bethlehem's grassy plain  
The first glad, welcome Christmas strain.

Oh, song so short and sweet!  
Oh, song that never tires!  
The lay is surely meet  
To stir the angel choirs;  
While shepherds hear and quick obey,  
To bear to men the Christmas lay.

"Glory to God on high!  
On earth sweet peace is born!"  
From sin's dark midnight sky  
Breaks forth salvation's dawn;  
For Christ has come to save from sin,  
Go, shepherds, go, the song begin.

Oh, song so short and sweet!  
Oh, song that all may sing!  
Oh, song so rich, complete,  
Of Christ, our Saviour King!  
Repeat it, earth, again, again,  
"Glory to God, good-will to men!"

Sing it, ye great and small,  
Lift up your heart and voice;  
Ye nations, peoples, all  
Sing and aloud rejoice,  
The song the heavenly choir began,  
"Glory to God, good-will to man!"