

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light!
The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their homes may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning.
An empty sock to see,
Left, in the faith of childhood,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall.

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The Sunbeam.

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"WHERE'S SUNDAY!"

LITTLE folks can sometimes give far better answers to great problems than their elders. It is promised that "a little child shall lead them."

Daisy is only three, but sometimes she has deep thoughts, and asks questions it is difficult to answer. The other day she came to me quite suddenly, and said, "Where's Sunday?"

I did not know what she meant, and had nothing to say. So the blue eyes grew troubled, and she pondered in allance. Just then her brother, one year older, came into the room, and she ran to him.

"Tom, where's Sunday?"

"Up in heaven with God," replied he, without a moment's hesitation. "He only lets us have it once a week, you know."

It was a good answer, and perfectly satisfied Daisy.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

Who doesn't know what Christmas is and why we observe the 25th of December, each year, with such joy? Why are the windows of the stores so beautiful for many weeks? Why do we see happy people going about the streets with big bundles carefully wrapped? And papa, and mamma, and brothers, and sisters—why do they look so wise and say nothing? Even the Sunday-schools catch the spirit, and for weeks there are gatherings "to practise music," the superintendent says; and committees talk about programmes, and decorations, and many other things. But what does it all mean? Even the youngest reader answers very enthusiastically, "It's Christmas!" What is Christmas? "The Saviour's birthday," you answer.

Ah! Christmas means Christ's "holy day or feast"; and this is the time to rejoice and think of the work of the dear Saviour. But why do we make so many presents at this time? "Because we want our friends to be happy, and because we enjoy giving something to them." But this is not our friends' birthday—it is Christ's birthday; and if we are giving presents, we ought to give them to him, ought we not? "How can we give them to him?" a little one asks. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me." We give Jesus presents, then, and make him happy, when we give to those about us who can not have for themselves. In the older countries they used always to gather all the people together, and the rich baron or lord would furnish a feast for all. Now those who have must give to those who have not.

How many boys and girls give to their friends because they know that these friends will give to them in return? Would it not be more in accord with the Saviour's ideas to give to some one who can not return anything to you? Here is the pleasure, here the reward. If the Sunday-schools everywhere would try this plan, would it not be much more blessed? Instead of giving presents of candies, so common at Christmas-time, suppose each school uses that money for the poor people of the neighbourhood, or for the mission-cause, or to help some hard-working, half-paid minister and his family—do you not think there would be more blessing, more love, more happiness in that school than ever before? Would the members not be celebrating the dear Lord's birthday in the proper way—by giving him something rather than by requiring him to pour out of his blessings for others? *Our Young Folks.*

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

There's a subtle air of mystery about the house to-day;
There are whisperings and hidings, but not in merry play;
There's a sound of shutting boxes; there's a noise of scampering feet,
When the children come with sober steps,
With faces grave and sweet.

There are breakings-up of savings-banks,
Odd pennies from papa;
There are earnest consultations with aunty and mamma;
There are calls for scraps of satin, skeins of zephyr, shreds of floss;
There are searchings in thick folios for autumn leaves and moss.

No diamonds ever shone as bright as mother's eyes to-night,
And no gifts with money purchased could give such rare delight!
Though the stitches be uneven and the blunders not a few,
She only sees the perfect work her darlings try to do.

FULL, YET ROOM ENOUGH.

"MAMMA," said six-year-old Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I will choose you."
"Why, my child! what do you mean by saying that you cannot love both?"

"'Cause that's what the Sunday-school lesson says; it says that I must love God with all my heart, and there isn't but one 'all' to it; so if I love him with all, there won't be one bit left for you."

Mamma laughed, and only asked Fred to come with her. Going to the cellar, she quietly asked him to help her fill a large pan with potatoes.

"There," said he, piling on the last big fellow, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she next took a bag of beans and commenced to shake them into the big crevices between the potatoes. She poured and shook until a quart or more had disappeared and the pan was specked with white.

"Neither is it full yet," she said; and taking up a shovelful of sand she scattered that over the pan, and it, too, disappeared, and another after it.

"Not full yet," she said again, as she took a cup and began pouring water on the pan; and she poured and poured until several quarts were gone.

"Now, you see how a thing can be full and yet hold more—of something else. So your heart may be full of the love of God, and plenty of room left for me and papa and sister and play and books."—*Our Children.*