

CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-lights 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.

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

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The Sunbeam.

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ONE WHO LOVES LITTLE GIRLS.

A LITTLE Mohammedan girl said, "I like your Jesus, because he loves little girls, our Mohammed did not love little girls." As the heathen woman thought that the author of the New Testament must have been a woman, because it said so many kind things of those who were only mentioned with scorn in the heathen shasters, so this little girl had seen enough to show her the difference between the religion of Mohammed and the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consider what Christ has done for the children. Every Christmas bell that rings, every Christmas gift that gladdens, is but the manifestation of the spirit of peace on earth, and good-will to men, which the Lord Jesus brought into the world. What

has heathenism to take the place of the gospel of Christ? Hideous rites, horrible ceremonies, bloody and cruel observances, but little of peace, of joy or of blessing.

In India there are thousands on thousands of little child-widows, not more than ten or twelve years old, whose whole life is to be a scene of misery, suffering, privation and abuse, which only ends in the grave. Thank God! the gospel of Christ, who loves little girls, has gone into the dark corners of the earth, and wherever it goes it carries brightness and blessing on its wings. Let us pray that it may run and be glorified, and that many souls may be saved, and that all little girls may learn to know the Christ who loves them, and who died to save them.—*Little Christian.*

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

"No merry Christmas for us, Tripsey," sighed Mabel, sitting down by the way to rest a little after her long walk. It was the day before Christmas, and Mabel had just carried home a bundle of work to the lady who lived in the fine house beyond the iron fence. How hard her dear mamma had worked to finish all those dainty little garments! "Never mind, Mabel," she said, "we will have a Christmas dinner this year that will seem like old times!"

But alas! the lady had only paid half of the money due, saying that "Christmas brought so many demands, and would she call again next week?"

Poor Mabel started for home with a heavy heart, for she knew that after the rent was paid there would be barely enough to supply pressing needs. Her heart beat so fast, and she became all at once conscious of such weariness, that she dropped down upon the stone wall outside the big gates, and poured out her trouble to dear old Trip.

"I'm sure the good old lady doesn't know how poor we are Tripsey, or she wouldn't send us off with so little, would she? But we must be very brave and cheerful for mamma's sake. We mustn't even feel a bit sorry and disappointed, for s'ae's sure to see it if we do, and that will make her heart ache, you know. It must be all right, Tripsey dear, for God doesn't let trouble and disappointment come for nothing, does he, old doggie?"

As Mabel talked she found her heart growing lighter, and then something happened, so strange that Mabel thinks to this day that it was none other but God that inspired her to sit down there and pour out her heart to Trip!

Mabel's mamma was all alone in the world except for her little girl, as she supposed, and when she found herself without money, home, or friends, she felt desolate indeed. But she knew God, and she could work for her bread. Still it was often very hard to deny her little girl the comforts of life.

But the truth was that Mrs. Fenn had a brother living whom she had long supposed dead. He had come back to his native land after a strange, wandering life, a rich

man, and was searching for his one sister.

That day he was walking in the grounds, for he was a guest at the great house and saw Mabel go down the walk. Something reminded him of his lost sister, and he followed softly, and listened to the sweet voice as she talked to Trip.

"It is her own voice," he said to himself. "Who knows but it may be her child?" And he went out quickly, and soon learned that he had found the object of his long search.

You may be sure there was a Christmas dinner in the little house, and that it was not long before Mabel and her mamma were living in a lovely home, with Uncle Fred, the dearest uncle in the world, at its head.

Does it sound like a story out of a book? Ah! truth is stranger than fiction sometimes!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crison 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,
Ringing against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Sants's light will fall.

A CAT STORY.

ONE day a cat who wanted to have a little rest lay down on the sitting-room floor and went to sleep. But something went wrong with a little girl who was in the room, and she began to cry loudly. Kitty stood it a little while, but at last losing all patience, she walked up to the little girl and gave her a box on the ear with her paw. The child cried still louder and pretty soon the impatient cat gave her another blow, which nearly knocked her off the little stool upon which she sat. Then the little miss was angry, and catching kitty by the tail she dragged her around the room! But had not the cat a good a right to be angry and impatient with the little girl? I hope none of the girls who read this will ever act as cruel as the little girl did.

THE BIBLE ON THE CHAIR.

A BOAT'S crew from a ship wrecked on one of the Fiji islands were afraid of the lives. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a cottage, and crept into it, and as they lay there wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called to his friend: "All right Jack, there is a Bible on the chair! No fear now."