

circumstances have celebrated the birthday of the Son of God, do we not see that there is a blessed bond of sympathy amongst them all, a bond between the child rejoicing over its Christmas-tree and the unknown believers who sang the first carol long, long ago; the bond of a common belief that the Babe of Bethlehem holds the sceptre of the world. Our thoughts fly to the lowly manger where, drawn by Divine love, all nations, peoples, tongues meet to exclaim, in words whose complete fulfilment we see not as yet: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

THEIR GOLIATH.

BY MAGGIE L. NICHOL.

After the Children's Service on Sunday morning the Linton family were driving home. Arthur, Harry, and Ralph rode in the democrat with their grandparents, and father and mother, with Jessie, a Scotch orphan lassie, who had lately come to make her home with them, were ahead in the buck-board.

Mr. Hay's sermon that morning had been about David, and he had said that boys and girls nowadays have giants to fight, too.

Six-year-old Ralph suddenly broke the silence by pointing ahead, and saying with a sigh, "Well, there's our Goliath." Grandma Linton was the only one who knew that the rosy-cheeked girl sitting on the back of the buck-board was what the chubby finger pointed at.

For she knew that the mischievous boys

took a delight in teasing the untaught girl, whose speech and manners, learned in Glasgow's streets, were so different from theirs.

Only the day before, their mother, going into the kitchen, had found Jessie sobbing in a corner, and the unwashed dishes standing beside the cold dish-water. The boys were nowhere to be seen! When they did come in, the sight of their mother's tired face made them feel so sorry that they promised not to tease Jessie again.

Grandma found, from their talk that night, that Harry quite agreed with his little brother, but ten-year-old Arthur said, "Mr. Hay told us our giants lived in our hearts; that laziness was the giant of some; being late for everything was another; that temper was one, and even forgetfulness."

"Well, temper is Jessie's then," said Harry, beginning to understand. And Ralph admitted that they could not fight a girl, so perhaps Jessie was not their Goliath after all. Grandma looked in just then, and said, "I don't think any of the giants you have mentioned trouble you as much as another one which has its home in so many boys' hearts. He does not seem a very great fellow, but he may cause a lot of unhappiness."

"It's something that makes us like to tease Jessie," mused Harry.

Grandma answered, "Suppose we call him 'Giant Love-of-Teasing.'"

Then Grandma Linton asked God to help the three boys to fight their Goliath, as, in days of old, he had helped David.

It took a long time, but at last Giant Love-of-Teasing left the hearts of Arthur, Harry and Ralph. Jessie is happy now, and works so well that the weary look has left the mother's face, and peace and happiness reign in the farm home.—
Jewels.

HOME SUNSHINE.

Eight sorrowful little faces pressed against the windows looking out at the falling rain. Raindrops and clouds outside and teardrops and frowns inside—it was hard to tell which was the gloomier of the two.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Aunt Sue, coming in fresh and rosy from her walk in the rain, and looking in surprise at the sad faces.

"Why, we all wanted to play croquet," said Mabel, sadly. "Our new set came last night, and we wanted to use it the first thing this morning; and now it is raining, and we can't go out or do anything but have a horrid time."

"Well, it is too bad if you must have a stormy day indoors as well as out," Aunt Sue answered. "Now, I should think that eight little cousins could make all the sunshine they wanted even if it did rain and

spoil their croquet-party. Why wouldn't a game of blindman's-buff be just as pleasant? You can have the large dining-room to play in, and move the table into the corner. There! I see some sunshiny smiles already. Now, don't let me see any more clouds on these dear little faces."

In a few minutes the raindrops pattered against the windows unheeded, for the children were enjoying their game. Even Frisk joined in the fun, and barked as noisily as if he were trying to swell the merry laughter.

Now, was it not far wiser to make sunshine at home than to mourn over the disappointment the rain brought.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Listen, children to the music

That the old church bells do make;

Ring out this Christmas morning,

For the dear Redeemer's sake;

'Tis his birthday, and we keep it

In this lovely land of ours:

In the farmhouse, cottage, mansion,

Pleasantly we pass the hours.

Long ago, in Bethlehem's stable,

Christ was born, the baby King;

"Peace on earth," the watching shepherds

Heard the holy angels sing.

And the music has not ceased,

But has through the ages rolled,

And "good will" among the nations

Has increased a thousandfold.

Let our hearts be full of sunshine,

Though the frost is on the pane

And old Winter, keen but kindly,

Comes to visit us again.

And with snowy robe he covers

All the bleak and barren ground,

And makes fairy forms of beauty

Where the leafless trees abound.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;

Sing, ye waits, outside the door,

Echoes of that wondrous music

That was heard in days of yore.

Decorate the house with holly,

Let the bright red berries shine,

While we celebrate the birthday

Of our loving Lord divine.

COUNTING UP HER MERCIES.

Once there was a poor old woman sitting in a chimney-corner, and she always looked so happy that people wondered, who saw her bent, tired, old shoulders and her wrinkled face and her knotty, pain-twisted hands. At last somebody said:

"Granny, what are you doing there all day? How do you pass the time?"

"Counting up my mercies, dear!" she answered cheerily. "Such a blessed lot of 'em! You can't think how many new ones I find every morning!"

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