

SUNBEAM

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CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Our picture shows the merry Christmas sports, both out of doors and in the house, which will require no explanation from us. Coasting and bob-sleighing seem to be the favourites. It makes your editor wish he were a boy again to share this exhilarating sport. But his life is too full of duties and cares, and the world's work must be done by the older heads and hands. Yet we try to keep a young heart, and to enjoy these pleasures by proxy, that is, by seeing others enjoy them. It is a great pleasure to prepare these Christmas papers, and indeed all the year, in the hope that they may add to the happiness and mental and moral welfare of the many thousands of happy, hearty Canadian boys and girls who read them, and above all, to lead the dear boys and girls to the Saviour. Thank God for the happy Christmas-tide, when even the busiest of us can share the holiday fun of the boys and girls, like the big-bearded man who is playing blind-man's-buff with the young folk.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY CECILE SILVERTHORN.

It was Christmas morning! Oh, the joy everything proclaimed it! The bells pealed forth joyfully, thrilling the hearts of all Christ-lovers with a glad sense of what that day meant to all mankind. The sun shone his brightest and best, making many-coloured diamonds on the fresh, crisp snow.

Every one was glad on that day, but none more so than the bright, happy girl, who, with a snatch of Christmas carol on her lips, danced down the broad stairway

of her uncle's splendid home, towards the breakfast-room. But on the threshold she stopped, amazed. Her song ceased. Why? There sat her uncle in his accustomed place by the fire, and there was

hardly visible above his shoulder, was the form of a little child.

On advancing towards Mr. Gibson, the tiny hands of the child slipped out and the golden head was raised anxiously.

"Is you the lady that is going to take me to mamma? Do you know where my mamma is? I don't. The big lady took her wight out of bed fore I waked up one morning and she put her in a box too, for the big lady's little girl told me so. Will you find my mamma's box, please?"

Oh, what a depth of longing in those blue eyes!

"Will you please?" The inquiry was repeated still more anxiously.

Hazel glanced at her uncle. He did not attempt to disguise the big tears that stole rapidly down his plump cheeks. Her own eyes filled.

"Yes, dear, we'll find your mamma," she said unsteadily.

A moment's pause, then she continued, "but tell me, uncle, who is this? I don't understand yet."

"No, dear, you don't understand yet." But he choked a little, then continued. "Trust wakened me this morning early with his most mournful howls. Dressing hurriedly I descended the stairs, and on opening the door I found this frightened child sitting on the step. She asked me where her mamma was. What could I say? I just picked her up and brought her to the fire. She has given me all her history and you shall have it all presently. But now to break-

fast! Heyday! half an hour late!" and the man of minutes, laughing softly, moved in the direction of the table, all the while holding fast to his burden.

Hazel, stooping low, tenderly kissed his broad brow, then the pinched face of the



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Sarah arranging the table for their morning repast. But what that broadened smile on Sarah's merry face, and the air of deeper content about Mr. Gibson? Hazel hadn't far to go for an explanation, for there, nestled in her uncle's arms, its golden head