

CHRISTMAS DAY.

O TELL me, children, who have seen
The Christmas tree in bloom,
Which is the very brightest thing
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.
The skates and shining toys?
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas day, itself, my dears;
It's Christmas day alone—
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift,
The world has ever known.

—St. Nicholas.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

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BE POLITE.

"Hush!" whispered a little girl to her classmates who were laughing during prayer; "we should be polite to God." Dear children, do you ever think how wickedly rude it is to laugh and whisper in your class, or while the superintendent is engaged in prayer? Be careful how you laugh during God's service, lest some time he laugh at you and "mock when your fear cometh."



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST."

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.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

My dear little Sunbeams—for that I hope you all are—bright and cheery, and giving joy and gladness, just like the beams of the blessed sun, I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a very happy New Year. I hope you will have lots of fun during your holidays, lots of presents in your stockings, and plenty of cake and plum-pudding; only don't eat too much of it and forget the poor, who have none of the pleasant things you have; and if you will spare some of your own things to give to some poor boy or girl, you will enjoy your own ever so much better. Remember God's great Christmas

gift to you—the gift of his dear Son—and give him your young hearts, and resolve with the New Year to love him all your lives. Try to let your lives henceforth be like the snow in the fields, pure and spotless, not defiled by sin, like the snow on the roads, all marred and soiled by trampling feet.

I hope, too, you will do all you can for the Mission cause. Ask your friends to give a Christmas present to God to extend the preaching of his Word throughout Canada, and throughout the world.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE is no part of the world in which Christmas is not kept. Even in pagan lands are found some Christians who do not forget when the day comes which celebrates the birth of Christ. Though doubtless everywhere there are those who see in it only a day for feasting and merry-making, yet many others in the midst of the feasting remember what the day means, and thank God for the heaven-sent Babe and for the angels' song. Let every heart unite in the chorus of "Glory to God in the highest."

A SCHOOLMISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."