

A WINTER SONG.

Oh, Summer has the roses
 And the laughing light south wind,
 And the merry meadows lined
 With dewy, dancing posies ;
 But winter has the sprites
 And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, summer has the splendour
 Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
 Where scarlet poppies sleep,
 And wary shadows wander ;
 But winter fields are rare
 With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,
 And the ringing, singing note
 In the robin's tuneful throat,
 And the leaf-talk in the trees ;
 But winter has the chime
 Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the lustre
 Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
 And rains that fall at night
 Where reeds and lilies cluster ;
 But deep in winter's snow
 The fires of Christmas glow.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1884

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

A MERRY, merry Christmas to every boy and girl of the big SUNBEAM family! May the day be to each one a day of right blessed cheer, and may it be followed by many and many another even more bright and blessed!

Christmas is first of all the children's day, because it is kept in memory of the birth of one perfect child who came from heaven to found a kingdom of child-hearts. The true child-heart is loving, faithful, and

obedient, and it is the gift of the Child-King, the gentle Jesus, who reigns Lord of all in heaven and in earth.

Any one who can receive a gift may enter this kingdom, and what time can be better for one that is yet outside than this lovely Christmas time, when the very air seems full of giving and receiving?

Come, dear children, come now and give yourselves heartily to the blessed Lord who gave himself so completely to you on the first Christmas day, and who has been giving, giving every day since! If you have already entered his kingdom, give yourself to him now for fuller love and service, and let this Christmas be the time we shall learn how truly blessed it is to give.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS bells ring silvery music
 O'er the crystal snow,
 Mingling with the songs of memories
 Of the long ago.
 Hearts are glowing, and the trappings
 Of the restless feet
 Beat, in quickened time, their marches
 Through the busy street;
 Merry, merry Christmas!
 Ring the joyful bells;
 Merry, merry Christmas!
 Down the valley swells.

Christmas trees, with treasures loaded,
 Bend their branches low,
 Yielding gifts which love has fashioned—
 May they ever grow!
 How the children's faces brighten!
 How their voices ring,
 In the chorus of the anthem
 Which they gaily sing!
 "Merry, merry Christmas!"
 Still their accents call;
 "Merry, merry Christmas!"
 Welcome, one and all."

When the music all was ended,
 And the lights burned low,
 Then there came a little maiden
 O'er the frozen snow;
 And she found a kindly shelter,
 For they bade her stay;
 Heard her story, sad and truthful—
 Then again they say,
 "Merry, merry Christmas,
 Truly blest thou art,
 Since we have, with kindness,
 Cheered a saddened heart."



FRANK'S HIGH HORSE.

FRANK wanted a high horse: so he took the sewing-chair, put the hassock on it, put the sofa-pillow on that, and mounted. How he got seated up there so nicely, you don't know; but I know just how he got down.

The horse did not mind the bridle, he would not stand the whip. He reared, lost his balance, and fell over.

Down came Frank with sofa-pillow, hassock, and all. By good luck, he was not hurt; but he will not try to ride the horse again.

THE CHRISTMAS SNOWBALL.

PAUL and George made it. First they made a little snowball in their hands, then they rolled it in the snow that lay on the ground. The snow was not very deep, so they took their little shovel and made a path of quite deep snow to roll the ball in. When it was done they stuck some holes in it and called it the birds' Christmas pudding. How nice it would have been if they had put some seeds in it for "plums." The birds like the bright red holly berries, but they are not good to eat. They are trying to find something to eat.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE sky-lark and the nightingale,
 Though small and light of wing,
 Yet warble sweeter in the grove,
 Than all the birds that sing.

And so a little maiden,
 Though a very little thing,
 Is sweeter than all other sweets,
 Even flowers that bloom in spring.