

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

[No 23

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

WHAT more charming Christmas custom there than that of singing Christmas carols? See how Aunt Mary and her little nieces and nephew in the picture enjoy it. We have filled the numbers of the SUNBEAM for this month with Christmas hymns and carols, and hope our little friends will have a good time singing them, and that this may be the best and happiest Christmas that ever they have known.

"DARLING," A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Go along with you, God for nothin' thing!" The cruel words were accompanied by a savage push, and the cellar door of a dilapidated tenement closed with a crash. Up the broken stone steps into the un pitying December night crept a little boy, shivering and weeping bitterly. He was only six years old, a mere baby, and filled with terror, turned the nearest corner and fled as fast as his tiny feet would carry him until almost breathless, and completely bewildered, he sank down in the shadow of a great warehouse.

Only a few days ago it was all so different. There was a soft-voiced lady named "Mamma," who called him "Darling," and kissed him. She used to sew all day long, and sometimes in the night he

would wake to find her arms about him and his face wet; and one night she told him she was going to heaven, a bright, warm,

The next morning she was very white and still, and did not answer when he called her name. Then the people came and took

him down stairs, and were not kind to him, and ever since he had been hungry and cold and lonesome. Why not ask Jesus to take him to heaven now?

No passer-by heard the sweet lisping tones that said, "Mamma's Dezus, I'se twyin to be dool. I want my mamma. Pease show me where heaven is" But above the Christmas eve jubilee of the great city, up through the azure heights to the throne of Him who was once a babe in Bethlehem of Judea, went that baby prayer.

The sobs ceased. The tiny figure rose and trudged bravely on and on, unnoticed by the crowd that surged through the thoroughfare into which he had turned.

A little way back from the street stood a great ivy-mantled church. There was a faint illumination within which threw out soft tints of crimson and blue upon the newly fallen snow. The vestibule doors stood ajar.

"This is most heaven," said the child, creeping into the great temple.

Strains of soft delicious music, floating on the warm air and mingling with the fragrance of flowers, seemed to breathe "Peace on earth" through all the shadowy arches.



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beautiful place. She couldn't take him with her; but if he would be a good boy, Jesus would bring him there sometime.