

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>		

SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

No. 26.

CHRISTMAS.

THEY had a love Christmas time a Sunday-school in Michigan last winter, and I wish every school in the land could have one like it every year. Indeed, many other schools are trying the plan, and they say it works well. This school called "the 'more blessed' Christmas service." I presume the name came from that text, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Everybody gave something. The visitors who were admitted gave in a parcel at the door their "ticket," and such a mountain as it made, heaped up about the altar. I think the Lord was pleased with such a Christmas celebration, for all the presents were for his needy, suffering ones. There were pretty toys of all kinds to make happy the hearts of little children, plenty of warm little socks and hoods and jackets, a good story and picture books, warm clothing of all sorts, ready tools and many other things both useful and pretty. Over four



CHRISTMAS SONG.

hundred presents were brought in, and I presume they made as many hearts happy when they were given out and more, too, probably as fathers and mothers share in their children's joy quite as much as if it was their own.

The children, too, who took a part in this "more blessed" service were exceedingly happy. You can put but one quart of syrup in a quart cup, and one pint in a pint cup. Just so people have capacities for happiness. You may pile on the means of happiness, and it will only overflow, it will not add anything to the amount. Some people, if they had the whole world given them, and all the things in it, would pout and say, "I wish I had the moon."

The "more blessed" kind of happiness comes nearer filling up the measure than any other I know. But to fully convince yourself, you have only to make the experiment. I would not wait until Christmas either. Kind, generous deeds are always in season.

CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the fire-lights glow

Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed,
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.

Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Stuffed with sweet surprises
Down from top to toe.

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and candies,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking;
Bless me, what a noise!
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine Guardian and Guardian together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Forward 8 pp. (4 pp. weekly), under 5 copies	0 60
copies and over	0 50
Prayer Hours, 4 pp., 40c., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 24
Sundbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review service: By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Beury Street, Montreal, Que. N. F. HURSTIE, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 24, 1892.

ONE WHO LOVES LITTLE GIRLS.

A LITTLE Mohammedan girl said, "I like your Jesus, because he loves little girls, our Mohammed did not love little girls." As the heathen woman thought that the author of the New Testament must have been a woman, because it said so many kind things of those who were only mentioned with scorn in the heathen shasters, so this little girl had seen enough to show her the difference between the religion of Mohammed and the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consider what Christ has done for the children. Every Christmas bell that rings, every Christmas gift that gladdens, is but the manifestation of the spirit of peace on earth, and good-will to men, which the Lord Jesus brought into the world. What

has heathenism to take the place of the gospel of Christ? Hideous rites, horrible ceremonies, bloody and cruel observances, but little of peace, of joy or of blessing.

In India there are thousands on thousands of little child-widows, not more than ten or twelve years old, whose whole life is to be a scene of misery, suffering, privation and abuse, which only ends in the grave. Thank God! the gospel of Christ, who loves little girls, has gone into the dark corners of the earth, and wherever it goes it carries brightness and blessing on its wings. Let us pray that it may run and be glorified, and that many souls may be saved, and that all little girls may learn to know the Christ who loves them, and who died to save them.—*Little Christian.*

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

"No merry Christmas for us, Tripsey," sighed Mabel, sitting down by the way to rest a little after her long walk. It was the day before Christmas, and Mabel had just carried home a bundle of work to the lady who lived in the fine house beyond the iron fence. How hard her dear mamma had worked to finish all those dainty little garments! "Never mind, Mabel," she said, "we will have a Christmas dinner this year that will seem like old times!"

But alas! the lady had only paid half of the money due, saying that "Christmas brought so many demands, and would she call again next week?"

Poor Mabel started for home with a heavy heart, for she knew that after the rent was paid there would be barely enough to supply pressing needs. Her heart beat so fast, and she became all at once conscious of such weariness, that she dropped down upon the stone wall outside the big gates, and poured out her trouble to dear old Trip.

"I'm sure the good old lady doesn't know how poor we are Tripsey, or she wouldn't send us off with so little, would she? But we must be very brave and cheerful for mamma's sake. We mustn't even feel a bit sorry and disappointed, for s'ae's sure to see it if we do, and that will make her heart ache, you know. It must be all right, Tripsey dear, for God doesn't let trouble and disappointment come for nothing, does he, old doggie?"

As Mabel talked she found her heart growing lighter, and then something happened, so strange that Mabel thinks to this day that it was none other but God that inspired her to sit down there and pour out her heart to Trip!

Mabel's mamma was all alone in the world except for her little girl, as she supposed, and when she found herself without money, home, or friends, she felt desolate indeed. But she knew God, and she could work for her bread. Still it was often very hard to deny her little girl the comforts of life.

But the truth was that Mrs. Fenn had a brother living whom she had long supposed dead. He had come back to his native land after a strange, wandering life, a rich

man, and was searching for his one sister.

That day he was walking in the grounds, for he was a guest at the great house and saw Mabel go down the walk. Something reminded him of his lost sister, and he followed softly, and listened to the sweet voice as she talked to Trip.

"It is her own voice," he said to himself. "Who knows but it may be her child?" And he went out quickly, and soon learned that he had found the object of his long search.

You may be sure there was a Christmas dinner in the little house, and that it was not long before Mabel and her mamma were living in a lovely home, with Uncle Fred, the dearest uncle in the world, at its head.

Does it sound like a story out of a book? Ah! truth is stranger than fiction sometimes!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

God bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crizleon light!
The tiny, scarlet stocking,
With hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys
The darlings have had to go.

And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their homes may be,
Who wake at the first gray dawning,
An empty sock to see,
Left, in the faith of childhood,
Ranging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Sants's light will fall.

A CAT STORY.

ONE day a cat who wanted to have a little rest lay down on the sitting-room floor and went to sleep. But something went wrong with a little girl who was in the room, and she began to cry loudly. Kitty stood it a little while, but at last loosing all patience, she walked up to the little girl and gave her a box on the ear with her paw. The child cried still louder and pretty soon the impatient cat gave her another blow, which nearly knocked her off the little stool upon which she sat. Then the little miss was angry, and catching kitty by the tail she dragged her around the room! But had not the cat a good a right to be angry and impatient with the little girl? I hope none of the girls who read this will ever act as cruel as the little girl did.

THE BIBLE ON THE CHAIR.

A BOAT'S crew from a ship wrecked on one of the Fiji islands were afraid of the lives. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a cottage, and crept into it, and as they lay there wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called to his friend: "All right Jack, there is a Bible on the chair! No fear now."

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS.

THERE'S a subtle air of mystery about the house to-day,
There are whisperings and hidings, but not in merry play,
There's a sound of shutting boxes, there's a noise of scampering feet,
When the children come with sober steps, with faces grave and sweet.

There are breakings-up and savin'rs-banks, odd pennies from papa;
There are earnest consultations with aunty and mamma;
There are calls for bits of satin, skeins of zephyr, shreds of floss;
There are searchings in thick folios for autumn leaves and moss.

No diamonds ever shone as bright as mother's eyes to-night,
And no gifts with money purchased could give such rare delight!
Though the stitches be uneven and the blunders not a few,
She only sees the perfect work her darlings try to do.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 538.] LESSON I. [Jan. 1.
RETURNING FROM THE CAPTIVITY.
Ezra 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee.—Deut. 30. 3.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God is to be honoured above all earthly rulers?
2. That the kings of the earth should serve him?
3. That all people should serve him?

HOME WORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

Find the name of the king who furnished the temple of God with golden vessels.
The king who replenished the temple of God with brazen vessels.
The king who bought peace by giving the vessels of the temple to his nation's enemy.
The king in whose reign the vessels here mentioned were taken from Jerusalem to Babylon.
The king who sacrilegiously used these vessels at a banquet.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who restored the Jews to their native land? Cyrus, King of Persia.
2. Who stirred up his spirit to do this? The Lord.
3. Who gladly returned to build the

house of the Lord? The people of Judah and Benjamin.

4. What did Cyrus give them? The vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had stolen.
5. What is the Golden Text? The Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee

CATECHISM QUESTIONS

What is the state of those who do not forsake their sins and believe in Jesus Christ? The wrath of God abideth on them.

Why does not God take away the wicked at once? He gives sinners time to repent

B.C. 536.] LESSON II [Jun 8

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Ezra 3. 1-13 Memory verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They praised the Lord because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid—Ezra 3 11.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To make free-will offerings to the Lord?
2. To render hearty service to the Lord?
3. To offer joyful praise to the Lord?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the returned captives do at Jerusalem? They gathered themselves together as one man.
2. What did they offer to God? Burnt offerings and prayers.
3. For what did they give money? To build again the house of God
4. In what did the priests and the Levites lead the people? In singing praise to God.
5. What did the people do? Some wept while others shouted for joy.
6. What is the Golden Text? "They praised the Lord because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What becomes of those who do not repent? After death they will be cast out of God's presence forever.

Will all men be judged hereafter? Yes, we must all be judged at the last day.

MRS. WILSON'S HAPPY CHRISTMAS

"Oh, mamma, it's awful cold," cried poor little Benny.

"Never mind, dear, never mind, we'll soon be there. It's beautiful snow, God made it." So mamma tried to cheer up the little fellow.

She needed some one to cheer her, poor woman. The wind blew her scanty clothing, and she had the baby to hold and hug while she dragged little Benny across the bleak meadow.

Eva Beame saw them from the window. "Poor Mrs. Wilson," said she. "It's an awful storm."

By this time they had reached the house. Mrs. Beame opened the door and welcomed them into the large, warm kitchen.

"It's a bad day for you and the babies, Mrs. Wilson," said she

"Yes'm, but you see we wanted to go to the Festival down to the Hollow."

"It's a give away," said Eva. "We shan't get anything for ourselves to-day. The Sunday-school are to pack a missionary box."

"I know; we didn't come to get, we came to give, Mrs. Eva. It's more blessed to give than to receive." Eva looked as if wondering what a poor washerwoman like Mrs. Wilson had to give.

"I've got something to put in the box," said Mrs. Wilson, and she drew from her bosom a pretty little gilt-edged Testament. "A good lady gave me this year ago," she said, "and I set a sight by it, but I've got a Bible, and I wanted somebody to have this who hasn't any."

"I've got sumphen too," shouted Benny, and three nickels in a tin box began to jingle.

"He's so proud of them," said his mother; "his grandma gives him one every birthday."

"You ought to let him keep them," said Mrs. Beame.

"And not let him share the good of giving? Benny loves Jesus, don't you, dearie? And wants to give him a Christmas gift too."

Eva began to feel ashamed of the two old aprons she was going to put in the box. "I mean to give my Pansy Picture Book," she said, "that's the prettiest thing I've got."

The sleigh took them all to the church, where they sang and gave their gifts notwithstanding the raging storm outside. And they were all very happy.

"It's the best Christmas I ever had," said Mrs. Wilson.

WHAT DO YOU GIVE?

EDITH was a dear little girl who went to our infant school. Her papa gave her pennies every Sunday to put in the missionary box. One day she heard her papa read what David said, that he would "not offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord of that which cost him nothing." She thought about it a great deal, for she said, "My pennies cost me nothing, and that is all I give." She talked with mamma about it, and mamma said, "Yes, that is so. Papa gives those pennies, instead of you." Mamma and papa often gave Edith pennies to buy fruit and candies with. So, after thinking it over, she said, "I will save half my candy money. That will cost me something; and then I will give papa's pennies for him." So that is what she did; and she felt a great deal happier to give what cost her something. Then, as she grew older, she learned to give her time and thought and care to those around her. Would you not like to try her plan, little friends? God is always pleased with such a gift to him.



"ON EARTH—PEACE!"

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 weary 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.

"BLESS HIS DEAR LITTLE HEART."

IN a very elegant palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-clad woman, with three little children—one a babe in her arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she settled down into one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was told by the conductor to go into the forward car.

A smile of amusement was seen on

several faces as the frightened group hurried out to enter one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I am going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car. You are willing, of course?"

He spoke eagerly, but she answered:

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself, and perhaps the woman would not want to take them from you."

"No, I do not need them," he answered, decidedly, but in a very low tone. "You know I had a hearty breakfast and don't need a lunch. The woman looked hungry, auntie, and tired, too, with those three little babies clinging to her. I'll be back in a minute, auntie. I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't try to be kind to those who are poor and in trouble."

The worldly aunt brushed a tear from her eye after the boy left her, and said audibly, "Just like the dear mother."

About a minute later, as the conductor passed the mother and the three children, he saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they had never done before; the dainty sandwiches were eagerly eaten, the fruit basket stood open.

The eldest child with her mouth filled with bread and butter, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother with a grateful look brightening her faded eyes, "but he is doing an angel's work, bless his dear little heart!"

And we, too, say, "Bless his dear little heart!"

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

AMONG the novelties in the way of Christmas gifts for the coming season, intended for father, mother, brother, or sister, is a suitable holiday envelope, containing a pledge or Christmas promise something like this:

By the help of God, and with my best and truest love. To—: I hereby promise never to use tobacco or ardent spirits as long as I live.

To this is signed the name of the donor.

Boys, all the money you could earn in a year would not purchase a present which would give your parents or your sisters so much pleasure as would such a Christmas pledge signed by you. If the pledges are not for sale in your town manufacture one. Purchase a pretty Christmas card and write on the back of it a pledge

similar to the one given here, substituting for the words, "before I am twenty-one years of age," the better promise, "so long as I live."

THE LITTLE LAMBS.

DURING a powerful revival, the pastor announced that a meeting would be held that evening for the reception of members. On hearing this, little eleven-year-old Frank went home and asked the permission of his grandmother, under whose charge he was, to present himself for membership. She was astonished, and said:

"My dear child, you are too young. You must wait till you get older."

This was more than little Harry could endure. He instantly burst into tears, and hid his face in her lap. It was some time before he regained composure. He then said:

"Grandma, if you had a flock of sheep and lambs, and it was winter time, would you put all the big sheep in the stables and leave the little lambs outside to perish in the snow and cold?"

The little boy's faith and earnestness triumphed. His grandmother consented. He was examined as to his faith in Christ, and received into the Church.

He became a physician, and the head of a public institution of the State of Kentucky, and is still an earnest and devoted follower of Christ.—*Crown of Glory.*

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

AMID our Christmas gifts we should not forget the best and greatest of all—God's gift of his own dear Son. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish but have everlasting life." Let this be your Christmas motto. Oh what a gift, on the first Christmas day 1892 years ago, was the gift of the Divine child, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Son of God to be the Saviour of the world. Dear children, let him be your Saviour. Love him. Trust him. Give him, as the best Christmas gift you can bring, your young and loving hearts.

BE COURTEOUS.

PERHAPS you are not sure what the word courteous means. It is rather a long hard word for some of you. Courteous means almost the same as polite. Peter tells us to be pitiful and courteous. Courteous means polite because we have kindly feelings toward every one. So you see it is harder to be courteous than to be polite.

Let us try always to see the good in people, think only kind things of them and say only kind words of them, and then we cannot help being kind to them. Then we shall be courteous. Courteousness is Christian politeness. A Christian child or man or woman should always be courteous.