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# 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, good 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 Deezus, 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.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

lay long, and sometimes in the night he

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

The child overcome by fatigue, entered a high-backed pew and was soon asleep on the velvet cushions.

Miss Deborah Van Zandt sat in a great easy chair before a blazing fire, and gazed long and sadly into its glowing depths, which sent a ruddy gleam over her snowy hair, and stern, handsome face.

Christmas eve, and she the only surviving member of her family, encased in her pride of birth and wealth, alone in her palatial home, unloving and unloved on this the gladdest night of the year! It is no wonder that a feeling of unconquerable loneliness and longing began to melt her nature. Fifteen minutes later she entered the Van Zandt pew at St. Matthew's Church, and gave a little start of surprise to see a ragged child with tangled golden curls asleep on the crimson cushion. Presently a blaze of light illuminated the vast sanctuary, a glorious *Te Deum* resounded above the worshipping congregation, and Miss Deborah felt a slight touch on her arm, and turned to meet the gaze of a pair of great lustrous blue eyes, and an awed but joyous whisper, "Is *dis* heaven?"

"No, child," was the astonished reply.

"Zen where is it? My mamma's there, an' I want her."

Miss Deborah evaded this perplexing query by asking, "What is your name, little boy?"

"Darlin'."

"What else?"

"Mamma's darlin'. Will you take me to heaven?"

"I can't dear; but I'll take you home with me. Lie still awhile," she whispered, and pillowed the sunny head on her costly velvet and furs until the last grand anthem died away into the apostolic benediction.

Two hours after Miss Deborah sat once more in her luxurious home, with an inspiration in her heart and a white robed Christmas gift in her arms.

"Isn't you my uzzer mamma?" cooed a tiny voice, as a dimple cheek nestled against her own.

"Yes darling."

"Zen, I has two mammas and Dezus."

The last word came very faintly, and Miss Deborah, as the sweet eyes closed, tucked the treasure into a snowy couch, and turned away, feeling that she had looked into the face of the Christ-child.

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child Himself.  
—Dickens.

### 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!

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## The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

### THE SUNBEAM FOR 1884

Will be brighter, better, and more beautiful than ever, with a superior grade of pictures; and will be issued every fortnight, instead of twice a month, so that at no time will the schools be three weeks without its shining presence, as now happens four times a year. It is just what the little folk of the Primary Classes need—full of pretty pictures, poems, and easy Lesson Notes.

Teachers will please send their orders at once, that there be no interruption in sending the SUNBEAM for 1884.

SUNBEAM every fortnight, when less than twenty copies, 15 cents; twenty copies and upwards, 12 cents.



OUR CHARLIE.

THIS is our Charlie's second Christmas. He was only a baby last Christmas, and don't remember how we hung up his stocking, and how Santa Claus filled it with good things. But this year he is looking forward with great glee to Christmas morning. He is never tired of hearing about it. He will ask all sorts of questions in his baby talk, and then he will sit still and look at us so earnestly, just as he does in the picture, while we tell him all about the reindeer, and toys, and trinkets, and everything. Bless his dear little heart, how he will enjoy it, and make Christmas all the merrier for everybody else.

### CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THANK God for Christmas! It has a face so cheery that our own faces brighten as we look into it. It is so merry with bell-music and carol-singing that we find ourselves joining in its songs. And it is a friend so true and warm that we welcome it with all our hearts.

Christmas is coming; let us make it a merry one. Let sorrow chasten and subdue, but not render us selfish and hard. Rather let us be more tender because of its presence—more anxious to lighten the burden of it for others. Let us do without something that a sick child may be fed, or a cold room warmed. Let us invite as the guest of the festival some solitary individual; let us send parcels to the poor, and greetings to the aged. Let us think what He whose birthday we celebrate would do if He were in our place, and then let us do it joyfully and for His sake. What did He do? Feed the hungry? Heal the sick? Yes; and when He could no longer do this He said, "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine be done."

Dear friends, God give you a happy Christmas!—Marianne Farningham.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LISTEN, children, to the music  
That the old church bells do make,  
Ringing out this Christmas morning,  
For the dear Redeemer's sake;  
'Tis His birthday, and we keep it  
In this lovely land of ours,  
In the farm-house, cottage, mansion,  
Pleasantly we pass the hours.

Long ago, in Bethlehem's stable,  
Christ was born, the baby King;  
"Peace on earth," the watching shepherds  
Heard the holy angels sing.  
And the music has not ceased,  
But has through the ages rolled,  
And "good will" among the nations  
Has increased a thousandfold.

Let our hearts be full of sunshine,  
Though the frost is on the pane,  
And old Winter, keen but kindly,  
Comes to visit us again.  
As with snowy robe he covers  
All the bleak and barren ground,  
And makes fairy forms of beauty  
Where the leafless trees abound.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;  
Sing, ye waits, outside the door,  
Echoes of that wondrous music  
That was heard in days of yore.  
Decorate the house with holly,  
Let the bright red berries shine,  
While we celebrate the birthday  
Of our loving Lord divine.

## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY Christmas to all the boys and girls! May the joy of this happy time last all the year, and grow deeper, and stronger, and sweeter, with every new day!

This can only be the case where the true Christmas spirit is found—the spirit of love and helpfulness.

What but this sent the Holy Babe, whose birth we celebrate at this glad time, into our cold, sad world? Surely, if He had not loved us very dearly, and wanted to help us, He would not have left His bright home in the skies to be born in a manger, and to grow up to suffer the scorn and ill-treatment of wicked men!

## 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."

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

TELL me, why is Christmas day  
The day for songs and mirth?  
It calls to mind the happiest  
That ever dawned on earth,  
The day when God sent angels down  
To sing the Saviour's birth.

What's the song for Christmas day,  
The glad, the sweet refrain?  
"Glory to God" in heaven above,  
"Peace and good-will to men;"  
Let all the joy-bells peal it out  
Again, and yet again.

How shall children keep the day  
To please their Lord above?  
By singing songs of thankfulness,  
And doing deeds of love;  
By bearing high the olive branch  
Of peace, like Noah's dove.

Will He let such little ones  
His wondrous mercy tell?  
Yes, we may carry wide the news,  
And this will please Him well—  
The blessed news that Jesus came  
To save our souls from hell.

## IF MOTHER COULD HAVE SOME.

ONE of the most beautiful charities of London is the Children's Penny Dinner Association. This had its rise in a winter of great severity, and in an experience which taught that hundreds of little ones die simply from impaired vitality.

Underfed, they are unable to bear up against the privations of winter, and the churchyards are crowded in the dreary winter months with childish bodies which, under happier circumstances, would have blossomed into maturity.

The idea was conceived that even one nourishing dinner a week might stay the terrible death record, and results have shown that even that scanty allowance of solid, well-cooked food is prolific in good results. Such touching instances, too, occur of self-forgetfulness and self-denial on the part of children.

One terrible bleak day last winter, a little half-frozen child presented her ticket, value two cents, which made her the owner of a seat at the dinner table. The little one

looked famished, weird, worn out, one would have said, with starvation, but the plate of appetizing roast mutton remained untouched before her.

Observing this, a lady went up to her and asked, in tones of kindly accent, if she could not eat a little.

"You look so hungry, dear," she said, "don't you like roast mutton?"

The little one raised a pair of blue eyes to her face, and said, "O, yes ma'am, but"—

"Well, dear, what?"

"But, please, ma'am, the new baby's come, and mother's so dreadful weak, and I"—

The child hesitated, then, gathering confidence from the kindly smile that met her glance, added,

"I thought it would do her good."

## HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

LITTLE children, wake and listen,  
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;  
While the stars in heaven glisten,  
Hear the news of your Saviour's birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows,  
Angels brought the message down;  
Still each year through midnight shadows  
It is heard in every town.

What is this t'at they are telling,  
Singing in the quiet street?  
While their voices high are swelling,  
What sweet words do they repeat?

Words to bring us greater gladness,  
Though our hearts from care are free;  
Words to chase away our sadness,  
However sad our lot may be.

Christ has left His throne of glory,  
And a lowly cradle found;  
Well might angels tell the story,  
Well may we their words resound.

Little children, wake and listen,  
Songs are ringing through the earth;  
While the stars in heaven glisten,  
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

A LITTLE girl, whose parents were very poor, said to her mother, "We must love God; my Sunday-school teacher said so." The mother replied, "But what if He lets us starve?" The child answered, "We must love Him just the same, for one text says, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' But," she added, "I guess He won't let us starve, for David says, 'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.  
B.C. 1063.] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2.

DAVID'S ENEMY, SAUL.

1 Sam. 18. 1-16. Commit to memory verses 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. 1 Sam. 18. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Love of the Prince. v. 1-4.
2. The Jealousy of the King. v. 5-11.
3. The Blessing of the Lord. v. 12-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Who sent for David after he had killed Goliath? King Saul.

What did Saul do? He took David into his own house.

What honour did he show him? He made him captain over his soldiers.

Who loved David? Jonathan, Saul's eldest son.

How much did Jonathan love him? Better than he loved his own life.

What else did David win? The love of the people.

What did they think of him? That he was greater than King Saul.

How did this affect Saul? He became very jealous of David.

Of what was Saul afraid? That David would be made king.

What entered into Saul's heart? The evil spirit.

What did it lead him to do? To want to kill David.

When did he try to do this? While David was playing before him.

How many times did David escape Saul's javelin? Twice.

What did Saul then do? He sent David away to war.

Why did he do this? In hopes he might be killed.

Who was with David? The Lord. [Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.]

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

The evil spirit	The good spirit
tempts to—	leads to—
Jealousy.	Kindness.
Hatred.	Brotherly love.
Wicked acts.	Good deeds.

Which will you choose.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's presence with men.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What will become 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.

B.C. 1062.] LESSON X. [Dec. 9.

DAVID'S FRIEND, JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 32-42. Commit to memory verses 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Pro. 18. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Peril. v. 32-34.
2. The Token. v. 35-40.
3. The Vow. v. 41-42.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What had Saul now become? David's enemy.

What was David obliged to do? Hide away from Saul.

How did Jonathan show his friendship for David? He begged Saul to be kind to David.

How did Saul treat Jonathan's request? He was very angry.

What did he do in his anger? He tried to kill Jonathan.

Where did Jonathan then go? Out in the field.

Who was with him? A little boy.

What command did Jonathan give him? "Run and find the arrows which I shoot."

What question did he ask of him? "Are not the arrows beyond you?"

What did that question mean to David? That he must flee from the king.

Where was David then? Hidden in the field.

What did he do? He came out to meet Jonathan.

Why were they greatly troubled? Because they must part.

What did Jonathan say to David? "The Lord be between me and thee."

Who are true lovers and friends? Those who love God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

God will give to those that love him—  
A heart of love to others.  
A desire to help others.  
Willingness to suffer for others.  
Patience to bear the faults of others.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's covenant with his people.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Who will be the judge of all men? Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, will be the judge of all men.

What will become of the wicked after the day of judgment? They shall go away into everlasting punishment.

B.C. 1061.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 16.

DAVID SPARING HIS ENEMY.

1 Sam. 24. 1-17. Commit to memory verses 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you, and persecute you. Matt. 5. 44.

OUTLINE.

1. Love forbearing. v. 1-7.
2. Love Pleading. v. 8-15.
3. Love Conquering. v. 16, 17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

How long did Saul seek to kill David? For five years.

Who kept watch over David? The Lord. Where did David and his friend go to hide? In a great cave.

Who came there to rest and sleep? King Saul.

Did he see David? No, it was too dark in the cave.

What had God promised David? To deliver Saul into his hands.

What did David's friends say to him? "Here is the chance to kill Saul."

What did David do? He cut off the end of Saul's robe.

What did he say to his men? "He is the king; I will do him no harm."

Who followed Saul out of the cave? David.

How did David call him? "My lord, the king."

Of what did he then tell Saul? Of all that had happened.

What kind of spirit did David show? A forgiving spirit.

How was Saul affected? He wept.

What did he tell David? "You have shown me good for evil." [Repeat GOLDEN TEXT.]

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Have you an enemy? God says, "Love your enemies."

Does some one try to injure you? God says, "Bless them that persecute you."

Do you find it hard to forgive? God says, "Forgive, if ye have aught against any."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord our judge.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Where will the wicked be punished? In hell.

What will become of the righteous after death? The righteous shall go into everlasting life.