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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1884

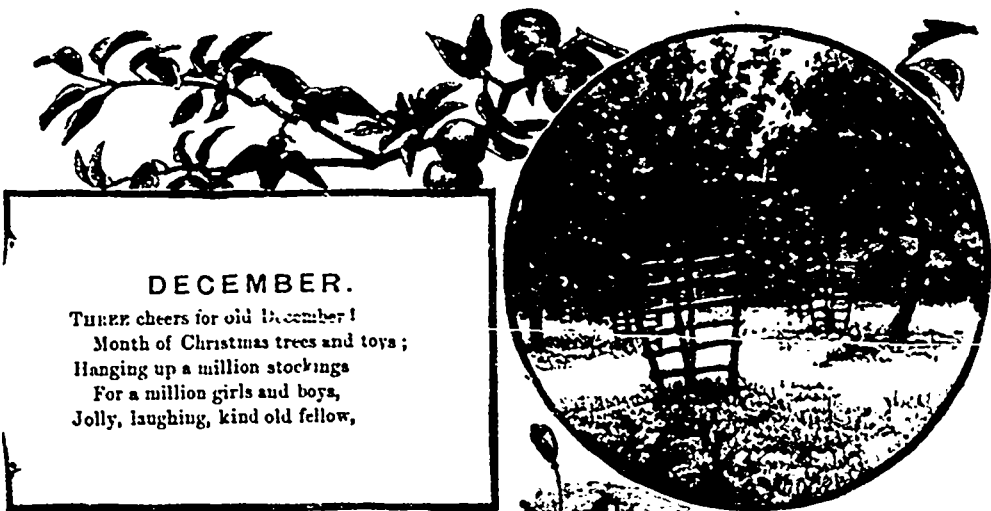
No. 25.

GOD'S HEARING.

How do you think God can hear so far off?" asked a child of his mother. "O my darling, God can hear not only the words that rise from your lips, but the thoughts that rise in your heart. He has not ears such as we have, but the ears of feeling and sympathy. He is not far away from any of us. He is everywhere, and fills all space; and he wants to fill your heart. If you only let him in, don't you think he will be near enough to know all that goes on there, and to guide you, and to hear your prayers before they are spoken?"

"But, mamma, he does not always do what I ask him."

"Perhaps not. I do not always do what you ask me. But it is because I know better than you do what is good for you, and I sometimes say no. When God does not do what you ask him, never think he does not hear. He says: 'No, you do not ask the thing that is



DECEMBER.

THREE cheers for old December!
Month of Christmas trees and toys;
Hanging up a million stockings
For a million girls and boys,
Jolly, laughing, kind old fellow,



Loved by all the world because
Sleigh he sends and team of reindeers
For the graybeard, Santa Claus.
Santa Claus and old December,
Hip! hurrah! cheer heartily;
And for merry, merry Christmas,
Three more cheers and three times three



good for you, or go the right way to attain it. What I will do for you is to open the right way to reach the right thing."

RUNNING INTO SIN.

BERTIE and George took hold of hands one day and ran down the street to see an organ-grinder, though mamma had told them not to go out of the yard. "Guess she won't know it," said George. "May be she won't care if she does," said Bertie. But they both know better! Bertie fell into a mud-puddle, and went home with his nice new clothes looking like old ones. George had his pretty new hat knocked off by a rough boy, and a waggon-wheel rolled over it. All this was bad, but not half so bad as the sin of disobedience which led to all the trouble.

Two boys quarrelling: "My pa is a preacher an' will go to heaven." "Yes, an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your pa."

Geo. C. Staples

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.

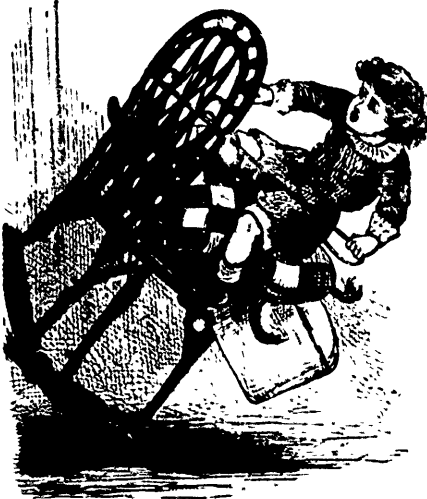
Down came Frank with sofa-pillow, hassock, and all. By good luck, he was not hurt; but he will not try to ride the horse again.

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.



FRANK'S FALL.

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.

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 pure 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 she'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 1st 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!

THE LOST CHILD—Two ladies saw a little girl on the streets all alone. As they came to her she was crying. She was sent on an errand by her mamma and lost her way. The kind ladies soon returned her home. She was glad for the kindness of these ladies. Jesus seeks the lost and tears them safely home. He takes them from the streets of sin to their Father's house.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

MRS. H. M. HILL.

"I'm glad," exclaimed a little maid,
"I'm glad as ever I can be,
In just ten days my mamma said
We'd have our Christmas day and tree.

"I've stores of cash, I'll lock and see
How much it counts—there's quite a pile
Why, dimes and all there's dollars three,
I've saved this great long while.

"Oh, won't I have the greatest fun,
For not a single soul shall know
What things I buy for anyone—
But won't they guess and bother, though.

"I'll make a list and write it out,
Just as the big folks always do,
And 'member all the folks about,
With all my aunts and uncles, too.

"Mamma comes first—what's best for her?
I know, a cuckoo clock of all the things,
Not one that strikes with banging whirr,
But, like a birdie, lovely sings.

"Papa? A fishing rod that's fine,
That comes to bits, then stands up tall,
'Twill cost a sight—the money's mine,
And I'll afford it, that is all.

"Then brother Tom, great awful tease,
Deserves not any decent thing;
But I'll be good, and try to please
The scapegrace with a ruby ring.

"A Paris doll for baby May,
With truly hair and shut-up eyes—
A lot of money I must pay—
What fun to see her great surprise.

"I wish I more real money had,
For there is auntie's gift to buy,
And there's the Smiths, so poor and sad,
To give them something I must try.

"If only money would rain down
At merry Christmas time at least,
I'd buy all ragged girls a gown,
And give all hungry boys a feast."

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"ONE thing helped me very much while I was preaching to-day," said a clergyman. "What was that?" inquired a friend. "It was the attention of a little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed to try to understand every word I said. She was a great help to me." Think of that, little ones; and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to the grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones.

THE CHRISTMAS KISS.

CLOSE to the hearth hung two little socks
Of two chubby boys, with curly brown
locks,

Who had just crept into their beds.
They rolled, and tossed, and prattled like
boys,

Of tops, and sleds, and childish toys,
And then they covered their heads.

One hastened on to the City of Nod,
Where Father Time, with his magical rod,
Sits on his kingly throne.

The other one waited, with wide-open eyes,
Then slipped out of bed, in glad surprise,
To find he was all alone.

Two little bare feet marched over the floor,
And their owner glanced at the open door,
Then a tiny sock pinned to the wall.

"This one's for mamma"—the clock struck
eleven—

"And give her this kiss; you'll find her in
heaven,

No matter how late you call."

If old St. Peter would tell all he knew
He would say that an angel his gates passed
through,

And left a heaven of bliss,
To go to that room, to that chubby-faced
child,

And look in his eyes so tender and mild,
As she took for herself that kiss!

—James Foster Coates.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

It was raining hard, and little Charlie
was looking out of the window and feel-
ing very badly about it.

"I hate the rain," Charlie said. "It's
always around when I want to play. I
wish it would go away and never come
back again.

Just then a dear little bird on a tree
began to sing merrily.

"Goodness sake!" said Charlie, "you'd
better get back into your nest, and pull
the bed-clothes over you. How can you
sing when it rains so hard?"

"I sing," said the bird, "to see the rain
that has come down to make the grass
grow, and the flowers come out, and the
little brooks run. The dear, kind rain."

"I never thought of that," said Charlie.
"I expect it is best." God knows what is
best.

LOOKING UP.

It would be well for all liars like Ananias
and Gehazi to remember a remark once
made by a little boy to his father who was
meditating a theft of potatoes out of a field.

The father looked east, west, north and
south, and seeing no one, began to pull up
the roots.

"Father," said the lad, "there is one
way you forgot to look!"

"Where?" asked the alarmed man.

"Up, father."

LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 980.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 14.

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

Ecl. 2. 1-13. Commit to memory verses 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light
excelleth darkness. Ecl. 2. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. A Wise Man's Folly, v. 1-10.
2. A Wise Man's Wisdom, v. 11-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What is the natural desire of the heart?
To be happy.

What mistake do we often make? That
happiness is found in worldly pleasure.

What only can make us happy? The
love of God in the heart.

What is the end of all earthly pleasures?
Vanity.

What did Solomon seek? To learn what
would bring happiness.

What did he do? He sought every kind
of pleasure.

What did he gather together? Silver
and gold and the treasures of kings.

With what did he amuse himself? With
songs and music.

What did he possess above all other men?
Riches, power, honour, and worldly know-
ledge.

What does he say of these things? "All
is vanity and vexation of spirit."

How had he proved this? By his own
experience.

To what is wisdom compared? To light.
What is the end of worldly pleasures?
Darkness.

Where is happiness alone found? In
loving and serving God.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Only God can give you true happiness and
wisdom.

Ask him to give you a pure heart.

Ask him to help you to be loving and
unselfish.

Ask him to keep you from sin, and lead
you in the right way.

Ask him for strength to do his holy
will.

"Seek the things that are above, where
Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The folly of a
godless life.

B.C. 980.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

Ecl. 12. 1-14. Commit to memory verses 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember, now thy Creator in the days
of thy youth. Ecl. 12. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Youth, v. 1.
2. Age, v. 2-7.
3. Life, v. 8-13.
4. Judgment, v. 14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What do we often forget? That God
made us.

To whom, then, do we belong? To God,
our Creator.

When should we remember him? In
the days of our youth.

What is it to "remember" God? To
obey him.

What can we give him in our youth?
The best of our love and service.

What will come to every one? Death.
What shall we need then? To know
God.

What shall we have in him? Peace and
safety.

To what will our bodies return? To
dust.

Where will the spirit go? To God who
gave it.

Who is meant by the preacher? Solo-
mon.

What did Solomon seek to do? To teach
the truth.

What had he learned? That wisdom is
of God.

What is the end of life? To fear God
and keep his commandments.

Who was the perfect man who kept God's
commandments? Christ Jesus.

What will be brought into judgment?
Every thing, both good and evil.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Give yourself to Jesus now, while you can
serve him with the strength of your
youth.

He is calling you to-day.

He is longing for your love.

Choose the happiness of his way, and
not the evil of the world's way.

He will give you a happy life and peace-
ful death.

"My Father, thou art the guide of my
youth."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The final judg-
ment.