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THE
SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

[No. 26



HOW THE BABY CAME —(SEE NEXT PAGE)

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

Was there no room in Bethlehem
For Jesus at the inn?

No room for Jesus when he came
To save a world from sin.

No room for Jesus in our homes,

Or round our board, when he,
Above all other friends beside,

An honoured guest should be?

No room for Jesus in our hearts?

O sad and fearful thought!
Room for all else but his dear love,
Who our redemption bought.

Dear little child, wilt thou not try
The Saviour's lamb to be?

So when he calls thee from on high
He will make room for thee.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

A CUTE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I SHALL never tire of telling how *Krissy* came to us. It is a simple story but true, and that ought to go a long way toward interesting the reader. It was a bitter cold Christmas Eve, and we were all huddled closely around the roaring fire-place, when there came a furious knock which roused grandma up from a peaceful nap, and set us all wondering who could be out in such a bad storm. I hurried through the long hall and flung the door wide open. Nobody was in sight, but a huge square basket greeted my delighted eyes. "Oh! here is a big Christmas box for someone," I cried, "Come and help me, Benny." Together we carefully carried our heavy load into the sitting-room, and when Ben lifted the cover there, cuddled down in soft white blankets, was the prettiest, plumpest baby boy you ever saw. The flood of light made the big blue eyes blink

solemnly for a moment, and then such a wistful pleading look crept over that innocent baby face. It seemed to say, "Don't anybody want me"—and something crept into our hearts and we all fell in love with *Krissy* then and there. The card which you see on the basket was all the message he brought us; and where he came from we probably shall never know. *Baby May* said *Kris Kringle* sent him and after that we decided to name him *Krissy*. He is the dearest and best Christmas present that ever came into our home.

THE "MORE BLESSED" CHRISTMAS.

THEY had a lovely Christmas time in a Sunday-school up 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 it "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 as their "ticket," and such a mountain as it all made, heaped up about the pulpit. 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, good story and picture books, warm clothing of all sorts, handy tools and many other things both useful and pretty. Over four 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 were their own.

The children, too, who took part in this "more blessed" service were about as happy as you ever see little folks. You know 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. "The poor you have always with you."

A CHILD'S REASON.

"T'WAS Christmas week, the wintry light
Faded to darkness, dull and drear;
"These are," I said, half to myself,
"The shortest days in all the year."

Across our darling's childish face
Passed the quick shadow of a thought,
Then suddenly she brightly smiled,
As though she found the things she sought
And said, "I know the reason why;
It's 'cause the little girls like me
Wish it was Christmas, so the Lord
Makes the days shorter purposely!"

GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGERS

ELIZA, Mary, and Maggie were their names, and they boarded one summer in a little cottage in the country. Every afternoon they went out to drive, and about two miles from their home they passed a house where two children lived about as old as they. These children used to come to the door and smile and courtesy when they saw the carriage going by, and often *Eliza* and *Mary* and *Maggie* would throw out a book to them with pictures and a pretty story in it about *Jesus*.

The next summer our three little girls went to this same country home again, and the first time they drove out they looked eagerly for the children in the cottage by the wayside; but none appeared. Seeing his little girls were disappointed, papa stopped to inquire about them, and then the mother came to the door leading one child by the hand. She told them, weeping, that the other child had died during the winter; and yet, smiling through her tears, she told them that one of their books had been the means of leading her little girl to heaven. It taught her that she was a sinner and *Jesus* was her Saviour. The little girl died happy, with the book clasped in her hand.

CHRISTMAS WITHIN.

WELL, this is a rather pleasant change—for the storm and cold and darkness without, warmth and light and cheerfulness within. How the little folks are just beside them with joy at the wonders of the Christmas tree. Was ever tree so beautiful! Did ever tree bear such marvellous fruit!—all sorts of toys and trinkets and sparkling light. There are presents for everybody—for pa and ma, grandpa and grandma, and Tom and Nell, and even for tiny *May*, upon the floor. God bless them all, and give all the families where the *SUNBEAM* goes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW. DEC. 25.
CHRISTMAS DAY.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

REVIEW SCHEME.

Can you repeat the GOLDEN TEXTS?

I have not found— He was a—
Why are ye— Come unto me—
The Son of man— It is lawful—
According to your faith— The seed is—
Freely ye have received— The harvest is—
Whosoever therefore— So shall it be—

Lesson I. Who came and asked Jesus to heal his sick servant? A Roman centurion. What did he believe? That Jesus had only to say the word, to make him well. How did Jesus reward his faith? He said the word, and the servant was healed.

Lesson II tells us of the stilling of the tempest. Where was Jesus when the storm arose? In a boat on the Sea of Galilee. What did the disciples say to him? "Save, Lord, or we perish." What did Jesus do? He spoke to the wind and sea, and all was still.

Lesson III. What did Jesus say to the man sick with the palsy? "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Who accused Jesus of blasphemy in their hearts? The scribes. What did Jesus ask them? Which were the easier, to heal disease or forgive sin. What did he declare unto them? That he had power to forgive sin. How did he prove it? By making the sick man well.

Lesson IV. Who was healed by touching the hem of Jesus's garment? A woman who had been sick twelve years. Whom did Jesus raise from the dead? The little daughter of Jairus. Whom did he heal by the wayside? Two blind men. What did these miracles show? The divine power of Jesus.

Lesson V. Whom did Jesus choose to help him teach the people. The twelve disciples. Where did he send them first? To the Jews, his own people. What power did he give them? Power to heal the sick, and to cast out evil spirits.

Lesson VI. What did Jesus come to send upon the earth? The sword of the Spirit. What does he say of all who seek their own pleasure? They shall lose it. Who shall find happiness? Those who give up their lives for Jesus. What does Jesus say of those who refuse to do hard things for him? "They are not worthy of me."

Lesson VII. Who sent to Jesus to ask

him if he was the true Messiah? John the Baptist. What message did he send to John? Word of all the great things he was doing. Why did he wish John to know of them? Because they were the things the prophets foretold the Messiah would do. What, then, would they prove to John and his followers? That he who could do them was the true Messiah and Saviour.

Lesson VIII. What cities did Jesus say should be destroyed? Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum. Why would God destroy them? Because they refused to repent and believe in his Son. Why does Jesus call us to repent and come to him? That he may give us peace and rest.

Lesson IX. Who rebuked Jesus for doing good on the Sabbath day? The Pharisees. What did Jesus answer? That it was right to do good on the Sabbath day. What good did he do? He healed the man with the withered hand.

Lesson X tells us the story of the sower. Who came to sow the word of God? Jesus. Where will he sow it? Over the whole world. Where does it bear fruit a hundred-fold? On good ground. What will choke and kill the word? "The cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches."

Lesson XI. To what did Jesus liken this world in the story of the tares? To a field. Who sowed it with good seed? The Son of man. Who sowed it with bad seed? The devil. When will God separate the good from the bad? At the end of the world.

Lesson XII. To what does Jesus compare the growth of the kingdom of heaven? To the growth of the mustard seed. Why is the kingdom of heaven like the leaven a woman uses to make bread? Because little by little it shall surely spread over the whole world. Why is it like the pearl of great price? It is worth more than all other things. Who will be cast out of the kingdom, as bad fishes are cast out of the net? All who are not true followers of Jesus.

FIRST QUARTER.

Matt. 14 1-12] LESSON I. [Jan. 1.

HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus"

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Who heard of Jesus and his wonderful works? Herod, governor of Galilee.
2. What good man had Herod caused to be beheaded? John the Baptist.

3 What did Herod think of John's preaching? He heard him gladly, and did some really good things.

4 Will good deeds alone make us right in God's sight? No; we must have new hearts.

5. Why did Herod shut John up in prison? John reprov'd him for his sins.

6. Who was angry enough to kill John? Herodias, Herod's wicked wife.

7 What happened on Herod's birthday? He made a great feast, and the daughter of Herodias danced.

8 What did the half-drunken governor promise her? Whatsoever she should ask.

9 What did Herodias tell her daughter to ask? The head of John the Baptist.

10 Was Herod sorry then for his rash promise? Yes; but he dared not say so, for fear of being laughed at.

11. What did he dare do? Kill a good man, and sin against God.

12. When are people like Herod now? What did Herod's conscience say when he heard about Jesus? That John the Baptist must have risen from the dead.

13 To whom did John's disciples go with their sorrow? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT. Can we carry our griefs to Jesus? How? We can pray and trust.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

1. Who made a feast on his birth-day? Herod, the governor.

2. Who danced before him? The daughter of Herodias.

3 What did Herod promise to give her? Anything she should ask.

4 Who told her what to ask? Her wicked mother.

5 What was it? The head of John the Baptist.

6. Where was John? Shut up in prison.

7. What for? He reprov'd Herod for his sins?

8 Who hated John for this? Herodias, Herod's wicked wife.

9. Did Herod want to kill John? No; he felt very sorry.

10 Why did he not refuse? He was afraid of being laughed at.

11. What would he rather do? Murder a good man.

12 What did John's disciples do? (Repeat the GOLDEN TEXT.)

13. To whom may we always go?

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What sort of bodies will they have? They will have bodies such as can never die, made like the glorious body of Jesus Christ.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CAROL. children, carol,
For Christ is born to-day.
To all the earth, oh! sing his birth,
Rejoice on Christmas Day!

If we had never heard before
The story old and sweet,
Of the shepherds and the sages
Low at the Baby's feet,
It might the less have moved us
Who thrill with joy to-day
As once again to Bethlehem
We take our happy way.

'Tis such a tender story
We like to tell it o'er,
And every time we hear it
We love him all the more.
'Tis such a hallowed picture
That all the world may see
The little Child from heaven
On the Madonna's knee.

Carol, children, carol,
For Christ is born to-day!
The angels sing, and we must bring
Our praise on Christmas Day.

We lift our eyes adoring
To yonder fields of blue,
Where the midnight clouds were broken
To let the glory through.
O'er mount and plain we follow
The wondrous Morning Star,
Which silvered every rugged hill
And swept the shadows far.

With shepherds and with sages,
Low at the Baby's feet,
We bring our clustered gifts to-day,
The costly and the sweet.
Our best we'll haste to offer,
For naught too dear can be
To lay before the Holy Child
On the Madonna's knee.

Carol, children, carol;
The Christ is born to-day!
Glad tidings sound the world around;
Rejoice on Christmas Day.

To hear the angel music
Our ears too deaf have grown,
Yet may we swell the chorus
That surges round the throne,
And "Glory in the highest"
Our lips shall sing to-day,
Unto the blest Redeemer
Who hears us when we pray.

And we with sage and shepherd
Will worship at his feet.
How can we help but love him,
The Baby is so sweet!

With countless thousand thousands,
Our praise and thanks shall be
Outpoured before the Child of Heaven
On the Madonna's knee.

Carol, children, carol,
For Christ is born to-day!
To all the earth proclaim his birth;
Rejoice on Christmas Day!

THE PLEASANT SIGHT.

NOTHING looks so nice to children as a Christmas tree hanging full of beautiful presents, candies, nuts and flowers. The first view children get of a tree is generally surprising. They hardly know how to act. They shout, they cry, they laugh. They hardly know what it means. Yet after the first impression they soon become composed and take it all in as a pleasant thing to look upon. But the gift which God gave us on this day is more pleasant to look upon than all earthly gifts put together. It is said of Jesus, "He is the fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." He is the "pearl of great price," and the jewels of kings cannot compare with him.

FATHER CHRISTMAS' YOUNG DAYS.

No one who has read of the Christmas festivities of Old England can overlook the yule log, whose cheery blaze has enlivened so many English hearths. A heathen custom gave rise to this practice also. About the same time that we keep our great festival, the pagans used to celebrate "Yule-tide," or Welcome to the new year. The word "yule," means festival of the sun. Those who helped to carry the yule-log were considered safe from the power of spells, and those who sat round the merry fire made up quarrels and were at peace. Twigs from the log, kept during the year, were believed to be safeguards against charms.

In early times Christmas was marked by much rejoicing and revelry. A man, who was styled "Lord of Misrule," was chosen to superintend the festivities. He would take up his abode in the house of a great lord, where he was followed by a numerous train, whom he ruled as king. He was allowed to do whatever he chose; and no one, whether king or earl, was to take offence at his jokes. Perhaps these revelries reached their highest pitch in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

We must not forget the feasts of this season. A boar's head is still seen on the Queen's table at Christmas. In olden days this dish, crowned with rosemary, was received by the guests with great respect, all standing when it was brought in.

The custom of carol-singing is thought to date back as far as the second century. The word "carol" means a song of joy. In Holland we find in addition to carol-singing, the pretty custom of carrying round from door to door a star representing that which once guided the Magi. Those who gaze on the star give the young men who bear it alms for the poor.

As we thus glance at the various ways in which men in all circumstances have celebrated the birthday of the Son of God, do we not see that there is a blessed bond of sympathy amongst them all, a bond between the child rejoicing over its Christmas tree and the unknown believers who sang the first carol long, long ago; the bond of a common belief that the Babe of Bethlehem holds the sceptre of the world. Our thoughts fly to the lowly manger where, drawn by Divine love, all nations, peoples, tongues meet to exclaim, in words whose complete fulfilment we see not as yet: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

TREASURES of wickedness profit nothing.