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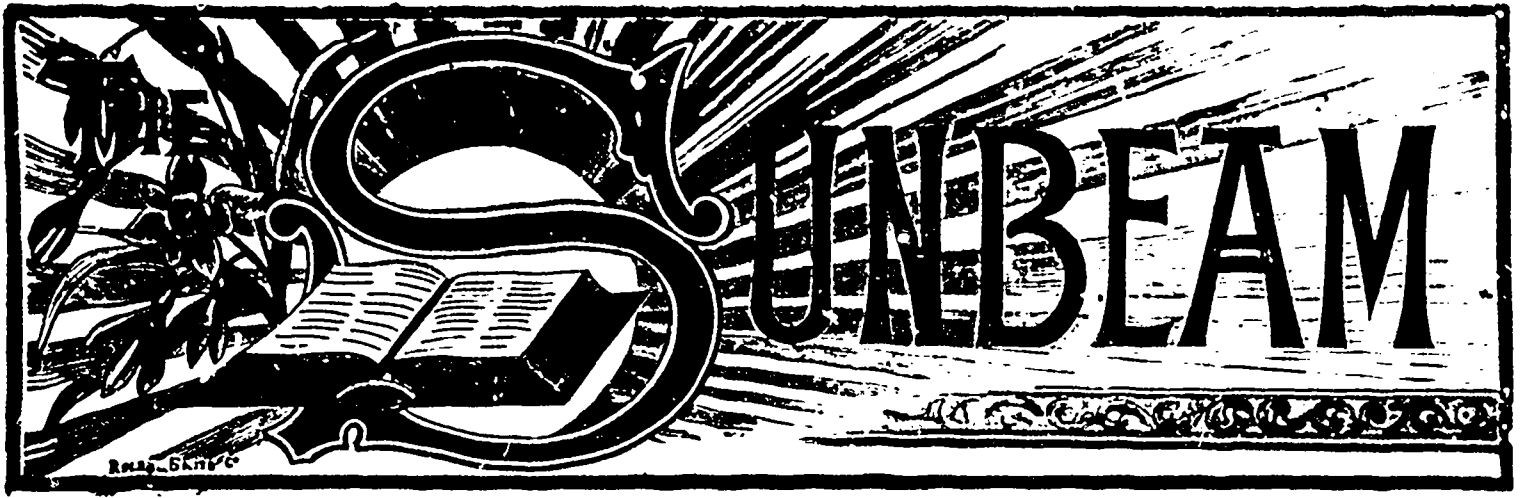
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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

No. 26.



HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING—(See next page.)

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With angelic hosts proclaim:
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hail the heavenly born Prince of
Peace!

Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings—
Risen with healing in his wings.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

HERE is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow, who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty, "God must have told them to send the things to us."

"Did you ask him to, Arty?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled," reasoned his teacher.

"Yes, but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought, maybe, his time was not as quick as ours."

Oh, if we only could remember, when tempted to fret about delayed blessings, that our Father's time may not be "as quick as ours."

CHRISTMAS ON A TRAIN.

Mrs. LEWIS and the two children, Dolly and Ben, went all the way from California to Boston to meet Mr. Lewis. They had hoped to get to Boston the day before Christmas, but something happened to the engine, and then they missed a train, and so when Christmas Eve came they were still on the railroad, a long way from Boston.

Mother couldn't make Ben and Dolly understand that Santa Claus did not travel on the top of trains, and neither of the children would go to sleep until they had pinned up their stockings by the side of the window.

The train went whizzing on through the dark night, and Ben and Dolly went to sleep; but I wish you could have seen how queer the people in the car acted.

An old lady fumbled in her bag until she found a pair of mittens. Then she tiptoed across the aisle and stuck them in one of the black stockings. A pretty young lady came up with a box of candy and slipped that in; and when the old gentleman sitting back saw her, he got out his purse, and a new silver dollar went down into the toe of each stocking. Then the conductor came along, and in went two ten-cent pieces. A young man dropped a knife in one and a new silk handkerchief in the other. Two boys by the stove began whispering, and after a while one came up with a little whip and a toy elephant.

I could not begin to tell you how Ben and Dolly acted the next morning. As soon as they wakened they saw the stockings crammed full. They had a lovely Christmas day, after all; for they showed their pretty things to everybody in the car, and everybody smiled and talked to them.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THERE is no other day in all the year that the little ones love so well as Christmas, for on that day almost the poorest of them are sure to be remembered by friends.

Not many little stockings, we are glad to know, are so short or so ragged that they will not hold some small gift that will help to make the day brighter, and sometimes there are more substantial gifts.

One thing this day will be above all others. We must remember to thank our Heavenly Father for his great Gift, the Lord Jesus, who came to the manger of Bethlehem the first Christmas morning.

CATS.

IN a city in Europe, called Naples, there are a great many cats that live in the churches. They keep the rats and mice away. Sometimes they walk up to the pulpit and sit on the platform. I'm afraid we should laugh if we saw a kitty come into our church some Sunday, but the people in Naples are so glad to get rid of their mice, that they don't mind having the cats in their churches."

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

HANG up the baby's stocking—

Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet
But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes,
I'm sure he understood it,
He looked so solemn and wise.

Ah, what a tiny stocking!

It doesn't take much to hold
Such little toes as baby's
Safe from the frost and cold.
But for the baby's Christmas,
It will never do at all,
Santa Claus would never look
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby,
I've thought of a first-rate plan,
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can.
And mother shall hang it by mine,
Right in the corner—so.
And write a letter for baby,
And fasten it on the toe.

"Old Santa Claus, this is a stocking
Hung up for our baby dear;
You never have seen our darling;
He has not been with us a year,
But he is a beautiful baby!
And, please, before you go
Just cram this stocking with presents
From the top of it down to the toe."

NELLY'S WORK.

ALL by herself lives old Mrs. Webster. She is almost blind and her limbs are drawn up with rheumatism; but she is a good woman, and has many friends who like to visit her and carry her food and put her room in order. Among these is Nelly, who goes every day as soon as school is out. She does not make the bed and sweep the room, for she has not learned to do that work yet; but she carries a little Psalm-book in her hand, and sits down at Mrs. Webster's feet, and reads the sweet, comforting word. "It is better than my daily bread," the old lady says. "Yes, it is my daily bread." And when Nelly goes away she lays her hand upon her head, and prays, "God bless you."

LOVING AND HELPING.

WE can never be of any help to one we do not love. If there is a scholar in your class for whom you do not really care, the first thing is to learn to love him. If you cannot do this, your teaching will not do him any good, and you will only do him a wrong if you keep him in your class. Instead, however, of asking that he be transferred to the care of another teacher who can love him, it were far better that you learn to do the loving yourself. This you can do if you become really filled with the mind and spirit of Christ.—*Westminster Teacher.*

THE CHRISTMAS LEGEND

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

THERE'S a German legend,
That they tell to-night
To the little children
In the Christmas light

Thus the legend runneth.
In a wintry storm
Came a little stranger
To a dwelling warm.

And two little children,
Very fair and sweet,
Welcomed in the wand'rer,
Warmed his frozen feet,

Placed him at their table
When their board was spread,
And with hearty pleasure
Gave the stranger bread.

Then, when very weary,
Covered up the child,
In their bed they placed him,
While the storm raged wild.

Then they slept so sweetly
On the naked floor,
Thinking that the tired one
Wandered cold no more.

Wakened from their slumbers,
In the starry night,
Came a glorious vision
Of the angels bright.

As they sung around them,
There stood their little guest,
Clad in golden garments,
Like the crowned and blest.

Thus he spake unto them:
"I was wandering lone;
You shall have my blessing
For the kindness shown."

There stood a lovely fir-tree
By their home of light;
He took one of the branches
And planted in their sight.

"This," he said, "shall flourish,
And bear its fruit for you;"
Then the Christ child and the angels
Had vanished from their view.

But every year at Christmas,
In the fir-tree's branches green,
Are many golden apples,
And nuts of silver seen.

Ah! little Christian children,
A Bible lesson see:
"As ye did it unto others,
Ye have done it unto me."

WHENEVER you see two ways before you at any point in life, you may be sure one of them is wrong, and it ought not to be any trouble to decide which one to take.—*Youth's Advocate.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW

December 30

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.—Heb. 13. 8.

No, the Review is not for the teachers alone; it is for every boy and girl.

A lesson Review is a looking again at the lessons and trying once more to fix each one in mind, with its good and helpful teaching.

Suppose that this time, instead of leaving the Review work to your teacher, you try to do it for yourselves. Get slate, or paper, and pencil, and sit down for a happy half-hour at a time to see how much of the Quarter's honey you have stored away for future use.

If perhaps you have been a little bit of a drone, will you not work all the harder now to catch and put away some of the sweetness it would be so sad to lose?

Print in the middle of your slate, or paper, in as pretty letters as you can, "THE SAME." An inch and a half above put figures 1, 2, 3. Under these print "JESUS." Below figure 1, print "Teaching;" below 2, "Helping;" below 3, "Healing;" arranging the letters in a line pointing toward the centre. On each side, an inch and a half from the centre, make figures 4, 5, 6, and 7, 8, 9. Below the central words, two inches, make figures 10, 11, 12. Print, running from 4, 5, 6 to centre, "Forgiving;" "Sabbath-keeping;" "Choosing;" from 7, 8, 9, "Discipling;" "Persecuting;" "Believing;" and from 10, 11, 12, "Seed-sowing;" "Sending forth;" "Kingdom coming." Now draw a heavy line around these, and you will have the cross.

Of course you will have to use your book to see just what each lesson teaches to make this Review really good and helpful. Will you do it?

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON I. [Jan. 6.

JOHN THE BAPTIST REHEADED.

Mark 6. 17-29. Memory verses, 26-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Matt. 10. 28.

OUTLINE.

1. John's Testimony, v. 17-20.
2. John's Death, v. 21-29.

LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.

Mon. Read the lesson verses carefully. Mark 6. 17-29.

Tues. Read the same story in Matthew. Matt. 14. 1-12.

Wed. Learn why John was not afraid. Golden Text.

Thurs. Find why the king feared. Job Verse 20.

Fri. Learn why John was called "the Baptist." Mark 1. 4, 5

Sat. Find a blessing pronounced upon such as John. Matt. 5, 6

Sun. Read Psalm 37 7-14

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.

[Will you not try, dear child, to answer every one of these questions on the Lesson Story?]

How may we think of John the Baptist? What kind of a man was he? Is it right to rebuke sin?

Was this the King Herod who killed the babies? No, this was that king's son. Whom did he marry? What law did he break in doing this? God's law. Who rebuked him? Who became very angry? Why did not Herod kill John?

What party did Herod give? Who danced before him? What did he promise to do? Who told her what to say? For what did she ask? How did the king feel? Why did he grant her request? Did God forget his servant John?

REMEMBER—

"Prisons would painces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there"

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Through whom do we receive the grace of the Holy Spirit? Only through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Does the Saviour care for children? Yes: for he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name.
Seeking for me, for me;
Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name!
Seeking for me, for me.

Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
Died for my sins, that my soul might be free;
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be?
Dying for me, for me;
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be?
Dying for me, for me.

Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.



THE ADORATION OF CHRIST.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing their flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing:
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King,

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

HANDS OFF.

If all officials realized the importance of public trusts as did the boy in the following anecdote we should never hear of deserted posts: As the train stopped at a small town in Virginia, the mail-bag was thrown to a negro boy of perhaps fifteen years, who started off at a brisk run to the post office. But a larger boy, turning a corner, suddenly run into the mail-carrier, and overturned him. As soon as he recovered himself he turned upon the aggressor.

"Look a-heah!" he exclaimed. "You wants to be keerful of dis chile. When you knock me down, you jars de whole element of de United States. I carries de mail."

DISCOURAGING STUDY.

THE case of the honest Irish servant who could never understand why his master perpetually required him to wash his chaise, since he went directly out and mudded it up again, is paralleled by an actual reply by a dull boy to an examiner in a French school.

The pupil had passed a wretched examination in French history.

"What do you mean by this?" asked the instructor. "Why don't you study your history?"

"What's the use?" drawled the pupil. "They're never going to get it finished. They're making it now!"

HARRY dearly loved to tease his sister, although his mamma had often told him it didn't show a very brotherly or even a gentlemanly spirit to tease; but Harry answered that boys must have a little fun. "You know I only do it for fun; Lucy is so easily teased." Then his mamma told him that a "little fun," or the fun of teasing his sister until she cried, was no real enjoyment to him, and often caused his sister to be very unhappy, and at the same time did not benefit him any, and she thought he had better discontinue it.

A BOY of thirteen, in a public grammar school, was reproached by his master for his slowness. "When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years farther advanced than you are. How do you account for that?" "I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays."

THE first duty of every soul—and in neglect of which no other duty can be performed acceptably to God—is to be content with the lot God's providence has assigned it in life.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

"GLORY to God on high!
Peace and good-will to man!"
Bright angels cleave the sky
And fill the heavenly span,
Chanting o'er Bethlehem's grassy plain
The first glad, welcome Christmas strain.

Oh, song so short and sweet!
Oh, song that never tires!
The lay is surely meet
To stir the angel choirs;
While shepherds hear and quick obey,
To bear to men the Christmas lay.

"Glory to God on high!
On earth sweet peace is born!"
From sin's dark midnight sky
Breaks forth salvation's dawn;
For Christ has come to save from sin,
Go, shepherds, go, the song begin.

Oh, song so short and sweet!
Oh, song that all may sing!
Oh song so rich, complete,
Of Christ, our Saviour, King!
Repeat it, earth, again, again,
"Glory to God, good-will to men!"

Sing it, ye great and small,
Lift up your heart and voice;
Ye nations, peoples, all
Sing and aloud rejoice,
The song the heavenly choir began,
"Glory to God, good-will to man!"

DANNECKER, the famous sculptor, made a statue of Christ, and when it was finished called in a child, and asked her who it was. She said that was some great man. Then the artist studied the life of Jesus, and put into the face of his statue tenderness and beauty as the Scriptures reveal them. Again he called the child to the unveiling, asking, "Who is it?" At once she answered: "It is 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

LITTLE EDITH had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread, and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. The other evening she was detected in this, and her mother said: "Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may be a day you will be glad to get them." "Yes, mamma," replied Edith, "that's what I'm saving 'em for."

MY DOLLY HUNG HER STOCKING UP.

My dolly hung her stocking up,
And Santa filled it full;
There were some nuts and sugar-plums,
And a pretty gown of wool,
The sweetest lace-trimmed handkerchief,
And a painted china set!—
Did your dolly hang her stocking up?
What did your dolly get?

—Companion.