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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

[No. 25.]

WINTER PLEASURES.

WHEN little Edith Armour was told that she would have to spend a long winter in the country, she thought it was a sad thing. You must know that she was a city girl, and she had no experience of frolics in the snow or sliding down hill. Her papa and mamma were going away from home, and she was sent to Aunt Rowena's, at Hillsdale. There a houseful of cousins were glad to see her, and Tom took care that she had a share in all the fun of the season.

When the first snow-storm came, Edith said at breakfast time, "How am I to get to school to-day?" No wonder she inquired, for there was no sign of a path anywhere. Fields, fences and roads were all a level stretch of purest white. But speedily, with spades and shovels, the farmer and his men cleared the way, and when the clock struck eight Tom rushed up to the door with a grand whoop and hurrah, and there was his load for Miss Edie to sit on like a little queen. With her warm jacket on and her little hat with its jaunty wing, her hands in her muff, and her books in her



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

cousin's bag, she set off. The air was full of merry shouts and ringing laughter, and the boys and girls from every cottage poured out in high glee.

Winter has its pleasures as well as summer. The soft snow makes a nice, cozy blanket over the ground, and while it lies there the little sleeping flowers and the buried grain are kept from freezing. The frost cannot penetrate under the fleecy snow. Children who go out to play in cold weather may now and then have their fingers and toes tingle a bit, but the bright blood will mantle in their cheeks till they bloom like roses, and their eyes will shine like stars. Happy evenings there are in the winter time, too, when the fire glows on the hearth, and the mother sits by the table with her mending-basket, and the father reads the paper or the book, while the children listen, and learn of the works of God or of his goodness to men. May our little readers be happy all this winter through.

WASHINGTON, visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, turned on leaving to a little girl who was directed to open the door, and said, "I'm sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble." She replied, "I wish, sir, it were to let you in."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

GOD bless the little stockings
All over the land to-night,
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson 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,
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

"WHERE'S SUNDAY!"

LITTLE folks can sometimes give far better answers to great problems than their elders. It is promised that "a little child shall lead them."

Daisy is only three, but sometimes she has deep thoughts, and asks questions it is difficult to answer. The other day she came to me quite suddenly, and said, "Where's Sunday?"

I did not know what she meant, and had nothing to say. So the blue eyes grew troubled, and she pondered in allence. Just then her brother, one year older, came into the room, and she ran to him.

"Tom, where's Sunday?"

"Up in heaven with God," replied he, without a moment's hesitation. "He only lets us have it once a week, you know."

It was a good answer, and perfectly satisfied Daisy.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

Who doesn't know what Christmas is and why we observe the 25th of December, each year, with such joy? Why are the windows of the stores so beautiful for many weeks? Why do we see happy people going about the streets with big bundles carefully wrapped? And papa, and mamma, and brothers, and sisters—why do they look so wise and say nothing? Even the Sunday-schools catch the spirit, and for weeks there are gatherings "to practise music," the superintendent says; and committees talk about programmes, and decorations, and many other things. But what does it all mean? Even the youngest reader answers very enthusiastically, "It's Christmas!" What is Christmas? "The Saviour's birthday," you answer.

Ah! Christmas means Christ's "holy day or feast"; and this is the time to rejoice and think of the work of the dear Saviour. But why do we make so many presents at this time? "Because we want our friends to be happy, and because we enjoy giving something to them." But this is not our friends' birthday—it is Christ's birthday; and if we are giving presents, we ought to give them to him, ought we not? "How can we give them to him?" a little one asks. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me." We give Jesus presents, then, and make him happy, when we give to those about us who can not have for themselves. In the older countries they used always to gather all the people together, and the rich baron or lord would furnish a feast for all. Now those who have must give to those who have not.

How many boys and girls give to their friends because they know that these friends will give to them in return? Would it not be more in accord with the Saviour's ideas to give to some one who can not return anything to you? Here is the pleasure, here the reward. If the Sunday-schools everywhere would try this plan, would it not be much more blessed? Instead of giving presents of candies, so common at Christmas-time, suppose each school uses that money for the poor people of the neighbourhood, or for the mission-cause, or to help some hard-working, half-paid minister and his family—do you not think there would be more blessing, more love, more happiness in that school than ever before? Would the members not be celebrating the dear Lord's birthday in the proper way—by giving him something rather than by requiring him to pour out of his blessings for others? *Our Young Folks.*

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 of savings-banks, odd pennies from papa; There are earnest consultations with aunty and mamma; There are calls for scraps 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.

FULL, YET ROOM ENOUGH.

"MAMMA," said six-year-old Fred, "I can't love God and you both, so I will choose you." "Why, my child! what do you mean by saying that you cannot love both?"

"'Cause that's what the Sunday-school lesson says; it says that I must love God with all my heart, and there isn't but one 'all' to it; so if I love him with all, there won't be one bit left for you."

Mamma laughed, and only asked Fred to come with her. Going to the cellar, she quietly asked him to help her fill a large pan with potatoes.

"There," said he, piling on the last big fellow, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered mother, as she next took a bag of beans and commenced to shake them into the big crevices between the potatoes. She poured and shook until a quart or more had disappeared and the pan was specked with white.

"Neither is it full yet," she said; and taking up a shovelful of sand she scattered that over the pan, and it, too, disappeared, and another after it.

"Not full yet," she said again, as she took a cup and began pouring water on the pan; and she poured and poured until several quarts were gone.

"Now, you see how a thing can be full and yet hold more—of something else. So your heart may be full of the love of God, and plenty of room left for me and papa and sister and play and books."—*Our Children.*

CHRISTMAS.

"CHRISTMAS is coming!" the children cry,
Counting the weeks that are hurrying by—
Dear little children, who live at home,
And do not guess what it is to roam
From morn to night, with stockingless feet,
Up and down through the ice and sleet.

"Christmas is coming!" thinks little Tim:
But what can the Christmas do for him?
His home is a cellar, his daily bread
The crumbs that remain when the rich are
fed;

No mother to kiss him when day is done,
No place to be glad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old Santa Claus,
Who never is idle a moment, because
He is kept so busy with piling the toys
Into the stockings of rich girls and boys,—
No wonder he sometimes forgets, you know,
Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you understand
That the rich and the poor all over the land
Have one dear Father, who watches you,
And grieves or smiles at the things you do;
And some of his children are poor and sad,
And some are always merry and glad.

Christmas will bring to some of you joys,
Food and plenty, frolic and toys;
Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;
In place of laughter the tears will fall.
Poor little Tim to your door may come;
Your blessings are many; spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring
The songs that the angels love to sing—
The song that came with the Saviour's birth:
'Peace, good-will, and love on earth.'
Dear little children, ring, I pray,
Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 980-975] LESSON XII. [Dec. 22.

CLOSE OF SOLOMON'S REIGN.

1 Kings 11. 26-43. Commit to mem. vs. 42-43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole
matter: Fear God, and keep his command-
ments: for this is the whole duty of man.
Eccl. 12-13.

OUTLINE.

1. Abijah's Prophecy, v. 26-39.
2. Solomon's Death, v. 40-43.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

What was Solomon's sin? Idolatry.
What led him into sin? Disobedience.

What does the Lord always punish? Sin.
What did the Lord raise up against Solo-
mon? Enemies.

Who was Jeroboam? The son of Nebat.
What was he? A brave soldier.
What had Solomon made him? A ruler.
Who met Jeroboam one day? The pro-
phet Abijah.

What did Abijah do? Tore his new gar-
ment into twelve pieces.

How many pieces did he tell Jeroboam
to take? Ten.

What did he say the Lord would do?
Give ten tribes to Jeroboam.

What did Solomon try to do when he
heard this? Kill Jeroboam.

To what country did Jeroboam flee? To
Egypt.

How long did he stay there? Till Solo-
mon died.

Who was king in Solomon's place? Jeho-
boam, his son.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Fear God and keep his commandments."
As long as Solomon did this, he was happy
and prosperous.

But when he forgot God, and went his
own way, he began to meet trouble. Ene-
mies began to rise up against him and
friends to forsake him.

Obey God, and he will smile upon you.
Disobey him, and he will frown upon
you.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The ruin of sin

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Where will the righteous enjoy this
life? In heaven.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

B.C. 1000]

[Dec. 29.

Prov. 23. 29-35.

Commit to mem. vs. 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging;
and whosoever is deceived thereby is not
wise. Prov. 20. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Woe, v. 29-30
2. Warning, v. 31-35.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

"Who hath woe?" "They that tarry
long at the wine."

"Who hath sorrow?" "They that go to
seek mixed wine."

What more do they have? Quarrels and
foolish talk.

"Who hath wounds without cause?"
Drunken people

What else have they? "Redness of eyes."
What is the only safety? Not to look
upon the wine.

How does it appear at first? Very plea-
sant

What does it do at the last? It bites like
a serpent.

Like what does it sting? Like an adder.
What does a drunken man utter? "Per-
verse things."

How do things look to him? They wear
false colours.

What is he not able to trust? His senses.
What does he learn to love? His fetters.
Who cannot inherit the kingdom of
heaven? A drunkard.

Who only can break the drunkard's
chains? The Lord.

WORDS WITH LITTLE PEOPLE.

Does the brandy-drop or the wine candy
seem very small and innocent? O, what
sad things are hidden in it! Woe, sorrow,
quarrels, silly talk, painful wounds, bleared
eyes!

God's word is true!

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The deceit-
fulness of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. What sort of a place is heaven?
Heaven is a place of light and glory.

CHEERFULNESS.

GOD bless the cheerful person—man,
woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or
educated, handsome or homely! Over and
above every social trait stands cheerfulness.
What the sun is to nature, what God is to
the stricken heart which knows how to lean
upon him, are cheerful persons in the house
or by the wayside. They go unobtrusively,
unconsciously, about their silent mission,
brightening up society around them with
the happiness beaming from their faces.
We love to be near them; we love the glance
of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little
children find them out, oh, so quickly! amid
the densest crowd, and passing by the knit-
ted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and
laying a little hand on their knees, lift their
clear young eyes to those loving faces.

LILY OF THE ALLEY.

A YOUNG mother living in Detroit has one
charming little daughter named Lily, who is
fond of playing out of doors.

The other day she came home covered
with mud.

"Oh, oh!" said the mother severely. "Can
it be possible that this is my good little girl
—my sweet, pure Lily-of-the-valley?"

"No, mamma," answered the little girl,
sorrowfully. "I guess I'm your bad, naughty
Lily-of-the-alley now."



Christmas.

SHOE OR STOCKING?

IN Holland children set their shoes
This night cur'ide the door;
These wooden shoes Knecht Clobes sees,
And fills them from his store.

But here we hang our stockings up
On handy hook or nail,
And Santa Claus, when all is still,
Will plump them without fail.

Speak out, you "Sobersides," speak out!
And let us hear your views:
Between a stocking and a shoe
What do you see to choose?

One instant pauses Sobersides,
A little sigh to fetch:
'Well, seems to me a stocking's best,
For wooden shoes won't stretch.'
—St. Nicholas.

READY OBEDIENCE.

It is one thing to do what we are told, it is quite another thing to do it when we are told to do it; and to delay is frequently to disobey. It is not only the duty of children to what they are bidden to do, but to do it when they are bidden. Often a thing must be done now or never. In a multitude of instances delay may result in disaster or failure.

It is extremely vexatious to any person who has the right to command, when giving directions, to be answered, "In a minute," "By and by"; and the habit of delaying thus formed may prove ruinous to the loiterer.

The son of Louis Napoleon, who might perhaps have been heir to a throne, lost his life in Africa because when on the retreat, being weary, he insisted on waiting ten minutes; and his mother when the story was told to her recognized the correctness



SANTA CLAUS.

of it, because that was the special falling of her son—he was always wanting to "wait ten minutes."

Do not let this be one of your failings. Be prompt to do whenever you are bidden. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

GOOD news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here!

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ, who came to Bethlehem,
Is living now and here.

HOW BREAD IS MADE.

LILY came home from the wheat-field with an armful of golden grain.

"I'm going to find all about how bread is made," she said. "I know how it came so far as this, for I saw papa put the seed in the ground, and the bright days and rainy days made it grow and get ripe. Now, I'm going to watch the rest."

So Lily kept watch when the wheat was thrashed; then she rode to the mill and saw it ground into flour; and afterwards she made a little loaf of bread and baked it her own self.

"It takes rain and sunshine, strong arms and machinery, mills, stoves and wood for fire, men's work and women's work to make a single loaf of bread. Mamma, I never thought how many things we ask for when we pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" It is a good thing God made that prayer for us; we could never have made it ourselves.—*Our Little People.*

"WHAT is the meaning of the word here?" asked a teacher in a primary school. "A man who hears well," said Willie, promptly.