

SUNBEAM

XXVI.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

No. 26

A NEW PLAY-MATE.

"Merry, merry Christmas!" Six-year-old Marion was the first in the house awake, and her voice was heard at everybody's door calling out "Merry, merry Christmas!"

A wonderful Christmas it was to Marion. She had never had a little brother or sister in all her life. And always when Christmas came she had prayed that God would send her a little sister.

Last night when the snow was falling her papa had returned from the city, after an absence of several days. He brought with him a little girl almost as big as Marion, with the loveliest blue eyes.

"Here, Marion," said papa, "is a little sister I have brought home to you. Her name is Margaret. I hope you will love her very much."

There was no need to tell Marion to love her. She had wanted a sister so much always. She just went right to her and put her arms around her neck.

But the strange thing was that little Margaret had never had a Christmas stocking before. She had lived in an orphanage with a lot of other little girls who were never taught to hang up their stockings. You may be sure Marion en-

joyed helping Margaret empty her stocking this Christmas morning, almost as much as she enjoyed emptying her own.

If you want to save souls, take the lead toward heaven and immortal glory yourself. You can pull more than you can push.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A NEWSBOY'S SERMON.

He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well-used to the business and a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed. "Caught this time, Joe!" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth Street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. Jimmy was lame, and "couldn't earn much hisself."

"Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the

denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gettin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth Street!" called the conduc-

tor, and as the boy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"

[So have I. And what a noble lesson this is for you, for me! How much better good things become if shared with others! and how much happier it makes us feel to know we are helping some one else! Are you trying this plan, little reader?]

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 23, 1905.

A LITTLE BOY'S TROUBLE.

Charlie's two pets were great friends. Chico was a spaniel and Max a mustang pony. Max gave Chico a warm corner of his stall to sleep in. Whenever Charlie came home from a ride Chico was sure to be watching for them. I think the dog was almost as glad to see Max as to see his little master.

But by and by Max grew very lazy; so father sold him and bought another horse named Mollie.

Charlie bore the parting bravely; but Chico was very unhappy. He looked lonely enough. He walked about with his head down and would not eat. He did not even try to get acquainted with Mollie. At last Chico could not be found. Charlie whistled and called: "Chico! Chico!" but he did not come.

It was Thanksgiving Day. Charlie had counted the days till it came. Now it was a sad merrymaking for him. His dear uncles and aunts and cousins all were there. More than that, he wore his first pair of trousers on that day. At any other time he would have felt very proud and happy. But he could not enjoy noth-

ing now, because poor Chico would get no Thanksgiving dinner.

Two or three days after, Jacob took Charlie over to see Max, who was in a stable not far away. And there, snugly curled up in the stable, lay Chico fast asleep.

He looked lean and hungry. But he liked Max far better than the choicest bone in the world; so he was content.

Everybody petted Chico more than ever because he was such a faithful friend.

DON'T BE CROSS.

Dick came down to breakfast in a very bad humor. He had not combed his hair, nor even washed his face.

"What is the matter, Dick?" said mamma pleasantly. "Why do you come downstairs looking so untidy?"

"The water is cold," grumbled Dick, "and the comb pulls my hair. I don't feel like bothering with them."

"Very well," said mamma; "then do as you please."

"I'm hungry," said Dick, and he sat down at the table.

Mamma did not pay any attention to him. She went on eating breakfast and talking to papa.

"I want my breakfast!" said Dick crossly.

"But I don't feel like giving any breakfast to an untidy, cross boy," said mamma. "If you like to act in that way, you can do as you please; but I do not please to wait on a boy who acts so badly. Be a little gentleman, and then you can have your breakfast." That cured Dick.

SHE TOOK THE CHILDREN WITH HER.

A little boy was deeply interested in reading "Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandmother and said: "Grandma, which of all the people do you like best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like best?"

Looking up in her face with some hesitation, he said slowly: "I like Christiana."

"Why so, my son?"

"Because she took the children with her, grandma."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Secrets, secrets everywhere,
Swarms of secrets in the air!
Something's hid from papa's eyes,
May and Slyboots look so wise,
Even baby's lips are close,
Folded like a crimson rose;
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,
I can feel them in the air!

WHICH LOVES THE MOST?

Three children brought a gift one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. Every one said, "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!"

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-set, a toy organ, a farmyard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys she did not care for and did not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a little plant, but he made up his mind to go without the flower himself; and he carried the little plant to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous; let us ask ourselves whether our present has meant any self-denial.

WOLVES.

What a terror do wolves present to our imaginations! Their loud, dismal howling at night sends a cold chill to the heart of the traveller through the winter forests.

This universal terror gives us the expression, "Keep the wolf from the door," which means, hard work to keep us from poverty and starvation.

But wolves are not generally as dangerous as they are supposed to be. Living alone in my "shack" or log hut away out near the Rocky Mountains for months, there was hardly a night that I did not hear outside the long bloodhound-like howling of the "coyotes" or prairie wolves, wild and weird enough to make the blood run cold in one's veins, yet they are most cowardly animals—frightened by their shadows on a moonlight night.

It is only during the long, cold winter, when the poor brutes are driven mad by hunger, that they are dangerous. Then in packs they come down from the woods and hills, and attack the belated traveller. The great wood wolf is the most savage. In the great forests of North America, in the Black Forest of Germany and in northern Russia he is generally found, and many fierce fights have the backwoodsmen had for their lives. When attacked by one alone, man is generally the victor, but from a starved pack of these gaunt fiends there is little chance of escape. In the Russian scene above, the wolves are following two benighted travellers—summoning up their courage for an attack.

As they advance, others are attracted by the howling from the neighboring woods, and if the travellers do not soon reach friendly shelter, they will be attacked by the reinforced pack, when nought but the sleigh and a few scattered bones will remain to tell the story of their fate.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

He'll be coming down the chimney,
Our Christmas gifts to bring,
And we'll all sit up and watch him
And catch the Christmas king!

Will he be big and bearded,
Or shy and sweet and mild?
Is he really old St. Nicholas,
Or Mary's little child?

We'll know when we have seen him,
For we'll never fall asleep;
But sitting round the hearthstone,
Our bivouac we'll keep.

See the long and funny shadows
Of the stockings on the wall!
I didn't know that andirons
Could ever grow so tall!

So Nellie leaned on Bobby,
And Tot bent all in a heap,
And Tom was lying on the floor,
And they all were—sound asleep.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT FROM
ISAIAH TO MALACHI.

LESSON XIV.—December 31.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psa. 35. 11.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

TITLES.

GOLDEN TEXTS.

- D. and B. The face of—
- D. in the L.'s D.. The angel of—
- R. from C. The Lord hath done—
- R. the T. The temple of—
- P. through G.'s S. Not by might—
- E. P. for Her P. . . The Lord preserveth—
- E.'s J. to J. The hand of our—
- N.'s P. The effectual—
- W.'s T. S. Let him that—
- N. R. and W. of J. Watch—
- R. and O. the L. . . Blessed are they—
- P. for the M. . . . I will send my—
- The C. of the M. . . Thou shalt call—

FIRST QUARTER.

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED IN THE GOSPELS.

LESSON I.—JANUARY 7.

THE SHEPHERDS FIND JESUS.

Luke 2. 1-20. Memorize verses 13. 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2. 11.

THE LESSON STORY.

We all know the sweet story of the coming of the Saviour of the world as a little babe to Bethlehem. How he was born in a manger in the stable of an inn, and how the shepherds and the wise men came and worshipped him. What a wonderful night for those shepherds, when as they were abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks, lo! an angel appeared and told them the good tidings of great joy, of a Saviour having come. There presently with the angel appeared a heavenly host, and what a glorious message they did bring of peace on earth, good-will toward men! That angels' song has come down to us through the ages, keeping us ever mindful that it was the coming of a world's Saviour brought the offer of peace to mankind and put in people's hearts love and good will toward their neighbors.

How glad were the shepherds when they heard this blessed news and with what joy did they tell it to others! Let us glorify and praise God throughout his glad New Year as did the shepherds of old.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

1. Where was Jesus born? In a manger in Bethlehem.
2. What had he come to be? The Saviour of the world.
3. What were the shepherds doing? Watching their flocks by night.
4. Who appeared to them? An angel surrounded by a bright light.
5. What did the angel say? Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.
6. What appeared with the angel? An heavenly host.
7. What was their message? Peace on earth, good will to men.
8. What did the shepherds do? They worshipped Jesus and told their neighbors of them.

A KINDLY TALK WITH TOM.

You want to know, Tom, what is the first quality of manhood? Well, listen. I am going to tell you in one little word of five letters, and will write it, as though you were deaf, so that you may never forget it. That word is "truth." Now then, remember, truth is the only foundation on which can be erected a manhood that is worthy of being so called. Mark what I say: truth must be the foundation on which the whole character is to be erected; for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice, the character, the manhood will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when trial comes.

Alas, my boy! the world is very full of such shams of manhood, in every profession and occupation. There are lawyers in this town who know that they have never

had any training to fit them for their work, who yet impose upon the people and take their money for giving them advice which they know they are unfitted to give. I heard of one lately who advised his partner "never to have anything to do with law books, for they would confuse his mind."

There are ignorant physicians who know that they are ignorant, and who can and do impose on a people more ignorant than themselves. There are preachers without number pretending to know what they have never learned. Don't you see that their manhood is at best but a beautiful deceit?

Now, I want you to be a man; and, that you may be that, I want you first and foremost to be true—thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are. When we have laid that foundation, then we can go on to build up a manhood, glorious and Godlike, after the perfect image of Him, the Perfect Man, who said that he was born that he might bear witness to the truth.

"YOU CAN'T CHEAT GOD."

Ned took his cousin, Grace, along to keep him company while he worked at a job he had to perform.

"I don't think you're doing your work very well," she said. "It looks to me as if you were slighting it."

"That's all right," laughed Ned. "What I'm doing now will be covered up, you know."

"But isn't that cheating?"

"Maybe 'tis, after a fashion," answered Ned; "but it isn't like most cheating, you know."

"That's not the way to look at it," said Grace. "If it's cheating, it's cheating. You know that. You can't excuse it because it isn't the worst kind of cheating."

"But the man won't know about it," said Ned.

"He may not," said Grace, soberly, "but God will. You can't cheat God."

Ned stopped work and went to thinking. Presently he said: "You're right; I'm glad you said that, Grace. I'm going to begin over. There shan't be any cheating this time."

Ned undid what he had done, and began again, began right; and I know he felt better for it. I hope he will always remember that no one can cheat God.

The tact and ingenuity of children is often seen displayed in what, to them at least, amount to real crises in life. The following illustrates our point:

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma; "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."



A PERILOUS RIDE. (SEE SECOND PAGE.)

THE ANT AND THE GRASS-
HOPPER.

A grasshopper who had no thought of laying up anything in the summer, found when winter came that she had nothing to eat.

In her trouble she went to her neighbor, the ant, and begged her for a few grains of wheat or rye.

The ant asked her what she had been doing all the bright summer. "Alas," said the grasshopper, "I was singing and dancing all the sunny days and never once thought of winter!"

"Very well, then," said the ant, "I have no food to spare for you. They who sing and dance all summer ought to starve when winter comes."