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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

No. 25.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

WANDERING through the woods in winter we gain a different impression of the tall trees of the forest from that of our summer saunterings, when the trees rustled their green leaves in the and breeze were the home of myriads of happy birds. They seemed full of joy and music. Now they stand robbed of all their pretty leaves, deserted of the birds, giving the forest the appearance of a great city full of empty houses. But they are in winter, more than ever, the monarchs of the woods. Grim and bare as they are, how straight they stand! The winds howl through their branches, the snow whirls round them, but strong and firm they stand with their great branches still held upward as if indifferent to all change. Here and there a cedar or fir tree looks proud in its green dress. Summer or winter they remain just the same, except that they look very humble when the other trees appear in all their beauty, but now serve as a pleasant rest for the eye, and impress one with their great virtue in their unchangeableness and unvarying uprightness.



THE WOODS IN WINTER.

"Hark, hark! what does the fir-tree say
Standing still all night all day—
Never a moan from over his way,
Green through all the winter's gray—
What does the steadfast fir-tree say—

the other forgot, that truth so trite, but so aptly put by "Carlyle: Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."
"I FEEL as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in the year."

"Creak, creak '
Listen!' Be firm;
be true;
The winter's frost
and the summer's
dew
Are all in God's
time, and all for
you;
Only live your life,
and your duty do,
And be brave, and
strong, and steady,
fast, and true."

"I NEVER do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I read my composition only once after I wrote it, and I never practised it in the chapel at all." She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-wrote her article, and practised it again and again. The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed, and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered, and

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

OVER all the earth are ringing
Happy voices, merry bells!
Wondrous news to mortals bringing,
"Christ is born!" their music tells.

Saviour, Master, King, Redeemer,
Lord of lords and God most high!
Sings the Christian world forever
Of his birth and victory.

Ever then with joyous voices
Greet we his blest natal morn;
At his advent earth rejoices,
Christ, the Prince of Peace, is born!

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A BODY to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpoluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird and tree and rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's finger-prints in the flower and field and snowflake—but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others; but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for the chaff and

the rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of power and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ—*Morning Guide*.

JENNIE'S SELFISHNESS.

JOHNNIE and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We—oh," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces; they were all about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too!" cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie!"

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."—*Youth's Companion*.

EARLY SWEETINGS.

"O MAMMA, the early sweetings are ripe; grandpa said so. May I eat some? Please say yes," coaxed Marie.

Now Marie was quite sure that mamma would not say "yes," because she had been very ill, and mamma had brought her to grandpa's farm to see what pure air and sweet fresh-milk could do for her. Marie was very much better, and able to run about again, but she still had to be very careful what she ate.

"Marie dear, you know that you must not touch an apple for a long time yet," answered mamma. "I am sorry for you, but you must wait until I tell you that it is safe for you before you taste any fruit whatever."

Marie went out of the house very slowly, and wandered off to the barnyard. The chickens were not about as they usually were. Old mother hen had taken them off on a hunt for grasshoppers. The cows

were in the orchard lying in the shade of the trees, chewing their cud and thinking lazily how warm it was, or so Marie said they thought.

From the barnyard gate, Marie could see right over to the early sweeting tree. "What a nice seat the branches make!" she said to herself. "It's hot here, and there's nothing to play with. I'm going down to sit in the tree. I needn't eat any of the apples; of course I wouldn't."

While Marie was thinking this she had been going as fast as she could to the tree. "I wonder if any apples have fallen," she continued.

"Sure as I live, here are two. Those old cows shan't have them. My, how good they smell! I don't believe one would hurt me a bit. I heard grandpa say that apples were healthy food. Anyhow, one bite can't hurt me." And in went the pearly teeth through the skin into the sweet juicy apple.

Suddenly, Marie stamped her foot, and threw both apples as far as she could throw.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she said aloud, and ran out of the orchard.

"There! I'll not go into that orchard again till mamma says I may." And she kept her word.

SHADOWS NEEDED.

"WRONG, wrong!" cried a child, tearfully, "My copy lies before me: mountain, meadow, lake, and forest are faithfully drawn, line by line. Why is my sketch a failure?"

The elder sister glanced over the child's shoulder. "True," she said, "mountain, meadow, lake, and forest are skilfully imitated, yet the picture is not complete. Look again. Have you forgotten nothing?"

The child examined her work more closely. Her face suddenly brightened; the tears dried on her cheek. "Ah!" she said with sudden joy, "I have discovered my mistake: 'I forgot the shadows! Now,'" she continued, adding a few dark lines—"now my picture is perfect."

Even thus, no life, however beautiful, is complete without its shadows. We would, if we could, have naught but sunshine; but Christ, the great and loving Master, fills in the shadows, and makes the picture perfect in the Father's eyes.

ETHEL is very fond of honey. One day she begged for a little more, after mamma said she had eaten enough. "Please, just a little. I will not eat it; I want it for the butterflies." A little honey was given her on a plate, and Ethel went out in the sunshine and held it up. She waited patiently for her little friends to come. At first they were shy, but by-and-bye one came, and then another and another. I am not sure that they cared so much for the honey, but they loved to be near the gentle little girl who loves all God's creatures.

MUGGINS' CHRISTMAS.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

We called her "Muggins"—just a wee
Light-hearted little neighbour,
Stunted of growth by poverty,
And robbed of play by labour.

"She bothers 'bout that Christmas saint,
To rest she'll hardly let me;"
Her mother said; "An' prays so quaint:
'K'iss K'ingle, don't forget me!"

No feast for her would Christmas bring
Of turkey and cranberry.
One said, "I would be a pleasant thing
To make her Christmas merry!"

So, by her bed, with warm new clothes,
On Christmas Eve placed handy,
Were simple toys and plumped-out hose,
And one wee pound of candy.

And Muggins waking, with round eyes
Where awe and pleasure mingle,
Gazed on her gifts with glad surprise:
"Ou's brought too much, K'iss K'ingle!"

She sighed in tones of grievous doubt;
"Here's mos' enough for twenty,
Some 'nother girl might go without—
I didn't want too plenty."

Ah, not alone in Bible leaf
Is Holy Scripture hoarded—
"More bless'd to give than to receive,"
In child hearts is recorded.

The meaning of the widow's cruse,
And of the loaves and fishes:
Not selfish greed but kindly use
Will cupboards fill and dishes.

That which we share we surest hold;
We lose that which is hoarded—
To dead leaves turned, like fairy gold
In German tales recorded.

Oh, little maids, in happy homes,
Life's best of bliss possessing,
Remember this when Christmas comes
And earn—the Christmas blessing.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 28.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 16.

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Matt 10. 5-16. Memory verses, 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom
of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 10. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. An Apostle's Work, v. 5-8.
2. An Apostle's Spirit, v. 9-16.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read who were called by Jesus.
Matt. 10. 1-4.

Tues. Read lesson verses. Matt. 10. 5-16.

Wed. Learn what the disciples were
sent to do. Golden Text.

Thur. Learn what we are all like.
Isa. 53. 6.

Fri. Learn how to give and why.
Verse 8.

Sat. Find why Christians should not
not look for ease. Verse 24.

Sun. Learn why no disciple need fear.
Verse 29.

DO YOU KNOW—

Whom did Jesus choose to be apostles?
What are apostles? Messengers. What
did he send them out to do? What direc-
tions did he give? Who were God's chosen
people? To whom were the apostles told
to go first? What is meant by "lost
sheep"? Souls wandering away from God
What did Jesus tell the disciples to preach?
What is the kingdom of heaven? What
divine power was given the disciples?
Why did they not have to take money
with them? Could the disciples expect to
have an easy time? Why not? Who can
be as cruel as wolves? What power can
conquer cruelty?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That God notices the small gift. Verse 42.
That God cares for the little life.
Verse 31.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is your duty to man? My duty to
man is to honour and obey my parents, to
show respect to those above me, to speak
the truth always, and to be just and loving
to all.

How can you do this? I can do my
duty to God and man only by the grace
of God.

LESSON XII [Dec. 23.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Isa. 9. 2-7. Memory verses, 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of the increase of his government and
peace there shall be no end.—Isa. 9. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Light of the World, v. 2-5.
2. The Son of God, v. 6.
3. The Kingdom of Peace, v. 7.

EVERYDAY HELPS.

Mon. Read the lesson verses.
Tues. Find how this prophecy was ful-
filled. Matt. 4. 13-16.

Wed. Learn what the true light does.
John 1. 9.

Thur. Learn what Jesus said he came
for. John 12. 46.

Fri. Read about the strength of the
kingdom. Dan. 2. 44.

Sat. Learn the Golden Text.

Sun. Find a true missionary prayer in
Luke 11. 2.

DO YOU KNOW—

Who was Isaiah? When did he li.:?
What did he learn from God? Where
may we find what God told him? What
did Isaiah see? Who was this Light?
When is a world, or a heart, dark? What
ought we to be glad to do? To whom was
all power given by God? What was put
upon his shoulder? What was the badge
of his office? (Isa. 22. 22) What names
are given to Christ in this lesson? Why
is he call'd "Wonderful"? Why is he
called "Counsellor"? How do we know
that his kingdom will grow forever? What
sho'd all Christians do?

I WILL TRY TO REMEMBER—

That I may live in the kingdom of
peace. Eph. 2. 14.

That I may help show the way to others
Matt 28. 19.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is this grace? The grace of God
is the power of the Holy Ghost, felt in our
hearts, enabling us to do what otherwise
we could not do.

How are we to seek the grace of God?
We must seek the grace of God by earnest
prayer in private and in the house of God.

ADA'S BIRTHDAY.

ADA had a birthday, and it was a won-
derful thing to her. To be sure she had
had four birthdays before, but she did not
remember them.

"Will I be a big woman to-morrow?"
she had asked, the night before.

Mamma said, "Oh no; not yet, Ada."
But still Ada expected to see herself a
great deal taller on the morrow, and meas-
ured herself carefully, to see how much she
should have grown by morning.

When she awakened, she ran to the glass,
and was much surprised to see that she
looked exactly the same as the night be-
fore, neither taller, nor older, nor in the
least bit grown up. She began to cry, but
mamma came in with a pretty new dress
and a lovely sash for her little girl, and
when Ada was dressed, mamma led her
out to the yard, where was a fine swing,
and a little tea-table, with a set of doll's
dishes upon it, for her birthday presents.
Ada thought a birthday a pretty nice thing
to have, even if it did not make her any
taller.

HOW TO GET BY.

THE saloon is a temptation to a great
many. It is very hard work for men who
have the love of strong drink to pass by.
One little boy who does not mean to be
caught has adopted this plan. He says:
"Papa, I'll tell you how I go by the saloon.
I go first as near to the outside of the
walk as I can, and I hold my nose and
shut my mouth; and then, after I have
got by, I spit before I swallow."

A great many boys like that, grown up,
would be an untold blessing to the land.

A ROYAL VISITOR.



DO GOOD UNTO ALL.

THE boy in the picture is evidently a kind-hearted fellow. While the drover is quenching his own thirst the boy draws water for the donkey and is about to feed him with sprigs of lettuce from the pannier he is carrying. It is of the utmost importance that boys and girls, too, should learn to be kind to our four-footed friends, on whose service we are so dependent. There is in so-called fashionable society in sporting countries a strange tendency to cruelty. Fine ladies and men, who profess to be gentlemen, will chase a poor hare, or fox, or deer to death with the yelling of a pack of hounds, and think it great sport.

There is a kind of proverb that in the hunting counties in England the morning greeting is, "It is a fine day; come, let us kill something." Lady Florence Dixey, who has killed more deer than any woman living, declares that the agonized look in their eyes haunts her in her better moments, and she has resolved never to kill another. It seems utterly contemptible when a timid deer or hunted fox is carried to the woods in a cage and there let loose to be hunted by a company of men.

We read the other day that the Emperor of Germany killed a couple of hundred hares in two hours. The frightened creatures were driven from their coverts into a space from which they could not escape and the great Kaiser of 40,000,000 people slaughtered them by the hundred. It is this cruelty, we believe, that fosters the war spirit and much of the inhumanity of man to man which makes countless thousands mourn.

THERE are light and cheer in the darkest passages of life when God walks hand in hand with us there.

ELSIE opened the door and threw her school books on a chair, before she saw that anyone was in the room beside her mother. The voice of a stranger, who was standing with his back to her, attracted her attention.

"So you will take him as a visitor? He will be a royal playmate for your little girl," he was saying.

Mamma said something that Elsie did not understand, and the gentleman answered, "King Charles."

"When may I expect his royal highness?" asked mamma, with a smile.

"This evening, about six o'clock."

Elsie slipped out of the room and ran over to her best friend's house, to tell her the wonderful news.

"O Amy! what do you think! A real, live king is coming to visit at our house. His name is King Charles, and he must be a little boy, for he is to play with me," she exclaimed, excitedly.

That evening, at six o'clock, a waggon drove up to the door. A man lifted out a box with slats, and went away. Mamma opened the box, and out sprang a beautiful little dog; a King Charles spaniel.

How mamma did laugh when she understood Elsie's mistake. "Never mind, dear," she said, "a real little king would not be allowed to play with a little American girl, but this royal visitor will not think it beneath his rank to play all day with you."

Elsie soon forgot her disappointment, and learned to love the little dog.

A SUMMER FROLIC.

IT was a bright, warm summer's day, and seven little folks were as happy as happy could be. As early as eight o'clock, grandpa had driven first to one house and taken into the big waggon four of the children, and then to Uncle James' house for the other three; and then away they drove at a rattling pace over the country roads, to dear grandpa's farm.

As soon as they reached the house, grandma gave to each a hearty kiss and hug, and Cousin Alice stood waiting with a big pitcher of milk and a great plate of ginger cookies for the children, who were always hungry enough to eat such good cookies as grandma's.

After the cookies and the milk had disappeared, the whole seven children ran out to hunt hen's eggs, to see the fluffy new chickens and ducklings, the colts, and the calves, and all the other animals on the farm.

By the time they had visited every four-legged and two-legged friend on the place it was noon, and dinner was ready. I can't stop to tell you all the good things grandma gave those children to eat; but one would have thought they had been

nearly starved, by the way the delicious food vanished.

After dinner, grandpa said: "Now for the big hay-mow in the barnyard. You may climb upon it, and wallow in it, and pull it all down if you like. It is yours for this one day."

With shouts and yells like Indian whoops, the children rushed out for a tumble in the sweet, new mown hay.

What fun they had! They actually forgot to be hungry until the supper bell rang, and surprised them. After a most bountiful supper, grandpa drove them all to their homes through the golden twilight, and as they kissed him good-bye, they declared that they had never had so good a time in their lives, and that no other children ever had such dear, kind grandparents.

VALUABLE IDOL.

AN exchange says that a lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop with a view of purchasing something odd, noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which appeared above the counter.

"What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired.

The salesman's reply was given in a subdued tone:

"Worth about half a million, madam; it's the proprietor."

GOD'S KITTENS.

ONE day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him: "O Philip! Don't do that; it is God's kitten."

That word of the little girl was not lost; it was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten, but he could not help thinking about what his sister had said. "God's kitten, God's creature, for he made it," he said to himself; "I never thought of that before."

The next day, on his way to school, he saw one of his companions beating unmercifully a poor, half-starved looking dog. Philip ran up to him, and before he knew it was using his sister's words, saying, "Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature!"

Every living creature is one of God's creatures.

"THEY must have good parents," was the remark concerning certain children who attracted the attention of some strangers by their becoming deportment. So we glorify our Father in heaven by Christian living.

DON'T it sometimes seem to you, boys and girls, that you cannot have much influence; that, because you are not out in the busy world, you are not helping to make anybody or anything better or worse? But you do have influence, and you either are helping or hindering in "your small corner," you may be sure.