

SUNBEAM

VOL. XXIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1902

No. 26

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Little Millie Merton seems to have had too many presents for Christmas morning—rather an "embarrassment of riches," as the French people say. She has more than her arms full of good things. The little grenadier who hangs head downwards seems to be in a very uncomfortable position. The horse and the dolly are very queer playmates to have in her arms at once. I am afraid that there are many little girls among the poor and neglected who will perhaps be without a single toy. The children who have so many should send their old ones, or even some of their new ones, to those who have none. Thus shall they remember the words of the Lord Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

KEITHA'S GOLDEN RULE.

BY ISOBEL E. NICOL.

Mother had gone down town. Before she left she had taken Keitha next door to play with the Hall children for an hour.

The hour passed quickly, and Ruthie said, when Keitha's mother came back, that the hands of the clock must have just run around.

Mamma laughed, and said that they must all come over and play with Keitha some day soon, and see how her clocks went.

When they got home, Keitha climbed



AFTER CHRISTMAS.

on mamma's lap, and began telling about her visit with her little friends. "Do you know, mother," she said, "that Ruthie kept the prettiest doll for herself, and Walter pulled my dollie's hair. When we had our tea party he would drink all of the tea out of his cup so fast, and he cracked one of the plates."

only another way of keeping the golden rule."—*Jewels.*

Little May was being taken up to bed by her mother. She stopped on the staircase and whispered, "Take my hand, mother, and then the dark will be all light."

"O dear," said mother; "am I not to hear anything nice at all about your visit?"

"O yes," Keitha answered. Then she told how Ruthie let her pour the tea, and didn't get cross with Walter, but just coaxed him to play that he was a visitor, and then he behaved very nicely. "After tea Walter made his puppy do tricks for us. She would jump over a stick, or lie down and pretend to be dead, and then jump up and carry a paper in her mouth. O, we had a lovely time, mother."

After a moment mamma said: "Keitha, darling, which of your stories do you think that I would sooner hear?"

Keitha looked surprised for a minute, and then answered softly: "I suppose that it's about the nice things Walter and Ruthie did."

"Yes, dear," her mother said. "Let us try after this just to tell the nice things about people."

Keitha was quiet for a moment, and then said: "I'll remember, mother. I wouldn't like Ruthie and Walter to tell every time that I was naughty when they played with me, would I?"

"No, dear," answered her mother; "so it's

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Thou Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Who in a manger lay;
We thank thee for thy wondrous love,
And bless thy name to-day.
For children all in every clime
Where thy dear name is known,
Rejoice in that great love of thine,
Which makes them all thine own.

Immanuel! The Prince of Peace,
We worship thee, our King;
And like the wise men from the East,
Most precious gifts we bring.
We come with loving, grateful hearts—
We bow before thy face,
And whilst we give ourselves to thee,
Oh, give to us thy grace.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated.	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
How Drops, weekly	0 18
Heaven Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Heaven Leaf, monthly	0 05
Heaven Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, or deceit. And, above all things, he ought, now and then, to show his colours. He need not always

be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but should meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

THE CLOCK'S THREE HANDS.

"Come, hurry up!" said the second hand of a clock to the minute hand. "You'll never get around in time if you don't. See how fast I'm going."

"Hurry up!" said the minute hand to the hour hand, utterly oblivious of being addressed by the second hand. "If you don't be quick, you'll never be in at the stroke of one."

"Well, that's just what our young friend here has been saying to you." At this point the clock pealed forth the hour, as the hour hand continued: "You see, we're in time; not one of us behind. You take my advice; do your own work in your own way, and leave others alone." —Selected.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Little Sue was very sad. Mother was ill, and father was out of work, and the interest on the mortgage was due, and if it was not paid within a week, they would lose the dear old home where father had lived all his life, and where Sue and all the rest of the children had been born.

Where the money was to come from no one could tell.

"Can't you borrow it, father dear?" Sue had asked.

"No, dear. I could, but I will not. It would only be postponing the payment. If God wants me to lose my old home I must submit. I have tried hard to find work: God knows that I have done my best. I am not responsible for this bad season. God sent illness and hard times to try my faith. I have asked the Lord to help me save my home. If he does not, I know that he has good reasons for taking it from me."

That afternoon Sue was busy washing dishes when there came a rap at the door. Sue opened it, and a strange man stood there. "Can I see your father or mother?" he asked.

"Mother is ill in bed, and father has gone to look for work. Can I do anything, sir?"

"Yes, little one. I see some trees behind your house with shining green leaves and red berries. Now, I am looking for holly for the Christmas trade. If yours is fine, I would like to buy all you are willing to spare. You might wind wreaths for me, if you have time, as I'm short of hands, and I'd pay extra for that too."

She flew out and tore off handfuls of branches.

"Are these fine enough, sir? Oh, I hope they are, for we do so need the money!"

The holly was beautiful, and the offer the man made almost took away Sue's breath. It would pay the interest, and leave a good amount for running expenses.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Sue, as her father came wearily home. "The place is saved. Holly berries paid for it."

When he heard the whole story, father said, "God did help. Let us thank him."

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the children's festival. For them the story of Bethlehem has a wondrous charm. The season glorifies childhood, its ministries are designed to bring brightness into their lives. How early they are awake and watching that morning! The thought returns that no address to our readers on the eve of Christmas ought to close without a word to the children. A merry Christmas to you! Something of what we would like to say you have in the following lines:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day!
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

When Christmas morning comes, they say,
The whole world knows it's Christmas Day.

The very cattle in the stalls
Kneel when the blessed midnight falls,
And all the night the heavens shine
With a lustre of a light divine.

Long ere the dawn the children leap
With "Merry Christmas!" in their sleep;
And dream about the Christmas-tree,
Or rise, their stockings filled to see.

Swift come the hours of joy and cheer,
Of loving friend and kindred dear;
Of gifts and bounties in the air.
Sped by the "Merry Christmas!" prayer.

While through it all, so sweet and strong,
Is heard the holy angels' song;
"Glory be to God above!

On earth be peace and helpful love!"
And on the streets, our hearts within,
The Christmas carollings begin.

Christ does not say: "Son, give me thy money, thy time, thy talents, thy energies, thy pen, thy tongue, thy head." All these are utterly unavailing, perfectly unsatisfying to him. What he says to you is: "My son, give me thine heart." Out of the heart come all the issues of life.

Be a witness for Christ and the truth.

"We wi
And t
Then th
Crept
And out
Where
Came:
c
And v
And ma
h
"My
That is
You s
And so
And
Little V
Her l
But the
With
That lo
She f
And tw
Were
When t
Again
She was
And
When o
That
Mamma
Not s
"O ma
A-ser
It wa
were ha
how, C
"Oh!"
and tel
use?"
enough
toll my
said E
stoutly,
longer
And off

AT THE DOOR.

"We will watch the old year out to-night,
And the new year in!" Ned cried.
Then three-year-old baby Winnie
Crept up to her mother's side,
And out from under her curly pate,
Where queer little questions grow,
Came: "Mamma, how do ve new years
come?
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma, with a bright smile, told
her:

"My dear little Winnie wee,
That is very hard to answer;
You shall watch with us and see!"
And so when night drew the curtains dark
And snug upon every side,
Little Win climbed into her high-chair,
Her blue eyes bright and wide.

But the minutes passed so slowly,
With so many in an hour,
That long before it was over
She felt the Sandman's power;

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON I. [Jan. 4.]

PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI.

Acts 16. 22-34. Memorize verses 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16. 31.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What came upon Paul and Silas? Why
did the masters of the fortune teller hate
them? How were they treated in prison?
Were Paul and Silas troubled? What did
they do at midnight? Who heard them?
How could they be happy? They trusted
in God. What happened to them? Why
was the jailer so terrified? Why did he
try to kill himself? He knew that he
would be killed for letting his prisoners
go. Who called to him? What question
did the jailer ask of Paul and Silas?

LESSON II. [Jan. 11.]

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Phil. 4. 1-13. Memorize verses 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice in the Lord alway.—Phil. 4. 4.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul when he wrote to the
Philippians? At Rome. Why? He was
a prisoner. What did he do? He
preached to all who came to him. What
else did he do? He wrote letters to the
churches. What does he call the church of
the Philippians? What does he bid them
do? "Stand fast in the Lord." What
good advice does he give them? He tells
them to "rejoice in the Lord alway."
What does he tell them to think about?
(Verse 8.) What had Paul learned?
What did he say he could do? Through
whom?

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the beginning of Paul's let-
ter. Phil. 1. 1-13.



SANTA CLAUS ON HIS ROUNDS.

And two little fringed white curtains
Were cropping low and lower,
When there came a timid summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide awake that instant,
And gazing all around,
When once again she heard it,
That gentle, asking sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Deg Rollo,
Not so did Baby Wi.
"O mamma, hear ve Year,
A-scratchin' to det in!"

It was recess time, and the little girls
were having a fine game. Then, some-
how, Clara tore her white apron sadly.
"Oh!" she cried, "I want o run home
and tell mother, quick!" "What's the
use?" asked Margie. She'll see it soon
enough without being told." "I never
tell my mother when I tear my clothes,"
said Ella. "Well, I do," said Clara
stoutly, "just as soon as I can. The
longer you wait, the harder it is to tell."
And off she ran.

What did they tell him to do? How did
he show that he truly believed? What
good came from putting the apostles in
jail? A whole family was converted.

DAILY STEPS.

Mon. Read the story of the fortune teller.
Acts 16. 16-19.
Tues. Read of the trouble this made.
Acts 16. 22-34.
Wed. Learn some of Paul's traits. 2
Cor. 11. 24-27.
Thur. Learn what Paul and Silas did.
Psa. 34. 1.
Fri. Learn the great lesson the jailer
learned. Golden Text.
Sat. Find why Paul loved to preach
the Gospel. Rom. 1. 16.
Sun. Learn why the jailer rejoiced.
Rom. 5. 10, 11.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—
1. That God is with us in trouble.
2. That he can always make a way out
of it.
3. That he can bring good out of evil.

Tues. Find who was with Paul. Phil.
2. 19-30.
Wed. Read Paul's little story of himself.
Phil. 3. 5-14.
Thur. Read Paul's last benediction. 2
Tim. 4. 22.
Fri. Learn Golden Text.
Sat. Read Paul's last words from Rome.
2 Tim. 4. 6-9.
Sun. Find who was with Paul to the
last. 2 Tim. 4. 11.

THREE LITTLE LESSONS.

We have learned—
1. That we can work for Christ any-
where.
2. That we can rejoice always.
3. That good thoughts are best.

Jesus said: "Go work in my vineyard,
for the harvest is great and the labourers
are few." These are some of the good
things that we can do: Obey our parents,
be kind to each other, and speak gently
to every one.—Selected.



A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

HOW THEY KEPT "WATCH MEETING."

BY CONSTANT MOORE.

Mamma and Papa Norton decided to go to the watch-night meeting at the church, and the children begged hard to be allowed to sit up until midnight, so they might watch the old year out and the new year in. "Let us have a watch meeting all by ourselves," said Harry.

Mamma Norton thought they would better go to bed, and said they would know when the new year came in by the ringing of the church bells.

But Papa Norton said they might just as well stay up with Aunt Esther in the kitchen, and watch the new century come in, because they would never have another opportunity. So that is how they happened to be sitting up by the bright fire long after their usual hour for going to bed.

To keep them awake George cracked nuts, and Aunt Esther brought in some red-cheeked apples. While they ate they talked and told stories. Aunt Esther told them of her life in the South when she was a little pickaninny, and how dearly she loved her "young missus" who died; and how badly his mother felt when "young Tom began to grow bad habits, staying out late at night with young men who swore and drank, and how 'shamed he was after he was brought home drunk one night. He said he would turn over a new leaf, and he did."

The New Year is a good time to turn over a new leaf.

They were all so interested in what she was saying that they forgot to look at the clock. Suddenly they heard loud noises outside. Pistols were fired off, steam whistles were blown loudly, and the church bells rang a merry "ding-dong! ding-dong!"

"It's the new year, sure as you live!" said Harry.

"Of course, and I wish you all a happy New Year," said Aunt Esther.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

I have lately heard a secret—
Heard it too from truthful lips:
Santa Claus, the sly old fellow,
Makes his "after Christmas" trips.

I've been told he has discovered
Many things that give him pain—
Discontent and hateful envy,
Thoughtful love bestowed in vain.

He has seen his choicest presents
Torn and broken and defaced;
Santa Claus, though rich and lavish,
Frowns on wilful, wicked waste.

All unseen he watched some children
In their pleasant homes at play
With the very toys he gave them
On the merry Christmas Day.

Johnnie's rocking-horse was splendid,
Gaily decked in red and gold;
Katie's doll as fair a creature
As a child could wish to hold.

Johnnie's horse was kicked and battered
Just because it couldn't neigh;
Though his papa might have bought him
Two live horses and a sleigh.

Katie wished her doll was larger—
Wished its eyes were black, not blue;
Finally grew vexed and threw it—
Broke its lovely head in two.

Santa Claus looked grave and troubled,
Shook his head and went his way;
"I'll remember this," he muttered,
"On another Christmas Day."

Then he peered in dismal places
Where he was not wont to go—
Where the hungry, shivering children
Never any Christmas know.

And his heart was sad and sorry
That he could not help them all;
And he thought, in grief and anger,
Of the broken horse and doll.

As he took his onward journey,
He was seen to drop a tear;
And I'm certain that he whispered,
"I'll remember this next year."

But he has so much to think of,
And so many things to get,
Can't the Johnnies and the Katies
Think of it if he forget?

Only those who are full of faith and
power do mighty works for God.