

SUNBEAM

Vol. XXIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

No. 25.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

I am afraid this little boy has received a not very suitable Christmas present. I don't think that real cannon, even if small, and powder, are just the thing for a parlour table. It's not a very nice game anyhow, pretending to shoot people. I expect the old gentleman has been a soldier, and likes to fight his battles over again by watching the children play at this game of war. I would be glad if it could be left to children, but when it comes to grown-up men using cannon to kill each other it is a dreadful thing. Thank God for the hope of the day when the nations "shall learn war no more."

SOME LITTLE NEIGHBOURS.

BY "PANSY."

Louise and Clara were on the porch with their dollies. The girls were not sisters, but neighbours. Clara's doll was large and new and beautifully dressed. Its name was Anita.

"Let me hold Anita a little while," said Louise.

"No, indeed!" said Clara, "I can't; Anita is afraid of strangers."

"But I'm not a stranger."

"Yes, you are to Anita; she has just come, and most everybody is a stranger, only me."

"Oh," said Louise, "don't let's play that. Let's play she did know me and let me hold her; I'll be just as careful!"

"I'm not going to do it, Louise Potter, and you needn't coax. She's my own new

dolly, and I love her and am going to hold her myself."

"Then you are a bad, selfish girl!" said Louise, "and I don't love you at all. I'm

her cheeks growing red, "and I wish you would go home. My mother doesn't let me play with girls who call names!"

Just then Clara's mother leaned from the upper window and called, "Clara!"

"There!" said Louise, "I guess your mother heard what you said. I guess she will whip you."

"No, she'll not, either!" said Clara, "and I want you to go straight home and never come here again. I don't love you one bit." Then she ran into the house.

"Little girl," said her mother, "I have a new verse ready for you to paint. Your things are all laid out on your little table."

"Oh, thank you, mother," said Clara, who loved to paint letters. She spelled out the words of her verse. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The word "neighbour" was new to her and it had to be spelled two or three times. When she was painting it she asked, "Mother, what is a 'neighbour'?"

"Louise is your neighbour," said her mother.

Clara stopped in surprise. "Why-ee?"

"Yes," said her mother. "Any one whom you can reach with help and love is a 'neighbour'; and your new verse is a direction from our 'Father' about them. Do you love Louise as well as

going right straight home! my mother you do yourself?"

"I love her very much," said Clara, who had already forgotten what she had said.

"I'm not a selfish girl!" said Clara,



CHRISTMAS TOYS.

"But do you love her as well as yourself, dear? Think of something that you like to do very much, and see if you like to have Louise do it, too."

Clara painted away in silence for some minutes. Then she said:

"Mother, may I just call to Louise a minute? I've got something very particular to say?" A moment afterwards this was called across the piazza: "Louise, I'm sorry! I love you very much. When you come over you may hold Anita a long time."

Then from the other house came the sound of Louise's voice. "I'm sorry, too; and I love you best of all the girls."

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, 16 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 50
5 copies and over	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 24
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly	0 48
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 70
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 65
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 95
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 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2175 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUERTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 13, 1902.

LITTLE JAPS.

Here is a thing which every visitor to Japan at once notices: their love for children.

An American woman, who became acquainted with a Japanese mother, noticed that she allowed her little children to ramble through the streets at will, and one day spoke of it.

"Why," said the Japanese lady, "what harm can come of it? Our children never quarrel, and no grown person would harm a child."

"But," said the American, "the child might get lost."

"That would make no trouble," was the smiling reply. And then she showed how in each little child's apparel there is inserted a card containing its name and address, and explained that, should it stray, any person finding it will first give it a full meal, and then bring it home.—*Christian Guardian.*

THE PEACEMAKERS.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," repeated the children glibly. It was the Sunday-school text, and they had dutifully committed the words to memory, but no one thought what meaning might attach to them until it occurred to the gentle grandmother to question: "Do you know what a peacemaker is, Robbie?"

"Course," answered the small boy promptly. "It's Hetty when she makes pieces for us chil'ren—spreads bread'n butter'n sugar."

"Dear me!" cried the astonished Hetty; "I never saw anything very blessed about doing that. It strikes me as anything but a blessing when I have to stop my ironing or sweeping to fix lunches. Still it does stop a lot of fretting and crossness sometimes," she added thoughtfully. "Children are not very good-natured when they're hungry."

"And so it becomes the other kind of peacemaking," said the grandmother, smiling. "There's many a way of earning that blessing, Hetty, besides preaching a sermon or urging enemies to be reconciled. The bright story that breaks into a sharp debate, the kindly word that forestalls complaint or fault-finding, the watchful eye and the loving heart that are always alert to make things go smoothly—they all belong to the blessed peacemaker, and do the work of the children of God.—*Forward.*

WHEN HAROLD WAS LIKE A SOLDIER.

BY MARY SUTHERLAND.

Sitting in his favourite chair Harold was reading about soldiers. He wished he could do things like they did.

"But I never get the chance," he thought bitterly. "The things I have to do are such horrid things, helping mother in the kitchen, and taking care of Freddie, just like a girl." And Harold felt almost badly enough to cry.

"Harold," called mamma, "won't you please amuse your little brother for a while. Since he has been sick he is so restless, and you know how he likes to be with you."

Harold, however, did not want to "act the nurse," as he called it, one bit. Just now, after reading of the brave acts of soldiers, it was particularly irksome. Yet he could not resist the pleading look on Freddie's thin little face.

"Hello, old man!" he said brightly. "Come along down the lane for a walk."

"I can't," said Fred, almost in tears, "my legs shake so I can't walk."

"Well, we'll drive instead, then," said Harold. "Here's your carriage, mister, jump in."

So saying, he trundled the wheelbarrow up to Freddie's chair, and promptly bundled him in. Then he wheeled the

wee chappie away down the lane. The little invalid was perfectly happy, and even Harold for a while quite forgot his woes.

Soon a remark of Freddie's brought them to mind again. "Harold," said the little fellow, "do you know who you're acting like now?"

"No," replied Harold.

"Guess!"

"Grandma, I s'pose, or old Nurse Sarah." Poor models for a soldier, he thought sadly.

"No," said Freddie, "it was some one else. Mamma read me the story about him. I forget it now, only I know it was about his being very kind to a child. His name was General Roberts."

"Bobs," exclaimed Harold. "Bobs" was what he called his "own particular hero."

Harold said nothing for some time, but he thought a good deal. And he has never since felt ashamed of doing a kindly act, no matter how humble, for he has discovered that the truly brave are always tender-hearted.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

God rest ye, all good people,
That hearken to our lay,
And hear the word—
That Christ our Lord
Was born upon that day.

We lift our voices gladly,
And gladly do we sing
Of that same night
That showed the light,
The promise he did bring,—

When angels sang to shepherds,
That kept their flocks that day,
And bade them seek
Where, mild and meek,
The infant Jesus lay.

So when our life grows older,
And brings its winter's night,
May angels sing
And to us bring
Our Lord, his truth and light.

TOMMY TUCKER'S TARGET.

Mr. Tucker set his little son to work to move a lot of small, loose stones out of the road near their house. He was to take them up and throw them over into a pasture across the way. It was a very tiresome job. How could he ever do it?

After picking and throwing for some time, Tommy sat down to think of some better way, he was so tired. "I have it," he said to himself. "I'll set up a narrow board for a target, and invite all the boys to come and play 'Fire at a mark.'"

"Boys," Tommy said, "here's good fun. Now for it! here goes!" And while the boys thought it rare sport, Tommy got all his stones over into the pasture in almost less than no time.

His cap
And h
And wh
He lo

With a f
h
Thoug
Quite de
With a

Does his
Or the
His cage
Whate

And the
fr
At sch
With hi
m
All re

L

STUD

1 Sam. 7

Prepar
serve hin
qu

When
him? W
did he b
What wa
faithful

The Ph
would no
to them

flocks an
last? T
What dic
and pray

them the
God ansv
a great th
What bec
tered. W

which he
that mea
helped us

Mon. R

Tues. F

Wed. L

Thur. F

THE BOY FOR ME

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky;
And whoever he meets on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye.

With a fearless pride, that has naught to
hide,
Though he bows like a little knight;
Quite debonair to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.

And the teachers depend on the little
friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lessons learned and his good
marks earned,
All ready to toe the line.

—Christian Union.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.]

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

1 Sam. 7. 2-13. Memorize verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and
serve him only.—1 Sam. 7. 3.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

When did the Lord call Samuel to serve
him? When he was a little boy. What
did he become? A prophet and a judge.
What was his work? To keep the people
faithful to God. Who troubled Israel?
The Philistines. Why? Because Israel
would not be true to God. What happened
to them? War, and the loss of their
flocks and harvests. What did they do at
last? They begged Samuel to help them.
What did he do? He offered sacrifices
and prayed for them. Who came upon
them then? The Philistines. How did
God answer Samuel's prayer? He sent
a great thunderstorm upon the Philistines.
What became of them? They were scat-
tered. What did Samuel set up? A stone
which he named Ebenezer. What does
that mean? "Hitherto hath the Lord
helped us."

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read the lesson verses. 1 Sam. 7. 2-13.
- Tues. Find Samuel's way out of trouble. 1 Sam. 7. 3.
- Wed. Learn how we may live in peace. Deut. 13. 4.
- Thur. Find how the Lord sometimes speaks. Psa. 18. 13, 14.

- Fri. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sat. Think: Is there any "Ebenezer" in your life?
- Sun. Read a hymn of praise. Methodist Hymnal, No. 726.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 21.]

CHRISTMAS LESSON.

Luke 2. 8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What fields are near Bethlehem? The
shepherds' fields. Who watched their
flocks there one night? Some good shep-
herds. Who lived there long before?
Ruth and David. Who came down to the
shepherds? An angel. What did he
bring? Good news. Can you repeat his
words? (Verses 10, 11.) Who came
then? A heavenly host. What song did
they sing? (Verse 14.) Where did the
shepherds go after this? To Bethlehem.
Whom did they find? Joseph, Mary, and
the Holy Child. Where did they find
them? In a stable. How did they go
back? Praising God.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Read about the birth of Jesus. Luke 2. 1-8.
- Tues. Read the beautiful lesson story. Luke 2. 8-20.
- Wed. Find out what "angel" means.
- Thur. Learn what good news the angel brought. Golden Text.
- Fri. Learn about the name of the Holy Child. Matt. 1. 21.
- Sat. Find what Jesus came to bring. 2 Tim. 1. 10.
- Sun. Read a beautiful story hymn. Methodist Hymnal, No. 192.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 28.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place
in all generations.—Psa. 90. 1.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thor-
oughly studied.

1. J. E. Be strong and—
2. C. the J. When thou passest—
3. The F. of J. By faith the—
4. J. and C. He wholly—
5. C. of R. God is our—
6. J. P. A. Choose you this—
7. The T. of the J. They cry unto—
8. W. T. L. They also have—
9. G. and the T.H. It is better to—
10. R. and N. Be kindly—
11. The B. S. Speak, Lord; for—
12. S. the J. Prepare your—
12. C. L. For unto you—

THE WATCH INSIDE.

Charley could not understand how his
Cousin Howard could be lying in his little
grave and at the same time be in heaven
with Jesus.

Papa had one of the old kind of watches,
that will let you take the wheels and works
out of the case very easily. He was show-
ing this watch to the baby, when Charley
came and stood beside his chair.

"O papa," cried Charley, "you have
got two watches now, haven't you?"

Papa put the works in the watch again.
Then he took them out and laid them in
Charley's hand.

"Can you hear it tick now?" asked
papa.

"Yes," said Charley, "it keeps on tick-
ing just as it did when it was inside. I
never knew before that the wheels would
go if you took them out."

"Yes, Charley; I could bury this old
case deep in the ground, and still the
wheels would keep on moving just as they
are now."

"O, now I see!" cried Charley; "I
see now what you meant when you said
that Howard's body is in the grave, but
his soul is living with Jesus in heaven.
His body is the case, and his soul is the
watch that keeps on going even after it is
taken out of the case."—*Olive Plants.*

DECEMBER.

Dear December, white and hoary,
Half in sadness does he come,
For he tells us he will gather
All the Old Year children home;
And he carries as he greets us,
Wreaths of holly,—with a glow
That is red like winter fireside
Twined with pearls of mistletoe;

Cross the uplands, down the valleys
We can hear his gentle tread—
There is winter all around him,
Over all the landscape spread;
Hark, he sings! "O earth awaken!
See the dawn of peace appear!
Lo, I bring the Saviour's Birthday—
'Tis the glory of the year!"

A teacher said the other day: "Henry
Stover is the only boy in school whom I
can trust when my back is turned." Wasn't that a good word for Henry? A
mother said once: "I can leave any letter
that I write open on my desk, and if I am
called away, no matter for how long, I am
certain that Nellie will never try to read
a word of it." These things couldn't be
said of every boy and girl. These chil-
dren are honest. They do right not only
when others are looking at them, but
always, remembering that God's eye is
upon them. They do right because it is
right. This is what we should all and
always do: Live as in God's presence, and
do what will please him.



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

You may think it rather cold comfort for the birds to be out of doors in the snow, trying to pick out the seeds from the cones of the spruce-tree. But they enjoy the feast just as much as you do your candy-laden Christmas-tree. God feeds and cares for them, and not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father. Can we not trust that same kind Father in heaven to love and care for us? This Christmas-time reminds us of his great Christmas gift to the world, the gift of his dear Son. Let us, then, give him our hearts, and love him with our whole soul and mind and strength.

GREATER THAN A RAILROAD PRESIDENT.

Sam was a farmer's son. A new railroad had just been built through his father's farm. One Sabbath Sam was surprised to see an engine drawing a car stop in front of his home. The president of the road stepped out and started to

examine a new bridge. The little bare-footed Sam trudged along behind the party.

After a while the president turned to Sam and said: "See here, my little fellow, do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; "I suppose that you are the head man of this railroad."

"And what do you think that I would be likely to want just now above everything else?"

Sam replied: "I should think, sir, that you would want to get God to forgive you for taking his day from him to come and look at your new bridge."

The president looked at the boy for a moment, and then said: "Who told you to say that?"

"No one," answered Sam; "I just thought of it in my own heart, sir."

"You think right, my boy; and I thank you for reminding me of my duty, and promise you that the reminder will not be forgotten. You have shown yourself a greater man than the railroad president."

So Sam Brown ran home to tell his father that he was a greater man than the president of the railroad.—*Selected.*

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.

WHAT FRED LOST.

"I won't! I sha'n't! I don't want to!"
shouted little Fred. He said it to grand-
father.

Grandfather rose from his chair, and began to look around the room. Under the lounge, under the table, under the bed he looked, until Fred followed him.

"What are you looking for, grand-
father?"

"Why, I thought that I might find Fred's temper, but I'm afraid that it is really gone to stay." And grandfather kept on looking.

By and by Fred slyly took hold of grandfather's hand, and said: "It's come again, grandfather; it's here."

"But you said you wouldn't—"

"But I will now, I will, I will."

"O, how d'ye do, Temper?" said grand-
father.—*Selected.*