

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couvertures endommagées

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

SUNBEAM

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Our picture shows the merry Christmas sports, both out of doors and in the house, which will require no explanation from us. Coasting and bob-sleighing seem to be the favourites. It makes your editor wish he were a boy again to share this exhilarating sport. But his life is too full of duties and cares, and the world's work must be done by the older heads and hands. Yet we try to keep a young heart, and to enjoy these pleasures by proxy, that is, by seeing others enjoy them. It is a great pleasure to prepare these Christmas papers, and indeed all the year, in the hope that they may add to the happiness and mental and moral welfare of the many thousands of happy, hearty Canadian boys and girls who read them, and above all, to lead the dear boys and girls to the Saviour. Thank God for the happy Christmas-tide, when even the busiest of us can share the holiday fun of the boys and girls, like the big-bearded man who is playing blind-man's-buff with the young folk.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

BY CECILE SILVERTHORN.

It was Christmas morning! Oh, the joy everything proclaimed it! The bells pealed forth joyfully, thrilling the hearts of all Christ-lovers with a glad sense of what that day meant to all mankind. The sun shone his brightest and best, making many-coloured diamonds on the fresh, crisp snow.

Every one was glad on that day, but none more so than the bright, happy girl, who, with a snatch of Christmas carol on her lips, danced down the broad stairway

of her uncle's splendid home, towards the breakfast-room. But on the threshold she stopped, amazed. Her song ceased. Why? There sat her uncle in his accustomed place by the fire, and there was

hardly visible above his shoulder, was the form of a little child.

On advancing towards Mr. Gibson, the tiny hands of the child slipped out and the golden head was raised anxiously.

"Is you the lady that is going to take me to mamma? Do you know where my mamma is? I don't. The big lady took her wight out of bed fore I waked up one morning and she put her in a box too, for the big lady's little girl told me so. Will you find my mamma's box, please?"

Oh, what a depth of longing in those blue eyes!

"Will you please?" The inquiry was repeated still more anxiously.

Hazel glanced at her uncle. He did not attempt to disguise the big tears that stole rapidly down his plump cheeks. Her own eyes filled.

"Yes, dear, we'll find your mamma," she said unsteadily.

A moment's pause, then she continued, "but tell me, uncle, who is this? I don't understand yet."

"No, dear, you don't understand yet." But he choked a little, then continued. "Trust wakened me this morning early with his most mournful howls. Dressing hurriedly I descended the stairs, and on opening the door I found this frightened child sitting on the step. She asked me where her mamma was. What could I say? I just picked her up and brought her to the fire. She has given me all her history and you shall have it all presently. But now to break-

fast! Heyday! half an hour late!" and the man of minutes, laughing softly, moved in the direction of the table, all the while holding fast to his burden.

Hazel, stooping low, tenderly kissed his broad brow, then the pinched face of the



CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

Sarah arranging the table for their morning repast. But what that broadened smile on Sarah's merry face, and the air of deeper content about Mr. Gibson? Hazel hadn't far to go for an explanation, for there, nestled in her uncle's arms, its golden head

little stranger. No words could have so well expressed the love she felt, and her uncle, understanding it, took the resolve that henceforth bound the curly-headed stranger to his heart and home.

Many a Christmas has come and gone, and Cora has long since learned all about mamma. The halls now resound with her merry voice and, as the sun lights their home so with her sunny ways, she brightens their lives, thus amply repaying them for their tender care over her.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	the most
	Yearly
	Sub'n
	\$1 00
Christian Guardian, weekly	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp. monthly, 100-1000	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward to	2 75
gether	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 65 pp. 5c. monthly	0 60
Onward 4 pp. 10c. weekly, under 50 copies	0 60
50 copies and over	0 50
Phonographic Hours, 4 pp. 10c. weekly, single copies	0 25
12 or more than 20 copies	0 20
Over 50 copies	0 15
Sundays, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 10
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 08
Day Drops, weekly	0 05
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 10
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Rev. w Service. By the year, 2 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,
20 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

DAISY'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

A little girl named Daisy Edmonds sat before an open bureau drawer in her own little room counting over the Christmas presents which she had made or bought for other people. She had taken good care to lock the door so that her brothers, Carl and Harry, should not surprise her by entering suddenly and getting a peep at one pretty thing she had been carefully hiding for days. Very tenderly she lifted out one package after another, unfolding the soft wrapping and gazing with admiring eyes on each object in turn.

There was the dainty workbag for mamma, the smooth, ivory paper-cutter for papa to cut the pages of his new magazine with, two lovely games for Harry and Carl, and a box of candy for each of them besides. Then there were the braided lamp-mat which she had worked herself for grandma, the perfumed handkerchief-case for Aunt Annie, picture-books for her two baby cousins, and two smart neckties apiece for the cook and waitress. She also had a little remembrance for each of her playmates, and for her teachers both in the day-school and Sunday-school.

While turning over the leaves of the booklet she had chosen for her Sunday-

school teacher, Daisy suddenly stopped short and caught her breath. It came to her like a flash that she had forgotten to get presents for her minister and his wife, both of whom she loved very dearly.

"Oh, how could I forget my dear, kind Mr. and Mrs. Bradford!" she exclaimed, her sunny face clouding over for an instant. Then hurriedly locking up her treasures, she hid the key behind a vase on the mantel and took out her purse to see how much money she had left. Alas! her little hoard of Christmas money had melted away entirely, all but two cents.

Immediately she started to go and ask her mother to give her more money, but at the head of the stairs she paused. She was a thoughtful little girl, and remembered that she had already asked twice for more money for her Christmas shopping; and the last time, she remembered that her papa had looked rather grave, and mamma had explained to her afterward that his business was troubling him and that it made him feel sorry not to give his children as liberal a sum as usual to spend in holiday gifts.

"I must make the two cents do, some way," she said firmly. "I can't ask for more money, and hurt papa's feelings." So she skipped downstairs, put on her fur jacket and tam-o'-shanter, and started off once more for Miss Crinkle's attractive shop where she had made nearly all her purchases. It was a small town in which Daisy lived, and a few moments' walk brought her to Main Street. She walked about some time among the fascinating things at Miss Crinkle's, trying to find some little thing that cost only one cent. Finally she saw some handsome pen-holders in a case. They were black, and ornamented with gold, with gold pens in them.

"Oh, a pen would be just the thing for Mr. Bradford to write his sermons with!" she said to herself. But when she found that they were a dollar and a half her heart sank. A happy thought came, however, immediately after.

"How much would a steel pen cost; just the pen, without any holder?" she asked, bravely.

"Oh, steel pens are ten cents a dozen, or a cent apiece," replied the clerk.

"Very well, I will take one," said Daisy.

While she was picking out a nice bright one she suddenly remembered that the long pins with black heads, such as her mamma wore to fasten on her hat, also cost but one cent. She had bought some there for her only a short time before. It would be a very suitable present for Mrs. Bradford, she thought; so she asked for one, and when both her small purchases were rolled up in tissue paper she ran home with a light heart.

"I won't tell mamma what I've got till afterward," she said, "because she may feel badly that I couldn't get something nicer for them. Anyway, they are very useful presents, and beside, mamma said that any gift, no matter how small, was valuable if only real heart love went with it," and so Daisy dismissed the subject.

Mr and Mrs. Bradford were just getting up from the breakfast table on Christmas morning, when Daisy Edmonds appeared in the doorway, looking like a little picture, with a bunch of holly berries in her hand.

"I've come to wish you a merry Christmas," she said, "and to bring you each a very little gift. I hope you will find them useful, if they aren't much of a present; but a great deal of love goes with them, and mamma says it's the love that makes a present valuable. Perhaps you will write one of your sermons with this, Mr. Bradford, some time," and she looked shyly up into his face as she handed him the bright, new pen.

"Why, Daisy, a brand-new pen!" the minister exclaimed. "Why, that's exactly what I was needing. How could you guess?" and the little girl was suddenly taken up into his strong arms. "I shall write my very best sermons with it; yes, indeed, dear child; and let me tell you that the text of one of them shall be your own sweet self;" and as he bent to kiss her, Daisy thought she saw tears shining in his eyes, which seemed to her a very funny thing to happen.

"And I shall tie a ribbon on my Christmas hat-pin so that it will not get mixed with the others on my pin-cushion," said dear, kind Mrs. Bradford, "and I shall be very choice of it and only wear it with my very best bonnet."

So they petted and praised and thanked her, and made her feel very happy.

When she got home and told her papa and mamma the whole story, to her surprise they both hugged and kissed and praised her too; and for just a moment she thought she saw tears shining in their eyes also. But as they were smiling all the time, and laughing and looking at each other in a happy way, Daisy felt sure that they must be what she called "happiness tears," and was gladder than ever that she had managed to make the two cents do without troubling dear papa and mamma about it in any way.

THE STAR AND THE SONG.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

There is a star shines down the years
And fills with loving light the earth;
Each Christmas morn that star appears
That shone upon the Saviour's birth.
To-day we see its gleams afar—
The light of life, fair Bethlehem's star.

There is a song that ne'er is still'd,
Though centuries since that blessed morn;
The song by heavenly Father will'd—
The angels' song when Christ was born.
To-day we hear the song again
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men."

A little boy once walked thirty-two miles to get a Bible; he wanted one he could call his own. Would you take as much trouble as that?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Listen, children, to the music
That the old church bells do make;
Ringing out this Christmas morning,
For the dear Redeemer's sake;
'Tis his birthday, and we keep it
In this lovely land of ours:
In the farm-house, cottage, mansion,
Pleasantly we pass the hours.

Long ago, in Bethlehem's stable,
Christ was born, the baby King;
"Peace on earth," the watching shepherds
Heard the holy angels sing.
And the music has not ceased,
But has through the ages rolled,
And "good will" among the nations
Has increased a thousandfold.

Let our hearts be full of sunshine,
Though the frost is on the pane,
And old Winter, keen but kindly,
Come to visit us again.
And with snowy robe he covers
All the bleak and barren ground,
And makes fairy forms of beauty
Where the leafless trees abound.

Ring, ye bells! 'tis sweet to listen;
Sing, ye waits, outside the door,
Echoes of that wondrous music
That was heard in days of yore.
Decorate the house with holly,
Let the bright red berries shine,
While we celebrate the birthday
Of our loving Lord Divine.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 24.]

CHRIST'S COMING FORETOLD.

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

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

DO YOU KNOW?

Who was Isaiah? A prophet. What is a prophet? One who can see things in the future. How long did he live before Christ came? Whom did he see was coming to this earth? What did he say about this world? That it was a dark place. When is a heart a dark place? When Christ has not come into it. How did Christ come to this world? As a little child. What is true about his kingdom? That it is growing all the time. Why is Jesus called "Wonderful?" Because he could do miracles. What is a counsellor? One who can tell us what to do. Why is he called the Prince of Peace? Because his peace can keep the heart. Who may have his peace? Any one who will take it.

DAILY HELPS.

- Mon. Read the beautiful lesson verses. Isa. 9. 2-7.
- Tues. Read John's words about light and darkness. John 1. 4-9.
- Wed. Learn another prophecy by Isaiah about Christ. Isa. 7. 14.
- Thur. Learn why a Son was given to the world. John 3. 16.
- Fri. Find what Jesus said about his power. Matt. 28. 18.
- Sat. Learn the sweet words of Jesus about peace. John 14. 27.
- Sun. Find how long Christ's kingdom is to last. Dan. 2. 44.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 31.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Psalm 103. 2.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

- 1. Joy in G.'s H. - I was glad when—
- 2. H.'s P. A. the J. - If God be for—
- 3. E. P. for H. P. - Commit thy way—
- 4. E.'s J to J. - The hand of our God—
- 5. P. of D. - They that sow in—
- 6. N.'s P. - Prosper, I pray thee—
- 7. R. the W. of J. - Watch and—
- 8. P. R. of the S - The ears of all—
- 9. W. of I. - Wine is a—
- 10. K. the S. - Remember the—
- 11. L. in G. - God loveth a—
- 12. F. of R. and W. D. Whatsoever a—
- 13. C.'s C. F. - Unto you is born—

WORSHIPPING DOLLS.

A missionary in a Catholic county writes: "They are having a dance at the next door to-day. We went up on the top of the house this afternoon to see it. A very queer thing for us to do, but it was a religious ceremony with them. About Christmas they get a little doll and put it in a little bed—like a manger—and have ever so many little mangers (they call them mourners) placed around. Of course the doll represents Jesus, and they say that is just the way that he was born. To-day they take the doll and dress it and take down the manger, so that is the cause of the dance. They will keep the doll all the year as their saint, and next year they will undress it and put it back in the little bed, and go through the same performance. They are also going to have a penate breaking. That is a great game here with both rich and poor. They have a large doll or chicken, or something fancy, made of bright paper so that they can put one of the earthenware vessels in it. This vessel is filled with candy, and each person is blindfolded, one at a time, given a stick, and allowed three strokes at the penate. Of course the one that hits it breaks the vessel, the candy spills, and then there is a scramble for it. Children, do you not think that the people who worship a little doll need the true gospel?"

THE CHILD OF BETHLEHEM.

BY EMMA A. LENTE.

Oh, listen, little children, while a story I shall tell,
It is no new, new story, but one you know quite well;
But each year makes it sweeter, more real and more dear,
It can't be told too often, nor too often can you hear.

'Open a strange and far-off town one quiet, solemn night
Almost two thousand years ago there shone a wondrous light;
A new star had arisen, and it moved along the air,
Till it stood above the manger-bed where lay a Baby fair.

The tired, patient beasts moved down to make for him a place—
The little stranger guest from heaven who might any palace grace;
His mother leant above him with such loving, wondering eyes,
The Wise Men knelt before his feet in rapt and glad surprise.

And out along the winding streets and o'er the shepherds' plains
There floated sounds of music sweet—such rare and thrilling strains;
While light streamed down from heaven till the watchers of the sheep
Were filled with awe and questioning and wonders strange and deep.

And they hushed their hearts' wild beating, an angel's voice to hear,
And he told his loving message, and the chorus high and clear
Was caught and sung by multitudes of seraphs in the sky,
And mortal ears had never heard such glorious minstrelsy.

Filled with delight the shepherds ran the little Child to greet;
The costly gifts the Magi brought lay round about his feet;
And calm he slept and sweet he smiled, and all the lowly place
Was filled with breath of incense, and with majesty and grace.

And now each year with willing hands we deck his birthday tree,
And tell the story o'er and o'er, so dear to you and me;
We sing the joyous carols while the glad bells swing and sway,—
The little Child of Bethlehem is King of heaven to-day!

GOD CARETH.

Something round which it may twine,
God gives ev'ry little vine.
Some little nook or sunny bower,
God gives ev'ry little flower.
Some green bough or mossy sward,
God gives ev'ry little bird.
Night and day, at home, abroad,
Little ones are safe with God.



BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS PLUM-PUDDING.

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS
PLUM-PUDDING.

No doubt those young folks who are very fond of Christmas delicacies wish that the festive season came more than once a year. In our picture the famous old dish is seen just going into the room, where many bright eyes are eagerly looking out for its arrival. At present its shape is beautiful—so nice and round, with its pretty piece of holly stuck on the top,—but wait till it comes out again! Then the whole of one side will have disappeared and the sprig of holly will be leaning over, or lying on its side in the bottom of the dish, then you may imagine how many hungry mouths have been hard at work, and also how many young folk will feel queer on the next day and wonder what it is that makes their heads ache so.

Experience is after all the best teacher, and in due time they will learn that "a little will not hurt you" but that "enough is as good as a feast" even at Christmas time.

FATHER
CHRISTMAS'
YOUNG DAYS

No one who has read of the Christmas festivities of old England can overlook the yule log whose cheery blaze has enlivened so many English hearths. A heathen custom gave rise to this practice also. About the same period that we keep our great festival the pagans used to celebrate "Yule-tide," or welcome to the new year. The word "yule" means festival of the sun. Those who helped carry the yule log were considered safe from the power of spells, and those who sat round the merry fire made up quarrels and wars at peace. Twigs from the log, kept during the year, were believed to be safeguards against charms.

In early times Christmas was marked by much rejoicing and revelry. A man, who was styled "Lord of Misrule," was chosen to superintend the festivities. He would take up his abode in the house of a great lord, where he was followed by a numerous train, whom he ruled as king. Perhaps these revelries reached their highest pitch in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

We must not forget the feasts of this season. A boar's head is still seen on the Queen's table at Christmas. In olden days this dish, crowned with rosemary, was received by the guests with great respect, all standing when it was brought in.

The custom of carol-singing is thought to date back as far as the second century. The word "carol" means a song of joy. In Holland, we find, in addition to carol-singing, the pretty custom of carrying from door to door a star representing that which once guided the Magi. Those who gaze on the star give the young men who bear it alms for the poor.

As we thus glance at the various ways in which men in all circumstances have celebrated the birthday of the Son of God, do we not see that there is a blessed bond

of sympathy amongst them all, a bond between the child rejoicing over its Christmas-tree and the unknown believers who sang the first carol long, long ago; the bond of a common belief that the Babe of Bethlehem holds the sceptre of the world? Our thoughts fly to the lowly manger where, drawn by divine love, all nations, peoples, tongues meet to exclaim, in words whose complete fulfilment we see not as yet "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men?"

MARCHING ON.

"What makes us sing 'Marching On'?" said George to his teacher. "Little boys and girls are not soldiers." "Yes, I think they are," said the teacher. "Good soldiers fight, so do children who are trying to be good. They have to fight naughty words and thoughts and tempers. They have to fight Satan, the wicked one, who is always trying to draw them away from God. And when they are fighting, then they are marching on."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's this hurry, what's this flurry
All through the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something too's the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a din.

Everybody winking, blinking,
In a queer mysterious way,
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay?
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway,
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way,
Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing,
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Through the hallway to the door,
Where a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle,
Makes such sight and sound and racket—
Such a jolly bustle, bustle—
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces,
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in—
What the meaning of the clatter.
What the bustle and the din,
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout,
then
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about then,
Not to know it's Christmas Day?"

Whenever you think a wrong thought or do a wrong act, remember that you are pleasing Satan, that wicked old spirit who is always making so much trouble in the world.