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HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of
peace!

Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings:
Risen with healing in his wings.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Here is a whole sermon on trust by a little fellow, who, after suffering a keen disappointment in finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning, was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude by a very late visit of the Christmas saint. Kind friends sent the gifts, and Arty's teacher told him so.

"But," said Arty, "God must have told them to send the things to us."

"Did you ask him to, Arty?"

"Why, yes," he replied; "didn't you know I hung my stocking in the window?"

"But it wasn't filled," reasoned his teacher.



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"Yes, but I waited for him in my heart, for I thought, maybe, his time was not as quick as ours."

Oh, if we only could remember, when tempted to fret about delayed blessings, that our Father's time may not be "as quick as ours!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

There is no other day in all the year that the little ones love so well as Christmas, for on that day almost the poorest of them are sure to be remembered by friends.

Not many little stockings, we are glad to know, are so short or so ragged that they will not hold some small gift that will help to make the day brighter, and sometimes there are more substantial gifts.

One thing this day will be above all others. We must remember to thank our Heavenly Father for his great Gift, the Lord Jesus, who came to the manger of Bethlehem the first Christmas morning.

Christ is come to loose us all from the yoke of bondage which bows our faces to the ground, and makes us unfit to look up. He only can loose us; and his way of doing it is to assure us that we are free, and to give us power to fling off the oppression in the strength of faith in him.—*McLaren.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

"Glory to God on high!
Peace and good-will to man!"
Bright angels cleave the sky
And fill the heavenly span,
Chanting o'er Bethlehem's grassy plain
The first glad, welcome Christmas strain.

Oh, song so short and sweet!
Oh, song that never tires!
The lay is surely meet
To stir the angel choirs:
While shepherds hear and quick obey,
To bear to men the Christmas lay.

"Glory to God on high!
On earth sweet peace is born!"
From sin's dark midnight sky
Breaks forth salvation's dawn;
For Christ has come to save from sin,
Go, shepherds, go, the song begin.

Oh, song so short and sweet!
Oh, song that all may sing!
Oh, song so rich, complete,
Of Christ, our Saviour King!
Repeat it, earth, again, again,
"Glory to God, good-will to men!"

Sing it, ye great and small,
Lift up your heart and voice;
Ye nations, peoples, all
Sing and aloud rejoice,
The song the heavenly choir began,
"Glory to God, good-will to man!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIVES OF THE PATRIARCHS.

LESSON XII. [Dec. 22.]

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Exod. 14. 19-27. Memory verses, 13-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—Exod. 15. 1.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

Why did Pharaoh finally let the Israelites go? To what land did they wish to go? Who were their human leaders? What journey have we started to take? The journey from earth to heaven. Who wants to lead us safely there? What is the wise thing for us to do? To let the Lord lead us. What did Pharaoh do after they started? He was sorry he had to let them go, and started to bring them back. What lay before them? The Red Sea. What was behind them? Pharaoh's army. What did Moses tell them? To see how the Lord would save them. How did he save them? By making a path through the sea. Could any man have done this? No; this was a miracle. What became of Pharaoh's army? It was destroyed in the sea. What did the Israelites do? They crossed the sea dryshod.

DAILY STEPS.

- Mon. Learn what the wicked king did. Exod. 14. 5-10.
- Tues. Find why God led by the Red Sea. Exod. 13. 17, 18.
- Wed. See why Moses was brave. Exod. 14. 13, 14.
- Thur. Read the lesson verses. Exod. 14. 19, 27.
- Fri. Learn that God is our safety. Psa. 20. 7.
- Sat. Learn the Golden Text.
- Sun. Learn a way for us in trouble. Heb. 11. 29.

LESSON XIII. [Dec. 29.]

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8. 31.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

- 1. J. S. into E. . . . The patriarchs—
- 2. J. in P. But the Lord was—

- 3. J. E. Them that honour—
- 4. J. and his B. . . . Be not overcome—
- 5. D. of J. So teach us to —
- 6. I. O. in E. God heard their—
- 7. The C. of M. . . . Train up a child—
- 8. W's T. L. Woe unto them—
- 9. The C. of M. . . . Certainly I will—
- 10. M. and P. The angel of—
- 11. The P. Christ our Passover
- 12. The P. of the R.S. I will sing unto—

Have a care of your temper, for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it; therefore again we say, have a care of your temper. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

SHE HAD A MOTIVE.

Children are like grown people; they can put up with pretty shabby treatment if they have a sufficient motive. *Good News* reports a conversation of two little girls:

"If Susy Stuckup was as cross to me as she is to you, I'd get mad and never speak to her."

"No, you wouldn't—not if you knew what I know."

"What's that?"

"She's going to have a birthday party next week, with two kinds of ice-cream and a lot of lady fingers and fruit cake."

The childhood shows the man as the morning shows the day.

CHRISTMAS ON A TRAIN.

Mrs. Lewis and two children, Dolly and Ben, went all the way from California to Boston to meet Mr. Lewis. They had hoped to get to Boston the day before Christmas, but something happened to the engine, and then they missed a train, and so when Christmas Eve came they were still on the railroad, a long way from Boston.

Mother couldn't make Ben and Dolly understand that Santa Claus did not travel on the top of trains, and neither of the children would go to sleep until they had pinned up their stockings by the side of the window.

The train went whizzing on through the dark night, and Ben and Dolly went to sleep; but I wish you could have seen how queer the people in the car acted.

An old lady fumbled in her bag until she found a pair of mittens. Then she tiptoed across the aisle and stuck them in one of the black stockings. A pretty young lady came up with a box of candy and slipped that in; and when the old gentleman sitting back saw her, he got out his purse, and a new silver dollar went down into the toe of each stocking. Then the conductor came along, and in went two ten-cent pieces. A young man dropped a knife in one and a new silk handkerchief in the other. Two boys by the stove began whispering, and after a while one came up with a little whip and a toy elephant.

I could not begin to tell you how Ben and Dolly acted the next morning. As soon as they wakened they saw the stockings crammed full. They had a lovely Christmas Day after

all; for they showed their pretty things to everybody in the car, and everybody smiled and talked to them.

A boy of thirteen, in a public grammar school, was reproached by his master for his slowness. "When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years farther advanced than you are. How do you account for that?" "I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently, "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays."

The man who does a good deed gets his reward whether the people for whose benefit he does it appreciate it or not.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is a pretty German custom, which is being more and more introduced into this country, that of having a Christmas Tree. It is an evergreen, pine or spruce, planted in a tub or pail, on whose branches are hung the presents for the little folk. It is lit up with a number of wax tapers, which make it look quite fairy-like at night. The children in the picture, I dare say, think that never was there so beautiful a tree, or one with such beautiful fruit as that shown in the cut. We see Noah's arks and dolls, and toys and presents of all sorts, besides those which they have already plucked from its branches. I hope my little friends will all have lots of good things on their Christmas Tree, or in their stockings, or wherever good Santa Claus pleases to put them, and don't forget to hang up the baby's stocking, too. And now, God bless you all and give you the happiest Christmas and New Year that ever you have known.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

E. RYERSON YOUNG, JR.

Early Christmas morning James and Edward knocked at the door of their sisters' room and shouted:

"Merry Christmas, Mary! Merry Christmas, Flossie! Come, let's go down and see what Santa Claus has put into our stockings."

These stockings were hung up in the dining-room downstairs. In this room there was a big wood-stove, which was lit only on very cold days. Father and mother had said that as there was no fire in it, Santa Claus would choose that way to come into the house.

So the boys and girls had arranged their chairs around that stove, and on them had hung their stockings. To save Santa Claus trouble, Edward had opened the stove door.

The girls quickly joined their brothers, and they went down together to see what Santa had brought them. Edward and Flossie made a run in the dark for their chairs and stockings, while James and Mary got a lamp, and after lighting it,

carefully placed it on the table. Edward soon had his mouth full of candies and raisins, and was riding a big, handsome rocking-horse. He had also received a bright red sled, and this he had in front of him on the rocking-horse. Flossie had a piece of candy in one hand, in the arm of which she held a doll, and was fixing up a doll's carriage with the other hand. Mary was rejoicing in her gifts of a ruff and a pair of gauntlets of real fur, just what she had sent to Santa Claus for. James was also in glee be-

"Oh, but he's a little man and a fairy."

"There's some soot on one of the handles of my doll's carriage," said Flossie. James carefully examined this evidence. Sure enough there was a scrape at the edge of the handle, and some soot. This somewhat shook his unbelief.

Edward became interested in the question, and investigated the stove for evidence.

"Yes, he did," he shouted. "Santa Claus did come down through the stove. See! Here's some bits of broken candy he dropped in the ashes." His little head was in the stove door, and his fingers were in the ashes.

"And here's a toy that was scraped off his pack," he called out from inside the stove.

James looked at the candies, which Edward had found, and also the toy. He was greatly puzzled. Santa Claus might be real after all. He was still doubtful, but he said:

"Well, I'm going to show my presents to mother, and I'll ask her."

"I'll show mamma all my presents, and papa, too," added Flossie, gathering up her things and crowding them into her doll's carriage.

"And so will I," said Mary.

"And so will I," said Edward.

So, in the dawning light of Christmas morning, the happy four, loaded with their Christmas gifts, burst into the bedroom of their parents.

After the first happy greetings of "Merry Christmas," James nestled up to his mother's side and told her of his doubts. His mother drew her boy's dark, curly head to

herself. She slipped her arm around his neck, and printed a kiss upon his brow. Then she said:

"The best way for you to settle your doubt is to be a Santa Claus yourself. Any one who will do a kind act, who will make somebody happy, and yet not let the person who is blessed know who did the kind deed, is a real Santa Claus."

A merry Christmas to all our readers.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

cause he was the recipient of a pair of nickel-plated steel skates. After examining their own gifts, they began showing them to each other. Edward was not satisfied until he had given Flossie a ride on his rocking-horse. James, however, threw a bomb-shell upon their fun by saying:

"I don't believe in Santa Claus. He couldn't bring Edward's rocking-horse and Flossie's carriage down the chimney and through that stovepipe."