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CHRISTMAS EVE.

The children dreamed the whole night through
Of stockings hung the hearth beside;
And bound to make each dream come true,
Went Santa Claus at Christmas-tide.

Black stockings, red, brown, white and gray—
Long, little, warm, or patched and thin—
The kindly saint found on his way,
And, smiling, popped his presents in.]

But as he felt his board grow light,
A tear-drop glistened in his eye;
"More children on this earth to-night,
Than stars are twinkling in the sky."

Upon the white and frozen snow
He knelt, his empty bag beside—
"Some little socks must empty go,
Alas!"—said he—"this Christmas-tide.

"Though I their stockings may not heap
With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer,
These little ones from sorrow keep;
For each, dear Lord, to Thee is dear!

"Thou wert a little child like them"—
Prayed he—"For whom I would provide,
Long years ago in Bethlehem,
That first and blessed Christmas-tide!

"As soothe Thee then Thy mother's kiss,
And all her comforts, sweet and kind,
So give them love lest they might miss
The gifts I know not where to find!

"That sweetest gift, dear Lord, bestow
On all the children far and wide;
And give them hearts as pure as snow"—
Prayed Santa Claus—"at Christmas-tide!"

MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

DECEMBER, bleak and hoary, is here, robed in her mantle of snow with her necklace and jewels of icy crystal. Yet December touches the human heart more kindly than May for it brings us Christmas, the very source of eternal hope and love. December is nature's sadness, and nature's gladness. Light appears in the darkness, joy comes from the sorrow. Mankind's sin brings the Redeemer whose light is to be man's light, whose life is to be man's life. Rejoice then that Christmas is near, for Christmas brings us tidings of great joy that Christ is born for us, in Judea. Listen and you can still hear those Angels whose "Gloria," on the mountains, was the sweetest hymn that nature ever heard. How well the Holly symbolizes all that Christmas means. Its circle of briars, its white blossoms, its green leaves and its red berries made it a welcome decoration in Home and Church, for men thought it brought good luck.

"Holly Briars!" You tell of Bethlehem and its Manger, with the beginning, amid the briars of suffering, a life which is to end only when the lance of Calvary shall pierce His Heart.

"Holly White Blossom!" You tell of the flower blossoming on Aaron's rod! You recall the Child of Bethlehem whose hand fashioned earth and heaven; the white blossom of God's power, His very word whose fragrance is to atone for man's ingratitude and heal the ills of mankind.

"Holly Green Leaves!" Human gratitude, as an evergreen, is to spring from the crib which is to all a source of man's undying love for God. Years may pass, Summer may go and Winter may chill, but never shall the human heart be

without hope, for Christ is born in Bethlehem.

"O, Red Berries of the Holly!" You tell of blood! Christians, can you not see the red berries around the brow of the Infant Saviour, that tell of that bleak Christmas night and its suffering, that tell of Calvary, whose Cross may be seen hovering over the Manger!

Thorn-Shod, Red Berried, Evergreen Holly, you belong to Christmas! and your branch carries good luck to the faithful soul. Gather, then, the Holly; wreath it round and round. Fitting emblem for our Infant God as he lies in the Crib of Bethlehem. A Happy Christmas to all.]

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.



THE HERMITS VISION.

CHRISTMAS.

CHIME out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees,
To make a Christmas crown!
Give of your best, O earth!
Make room, O human heart,
That He who came this day
May never more depart!

—Mrs. M. F. Butts.

VIC'S ARMORY.

SCHELDOM was such a multitude seen in this Hall as at 5 P.M. on the 10th ult. The concert was held under the auspices of St. Patrick's Catechism. It revived all the glories of the past, and came nigh eclipsing them. Rev. M. Callaghan introduced in the happiest of styles all who figured on the stage, and well might he afford to be proud of his talent, programme and success. His entertainments are the rarest treats and unique in a diversity of ways. Ellie Lynch and Katie Prevost played on the piano a duet which reflected credit upon themselves and their distinguished teacher, Miss M. Reid. M. Brown, a lad of eight summers, was admired for his song. Adelaide Hunter made her debut as a pianist and was applauded. "Nellie's Blue Eyes" was sung by Maggie McElligott, who is seven years old, and by her sister Agnes, who is only five. Nothing could be done more cleverly or give greater satisfaction. W. Burgess was most amusing as a ventriloquist. The pupils of Mount St. Louis College appeared to great advantage in their calisthenic drill. W. Kennedy, who is reputed the favorite vocalist of the East End, has not his match in the city. He is not yet in his teens. Miss Hone executed on the violin "St. Patrick's Day" by Vieuxtemps. She is only twelve. Her proficiency is something marvellous. Everything points to the near future when she will be a star in the world of artists. Her father is Jules Hone—the eminent violinist, composer and professor. He studied music in the Conservatory of Liege, belongs to a European society of musical composers, and is now preparing for the violin variations on the most celebrated Irish airs. America is rich in possessing him. Frank Kelly and Harry Daoust carried the audience by storm in a comical song which they had to repeat several times. Joseph Wall and Harry Lawrence were inimitable in their sketch. The stage was decorated by A. Martin, the florist, and the piano loaned by Willis & Co. Everybody was pleased to see Prof. Fowler taking part in the programme. Miss Maggie McAnally and Miss T. McDonald rendered great service as accompanists. Early in 1893 the next concert will come off. It will be of a different kind, but none the less interesting or fascinating.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

WHAT an earthly paradise is a refined Catholic home! The parents belong to some of the church societies and the older children are members of the sodality. The sacraments keep them innocent, and the Sacrament of sacraments gives them the ineffable peace of Christ. Quiet, order, gentleness and kindness are the guardian angels of the household, and education brings in its accomplishments to add their charms to the ordinary monotony of life. The souls of all the members of the family are growing in grace; their minds are open to what is most choice in science and art; and in their material surroundings they enjoy all the comforts and some of the luxuries of nineteenth century existence. Troubles may come and troubles may go, but the hearts in such a home are tranquil.

PERCY'S CHRISTMAS.

MY SON, what would you like for Christmas?"
"Me! well, let me see. May I have whatever I want?"
"Yes, if I can give it."
"Well, papa, dear, I should like to have five hundred dollars!"
"Five hundred dollars! why, my dear boy! what in the world would you do with it?"
"Oh! I could use it; I should first love to have that much to do as I pleased with?"
"Well, my son, you surprise me, but if it will make you happy, you shall have it!"
"Yes, papa, I shall feel that I can do something nice if I really have the money, and can I do just as I please with it?"
Yes, I think I can trust to your good sense that you will put it to good use."
Poor Percy was a cripple; his limbs were almost powerless. A severe attack of scarlet fever, in his childhood, had left him in that pitiable condition. He was now about twelve years old, and was confined to his chair most of his days. It seemed hard for him to sit by the

much. He knew a great many of the children whom he wished to benefit went to the school over the way, and he thought he would ask good Father Dean to send him a list of those he thought would be glad to get a Christmas present, and also to ask him what would be best to give.

So he sent the good priest word and Father Dean wrote this answer:

MY DEAR BOY: I am glad you possess the kind heart which dictated the sentiments contained in your note, and I gladly comply with your wishes regarding the names of the children, but really, my boy, as to what would be suitable—there I am at sea—you might give a child the most suitable present, and still it might not be what the child would choose. How would it do if I should send some of the children to you, and let you get some ideas from them; do you wish to give to boys only, or to boys and girls? I shall be happy to assist you in any way I can, and I pray our dear Lord to bless you and pay you tenfold for the happiness you are trying to give our poor children. I am, my dear boy, yours sincerely,

JOS. DEAN.

Percy thought Father Dean's suggestion a good one, and acted on it. Father Dean sent some of the little folks to Percy, of course one at a time. And for some days before Christmas a servant was kept pretty busy ushering in Master Percy's callers. How happy it made Percy feel to see the faces flush and eyes brighten at the prospect of a nice present.

And Percy thought them a pretty wise lot of children. Many of them had nice new suits for Christmas, others would rather have playthings; among the last to come to Percy was a little girl who did not appear to be more than eight or nine years of age, and he thought she was the nicest child who had yet called. She was not very well dressed, but what she had on was nice and clean; her face was very pretty, her eyes were large and dark, and what he could see of her hair, as it peeped from under her hood, was soft and curly, and of a pale, golden shade. She seemed very timid as the servant showed her into Percy's room. He was alone, as he did not want to let the different members of his family know just what he was doing until Christmas day; then he intended to tell them all that he had done.

The child paused and looked rather frightened as the door closed behind the servant. Percy saw that she was confused; so he spoke cheerfully and kindly to her.

"Come little girl, take that chair, and sit down, I should like to hand it to you; but am sorry to say I am not able." She stepped closer to him and held out her hand toward him, her eyes nearly overflowing at the same time.

"Poor boy, I am so sorry for you."

"I believe you," he said, and thank you for your sympathy. Now sit down and tell me what you would like for a Christmas present. I suppose good Father Dean told you I wanted to give some presents to his children."

"Yes, Father Dean did tell me, and told me to ask my mamma if I could take a present."

"And she said you might?"

"Yes, she said I might, though she said she did not like to let me out to take a present, but as Father Dean did not object I might come, particularly as she could not buy me any herself."

"I am glad she let you come, and now may I ask your name?"

"Oh yes; my name is Nellie Linden."

"Well Nellie, what would you like?"

She looked earnestly at him, her eyes expanded and shone brilliantly, her cheeks flushed and her little hands trembled, so she said: "Can I have whatever I like?"

"Yes, if I can give it to you"; remembering his question and his father's answer. "Come, little Nellie, speak out."

"Oh! I should like—Oh! I don't think I can tell you."



THE TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

window and see boys of his own age having lots of fun as they ran to or from school. He was surrounded by every comfort, and dearly loved by father and mother, brothers and sisters, but sometimes he felt as though his heart would break, and he almost wished he were dead; but generally he bore his affliction pretty cheerfully. He was a good-natured boy, and took great pleasure in making others happy. He liked to sit by his pretty sitting-room window and watch the children passing, and he often thought he would give all the world if he could run about as these children did. It was while watching the children pass his windows that he formed the wish to possess so much money, for he thought how delighted he would be if he could give some of them a nice present.

It was now drawing near Christmas, and he feared he must give up the idea, but his father's question that morning had settled all.

So Percy had the money, and now how to spend it properly? He wondered how he should find out what each one would like. At last a bright idea struck him! Nearly opposite his window stood the Catholic Church. Percy knew the good priest, and liked his appearance very

"Is it a pretty doll?" said he.

"No," said the child, "it is not that," but her face showed that she would dearly love to have that very thing.

"Well," said Percy, "I cannot guess, but tell me, Nellie."

"Well, I will tell you; first, I should like to give mamma enough money to buy flour and coal—

"Flour and coal!" exclaimed Percy, "Goodness! what a strange thing to wish for!"

"Yes, but we cannot live without them," said Nellie.

"Now," said Percy, "I want you to have something for yourself."

"If I can have it, I should like a little doll."

"A little one! would you not like a big one?"

"Oh, yes; but you are too kind."

"Not at all! I should like to make you real happy."

"You have made me real happy already; you are a good boy!"

Percy felt a little embarrassed at the little girl's praise. "I don't think I am very good."

"Yes you are, and I wish I could do something to make you happy; but," quickly, "you must be perfectly happy now," as she spoke she glanced around his pretty room.

He knew she referred to his pleasant surroundings, and he said:

"Yes, I think I ought to be!"

His tone attracted her notice, and she looked closely at him. Then she thought of his crippled condition, and her little heart ached for him. She did not know how to comfort him, but young as she was, she had implicit faith in God.

So she said:

"I will ask the dear Infant Jesus to cure your limbs, so that you can walk."

"Oh! Nellie, will you ask Him?" The boy's very heart seemed to be in the question.

"Yes, I will; but you must ask Him too."

"Me! Oh! I do not know how to talk to Jesus. Will you tell me what to say?"

"Say: 'Oh! Sweet Child Jesus, through Thy Incarnation and Birth, I beseech Thee to restore strength to my limbs, so that I can walk.'"

He repeated the words over and over, and as he did so he felt his heart lifted up to regions unknown before. The poor boy trembled with a new-born hope. He wondered why he had never thought of asking God to cure him, but poor boy it was not altogether his fault; his parents were worldly people, and did not belong to any church, so that Nellie's words were a revelation to him.

Percy wished his mamma to see his new friend, so he called her and introduced them.

"Mamma, this is Nellie Linden, she has told me something beautiful. Oh! mamma, if it would only come true."

"Why, my love, what is it?"

"Oh, it seems so very strange, yet Nellie thinks it will happen. She is going to ask the dear Infant Jesus to cure my limbs; and she says He hears and answers children's prayers."

Mrs. Gray started though she had received a blow. She looked at the little girl, who stood with her little hands clasped before her, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining like stars. Mrs. Gray felt as though she would give all she possessed to stand as pure and free from sin in God's sight as that little child.

So Christmas morning came, clear and cold. Percy was up early and taken to his window, where he could watch the children go to church opposite. He very slowly dropped into an easy sleep, from which he was awakened by his mother's voice, and another voice which he did not know. His door opened and his mother entered; close by her side was Nellie. The child seemed terribly moved, but she tried to control herself, and paused about the middle of the room and held out her hands towards him, saying:

"I wish you a happy Christmas, Percy, come here and wish me the same."

The boy's face turned deathly white for a moment, then flushed red, he looked at Nellie as though he did not understand her, but her look was not to be mistaken. Her hands were still held toward him, and every feature of her face seemed to say come.

Percy laid his hands on the arms of his chair; his feet touched the floor; he tried to raise himself up by the strength of his hand, but—Oh God! is it possible? the next instant he finds himself standing on his feet. He almost loses his senses for the very joy. But Nellie's voice recalls him.

"Oh! Percy, thank God! come here."

In a moment Percy is by her side, his hands clasped in hers.

"Oh, I knew the dear, sweet Jesus would not refuse my prayer; how shall we ever thank Him?"

They were on their knees the next moment, and I think the most pleasing homage the New Born King received that day, went up from the hearts of those two children. The two mothers were also on their knees, and they both felt that

DANGEROUS FICTION.

PARENTS should generally understand that the general output of novels embraces many books of tendencies so immoral that it is quite worth their while to supervise current literature that may fall into the hands of their children. Many young people go to book stores and buy novels innocently, because of the titles, which contain suggestions of the most unwholesome character, while in others may be found the bold advocacy of the most vicious doctrines and theories. The time is ripe for such public protest as will make the publishers of these books feel some sense of shame. A deplorable feature of the business is that some publishers who enjoy a high reputation for the excellence of their literature in the past boldly affix their imprint to the most degrading stuff. We repeat that it will not do for parents to permit their children to pick and choose of current fiction for themselves. A boy or girl, on purchasing a novel, should be required to submit it to the inspection of his father or mother, and the bookseller should be made to feel the weight of paternal displeasure if the book be unfit for the young to read.

There is a law against selling liquor to minors, and there should be a law against selling novels of the kind to which we refer to children. And such a law will surely be enacted if these authors and publishers are not curbed very soon. These books make a mockery of marriage and a jest of the most holy relations between the sexes. They instil a doctrine as absolutely fatal to the welfare of society as it is disastrous to the youthful mind.

Scarcely a day passes that the New York papers do not contain tidings of young boys arrested for stealing considerable money from parents or employers, with which to "go West" in search of sanguinary adventure. In every instance the youngsters confess to having their imaginations fired by sensational story papers. A still sadder aspect of the same evil is the number of young girls who are led to New York and to ruin by similar influences. The "flash" literature of the day leads them to think that they will meet wealth and admiration in the city. The careers of such misguided girls in nine cases out of ten lead to degradation and death. Keep these unwholesome papers out of your hands and make use of pure, entertaining literature.

AM I DOING MY WORK.

It may be sweeping rooms or washing dishes; it may be carrying a bed or a sceptre, it may be tending a baby or writing a book—the question is just as applicable. "Am I doing my work?" not criticising somebody else, not

longing for a better chance, not waiting for something to turn up; but doing my work as well as I know how to do it?"

If one can answer in the affirmative, he has answered one of the greatest questions that he is ever called upon to face. To be in one's place and doing one's work is extremely satisfying; to be out of one's proper place will be agony, because it will take one away from God. If a man who is meant to be a physician is miserable as a lawyer; if a useful and prosperous farmer is sometimes spoiled to make an unhappy and second rate professional man, what will be the agony of living for an eternity out of one's element, or in other words, away from one's God? To be something may be the high ambition of every humble child of God, and he may be sure that at last he will certainly reach the very summit of his ambition.

Said a teacher to one of his girl pupils: "If your father gave you a basket containing forty plums to divide between yourself and your little brother, after you had taken your share what would be left?" "My little brother."



MARIE CAMILLE HONE

God was very near them that blessed Christmas morning.

Twelve years have passed and it is Christmas once more. Good Father Dean is still pastor where we first met him. His years are beginning to lean rather heavily upon him; so much so that he is to have an assistant; his curate is to be with him for Christmas. The Grays still live opposite and are good faithful members of his congregation.

Nellie Linden is one of the brightest ornaments of the town, loved for her goodness and her beauty. Her father has been fortunate, and the family are quite comfortable. They are all busy getting ready for Mass. They expect to hear the new priest, so they start in good time. After they have said some prayers, they begin to look toward the sacristy; they were anxious to see their future pastor, because Father Dean has told them that the priest who is coming is to succeed him. The candles are lighted, the organ swells out the glad strains, Gloria in Excelsis Deo, and the altar-boys appear at the sacristy door; all eyes are turned in that direction, and there is the young priest. It is Father Percy Gray.—Mrs. J. A. E.

A LIFE'S SACRIFICE.

AT sunset in the month of October, a young man, with a wan face and ragged boots, with clothes covered with the dust of the road and utterly empty pockets, paused at a lone stone gate and looked across a green lawn towards the porch of a pretty cottage. In this porch sat a lady in creamy white. At her side stood a boy of four years or more, dressed in a grey costume with crimson stockings and polo cap. Near them lay a great bull dog chained to a post near the door. The man looked, hesitated, opened the gate and entered.

"Madam, I only wanted to ask you if you would be kind enough to give me something to eat. I am really very hungry. I am traveling to Sheffield to get work and I have used every farthing I had. It would be a great kindness if you could let me have a little food."

The lady rose. "Go away!" she cried briskly. "We allow no tramps here. The dog is dangerous. Come one step further and I shall unfasten him. Go away!"

Such a pretty fairy-like little woman; had she no charity in her soul? It was strange to hear her.

The little boy, too, in his artistic dress, ran down the steps, picked a pebble from the path, and threw it with all his baby might toward the man at the gate. And the great bull-dog growled and strained his chain in a way to prove that he deserved the character given to him. The lady had advanced to the dog, and stood ready to unfasten the chain.

"I give you two minutes!" she said, in her high, sweet, young voice. "We make short work with tramps here."

The man answered nothing. He merely turned and hurried out of the gate, and as he went he muttered cries, not loud, but deep. It was under his breath that he said:

"May you need help and get none," he said, with an oath. "May you need it as I do this night; but he meant it, every word. Then he sat down and buried his face in his hands. "A tramp," he repeated. "Heaven knows I told her the truth, and she called me a tramp. And this is a Christian country, and that woman calls herself a Christian lady, no doubt."

From the kitchen of the house the wind blew the appetizing smell of coffee to the hungry man; and the odor of some dainty hot cake came with it.

A cup of that coffee and a crust of dry bread would have helped him on his way with a lighter heart.

He had never in his life begged before. He swore he never would again if he starved on the road. He had worked for good wages since he learned his trade. He liked to read, and had the poetical justice of many a good novel treasured in his heart. He had always been to church and been respectable; and he had never felt it his duty to refuse a beggar when he had it to give.

He had not saved, for excellent reasons—he spent all he had in keeping a plain little home comfortable for parents who depended only on him.

Both were now dead. Then came the hard times—the shutting down of furnaces and closing of mills.

He had heard of work in Sheffield, and was on his way there on foot. His clothes were good when he started, now they were covered with dust, and his shoes had worn out.

He had slept often in barns, eaten up his small capital, sold his portmanteau in one town where a lodging under a roof was necessary, and parted with all its contents in an old clothes shop.

He had done everything to keep from asking for help, and he was still the respectable man he had always considered himself.

The lady went back to her parlor shuddering. She was quite alone in the house, save for a little maid-servant, who shrieked and ran away in the face of any danger, such as a mouse in the pantry, or mysterious noises in the cellar; and there had been one or two tragedies in the neighborhood, in which the tramp proper had figured most ferociously.

"If it really was an honest poor person," she thought, "how cruel I have been!"

Then she recalled the fact that the man who murdered the two old ladies in the next village had said he was a shoemaker out of work; and while Miss Letty was dishing him some soup, and Miss Betty crossing the room with a bowl of tea for him, he had struck them down with a hatchet, and gone off with their three little silver watches, some money and poor Miss

Letty's engagement ring, never taken from her finger since her lover died upon his bridal eve. Besides, she had promised her husband not to let any idea of being good to the poor put her into danger of death, or worse, at a tramp's hands.

With all these excuses, Mrs. Howard, having a Christian soul under her fashionable bodice was still uneasy. The little maid was busy in the cottage kitchen. It was all bright and comfortable, and now she must drive to the station for her husband.

Away they went, gay tray, frisky pony, pretty child and beautiful woman, making such a pretty picture in the twilight that Mrs. Stone, the artistic lady in the next house, called out to her husband:

Another pair of eyes saw the picture also. The man who had begged for bread and received a stone. He was making his way wearily along toward the railway. He might make his destination: he might not.

No one should call him tramp again. He was weak with hunger already, but he took his oath to that. And as he swore this Mrs. Howard's carriage rolled past him, covering him with dust from its red wheels.

Paradise on the Hill has a long carriage drive to the railway station. There is one spot which is very picturesque and beautiful. It is where the carriage road crossed a cut through which the railway runs between natural stone walls. The trains cannot be seen by drivers because of the tall rocks and great trees, until they are just across the aperture.

Everyone is cautious here. Mrs. Howard particularly so. She drove so slowly down the hill that the man she called a tramp outwalked her.

The shriek of the coming train was a fearful one—a warning not desirable in a region where old residents quietly drove their slow teams before rushing express trains every day, and where an accident to our "esteemed neighbor So-and-So" was one of the regular items of the newspaper in consequence.

But Mrs. Howard's horse bethought himself to be terribly alarmed at the sound, and with a plunge and a cry as alarming in itself as that uttered by the iron monster in the cut, the animal started off at full speed.

The man who watched him knew that he would reach the track just in time to drag the wagon before the engine. He saw the woman holding her child fast and clinging to the light rail which surrounded the seat.

They needed help, and suddenly the demon in his soul fled from it. The angel of pity took its place, and he stood fit for Heaven. They needed help, and he would give it—what help he could. It might be of no avail.

"Heaven grant it may!" he prayed; and he sprang forward.

He was in time. He seized the mad horse's bridle. He held it, feeling most sorely that he had not his usual strength.

"Jump while you can!" he shouted. "I cannot hold the creature long!"

Mrs. Howard obeyed. Her foot was light, her action swift, or she had not succeeded. As it was, she tottered and fell as she touched the ground, and got to her feet giddy and faint, but holding her child's warm little hand safe in hers.

But where was the carriage, where was the horse, where was the man who had saved their lives—the man she would reward with full heaped hands as well as with thanks and blessings—the man she had turned hungry from her door, and had paid her ill-doing with such a deed as this—where was he? The whistle shrieked, the cars backed, slowed, stopped; passengers alighted; her husband was there. His arms were about her, his pale face was covered with tears, as he sobbed:

"You are not hurt, darling? It is a miracle!" But still her eyes strained themselves to see that shabby figure, dusty and mud-stained, but such a hero to her now—only to say to him—

"I know you are not a tramp. Forgive me. Let me help you; let me pay a little of my great debt to you."

She would never be happy in this world unless this was given her. So she stood, her head on her husband's shoulder, waiting until he should come. But the others gathered slowly, silently, toward one spot, where up from the cut came two men, bearing something between them.

"He is dead!" they said. "The horse threw him before the engine."

Universal step-father—The dancing-master.

WHERE THE APOSTLES ARE BURIED.

AN exchange gives the following as the burial places on the apostles: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome, viz., Peter, Phillip, James, the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The remains of three lie in the kingdom of Naples—Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at A malfi and Thomas at Ortona. James the Greater, was buried in Spain, at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute.

Mark and Luke are buried in Italy, the former in Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter is buried in Rome, in the church which bears his name; so, too, are Simon and Jude. James and Lesser is buried in the church of the Holy Apostles. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basilica.

Who will be the lucky winners of the first grand prizes, is the question troubling the little readers of THE SUNBEAM to-day.

DRUG STORE NAMES.

Milk of lime has no milk.
Oil of vitriol is not an oil.
Quicksilver is pure mercury.
Soda water contains no soda.
Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.
Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds.
Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.
German silver contains no silver, and black lead contains no lead.
Sugar o' lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.
Salt of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

Little Charley O'B., St. Famille street, handed in a good lot of new names, Well done, Charley.

Answers to the Puzzles in October Number.

SQUARE.—

C L A S S
L A D E N
A D O R E
S E R G E
S N E E R

MUDDLE.—

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

CROSSWORD.—Columbus.

HOUR-GLASS.—

N U M E R I C A L L Y
O V E R M A T C H
D I S P A I R
M I R T H
G U N
D
W E D
R A N C H
P A S T U R E
A M B U L A N C E
P A R A L Y T I C A L

ENIGMA.—A Watch.

SQUARE.—

P A P A
A R A B
P A I L
A B L E

Photographs of the boys and girls winning the grand prizes will be published in THE SUNBEAM.

Molly: My little sister has got the measles.
Jimmie: Ho! So has mine. Molly: Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than your's has.

THE CHESTNUT.

HOW dear to the heart are the jokes of our childhood,
When sad recollection presents them to view!

The musty old jokes that we learned in the cradle,

And every grim joke, that our infancy knew;
The family jokes and the jokes in the paper,

The jokes, that the men at the shop used to tell,

The almanac jokes, and the jokes of the circus,
And all the jokes that we all knew so well.

Those hoary old chestnuts—those grizzly old chestnuts—

Those moss-covered chestnuts that people still tell

There's that joke on the feet of the girls of Glasgow;

And those multiform jokes on the mother-in-law.

There's the joke prehistoric and antediluvian,
On the spuds that delight the Hibernian maw,

There's the joke on the man that calls up for the keyhole;

The joke on the plumber's unlimited cash;

The annual joke on the coy Easter bonnet;

The joke pre-primeval on boarding house hash.

Those moldy old chestnuts—those worm-eaten chestnuts—

That best are described by a vigorous—

with the others as I always do."

She was wrapped up in her children, this pale faced delicate lady, and Charlie's looking ill was already beginning to trouble her.

"Well, perhaps, dear, if I tie a handkerchief round your throat and you walk quickly you will take no harm."

It was done, and the three boys clattered down the steps together bound for the church they always attended. Somehow Charlie felt as he walked along in the misty, oppressive morning, he could not run or talk like his two brothers.

His legs felt heavy, now he was out in the open, and his throat felt full and hot; his head, too, ached ever so little, but he pulled himself together. Mother looked so sad when he was ill, he would not tell her, and so he went on his way to church.

Mass began; he felt better now. The solo boy's voice was never so beautiful or so clear, as when he began the first notes of the "Kyrie Eleison." Charlie listened attentively, his dark eyes wide open and his little nervous face shone with delight, as the lovely music filled the church.

The other two boys read their prayer books, and Charlie fancied they paid far more attention to Mass than he did. But his head was so heavy and his throat so dry, reading made his eyes tired—he would just sit and look at the high altar. Jesus would know, he thought, how ill he felt and would help him.

A new statue of the Sacred Heart had just been placed near where he sat, a particularly

and the two boys were eager to go. Charlie, however, turned to the statue again and whispered to his brothers how beautiful he thought it was. "Such a kind face, Willie," he said.

There was an alms-box attached to the pedestal, with a little illuminated card over it, "Offerings for the Sacred Heart."

The church was not a rich one, and it had only been with great difficulty Father—had been able to pay a part of the money before bringing it into church. Charlie fumbled in his pocket for a second or two.

"I'll put my penny in the box," he said in a whisper to his brothers who were kneeling in front of the statue beside him.

"Oh, don't," said the younger of the two; "we can buy some sweets as we go home."

"No," said Charlie, "I think I would rather put it here," and so saying he dropped his penny into the oaken box.

He was very brave all day, but his mother felt uneasy; he ate little, but seemed thirsty and swallowed glass after glass of water.

Next morning he was worse, but got up and even went for a walk. By evening his cough was troublesome, and the following day the doctor was sent for.

There is no need to dwell upon the intervening days. Diphtheria had seized the poor little boy, and he rapidly sank under it. He was very weak, but patient and gentle. A priest came to see him—one known to the writer—the kindest and most affectionate man to children. And the dying boy's eyes lit up with joy whenever he came to see him.



A TRUSTED OLD MESSENGER.—Santa Claus—Wake up! THE SUNBEAMS are waiting for you.

And those other old jokes—all too many to mention,

That were heard on earth ere the coming of man;

Those toothless, decrepit and shrivelled old chestnuts—

All centuries old ere creation began.

Those jokes coetaneous with old man Methusalem,

Which Noah at night in the ark used to tell;

Those grimy old grinds that way back in Eden,
O'er Adam and Eve threw their magical spell,

Those grave scented chestnuts—those petrified chestnuts—

Those corpsy old chestnuts that people still tell.

HIS LAST PENNY.

HE was far from well, poor little boy; his cheek was flushed, his eyes bright with the glow of a coming fever and his cough was troublesome, though not as yet very bad.

It was Sunday morning, and he had never missed mass.

"Darling, you do not look well," his mother said, as when the bells began to ring Charlie came down stairs with his brothers and announced his intention of going to Mass.

"Oh, I'm all right, mother," was his cheery reply. "I don't like to miss Mass; let me go

beautiful one, and as Charlie sat quietly, while the "Gloria in Excelsis" was being sung, his eyes wandered round to the plaintive face of the statue.

Our Lord's pitying, tender eyes seemed fixed on his, as he pointed to his heart with one hand and the other seemed to bless him. The soprano boy's voice was flooding the church with his glorious notes, the other voices chiming in with his in the "Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe," whereat Charlie bowed his pretty dark head reverently.

"Do the angels really sing as sweetly," he murmured to himself.

But the service was long, the sermon had yet to come. Charlie felt tired and drowsy and to the consternation and awe of his two brothers, for they sat very close to the pulpit, he dropped off asleep.

Then, if one had been by him, could the mischief that was at work in that frail little body have been seen.

The flushed cheeks, heavy eyelids, and parched lips told a tale of some danger, but he only looked prettier, his dark curly hair dropped on his forehead and encircled it like a dusky halo, and his dark eyelashes rested on his crimson cheeks like a soft fringe.

The "Credo," however, woke him; he straightened himself and stood up manfully, and never again during the rest of Mass had another distraction.

The congregation one by one left the church

His mother told me, with pale, calm face—she was dazed with grief, but appeared to be quiet and resigned—of her boy's last hours.

The father was hourly expected from India, only to arrive to find his boy lying in his little coffin.

The "Kyrie Eleison" next Sunday morning was sung as beautifully as it was a week ago, but the tired little boy is not in his accustomed seat; he is listening to the same words perhaps, but sung by the white-robed choir of heaven, where little boys and other little ones are garnered and where "The little ones always beheld the face of their Father in heaven.—Chimes.

Willie S., Port Henry, N.Y., has a mortgage on boys first prize. He is a clever little canvasser. Let us hear from you soon again.

The disciples from the moment of their call to follow Jesus, learned to know, reverence and love His mother. She was the mother of their Master—of Him Who had spoken to them as never had any man spoken before. His words penetrated and fascinated their hearts with a thrill of awe and love such as no human voice had ever caused till then. He had manifested in their presence alone an honour to His mother such as He showed to no other.

Young Charley McK., Cote des Neiges, is working hard for the time piece. Line your pockets, Charley, the watch is a heavy one.

TABLE MANNERS FOR CHILDREN.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about,
With knife or fork or napkin-ring
I must not play, nor must I sing.
I must not speak a useless word;
For children must be seen not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please."
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run:
When told to rise then I must put
My chair away with quiet foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.

JOANNA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

LITTLE Margaret called from the bed where she sat, propped up with pillows. "Joanna, don't forget my Christmas tree. Last year you said we were too poor, but that you would surely have one for me this Christmas."

"Yes, dear, I have been thinking about it all the morning." Then in a low voice to herself, as she went on making button-holes, she said: "But where and how to get it, that's the question, and nothing to put on it if, by some chance or another, it be found."

"Joanna," continued the sick child, in the querulous tone which indicated a new accession of pain, "it makes me tired to see you always sewing like that. Your needle flies in and out, and it clicks, clicks with such a funny noise. Sometimes I like it, but to-day I don't."

"Dear child," said the patient sister, "I know it is tiresome to watch any one doing the same thing over and over, especially when one is sick. But I get two cents for every button-hole I make, and I must work hard from morning till night to put bread in our mouths."

"Come, give me a kiss, Joanna," cried the pale child, holding out her arms. "You are so patient, and I so cross. But my back hurts so to-day."

"Yes, darling, I know, I know," was the reply, as Joanna hastened to the bedside, where the sisters embraced each other, the little one smiling in the face of her dear sister, who had been everything to her for years.

They were orphans, the children of a Swiss artisan who had come to this country, hoping to better his condition. But sickness had overtaken him and his wife, and they died, leaving little Margaret as a precious gift to her strong, elder sister. Joanna learned to make button-holes from a neighbor, and soon surpassed her teacher in skill and speed. But toil as she would, she could never earn more than a dollar a day, and when Margaret was very ill not even that. But she had a brave heart, and managed to keep the wolf from the door.

It was snowing the next evening, when Joanna started out with a pile of work she had completed. As she left the room, Margaret, who was now well enough to be seated in a chair, near the fire, said, wistfully:

"Maybe, will you buy my Christmas tree to-night?"

"Maybe," replied her sister, with a bright smile. The smile faded as she passed down the stairs, for she had priced a very small one at the grocer's yesterday, and he had asked forty cents for it. But she had trust in God and, saying a little prayer in her heart, she went briskly into the street. Returning with two dollars in her pocket, she thought of going to the market-house for a small piece of meat—they had had none that day.

In order to do this, she was obliged to pass the old cathedral, where they were making preparations for Christmas. The church was brilliantly lighted.

"I will run in and make an act of adoration," she thought, and at once followed the inspiration.

The sanctuary was filled with cedar boughs; ladies were weaving festoons for the chandeliers,

and two great trees stood at either side of the altar. As Joanna arose from her knees, the sexton was carrying out an armful of broken branches. When she reached the sidewalk, he was about to put them into an ash barrel that stood on the curb, when a sudden thought inspired her.

"Oh, sir," she said, timidly as a child, for all her sixteen years, "might I take a few of these branches for my little sister?"

"Of course, my girl," said the good-natured sexton, "you may have them all, if they're not too much for you to carry."

"O thanks!" said Joanna, eagerly clasping her arms about the huge pile of boughs. "Now I can make a Christmas tree," she thought, as she hurried along with her treasure, which, on reaching home, she hid in the little entry closet. Then, running down to the green grocer's on the first floor, she bought a slice of ham for supper. Fortunately Margaret did not ask the cause of her delay.

When the child was asleep that night, Joanna went out into the hall, brought forth the cedar boughs and, by lopping off a broken end here and there and placing them together, made quite a respectable looking, miniature tree. Filling a flower-pot with earth, she planted her Christmas tree, pressing it down firmly and covering the top of the pot with a quantity of shells which lay on the shelf in the closet.

"To-morrow," she said, softly, "I will buy a few sheets of tissue paper and fold it in plaits for the outside. Then Margaret will have her Christmas tree. But the next thing will be, how to fill it. God will help me, I feel sure; I would not have found this if it had not been for that little prayer." Replacing the flower-pot and its tree in the closet, she said her prayers fervently and crept into bed.

She was up betimes in the morning, and had breakfast quite ready when Margaret awoke.

"Sister," said the child, "I have been thinking that I could very well do without a Christmas tree after all. Let us have sausage and potatoes for dinner, with a cranberry tart, and that will be enough. Don't bother about the tree, Joanna."

But Joanna only kissed her pale cheek and looked very wise. After breakfast, she went down to the shop to buy a bucket of coal, and while waiting for the man to bring it, she took up the morning paper and saw therein the following advertisement:

LOST—On Wednesday evening in or near the cathedral, on Duane street, a valuable diamond ring. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving it at No. 986 Jefferson avenue.

"That is where Mrs. Taylor lives," thought Joanna; "I have often seen her go in there. She is so kind and good to the poor, it is a pity she should have lost her ring. Very likely she was helping to decorate the altar."

Thus Joanna was reminded of her Christmas tree, and she peeped into the closet to see how it looked in the daylight. It made a very creditable appearance. As she was about to close the door, she saw something glisten among the green branches. Taking the flower-pot in her hand, she parted the foliage, and there, caught between the branches, was a beautiful diamond ring.

"O, how glad I am," she exclaimed. "It must be Mrs. Taylor's ring which dropped from her finger into the rubbish and the sexton carried it away. I will take it to her at once." Making some excuse to her little sister, she hurried away and soon found herself at No. 986 Jefferson avenue, where Mrs. Taylor, attired for the street, opened the door.

"O, ma'am," explained Joanna, "I have found your ring. I saw the notice in the paper, and I ran upstairs and found it on my little Christmas tree."

"This is my ring, certainly," said the lady, taking it from the girl's hand, "I am very much obliged to you. But come in out of the cold and tell me how you could have found it on your Christmas tree."

In a few moments the kind lady was in possession of the facts. Question followed question, and with great tact and delicacy she learned the story of the two children, being filled with admiration for Joanna's courage and industry, as well as her affection for her little invalid sister.

"And now," she said, finally, "for the reward. I had thought of twenty-five dollars, but in this case I shall make it fifty and never lose sight of you again, if I can help it, for it all seems to me like a special providence."

To her surprise, Joanna replied: "No, ma'am, I can not take anything. But if you will only give me a few little things to trim up Margaret's Christmas tree,—you know all about those things—I shall always be grateful."

No amount of persuasion could induce the young girl to accept the money, but she gave Mrs. Taylor her address, and that lady promised to call sometime during the day. She did so, followed by a grocer's boy bearing a great hamper filled with provisions of every kind. A separately package, privately conveyed to Joanna, contained ornaments for the Christmas tree.

Night had fallen before the good lady took her leave. She was surprised and pleased at the neatness of the room, comfortable and pleasant in the midst of the most bitter poverty.

"We have lived on crackers and tea, with once in a while a bit of meat, but I always managed to keep a good fire and a clear hearth for the little one," said the brave cheerful girl.

We shall not attempt to describe Margaret's joy on awaking Christmas morning to find the tree beautifully trimmed and filled with candles by her bedside, not to speak of the gifts which lay on the table beside it. Joanna had already stolen out in the starlight to the five o'clock Mass. Nor can we do justice to the surprise and pleasure of the sisters when, just as they were about to sit down to their breakfast, a colored man entered from a neighboring restaurant with quail, or toast, and chocolate in a shining pot, to say nothing of the plate of hot cakes, the like of which the poor children had never seen before.

"Wif Mrs. Taylor's compliments, and she wishes you'se a Merry Christmas, an' I'll call for de dishes."

Nor to the happy morning hours,—which the delighted Margaret spent in looking over sundry books full of pleasant stories and bright pictures, while Joanna went from room to room in the house wishing her neighbors a Happy Christmas, and leaving sugar plums in every one.

Nor to the afternoon,—when mindful of them still, Mrs. Taylor came in on her way from Vespers to tell them that she had found a bed for Margaret at the Children's Hospital, where she must get well, while Joanna could go to her and assist with sewing, as her seamstress had been taken ill, and she was badly needed.

Nor to the tearful thanks of the children, as they clasped the hands of their kind benefactress when she rose to take her leave, promising to send for them early the ensuing week.

Nor to the glory of the Christmas tree, in all its bravery of tinsel, silver stars and golden balls, outshone by the lovely candles, green and blue, and red and white and yellow, gleaming like twinkling stars from every bough.

Nor to the fervent prayers of gratitude, in the midst of which they fell asleep, their arms around each other, on this the happiest Christmas Day their chequered lives had ever known.

And so my little story ends.

"If there were more Mrs. Taylors!" exclaims the moralist beside me.

"There would be more Joanna's," says the wise child at my feet.

And I can not say her nay.

—The Messenger.

A judge joking a young lawyer, said: "If you and I were to be turned into a horse or an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass to be sure," replied the lawyer. "I've heard of an ass as being made a judge, but a horse—never."

A little fellow, three years old, visited the Zoological Gardens, where he saw a monkey, with whose antics he was greatly pleased. Upon his return home he was asked what he saw, and his prompt reply was, "A little boy with a tail."

Ex-Governor Furness tells a story of Judge Broady which, coming from anyone else, might demand some corroborative evidence. Governor Furness' story is that on one occasion Judge Broady left his office and on the outer door he posted a card with the words: "Back again in ten minutes. Take a seat and wait." "At the foot of the stairs," says Governor Furness, "Judge Broady happened to remember he had forgotten something. Slowly he climbed the steps and once more he became submerged in his own thoughts. At the door of his own office he paused and read the card on the door. Then the judge deliberately sat down and waited for himself to come back."

J. M. J.

THE STORY THE JASMINE TOLD.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SUNBEAM.)

TO AVOID the noise caused by baby Fred, I strolled into the conservatory one evening a short time ago, and there under the branches of a Night-Blooming-Jasmine I settled myself snugly in a cosy old arm-chair to read the contents of the last number of THE SUNBEAM, which the postman had just handed in.

There is always a scramble when that welcome little messenger arrives to see who shall be the first to view its contents. It frequently happens, I am sorry to say, that I am obliged to separate its pages, and distribute them to satisfy the eager desires of Willie, Mary and Kate, who cling around my neck, or perch on the back of my chair, in order to get a glimpse at the pictures.

Having read "Ted's Hard Lesson" about Hygiene, and marvelled at the little Hoffmann and his wonderful talent for music, I turned to the "Letter Box" to get acquainted with the latest admirers of THE SUNBEAM, who, from North, South, East and West, are continually sending in tributes of praise for our thrice welcome monthly visitor.

After reading their interesting letters, I turned to the Puzzle Column, wondering what "Uncle Ned" had given us for dessert. Just like him, said I to myself, as I glanced hastily down the long list, he has given us a variety of nuts to crack, and among them some hickories.

If Uncle Ned know how hard some of his nephews and nieces work to solve his conundrums, I think he would make them a little oyster. However, finding that scratching my head would not unravel the knotty riddles, I determined to go earnestly to work and soon solved all but the Metaphorical one. How long I worked I cannot tell, but the place seemed to grow suddenly dark, the wind to blow, and above its moaning I heard a gentle voice near my ear that in ascent sweet and low began thus to speak:—"Many a time I have heard you remark how tenderly you loved the Night-Blooming-Jasmine. That the praise comes from a sincere and loving heart I doubt not, because thy actions, more than thy words, betray the feelings of thy noble mind; for never do I remember having been thirsty, that you did not give me to drink; nor the burning rays of summer sun that threaten to destroy, that you did not move me to a shady corner. You have often said that your affection was caused by what you are pleased to call my humility; for when the last rays of the setting sun have disappeared behind the western hills, and other plants fold up their flowers and begin to nod, I throw open my almost invisible little buds and soon the conservatory and dining-room beyond are penetrated and filled with a fragrance so sweet that many, attracted by the delicate odor, have requested to be shown to the room, and these express their surprise when shown my wax-like but almost colorless flowers. Many come and go, and I am never even noticed; the perfume-laden air has no pleasures for them, for

their hearts are engrossed with worldly cares, and all love for the beautiful has long since been extinguished. It is not surprising that many pass me thus, for long ago in the Orient was planted a flower whose fragrance penetrated the whole world, and yet thousands, yea, millions, passed it by unseen. That fragrance surrounds us still, although the plant has long since disappeared. Many are ignorant of its existence even to-day; and strange to relate, that the people in whose midst it was planted, under whose very eyes it grew, in whose temple it thrived and reached maturity, regarded it not; and stranger still, there are many among

how many have spurned her maternal care and caused her to weep over their transgressions. This is a sad picture to contemplate, but sadder still it is, to see Catholic boys and girls, who in a special manner are children of Mary, forgetful of the innumerable favors which they daily receive through the intercession of so powerful and so tender a mother. Strive, therefore, to imitate her virtues, especially her humility and purity of heart.

"Bidgy, tum to thupper. Bidgy, papa ith home and dot a nithe book for oo," shouted baby Fred as he rudely tore the paper from my hand, thus suddenly awaking me from a quiet nap into which I had unconsciously fallen.

It is needless to add that he was arbitrary in his demands, or that I hastened to get the book—"Gems from The Poets"—which papa had promised me, and in which I found the following beautiful couplet, which can be well applied to our Immaculate Queen, and to the barren hearts of those who know her not:

"Many a flower is born to blush
And waite its fragrance on the
desert air."

RADIUS SOLIS

IN MEMORIAM.

BROTHER MAURICE, DIED,
OCTOBER 21st., 1892.

DEATH has cast its gloomy pall
Over our College scene,
The face of one so loved by all
Shall never more be seen.

A tree of most delicious fruit
Just ripe to serve the Lord,
Such was the soul in God's repute,
Just called to its reward.

His golden heart of Irish mould,
He heard the call divine,
And thence he lived but to unfold
The young, the truths sublime.

His noble mind, so well endowed
With gifts both rich and rare;
His talents all to God he vowed
And lived an humble "Frere."

His life was spent in teaching youth—
The "little" of Christ's fold,
And now he's gone to reap the fruit,—
The promised hundred fold

He's dead, but still he'll live for aye
In kindred hearts enshrined,
Where love will never cease a day,
Till in heaven entwined.

Grant him, O Lord, now with Thy blessed,
While endless ages run;
In Thy abode, eternal rest,
Through Thy Beloved Son.

—R. I. P.

His GRATEFUL PUPIL.

Mount St. Louis College.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

your school mates, although they well know the beautiful qualities of this charming flower, are still neglecting it." But, said I with no little amazement, surely I do not know it! Will you tell me its name? "You know it, and, moreover, you are trying to cultivate in the garden of your soul many of the beautiful qualities of this rare flower, for it is no other than the Lily of Israel, the Immaculate Mother of God. Born in the land of Judea, she was the flower of the Jewish race; but like the Redeemer whom she gave to the world, she is disowned by them. Under the crimson tree of the cross she became the mother of the human race, but

Said a teacher to one of his girl pupils: "If your father gave you a basket containing forty plums to divide between yourself and your little brother, after you had taken your share what would be left? 'My little brother.'"

THE SUNBEAM.

A MONTHLY FOR OUR CATHOLIC YOUTH.

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EDITED BY A PRIEST OF THE DIOCESE.

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Is the only paper of its kind in Canada, and deserves special consideration and encouragement. It has received the approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal. Its mission will be to counteract the pernicious influence of evil literature, bad books, dime novels, etc., with which our fair country is over-run.

For the present THE SUNBEAM will appear once a month. The publisher relies on the good will and efforts of the Reverend Clergy to bring it to the notice of their parishioners. Parents and Guardians of our Catholic Youth will further the cause of Catholic literature by subscribing for it and introducing it to their neighbors.

N.B.—Local items and letters from children will be cheerfully received.

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XCIV.

AS Christmas Day, 1892, will be a thing of the past before the next appearance of THE SUNBEAM, the Editor, profiting by the present occasion, wishes all his friends, the Sunbeams in particular, both big and small, A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS. May the Divine Infant of Bethlehem give you all joy and happiness, peace and tranquillity, and all the other gifts and blessings that He has in store for all His little friends. Once more—A Merry Christmas to you all.

I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE feast of the Immaculate Conception of our ever Blessed Mother occurs, as you all know, on the 8th of December. It is a Holyday of Obligation. The Immaculate Conception, dear children, was the cloudless dawn that heralded the most beautiful of days which Jesus, the true Sun of Justice, was to illumine. It was the source of the many privileges which the ever Blessed Trinity bestowed on Mary with so lavish a hand. What is the meaning of the Immaculate Conception? What do you understand by this consoling doctrine? "Our tainted nature's solitary boast!" Follow me attentively. Our first parents committed the sin of disobedience. We, their descendants, contracted their guilt, and on our arrival in this world, our souls were stamped with a mark of reprobation and malediction. This mark is usually styled original sin, or the sin of our first parents. From that stain every child of Adam must be purified in order to become an adopted child of God. You are well aware that original sin is the cause of all those ills to which human flesh is heir. Our passions, evil inclinations, deep ignorance which is partly conquered only after a long, tedious struggle, suffering and death, are a few of the dire effects of original sin. Mary, and she alone, was preserved from that taint or stain, and, consequently, from its consequences. It was a special grace on the part of God. It was given to her in view of the merits of the Passion and Death of her dear Son Jesus, who died for her as well as for us all. It is in this exemption from original sin that the true object of the feast which we celebrate on the 8th inst. consists. Yes, from the first moment of her existence, Mary's soul was adorned with the most unspeakable grace and

beauty, "Hail, full of grace." It was most acceptable in the sight of Almighty God. His angels were enraptured and admired this masterpiece of the object of their adoration and love. From the beginning, her mind was not obstructed with those clouds of ignorance and folly to which we are subject. She understood and admired the most sublime truths and mysteries of our holy Religion, which we too shall fully understand and admire if we enter one day the portals of our heavenly home. Nothing in the shape of temptations troubled her pure heart. It was like a silvery lake unruffled and at rest,—a mirror which no breath ever sullied. But you may ask: Did not Mary suffer; did she not pay the debt of nature? True, dear children; still she had no personal fault to atone for. She suffered and died solely to imitate her Divine Son Jesus, who, though God, suffered and died, and to be our model, that we too should suffer, undergo the trials and miseries of this life with patience and resignation to the adorable will of God. All hail, then, to our Queen! All hail, most incomparable of creatures!

Yes, dear Sunbeams, let us worthily celebrate this glorious privilege of Mary. She is that flower without thorns spoken of in the Gospel. Let us all then rejoice, but what would it avail to believe in the spotless purity of Mary if we were not careful to preserve our own hearts in the grace of God?

O spotless Maid! whose virtues shine
With brightest purity,
Each action of our lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.

MASS.

THE Third Commandment of the Church reads thus: "To keep the Sundays and Holydays of Obligation holy, by hearing Mass and resting from servile works. To day I shall say a few words about the first part of the precept, viz., about hearing Mass on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation. Are you bound to obey the Church? You are as much bound to obey the Church as you are to obey Almighty God Himself. The commandments or precepts of the Church are the commandments and precepts of God, though He gives them to us by His Church, which He has appointed to guide and direct us in all that regards His Divine Service. Hence our Blessed Lord plainly tells us that to obey the Pastors of the Church is just the same thing as to obey Himself, and, on the other hand, that He will look upon any disobedience to the laws of the Church as an act of disobedience and contempt offered to His own Divine Person. "He that heareth you," said He to the Apostles, who were the first Pastors of the Church, "heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me." (Luke x. 16.) And again He says—"If any man will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican" (Matt. xviii. 17); that is, look upon him in the light of an unbeliever and a public sinner, and, as such, avoid his company and friendship. Many seem to be ignorant, at least in practice, of the above precept. No doubt sickness, necessity, or some good, reasonable excuse justifies the absence of a Catholic from hearing Mass on the days commanded. But what is to be thought of those boys or girls who miss Mass probably because *it was raining* or *it was a little cold*—or they were *too tired*—perhaps they fell asleep with a novel in their hand—or on account of some other wretched excuse. Their faith is very weak. They are on the wrong path. They are contracting, in their young days, a habit that will cling to them, that they will find very difficult to shake off as they grow up to be men and women. Our Blessed Saviour was pleased, for love of them, to hang

during three long hours on the Cross in agony, and they refuse to spend thirty minutes or an hour at the foot of the altar and that but once in seven days. Dear children, promise the Infant Jesus never to miss Mass on these days through your own fault. In return you will be prosperous, and God will bless and protect you. Remember this, dear children, "that a dark cloud hangs over the Catholic family that neglects Mass on the Lord's day."

ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

ON the 11th ult. Rev. M. Callaghan was made the recipient of a set of Breviaries in four volumes richly bound. Nothing could have been inspired more happily or appreciated more highly. The generous donors were the pupils of St. Patrick's School. The day which the young ladies selected for their magnificent donation was the feast of his Patron Saint. It is evident they know how to excel in the noblest sentiments of the heart not less than in the various studies which they pursue with uncommon success. We trust the Rev. Gentleman will have many returns of his anniversary.

SANTA CLAUS! What sweet memories does not that dear old name awaken in the minds and hearts of those who have preceded you, dear Sunbeams, in the different walks of life. That magic word reminds us of the chimney corner, stockings, the biggest we could find in the house, feverish expectations, sly glances and furtive visits at midnight, and oh! wonderful to relate, toys of every description, dolls, jumping-jacks, skates, Noah's arks, candy, &c., &c., &c., too numerous to mention. You are all, no doubt, looking forward with impatience to that day of days for the child's heart. Dear old Santa Claus will put in an appearance about midnight. He is very busy at present rubbing down his reindeers. What a list the dear old man has to make out. Woe to him if he forgets our Sunbeams. There is no reason why he should forget them. On whom will he lavish his favors and gifts? Not on the disobedient boy or girl; not on the child whose first thoughts in the morning are for breakfast and disgust for school; not on the child who, at night, tumbles into bed without first begging God's blessing on his rest, and who forgets to bid good-night to papa and mamma. His especial favourites are the docile, pious and studious children. And what are our Sunbeams? Beware, Santa Claus. You will make a host of enemies if you do not come to time.

OUR readers are requested to study carefully the geographical puzzle which Uncle Ned gives them for dessert this month. It will make the little puzzlers dive deep into their geographies. If properly worked out it makes a most interesting story. It was sent in by a devoted friend of THE SUNBEAM, together with the sweet story which appears in this month's number. His *nom de plume* is *Radius Solis*, which is the Latin for a Sunbeam.

GERALD McSHANE doffed the lay dress for the clerical on the Feast of the Presentation and looked elegant in his cassock. It would seem he has not proved an unworthy candidate for this honor. The Church has a predilection for all such Geralks. Before entering the Montreal College he made a brilliant course of study in the Academy of the Christian Brothers.

ALL the patrons and friends of education will be glad to learn that Maggie Drumm and Charlotte Lane have just passed before the Government Board an examination which entitles them to diplomas. We offer our congratulations to these talented young ladies, and rejoice in seeing them swell the ranks of the Legion of Honor which is being formed by the ex-pupils of St. Patrick's School.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SUNBEAM.)

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN STRAND.

THEY tell of a ship that sailed the sea
Till she sighted a distant shore,
Where the mountain's hue was of wondrous
blue,

And the winds sweet perfumes bore;
And a city stood in a mighty wood,
With towers and domes sublime;
'Twas the long sought Land of the Golden Strand,
A land of the olden time.

Soon a pilot rowed from the shining shore
That ship in port to place,
But the captain laughed, and a bumper quaffed,
As he sneered in the pilot's face:
"Think'st thou I," said he, "who sailed the sea
"In hours of peril and fear,
"Cannot steer my way, thro' yon playful spray,
"To an anchorage safe and near?"

Reluctant the pilot left the ship,
And the captain laughed, ho! ho!
And turned her prow towards the sun that now
O'er the city fair sank low.
Full little thought he, he ne'er might see
That bright sun set again,
Yet he soon, alack! wished the pilot back,
And repented his vauntings vain!

Too late! too late! nor helm nor sail
Would the shuddering ship obey;
Hearts chilled with fear, for grim and near
A yawning whirlpool lay.
In vain! in vain! to struggle or strain
Mid the waters' deadly fold,
Engulphed ere long, in the vortex strong,
The mad wave o'er her rolled.

And such was the fearful doom they tell
Of these men in the days of old;
Swift death they died, at that hour of pride,
In their arrogance overbold.
On Life's great sea, not so should we
Disdain meet help and care,
For our goal, so grand, is the Heavenly Land,
And the pilot's name is "Prayer."

SLEEVENAMON.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

(WRITTEN FOR THE SUNBEAM.)

CHRISTMAS is coming! The flowers are
dead, the leaves have fallen; cold breezes
are blowing, and the ground is white with
snow. I know that you love the snow,
dear Sunbeams, and the sleigh-bells and the
Canadian Christmas; but come away with me
to the land of sunbeams, where there is no
snow, no winter: to beautiful Italy and dear
Rome. Everything that is grand and precious
is there to rejoice the Christian, and especially
the Catholic heart. And Christmas there, as
everywhere that the Catholic Church has set
her blessed, motherly steps, is the feast of the
children.

In your own churches, what do you see? A
grotto and the Manger and the Infant Jesus
within it. A sweet and touching picture!—but
come with me and we will kneel together, not
before a picture, but before the real Manger
itself, in which our Lord was laid by Mary, His
Virgin Mother, that first Christmas night, long
ago.

Now, it is Christmas Eve in Rome. Would
you think so? The sky is bright and clear, and
oh, so blue—without one trace of cloud. The
sunshine is streaming and flooding over all the
city, from St. Peter's Dome and St. Onofrio to
the Pincio and Palatine hills—the warm, cheer-
ing sunshine. Everyone is happy. A multi-
tude of people, Romans and strangers, pass
along the streets. Let us follow. We are in
the Via St. Sistine, and in the distance, straight
before us, rises an immense edifice with domes
and towers: it is the church of Santa Maria
Maggiore—St. Mary Major—for it is the greatest
church in Rome, dedicated to the Mother of
God. An immense throng is winding its way
towards it. There are young and old, Romans
and foreigners; every foreigner must be there.
The Roman lives in Rome, but the stranger
may never tread its streets again. Especially
remarkable are the young seminarists in their
various costumes. This group in blue is the
Greek College; that one in scarlet is German.
These in violet are from the Roman Seminary;
those in violet and black are Scotch. Some
have red cinctures and they are Propagandists;
some have cinctures of black and purple, and

they are Belgians; each college is recognized.
So on we go, past the fountain where Bernini's
Triton blows the sparkling waters high in the
air from a massive horn; past the church of
San Carlo, which is exactly the size of one of
the pillars of St. Peter's, and down into the
piazza, across which is Santa Maria Maggiore,
called also St. Mary of the Snows and St. Mary
of the Manger.

This church is very old. It dates from the
early part of the fourth century. A holy man,
the patrician John, and his spouse, had a vision
one night in which they were told to build a
church on the spot of Rome found covered with
snow in the morning. When the sun rose on
the 5th of August—the season of the most in-
tense and continued heat—his part of the
Esquiline was as deep-hidden in snow as are the
slopes of Mount Royal in January. Pope
Liberius had received a similar message from
heaven. Surrounded by his clergy and the
people of Rome, who had assembled on the spot
of the miracle, the Holy Pontiff himself traced
in the snow the site of a church called St. Mary
of the Snows, and in the year 352 he consecrated
it. Each year, on the 5th of August, this
miracle is commemorated, and during the cere-
monies shower after shower of white rose leaves
and other beautiful white blossoms is thrown
from the domes until the pavement is covered.

We cross the piazza and are at the foot of the
flight of stone steps that encircle the entrance.
Little children flock around, with brown faces
and black curly hair,—little boys in coats of
blue and vests of red; little girls in frocks
of red and blue, and shawls about their shoul-
ders, each one wearing the sandals of the
crocciar peasant, each one clamouring for a few
pennies from the "gentle stranger," Signora,
Signora, *Qualche cosa per amore del Bambino*—
"Something for the sake of the Infant." We
satisfy them, and dropping a penny in the hand
of the old woman at the door, we enter one of
the grandest churches in Christendom. We
cannot stay to examine it; we must repair to
the sacristy, whither all are hurrying. At last
our turn comes; we are in and moving towards
an altar blazing with candles. Here, in its rich
reliquary, is the Manger of Bethlehem! Ah!
truly, truly, this is Christmas Eve. What mat-
ters it that we are far from home!—we forget
that we are alone on this Christmas Eve: we
hasten to kneel in reverence before the Crib in
which lay the infant form of Our Saviour, Our
God. We kneel as the shepherds knelt, as the
angels knelt, as St. Joseph, as Mary knelt: we
pray from the depths of our heart, and our eyes
fill with tears.

It is the true Manger. You may easily under-
stand how sacred to the early Christians of
Judea were all the places and things sanctified
by the touch or the presence of Our Lord. As
soon as the Gospel spread to other countries,
the new Christians would visit Palestine and
pay reverence to the Holy Places. The Empress
St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, vi-
sited Bethlehem and had the manger enclosed
in silver and the grotto covered with the richest
marble. When the Mohammedans invaded
Palestine, the manger was carried into the
West, in the year 642. Pope Theodore placed
it in the church of St. Mary of the Snows,—
hence its other title of St. Mary of the Manger,—
and near it the body of St. Jerome, that he who
in life had guarded it, might still repose by its
side in death. The reliquary, or case, is the gift
of a princess. In finely chiselled silver are re-
presented Our Lord in the manger of Bethle-
hem, the shepherds kneeling around Him, and
the wise men who have come to adore the King
of the Jews. Above these bas-reliefs is the crys-
tal case enclosing the wood of the manger. The
five pieces that formed the manger have been
separated and are hung one above the other:
they can be seen distinctly through the clear
crystal. The larger pieces are about two-and-a-
half feet in length and four or five inches in
breadth. The wood is dark and blackened by
time—but all the jewels of the world would not
equal its worth! After the arms of Mary, it
was the first resting place of our dear Lord upon
earth. It was the first throne of the King of
kings, and it saw the first homage paid to Him.
The angels of heaven stood around it—and since
then how many Christians, how many saints
have knelt by it during 19 centuries? About
it to-day kneels a vast assemblage; people from
all quarters of the globe; old and young; men,
women, children; nuns and their pupils; priests
and seminarists of every nation, of every reli-
gious order, are here; all the world owes honor
and veneration to it, for the Saviour of the world
lay in it, a babe, little, humble, poor as the
poorest babe on earth.

The manger is exposed but once in the year.
It is kept in a chapel of the church, and on
Christmas Eve is brought into the sacristy,
where we see it. Then the great church is
illuminated. Vespers are begun. A Cardinal
presides. The organs peal out triumphal tones;
the glorious voices of the choir's famous singers
begin the Psalms. A great hush falls upon the
crowded Basilica as a heavenly voice begins the
hymn *Jesu, Redemptor omnium*, "Jesus, Re-
deemer of mankind:" and nothing is so sweet
as the stanza *Memento rerum Conditor*. A pro-
cession then forms and the sacred relic is carried
back to its own chapel. On Christmas morning
it is again brought forth and placed on the high
altar. Pontifical Mass follows with the most
splendid music and imposing ceremonies. It
remains in that place until after Vespers of
Christmas Day, when the four youngest Canons
of the church, preceded by all the clergy, and
followed by the Cardinal, carry it back to the
chapel. Thousands upon thousands are crowded
into the church—a dense mass fills the aisle
down which the procession will advance. The
sacristans and choir boys carrying torches come
first; a passage is made; still each one strives
to catch a last glimpse of the manger as it passes,
and the children are told to look closely and see
the manger of the Bambino, the Sweet Infant.
Slowly passes the procession into the chapel.
There writings are drawn up, stating that the
relic was taken out and put back in the presence
of the clergy and giving the details of the cere-
mony. It is then enclosed and remains unseen
and untouched for a year, until next Christmas
Eve.

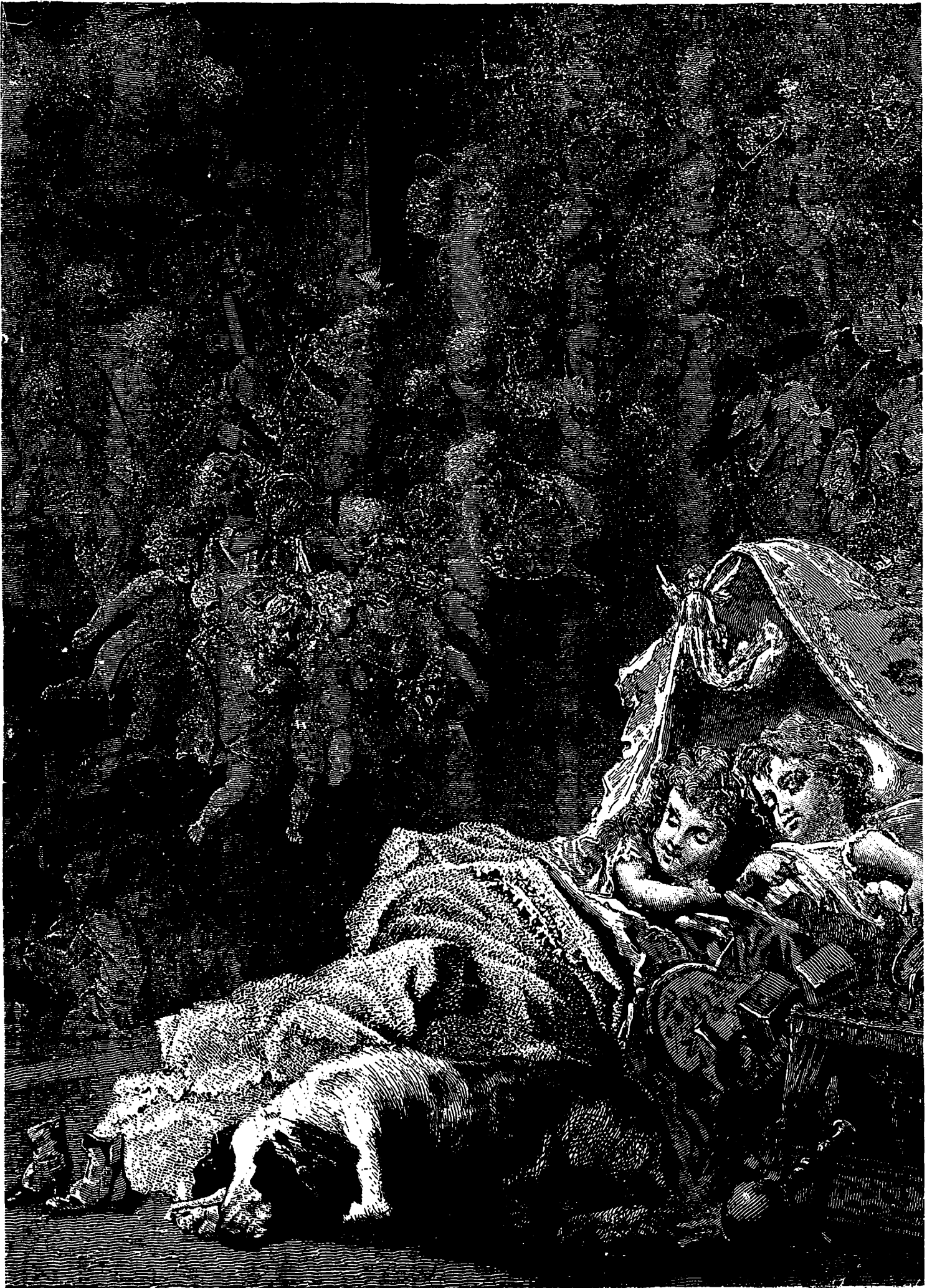
We turn to go, our hearts rejoiced and con-
soled. But before we leave, look up towards the
ceiling. It is gilded. Well, that gold is the first
gold brought from America to Europe. You are
celebrating the fourth centenary of America's
discovery. Do not forget the ceiling of Santa
Maria Maggiore. The first offerings of America's
riches were dedicated to God. None but the
Catholic Church can point to such facts. She
does not seek riches, possessions, power—no;
she sought and seeks the glory of God. America
is Catholic in its origin, and soon must be so in
every respect. The Church will continue to de-
vote to God her every step onward in the Land
of the West, as she gave to Him the first gold
that came from its generous bosom.

One moment more. Enter with me into this
magnificent chapel, the Borghese chapel—do you
see that rather dim painting above the altar?
It is the portrait of the Blessed Virgin, painted
by St. Luke. It was placed here when the
church was built. At its feet the Popes, Saints
Symmacus, Gregory, Adrien, Leo, Pascal,
passed nights in prayer. Innumerable miracles
have been wrought here through it. Let us
kneel and pray. And now we leave Santa Maria
Maggiore; the night is coming on, and so, dear
Sunbeams, good bye.—LEO.

A DEAR LITTLE SCHEMER.

THERE was a little daughter once, whose
feet were,—oh, so small!
That when the Christmas Eve came round, they
wouldn't do at all.
At least she said they wouldn't do, and so she
tried another's,
And folding her wee stocking up, she slyly took
her mother's,
"I'll pin this big one here," she said,—then sat
before the fire,
She never knew the tumult rare that came upon
the roof!
She never heard the patter of a single reindeer
hoof;
She never knew how someone came and looked
his shrewd surprise
At the wee foot and stocking—so different in
size!
She only knew when morning dawned, that she
was safe in bed,
"It's Christmas! Ho!" and merrily she raised
her pretty head;
Then wild with glee, she saw what dear old
Santa Claus had done,
And ran to tell the joyful news, to each and
every one:
"Mamma! Papa! Please come and look! a
lovely doll, and all!"
And "See how full the stocking is! Mine would
have been too small!
I borrowed this for Santa Claus. It isn't fair
you know,
To make him wait forever for a little girl to
grow."

CHRISTMAS EVE.



BENNIE'S DREAM.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MARGARET E. JORDAN.

"TELL a story, do!" pleads Millie,
Upward climbing to my knee,
Dimpled hands my face caressing,
Eyes uplifted coaxingly;
'Bout some really truly children,
And I sought through memory's store,
For some happy tale of Christmas,
Millie had not heard before.

"Yes, I'll tell a story, darling,
'Bout two little girls I knew;
One had dark hair, one had golden,
One had black eyes, one had blue.
Both lived in a great, great city,
Eva in a happy home,
While the little orphan Mabel,
Through the busy streets did roam.

"'Twas one piercing day in winter;
Mabel shivered with the cold,
Chill winds numbed her face and fingers,
Tangled all her curls of gold,
She had trod the crowded pavements,
Begging all the wintry day;
People only cast upon her
Scornful looks, and turned away.

"Tears her deep blue eyes were filling,
'Though 'twas merry Christmas eve;
When life seemed so drear before her,
Do you wonder she did grieve!
But a childish form approaching,
Mabel in the dusk did see,
'Maybe she'll not be so scornful,
To a beggar-child like me.

"Please, Miss, help me just a little,
Oh, I am so cold and weak!"
Like great pearls the tears were clinging
To the poor child's purpling cheek.
Cold and weak; poor little creature,
Eva cried, her sloe black eyes
Shining with a strange sweet pity
And a look of sad surprise.

"Why, poor child! you're almost frozen,
Taking off her muffler warm,
Eva wrapped it, oh! so gently,
Round the little shivering form.
'No home! and your dear mother
One long week to-day is dead!
Come to my home and my mamma;
Come dear,' little Eva said.

"How the pretty blue eyes sparkled
In the fire-glow warm and bright!
How the child-heart, bird-like, fluttered
In its newly found delight.
Eva told her story simply,
With her sweet face all aglow.
'Isn't she like May,' she questioned,
'Whom God took one year ago?"

"Yes, dear child,' the mother answered,
With fond mein and accent mild,
As she bent to kiss her daughter
And the little beggar-child.
'We shall keep her Eva darling;
Shone her eyes with misty light,—
'Surely 'twas the Christ-Child sent her,
To our hearts this holy night."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Dot vas leadle Jakey's shtomack
Ven de Krismas day begun;

Und dot vas Jakey's shtomack
Ven dot Krismas day was done:

When Ins'tituted.

The institution of Christmas as a regular festival of the Church is attributed, by decretal letters, to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D., 133. In the beginning it was the most movable of feasts, being confounded and celebrated with the Epiphany until the year 325. About this time, St Cyril of Jerusalem became convinced of the importance of finding the exact date of our Saviour's birth, and at the instance of John, Archbishop of Nice, induced Pope Justin I. to make inquiry into the matter. After an extended and careful investigation, the theologians of the East and West, relying chiefly upon the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome, agreed upon the 25th of December. The Greek Church, however, observes it on the 6th of January.

UNINVITED.



Good enough for a King's Dinner.
SANTA CLAUS AND THE MOUSE.

ONE Christmas-eve when Santa Claus,
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stocking there,
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Xmas, little friend!"
Said Santa Claus good and kind;
'The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
'I thought you wouldn't mind,

"If I should stay awake to-night
And watch you for awhile."
'You're very welcome, little friend,"
And Santa Claus he smiled.

And then to fill the stockings up,
Before the mouse could wink,
From top to toe, from toe to top,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now they won't hold another thing!"
Said Santa Claus with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eyes
But humbly she replied:

"It's not polite to contradict;
Your pardon I implore;
But in the fullest stocking there,
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa Claus,
'Silly mouse! don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high;
And said: "Now put in one thing more,
I give you leave to try."

The mouse chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right in the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole.

"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more,
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gaily spoke:
'Well, you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

AGNES.

An advertisement reads—"Wanted, a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter." What will be the result when the door slams?

Mrs. Snooper: "Men make me tired." Mrs. Swayback: "What's the matter now?" Mrs. Snooper: "My husband saw Mrs. Keedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."

HID IN THE CHRISTMAS MIST.

IT WAS a narrow yard with rows of holly hocks down each side of a grass plot and at the foot a little sand pile with a toy spade and bucket beside it. The holly-hocks had crumbly little brown buttons where the gorgeous crimson rosettes had once been, and the grass was dull and faded; the only bright spot in the garden was baby's red cloak.

Baby had stopped digging a well in the sand and thrown down her spade to watch something which was crawling about in the grass. It was only an ugly brown caterpillar, and it was wiggling its way awkwardly along, but to baby it was a thing of interest. She poked it with her fat fingers, and it rolled itself into a queer, round ball, and baby laughed. She pushed it a little, and the furry ball rolled away quite out of sight between two boards. The baby cried.

Why two great big tears on a baby's face and a sobbing "Gone!" should mean that a caterpillar had just fallen down a crack I cannot tell; yet baby's mother led her in—all smiles now; carrying the caterpillar upon a green twig.

When baby's papa came home he was shown the new treasure. Baby's papa disliked creeping things, they made him shiver; but baby loved them; that was enough; so he let the caterpillar crawl over his hands.

Soon a wonderful thing happened. Mr. Caterpillar spun a nest about the twig and hid himself away from baby. Mamma explained how some day he would come, all beautiful and gay, out of the dark shell into the bright sunshine, and baby laughed and clapped her hands. Then mamma stuck the twig over a picture frame and forgot all about it.

It was Christmas. The yard was covered with snow and it looked narrower than ever, and the sandpile at the foot was a little white mound. The hollyhock stalks were quite bare, and there was no bright spot in the garden now—baby was dead.

A tiny casket stood in the parlor, and in that mist baby was hidden away. Her father and mother kneeled while friends whispered of hope and comfort, but their words fell upon dull ears. Then there fluttered from somewhere above a great golden butterfly with sunshine in his wings. Slowly he circled down and settled upon the coffin—baby's coffin.

The father sobbed and hid his face in his hands, but the mother's countenance was bright with hope, and she murmured, "Thy will be done."

When Christmas Falls on a Sunday.

The following is from Harleial MS. in the British Museum:

Lordlings, all of you I warn:
If the day that Christ was born
Fall upon a Sunday,
The winter shall be good I say,
But great winds aloft shall be;
The summer shall be fair and dry,
By kind skill and without loss,
Through all lands there shall be peace,
Good times for all things to be done,
But he that stealeth shall be found soon;
What child that they born may be,
A great lord he shall live to be.
Christmas this year falls upon a Sunday,
so that the predictions may be taken for what they are worth.—

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIE SHERWOOD.—I did not receive your first letter. There must have been a mistake. The copies will be forwarded at once. Don't let the diptheria get a hold of our dear little friend.

WILLIE CURTIN.—Your request will be granted at once. I hope you will succeed.

RHODA.—Your contribution is too long, and I am afraid it would not be properly understood by the majority of the readers. Try again.

A gentleman, in apologizing for language used, said: "I did not mean to say what I did, but the fact is that, as you see, I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and the words slip out of my mouth now and then without my knowing it."

THE STORY EVER NEW.

ONLY an old, old story
Of infinite love and grace;
Only a beam of glory
Lighting a baby face.
But through the rolling ages,
No story half so dear;
Of all earth's sunshine glory,
No beams so bright and clear.

Only a manger lowly,
Wherein the sweet Child lay,
Only a mother holy,
Watching the hours away.
Only a sweet song stealing
Down through the quiet skies;
Only a star's soft beaming,
Points where the Baby lies.

Only some shepherds kneeling,
Paying their homage sweet,
Pouring their richest treasures
Down at those Baby-feet.
Straits of that far-off anthem
Float through the world since then,
Breathing of "Joy in Heaven
On earth peace to good men."

Hark! to the joyous chorus—
"To you a King is born";
Star of the East now lead us,
Lead us this Christmas morn.
Till, like the faithful shepherds,
We kneel in homage sweet,
And pour our heart's best treasures
Down at those sacred feet.

Thus reads the sweet old story,
Old, but still ever new;
Know we the wealth of glory
It brings to me and you?
Know we those tiny fingers
Opened Heaven's portals wide?
But for the helpless Baby
All the whole world had died?
—*Florena M. York.*

ONLY A LITTLE BOY.

WANT to tell you something about a little boy, his hopes and his troubles, and how he came to spend a very happy Christmas—such a one as I wish you all. He lived a long way off, and spoke a different language from yours, but he belonged to the same holy faith, and had the same love of the dear Christ Child, and the things both hallowed and happy which He brings with Him when He comes. So I think you may like to hear from this little boy.

His name was Konrad, and he lived in a small village in the Tyrol, with the great snow-crowned mountains around him, on which the blue gentians and pretty alpine roses grew. He had never seen any other country in his life; he did not know what a town or railway or steamship were like, but he felt quite sure that God never made anything so beautiful as the "Innthal," and he loved it with all his heart and soul. And in the summer, when he was out on the sunny mountain-side minding the cattle, or in the winter when he ran to Mass through the pine-wood, all white and solemn with the hoar frost, he would say to himself:

"I will be a painter some day, when I am a man, and put all this in a picture; and then people a long way off will see it and they will say 'How beautiful the Innthal must be,' and then they will come and see it for themselves, and be happy."

The wood of which I have spoken was just behind the cottage in which he lived, and the wind, as it sighed among the pine trees, told Konrad wondrous things. He did not know much, and the waving of tree tops could not really tell him anything he did not know already; but it filled his mind with those vague and great longings for what is beautiful which, in the soul of the young painter are not unlike the growing pains some children feel in their little bodies.

And then, too, he would lie awake in his small bed at night weaving stories for himself of brave knights and fair ladies, of fairies and of angels, such as Aunt Minna would sometimes tell about, when all sat round the fire listening.

Aunt Minna came but seldom, for she lives a good way off; but Konrad, with the help of the snow, and the trees, and the stars, and the wind, could not add to those stories and weave them one into another, till he fell asleep, and dreamed. Then when his mother came and said: "Konrad, it is time to get up," he would awake to dream by day as well as by night, till—for he

was but a little fellow after all—his brothers would go and slide on the frost-bound water hard by, or build up a huge snow man, or go for some frolic in the woods in spring, and then he would leave his dreams, and be a merry, laughing child.

"But," you will say, "if he had never seen anything but his father's cottage, and the small church and village, how could he even picture knights and queens, and fairy palaces to himself?"

Well, he once had what to the little boy was little short of a vision. It was on a hot July evening, when the shadows of the hills were beginning to grow long, and the Angelus bell had done ringing. Konrad stood, bareheaded, beside his father, finishing his Aves, when a coach drew up on the bridge over the Inn, just under the statue of St. Joan of Nepomuck; and a lady, all in white, as spotless as the snow on the mountains, with eyes as blue as the gentians and hair as golden as the sunset, called to Konrad's father.

Something must have got wrong with the coach, for the beautiful young lady alighted and came into their cottage. Konrad did not quite know how it all happened,—but there was sitting in the kitchen with Anna, the only little girl and baby, on her knee. Then she noticed the other boys, and at last she called Konrad to her side, saying:

"And what are you going to be, dear child, when you are a big man?"

The boy look up into her fair face, with its wondrous crown of golden hair, and something in those eyes made him tell his secret, all shy and trembling as he was, and he said:

"I am going to be a painter, lady, because I love the Innthal, and when it is winter and the pine-trees are white, I say it is prettiest so, and I wish God would never let it change. But then thaw comes and the spring with the cuckoo, and the flowers and the waters seem to laugh for joy as they run quickly down in the mountains and then I think, 'so it is better after all'; but yet it seems a pity that one pretty thing should push away another. But I know there are such men as painters who do better things than the picture of St. Florian in church; and if I were one of them I would paint the pretty things as they come, and then, when they went I should not mind, but I should feel God had let me make them live in the picture, as they could not go on for ever, really."

The lady looked at the child and smiled; but it was a kind smile, and her voice was kinder still as she said:

"Then, Konrad, you wish to be something very great indeed. You are quite a little boy yet, but when you are bigger, if you are still of the same mind, I will help you."

And then Konrad knelt down and kissed the beautiful lady's hand and wondered, perhaps, if she were not an angel after all.

But all life ought not to be lived in a dream, and Konrad, always a dreamer, grew worse as he grew older. His mother was a good, kind woman, and loved him dearly; but it was troublesome if she sent him errands to find he forgot them, that when she bid him watch the fire, it generally went out, and that more than once he angered his father by letting the cattle stray.

One day in the beginning of November, when the deep snow was already keeping the slumbering earth warm, Konrad's mother called him, and bid him mind little Anna, as she had business in the village. His father was at Bruneck, where he had gone to buy a new cow, and the other boys had gone to the monastery to say their catechism to Father Francis; but Konrad was glad enough to play alone with baby Anna, whom he loved almost better than anyone else, and his mother trusted him. O how she would have hurried home if she had known what was happening!

After playing for a while Konrad got into dreamland—a land so fair and bewitching. He saw the gracious lady once more, but it was not there—it was in a fairy place with silver-winged angels all around, and then.....he came to himself with a start, his mother was in the doorway and was uttering a great scream; and there was Anna by the fire, laughing at the bubbling of the soup in the great black pot. Konrad saw his mother run towards her but it too late—she had pushed the pot over and the scalding stuff was pouring all down her frock.

It was getting late—baby Anna was crying piteously,—while Konrad stood near white and heartsick.

Presently the poor mother, who was walking up and down trying to soothe the little thing's wailing, turned round and noticed him. Poor

soul! she was much tried, and in her grief said words for which she was very, very sorry afterwards.

"You are a bad, wicked boy," she exclaimed. "Dear little Anna! she is so badly burned I think she will die, and it is all your fault. O, if only father were here!—he could have walked over to Lavant and fetched the doctor—he might have saved her, but O! we can do nothing now, God help us," and she burst into tears.

Konrad's face grew whiter and whiter, but he was too miserable to cry! Little Anna going to die! and he had killed her by his carelessness! Suddenly his face brightened—the doctor should come, he would know how to cure her—he would go and fetch him at once! It is true Lavant was seven miles off, and it was getting late and the snow was deep—but what of that? If he could but save his little sister, it would not much matter if he died in the snow on his way back. Nobody could ever love such a wicked boy again; "and yet," he thought with a great sob, "if I do die, I think God will know I was not really so very wicked."

So he slipped out of the warm cosy kitchen out into the cold still air. The moon was rising—at least he would have light for his journey. He prayed to his good angel to guide him aright, and I am sure he did so, for the boy did not miss his road, but his poor little feet grew so numb with cold he could no longer run or walk fast as on starting—and he had at least three miles to go.

Poor little child! the friendly moon began to be over-clouded—but for the shimmer of the pure snow it would have been dark indeed, and presently the snow began to fall, not in unkindly gusty drifts, but softly, softly, making him feel strangely drowsy as he crawled along.

He could just see faint distant lights and he knew the village of Lavant could be so very far off now, but he felt he could never reach it—he and done all he could! He sank to the ground praying:

"Oh, holy Mother Mary! send the doctor to little Anna—take care of us, we are your children."

Then he fell asleep, and the snow went on falling gently, gently—making a soft white quilt over the weary child.

II.

It was Christmas Eve. In a fine castle not many miles from Lavant a tall fair lady and her husband were arranging a Christmas-tree with gold and silver nuts, and rosy apples, and waxen tapers, and underneath they piled gifts for their children—story books and many toys—but on an easel near at hand they placed a large and beautiful picture of the Christ Child and His Mother. And then the lady smiled and said:

"I think they will be all pleased and happy to-night."

At six o'clock the tapers were lit and the lady called in her children, while her husband carried in a pale, wistful-eyed little boy, who, indeed, was no other than our Konrad, and laid him gently on a couch in front of the picture.

"See," said the lady's eldest daughter, Marie, running towards him, "that is your Christmas present—there are toys and suits of clothes like yours for you to take home to your brothers, and a big doll for Anna, but the picture is for you, because mamma says you want to be a painter and that you will like it better than anything else."

Konrad's pale face flushed, and he clasped his little hands reverently as he gazed with all his soul in his large eyes at the Blessed Mother and her dear Christ Child, and the holy angels and the happy shepherds. The child looked and looked, but he said nothing, and Marie was a little disappointed. Perhaps mamma had made a mistake, and that dear little Konrad, whom they had fetched to their Christmas tree this morning to give him pleasure, would have had more if they had given him some nice toys—if so he should have hers, the kind little girl resolved. But Marie's mamma, who was standing a little way off, knew better, and beckoned the children away.

"Let me talk to Konrad for a few minutes, dears," she said. And then she went to the boy and laid to her fair white hand on his little dark head. "You like your present, I know," said she.

"O, kind lady, is it really all my own to keep?" he asked.

"Yes, Konrad," she replied, "and when you are a man, you too will paint the Blessed Mother as well as our dear Innthal, and then you will give me a picture in return for this

one," and she stooped down and kissed the child while he murmured his thanks.

"How beautiful they are all! but I want you not only to think them beautiful but to learn something from them. You see, dear child, God has been very kind to you—he has given you what is called genius. The little drawings your mother showed me when you were ill are very well done indeed for so young a boy who has taught himself—that is a thing to thank God very much for. Then he saved your life so wonderfully! It was no simple chance which made the doctor go out on such a night and stumble against you nearly dead in the road. God must have put it into that good gentleman's heart to carry you home that same night to your mother, so that he saw poor little Anna and made her get well sooner than you, poor child. And now you will soon be well again, and when the spring comes you will be able to run about upon the hills once more. I think you ought to be very grateful to God."

"I am, I am," he cried, "and for my picture too."

"Well then, Konrad, if you wish to show Him you are grateful, learn a lesson from this picture—and chiefly from the holy shepherds. They can never have seen anything so beautiful as Jesus and Mary, in all their lives—but what do you suppose they did when they went back to their rooms? Do you think they went about dreaming all the day long, letting their poor sheep stray, and forgetting their little common duties?"

Konrad hung his head, but the lady smiled.

"I don't quarrel with a little day dreaming," she said, "you could not do without it; but I want you to see how very beautiful real everyday life is, or ought to be. You cannot make your dream-life one half so beautiful, try as you may, as you can make this other real one by simply doing God's will—being humble, pious, gentle, and obedient. The Christ Child had just the same sort of things as you do when He was your age—He did not forget to do them because He was thinking about heaven—no, He did them, and did them well. And so you, Konrad, must do all your little duties with all your heart, and your life will be as beautiful as any story, and your soul like some sweet picture for God to look upon with pleasure and delight. Just think of all a little boy can be!"

And then Konrad said:

"O, I will be good! And I will paint pictures all for you, dear lady, when I am a big man; and now and always I will try to make my soul beautiful for the dear God to look down upon and smile."

THE SUNBEAM is a great paper, writes Percy McG., St. Paul, Minn. Everybody delighted with the stories. Send me sample and blank forms. You will hear from me later.

The devotion, or worship, as we say in our old English speech, to the Blessed Virgin which the Catholic Church teaches to her children, may be best defined in these words: it is the love and veneration which was paid to her by her Divine Son and His disciples, and such as we should have borne to her if we had been one with them; and it is also the love and veneration we shall bear to her next after her Divine Son, when through grace we see Him in His kingdom.

"What's the matter with L'Assomption College?" "It's all right." Fifty new paid up subscribers received from Master A. C. He promises another round list in a few days. Come again, L'Assomption.

HOW DOLLY IS MADE.

IT is an open secret that Santa Claus brings the greater part of his vast stock of Christmas toys from Europe, Germany being his favorite collecting grounds. But he encourages American industry in a few directions, notably in cheap mechanical toys. The tin railway trains and tin horses and steamboats that run when wound up with a key are made in great quantities in Brooklyn by machinery, and the cast iron toys of the same description are made principally in New York. When he desires an inexpensive mechanical toy, however, he goes to France for it; to Saxony for his Noah's arks and all the other carved wooden toys; to Nuremberg for his toys, tin trumpets, and magic lanterns, and to Thuringia for his toy china tea-sets.

Far more important than all other toys are the dolls, and nine dolls out of ten are little German girls. In whole districts of Germany the people spend the winter in making dolls, tilling their fields in summer. The cheap wax dolls, commercially known as "composition wax," such as may be bought at retail in this country for 25 cents, furnishes perhaps the best idea of how dolls are made. A "modeller," who has nothing further to do with the making

eyebrows and eyelashes, and so she goes through the hands of a row of girls, one girl for each tint, the whole process taking about six hours, for there are delays while the paints are drying. In six hours the girls are expected to paint ten gross, or nearly 1,500 dolls complete. This requires rapid work, and the girls receive about \$1.75 a week each. Flowing locks of mohair fastened to the head, and dolly is ready to emigrate to America.

For the real wax doll, a more expensive article, the moulds for the head are made in three parts—one back and two fronts. The mould is filled with melted wax, which is allowed to remain for a minute or two, and then all that is not hardened is poured out. This leaves a hollow wax head about a quarter of an inch thick, which is afterward strengthened by "backing" with a quarter of an inch of papier mache. Some patent "washable" dolls are made of hardened papier mache, and when these have cloth feet, which will not break, they are a valuable addition to the nursery.

The most desirable doll in the market, however, according to an expert German toy manufacturer now in this country, is the "kid body doll." The kid bodies are stuffed with hair; and with bisque heads, flowing wigs, moving eyes, and shoes and stockings, they are sold at

retail in any of our large cities for from 25 cents to \$10. Occasionally sawdust is substituted for the hair stuffing.

There are several styles of jointed dolls; the common ones, to sell from 5 to 50 cents; a better grade, "full jointed," to sell at from 25 cents to \$5, and especially fine ones which are used to show pieces in store windows.

But if we do not make dolls to any extent in this country, we repair them at a great rate. About Christmas time "doll hospitals" are established in all the big stores in New York where toys are sold, and dolls with eyes that should move but are fixed, with legs that insist upon being knock-kneed, with arms that should swing, but don't, are repaired.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

WHAT an earthly paradise is a refined Catholic home! The parents belong to some of the church societies and the older children are members of the sodality.

The sacraments keep them innocent, and that sacraments of sacraments gives them the ineffable peace of Christ. Quiet, order, gentleness and kindness are the guardian angels of the household, and education brings in its accomplishments to add their charms to the ordinary monotony of life. The souls of all the members of the family are growing in grace; their minds are open to what is most choice in science and art; and in their material surroundings they enjoy all the comforts and some of the luxuries of nineteenth century existence. Troubles may come and troubles may go, but the hearts in such a home are tranquil.

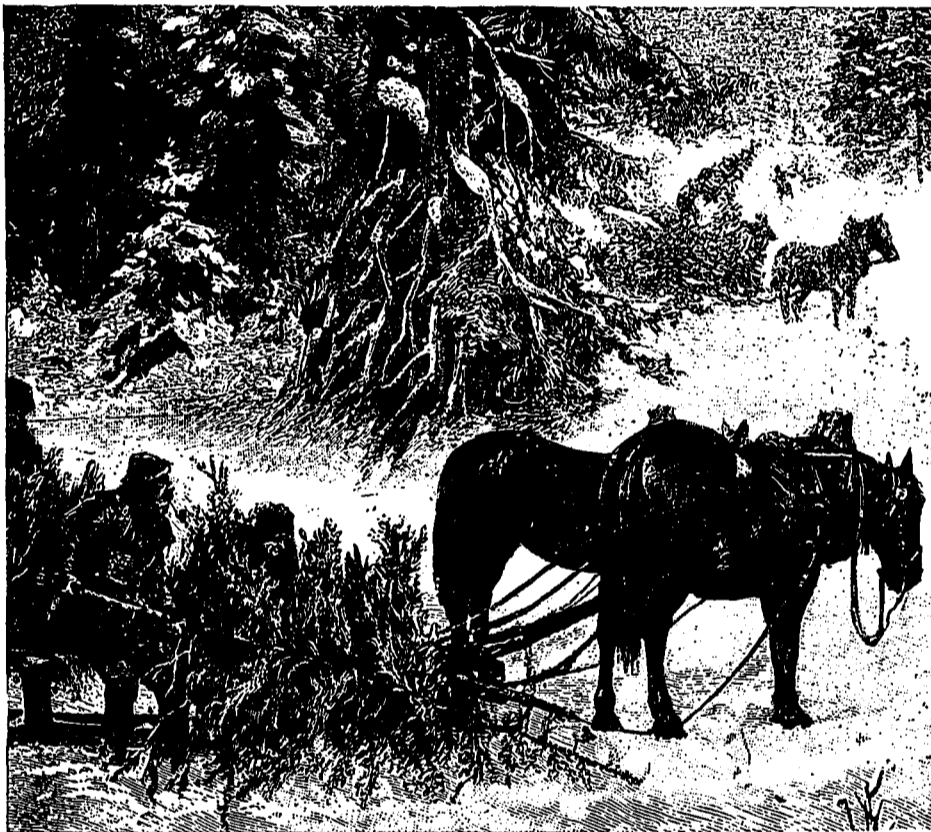
ST. ANN'S TO THE FRONT.—Miss M. McA. is so far ahead in the competition for the girl's first prize.

"Billy, I believe I'm in love." "What makes you think so, Tommy?" "'Cause I washes my neck and comes my hair without being told."

Miss Mary D., St. Mary's parish, is a good second in the race for the girl's first prize. May success crown your efforts, Mary.

A work of fiction—The weather prophet's almanac.

IN QUEST OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE



THE CAUSE OF MUCH JOY.

of dolls, makes plaster of paris models of the styles of heads and limbs most in demand, and sells them singly or in sets, to the peasants who make the dolls. There are all sorts of faces among the models—pretty girls, smiling boys, old women, negroes and crying babies. Throughout the winter, father, mother, and all the larger children unite in making papier mache casts from these models, each cast being, of course, an exact counterpart of the models, but thin and light, and gray in color.

The legs and arms are dipped in flesh-colored paint, and the painted shoes are put on with brushes. These various parts, together with the head, are fastened to a cloth body stuffed with sawdust, and dolly goes off to the factory, where the more artistic work is done. Her limbs have the proper tint, her body is as true to nature as necessary, but her head is still bare, her cheeks are gray, and her colorless eyes express no intelligence.

An expert workman in the factory, holding dolly by the feet, dips her head and shoulders for a moment in melted wax, and she emerges from the bath the composition wax doll of commerce. When she is sufficiently dry she passes into the hands of a girl operator, who quickly paints the pink tinge upon her cheeks. Another girl adds the blue eyes, still another the

NEW PUZZLES.

61.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a texture of rushes or yarn; a girl's name; a white metal; a vowel.

MARY AGNES GOLDEN,
Maynooth, Ont.

62.—CROSS.

(a)
ooo The name of a tree; a
ooo liquor; the day before; prospered; a large city in England; denoting a low price; oooooo (a) a youth; a bed; unwell.
ooooo (a) a European port.
ooo
ooo
ooo
ooo

PUZZLER,
Montreal.

63.—SQUARE.

To oppose lawful authority; flushed with success; to wash; a certain thing given to those who are about to undergo a surgical operation; to look with sly humor.

FRANK THORNTON,
Brockville, Ont.

64.—CROSSWORD.

Whole I'm composed of 8 letters, a famous city.
In gobble not in duck;
In fencing not in puck;
In festive not in sad;
In hearty not in glad;
In illness not in sick;
In kittens not in lick;
In heaven not in loss;
In tumble not in toss;
In master not in boss.

MAMIE COGAN,
Sarnia, Ont.

65.—TRIANGLE.

***** A guard on the way; delicient; a
***** book of the civil law; is from what
***** metal is extracted; the last two
***** letters of the first; a consonant.
** J. O'DONAHUE,
* New York.

66.—A GEOGRAPHICAL HUNT.

A royal dinner was given by an island north of North America, an island west of British Columbia and three sons, an island east of New Brunswick, a Cape of Alaska, and a land north of British America.

Everything was in order. A group of islands west of Africa, made sweet music for the select group of islands in the Pacific, and the aroma of the islands south of Asia, mingling with the fragrance of a city in China steals upon the senses so deliciously that they were a country in Europe, and they soon demonstrated that their appetites were a city in Vermont.

The table was elegantly laid with a country in Asia and a city in Idaho and bountifully supplied with good things such as a country in Europe, a Cape of Massachusetts and an island in the Mediterranean, a harbor in New Jersey, and a group of islands in the Pacific, a river in Vermont, and other vegetables seasoned with a lake in the United States, and a city in South America.

They were attended by a river in South America, whose name was a mountain in Massachusetts, and an aged matron who wore a peak of the Rocky Mountains on her head because she was so mountain in Maine. A lively discussion soon ensued between a cape of Virginia and a lake of Austria, concerning the relative merits of a city in the District of Columbia, U.S. and a city in Nebraska; others soon joined in the contest,—a Barbary State and a city of Maine on one side, while a lake in New York and a Southern State sustained the opposite. Meanwhile, a city of Italy was talking to a river in British America, and was engrossed that she did not perceive a river in New Brunswick passing her a dish containing islands in the Mediterranean Sea and a river in Africa. In his attempt to attract her attention, he spilled a country in Europe on her dress. She exclaimed a river in England, to which he replied a cape in Central America. The gentleman said he was not an isle in the Irish Sea, or he would not be such a lake in North America, to any one.

After this the city in New Hampshire was broken up, and the ladies, to conceal their cape west of North America, immediately withdrew to the parlor. As soon as the gentlemen finished their city in Cuba and island west of Africa, the company broke up and bid the royal party a cape in Greenland.

RADICUS SOLIS, Montreal.

N. B.—In answering the above puzzle, the words in italics must be supplied with the proper geographical terms, sometimes changing the singular for the plural and the plural for the singular, for the sake of harmony.

An example—a royal dinner party was given by an island north of North America. If you look for that island you will find King William. Thus: A royal dinner party was given by King William, &c.

The following answered November's puzzles: Mary Dobby, Mary Harty, John McNally, Katie Heagerty, Katie Murphy, Annie Howard, Sarah Orton, John O'Neill, Mary Chambers, Annie Hussey, Weasel, Rhoda McIntyre, John McGillis, Percy Ashton, Jennie Price, Eveline Murphy, Thomas Jackson, Ruth Kiely, Jane O'Connor, George Cutler Dwane, Montreal; Parkenham, Ont., Mary E. Leacy, Lanark, Ont.; Mary Agnes Golden, Maynooth, Ont.; John A. Chisholm and Roderick McIntosh, of St. Andrews, N.S.; Annie Purcell, Mulgrave, Ont.; Charlie Ladouceur, St. Andrews East, P. Q.; Clara Kelly, Kinkora, Ont.; W. Curtin, Goderich, Ont.; Thomas Phelan, Sarnia, Ont.; James Pierce, Boston, Mass.; Annie McGrath, Baltimore, Md.

LETTERS FROM OUR LITTLE READERS

QUEBEC, Nov. 6, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed of myself for not having written to you for so long a time, but I was so taken up with my studies that I could not find time to do so. You asked me to give my little friends of the SUNBEAM an account of some of the happy incidents of my holidays. I will be very glad if I can give them any pleasure by so doing. But I scarcely know how to begin, the whole time passed so quickly and pleasantly. When the days were fine, with my sun-bonnet and basket I would go off in search of berries, and return home scarcely able to walk with heat and fatigue. However, this would not prevent me from going again, and often would I come back, in a rain-storm, wet through. This only excited me more, and no sooner would the rain be over, than I would be out again, racing through the wet grass, as fast as I could, but when it ceased, I would come home, with an appetite well sharpened by the exercise. When the apples began to ripen, I had plenty of fun, shaking them off the trees and bringing them in, in baskets, and even in my apron in the house. Mother too, enjoyed it very much, as she was not in very good health when we went out to the country, but after a few weeks in the bracing air she was quite well. I congratulate the SUNBEAM on having past its first year, and I hope it will pass many years to come. I will be thirteen next Friday, so I and the SUNBEAM will celebrate our birthdays in the same month. I am
Your loving "Sunbeam,"
ANNIE DROLET.

What a glorious time you must have had, dear Annie. Many of the Sunbeams who have to remain, winter and summer, cooped up like chickens in the dusty, warm cities, would have liked to share in your innocent pastimes. Such is not their lot. You ought to be very grateful to God who provides you, in preference to many others, with such grand advantages,—romping in the fields, picking flowers, berries, and last but not least, ripe, juicy apples. The thought almost makes my teeth water. We are all glad to hear that mamma's health is improved and that our little Annie is in her sweet teens. Do not forget that Aunt May is very anxious to hear from you soon again.—Ed.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Nov. 10, 1892.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am a new subscriber to the SUNBEAM. I like it very much as do my two little brothers. I read the stories to them and they enjoy them as much as I do. I am 12 years old, and attend school at Mount St. Mary's Day Academy, which is under the direction of the sisters of Mercy. My teacher's name is St. Mary Baptist. She has taught me for three years. I study all the Grammar grade, English branches and rudimentary French, and I expect to enter the high school next September, and I am in the graduating class for July, 1895. My letter is getting too long for a first beginner, so I will conclude with best wishes to the SUNBEAM and its little folks.

BIRDIE McQUILLAN.

Birdie is welcome to shine among the Sunbeams. Her letter is very interesting. She must not have much time to play, she has so many things to learn. Her motto is "Duty before pleasure." We are all delighted to form her acquaintance as well as her little brothers'. Be sure and write again.—Ed.

SMITH'S FALLS, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a subscription for the SUNBEAM. I am told that it is a real sunbeam. I am a little girl. I will be nine next birthday, which will be on the 10th of March. I am going to try and get a lot of girls to take your paper. We have no Catholic school here nor no Catholic papers, but we have a very fine priest, Father Stanton. Yours very respectfully,

MARY ADELE McDONALD.

Yes, dear Mary, the more you read the SUNBEAM the more you will realize its importance. You were born on a beautiful day, the feast of St. Joseph. You are one of his privileged children. Saint Theresa tells us that St. Joseph never refused to obtain for her any request she solicited on his feast day. You are really to be pitied, dear Sunbeam, without a Catholic school. Pray to St. Joseph and he will see that you get one very soon.—Ed.

DEAR SIR,—I was quite satisfied during the past twelve months with the ever true, ever welcome SUNBEAM. What pleased me greatly were the letters from your little correspondents. The greater the interest they take in your monthly, the greater its success will be. I trust that the circulation of the SUNBEAM will be troubled during the coming year, and that the boys and girls who read its interesting pages, will profit by the lessons it is intended to inculcate. Wishing you every success, I remain
ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The above letter speaks for itself. The Editor is deeply indebted to the holy priest who penned the above lines, and hopes that he will in the future as in the past, promote the interests of the SUNBEAM.—Ed.

MONTREAL, Nov. 14, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR,—I received a few copies of your paper. Ma thinks it a very charming paper. And there are so many stories in it that it always makes me feel happy to read them. I hope I will receive another copy soon. This is the first time I wrote to the SUNBEAM, and now I will close my letter by saying good-bye.

THOMAS MORRISSEY.

Not bad at all for your first effort. It is a consolation to learn that our little monthly is the cause of so much happiness to our little Sunbeams. This flattering testimonial will serve as an encouragement to make THE SUNBEAM still more interesting.—Ed.

THURSO, P. Q.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is a long time since I wrote to the SUNBEAM, but I did not forget it. Since my last letter I paid a visit to Alexandria. There I met a little Sunbeam by the name of M. McGrae, a very good, pious girl. She gave me a beautiful book on the Sacred Heart. I hope God will bless and protect her, and give her the grace to be always as good as she is now. I did not belong to the League of the Sacred Heart, but I do now. On returning home I set to work to prepare for my first communion, which I received on the 23rd of September. I wish some of the Sunbeams could see how well Father Chatelet prepared us for that great action. We all joined the League, took the pledge, and were enrolled in the scapular. It was Father Chatelet who baptized me—acting at the same as my godfather—and prepared me for the sacraments. I have the best godfather in the world. I will bring my letter to a close, hoping that all the little Sunbeams will pray for me that I may be faithful to the promises I took at my first communion. Wishing you every success,
I remain your faithful friend,
MARY JANE McDOUGALL.

You could not have sent us a more interesting letter. You speak like a little nun. Who knows but that some day or other you will be Sister Mary. Your letter, dear Mary, will be doubly interesting to the Sunbeams. It will give them an idea of what they may send us, and also wake them up—they have been sleeping too long. God bless you, little one, and all the Sunbeams.—Ed.

[Our readers are requested to comply with the regulations of the Mail Bag. We insert only the letters bearing address and name. In the future, please address your letters not to the Editor or to Uncle Ned—they have too much work on hand—but to Aunt May, a most estimable lady, who has volunteered to look after the interests of the Mail Bag.]

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER
NO MORE GRAY HAIR.



Why allow your gray hair to make you look prematurely old, when by a judicious use of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER you may easily restore the primitive colour of your hair and banish untimely signs of old age? Not only does ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER restore the original colour of the hair, but it further possesses the invaluable property of softening it, giving it an incomparable lustre, promoting its growth, at the same time preventing its falling out and preserving its vitality, quality, which are not to be found in ordinary hair dyes. The most flattering testimonials from SEVERAL PHYSICIANS and many other eminent citizens testify to the marvellous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER.

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In order to interest our little readers and friends in circulating and securing subscriptions for 1893, we make the following prize announcement, which will be open to all from now until the first of February next, when the awards will be made and the successful competitors announced. Remember the competition is open to all, Every boy and girl can compete for the prizes mentioned.

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Little agents competing for the prizes can send in subscribers names and money according as they receive them, so that the new subscribers will receive the paper FREE for the balance of this year. 50 cents will pay new subscribers to January 1893. We would like all new subscribers to receive the CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which will be particularly interesting this year. When sending in subscribers, mark your list "Competing," so that all names may be placed to the credit of the sender and duly acknowledged. Sample copies and blank forms will be mailed on application

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