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SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. XVIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

[No. 26.]

IF YOU'RE GOOD.

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

Santa Claus'll come to-night,
If you're good,
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,
Bringing you a woolly sheep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;—
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Thro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good,
With a wind-up bird that sings,
And a puzzle made of rings—
Jumping-jacks and funny
things—
If you're good.

He will bring you cars that "go,"
If you're good,
And a rocking-horse—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mamma!" when you
squeeze
It—he'll bring you one of these
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear;
He'll remember you each year,
If you're good.

CHRISTMAS.

Whatever else the breaking of the first Christmas morning over the earth brought to the world, it brought one new day for the children. On Christmas Day children take possession of the world's heart as on no other day beside, and as no other person takes possession of it either on that day or on any other of the days of the whole year round.

But while for children that first Christmas dawn brought the fairest, kindest day to the world which children have yet seen, it brought more than a new day into the world for its children, it brought a new spirit toward them. It gave them,

for all days, for all their life, a new place in the thoughts and hearts of men.

"Only a child." That was the language of nations with reference to children. But when God began his new kingdom on the earth with a child, when his angels sang the honours of a child, and foretold all people's great joy in a child, henceforth there was a freer, greener, brighter world



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

for the souls and limbs of children. The spirit of that birthday of Jesus has wandered all over the world, touching and changing and beautifying everything, bringing good-will to everybody, and especially to children. Not in vain did Jesus say, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Christian's is a life campaign. Blessed is he or she who has entered upon it while young.

HOLIDAY GREETING.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to each and every one of our boys and girls!

The Christ-child seems very near to us at this season, when we celebrate his birth, and sing our glad songs in praise of him, and declare our love for him in kindly acts toward one another. You know it was the dear Christ who said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

If we love him we shall love one another, and every creature God has made. And it will not be love "in word" only, but "in deed and in truth."

And so we can ask nothing better for the SUNBEAM boys and girls than that they may love one another so much that all may know they are indeed Christ's disciples!

This will make sure a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A bright, a blessed Christmas,
And a glad New Year be
thine,

And may the Sun of Glory
Upon thy pathway shine,
Each season show the clearer
The path thy Saviour trod,
And each Christmas find thee
nearer

The Paradise of God!"

—o—

BOTH CANDID.

King Frederick VI, of Denmark, while travelling through Jutland, one day entered a village school and found the children in it lively and intelligent, and quite ready to answer his questions. "Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?" With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian V." Just then a little girl to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something stood up and raised her hand. "Do you know another?" asked the king. "Yes—Frederick VI." "What great acts did he perform?" The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know." "Be comforted, my child," said the king; "I don't know either!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

"We bear a like name,
And we look just the same,"
Said one "a" to another small "a":
"I make others glad,
While you make them sad:
Will you tell me the reason, I pray."

"I'd rather make 'gay,"
Said the poor little "a";
"But I cannot, and therefore I weep.
The fault's not in me;
It depends, as you see,
On the company one has to keep."

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1897.

BEING GOOD INSIDE.

"Mamma," said a little girl one day,
"will you tell me how I can be good inside?"

"What do you mean?" asked her mother.

"Why, I mean that I don't have right feelings in my heart. Papa calls me a good girl, so does auntie, and almost everybody; but I'm not good at all."

"I'm very sorry," said the mother.

"And so am I," said Kitty, "but I know that my heart is very wicked. Why, mamma, when I was dressed to ride yesterday and the carriage came to the door, you remember that papa said there was no room for me. Well, I went into the house, and when you came back auntie told you that I had been very good about it. But she did not know. I didn't say anything to her; but I went upstairs, and, though I didn't cry, I thought very wicked things. O mamma, won't you tell me how I can be good inside?"

Now, there are a great many children—

and grown-up people, too—who are like Kitty. They keep their lips from saying bad things, but they cannot keep their hearts from thinking and feeling what is bad. The Bible describes an evil man, and says, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he" (Prov. 23. 7); and it also tells us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). If we want to be good inside, we must get our hearts changed. None but Jesus can do this. He says: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you." Make the fountain pure; then will the streams which flow from it be pure also. Let us pray like the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." (Psa. 51. 10.)

EGG-ROLLING AS I FIRST SAW IT.

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

Abraham Lincoln and his little son "Tad," whom his father nicknamed "Tadpole," lived in the White House when I first saw the egg-rolling on Easter Monday. It was a great privilege to see them together—the sad-eyed man, and his small, idolized, merry boy.

This Easter Monday Tad rushed in and out the dining-room at breakfast time, up and down the stairs, to the kitchen, until his mother exclaimed, "Tad, what are you doing? Do let your father alone a minute!"

Bareheaded and breathless he rushed in again, shouting: "See, father! See these beautiful eggs! Cook has dyed them! two dozen! One for me, and one for lame Tommy; he's spending the day, and Isaac has just carried out your big chair for him, under the trees—and—and, father—you see he can lean over and roll down eggs splendid!—and—oh! they are beauties."

Tad's father had a wonderful smile; all the world talked about that rare smile. Mr. Lincoln took one of the treasures from its bed in the willow basket, and said: "My son, Uncle Sam's chickens will have to be spry this week: any left for rations?" He laid his long fingers on the little boy's head with a mute caress, and with love's approval in his wonderful eyes.

"O Lawd, dar he cum! dar is Mass'r Linkum! Bress him! De Lawd bress him!" shouted the old coloured people who had gathered to the egg-rolling, and to catch one glimpse of their best friend.

Tad tugged at his father's sleeve until the big chair was reached, and shining-eyed, happy Tom had received a gentle good-morning, and a warm handshake from Tad's father. Tommy's father was killed in battle, his mother was at work in the Treasury, and big-hearted, generous Tad became the comrade and best friend of the little lame boy. The two boys lunched on the south piazza; Isaac helped Tommy up the stone steps, and when the sun set, and the air grew chill, Tad shouted up to the Cabinet room, "Father, look out the window! Tommy's eggs

have picked all mine but two!" and Abraham Lincoln leaned out the window and smiled, and bowed to the people, whose shouts and cheers rang wild. Tommy waved his crutch and Tad swung his cap, and the old slave faces beamed, and they shouted "Hurrah for Mass'r Linkum. Bress him!"

How long ago! Both little comrades went home one Easter month, and their fathers?—one dead from the White House—one from the battle-field.

WINNING HONOUR.

A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy-chair,
A turning of the window blind
That all may feel the air;

An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head—

O, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE.

"I say, Bob, it's a shame the way Jim Jones is going on."

"Why, what's the matter with Jim? I saw him yesterday on the dock, and he was all right," said Bob.

"Perhaps he was then, but as I was passing old Bill's saloon yesterday morning I saw him coming out, and I said, 'Hello, Jim, what were you doing in there?' and he said, 'None of your business, Tom Brown.'"

"I'm sorry," said Bob, "but maybe he was not doing anything. He is real clever, and kind of proud too; only his father is such a drunkard that his home is not much of a place to stay in when the day's work is done."

"Well," said Tom, "I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself to be seen around such a place, and he walked off in a huff."

"Seems to me," said Bob, "that that was what my Sabbath-school teacher calls the negative way of showing the right. Jim is not of our set, but he is a good-hearted fellow. Now my mother thinks that boys must have company and amusement, so every week I have some of the boys in for an evening. Mother makes good lemonade, and doesn't she make good cake! I believe I'll try the positive method on Jim, and ask him up for next Wednesday. Mother is just lovely to boys."

So Jim came, not once, but many times, until the beauty of the pure Christian spirit that filled the air of this home was breathed into his own life, filling him with higher aspirations after a true life; forgetting evil in thoughts of good; and today Jim Jones is a highly respected business man in the city of L.—

ANGELS' FOOTPRINTS.

Every little kindness,
Every deed of love,
Every little action
Prompted from above;
E'en a cup of water
In His great name given—
These are angels' footprints,
Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice
Made for others' weal,
Every wounded brother
That we strive to heal;
E'en a word of kindness
To misfortune given—
All are angels' footprints,
Leading up to heaven.

Then let angels lead us
Wheresoe'er they would;
Ever let them teach us
What is for our good.
May they cross our pathway
When from heaven they roam!
Let us follow after.
Footprints leading home.

DOLLY'S MEDICINE.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

One day Dolly's papa came home with a great many bundles in his arms. "Are they yours?" asked Dolly, dancing about.

"They are your medicine," said papa; "the doctor sent them," untying the strings.

"But I can't swallow such big things," said Dolly; and then the happy little girl screamed with delight.

For there were a little red wheelbarrow, a rake and hoe, and the cutest watering-pot painted green, a shovel and some funny-looking seeds.

Papa told Dolly to come to the window.

A man was putting rich black earth on two long flower-beds.

"They are to be yours, Dolly," said papa.

Dolly clapped her hands. She wanted to begin making her flower-beds right away. So she filled the watering-pot, put her rake over her shoulder, and set forth.

Oh! the good times she had! Her cheeks grew red like her poppies, and her hands were as brown as some of the weeds she dug up out of her flower-bed, and Dolly sang, and grew strong and well. She liked this medicine very much.

EVERYTHING IS BEST.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

Charley was looking out the window and feeling very unhappy about something. Can you guess what it was?

It was snowing and he could not go out. "I hate snow," said Charley; "it's always around when I want to play. I wish it would go away and never come back again."

Just then a dear little bird began to trill merrily.

"You silly thing," said Charley; "you'd better get into your last summer's nest and pull the bed-clothes over you. How can you sing when it snows?"

"I sing," said the bird, "to see the snow that has come to cover up the grass and flowers, so they can get a little rest; this is their sleepy time. When they wake up again you'll be glad enough to see them."

"I never thought of that," said Charley. "I expect everything is best, just as it is."

THE HOUSE ON THE SAND.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"O dear! what is the use of building a house," said Robert James. "Last night I had just a fine one, with five rooms built of little stones, and now it is all thrown down. Papa says boys don't know what trouble is, but I guess he forgets, or else he didn't build houses on the sand when he was a boy;—why, that's just what's the matter." Robert sprang up, and seizing his pail and shovel, began to pick up stones.

"That is what my Sunday-school teacher said, not to build houses on the sand. She told us a story Jesus told his disciples.

"It was of a man who built his real house on the sand.

"Let me see if I can say the verse: 'And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell'—and I was the boy who said he was a foolish man!—and now I've been doing the same thing.

"Teacher said Jesus was our Rock of help, and I forgot to ask him to help me this morning; and I was cross to Marjory, and that's the reason I am working here alone.

"There comes Marjory now. Marjory," called Robert, "our house is all washed away. Let's build a new one on this nice high rock."

What a good time those children had that morning! The next day, and for many days, their house stood, "for it was built upon a rock"; and, best of all, Robert remembered about the Jesus rock, and told Marjory about it too.

The birds build many kinds of homes. Some are made of dry grass and straw, lined with hair or wool, or bits of floating down. Some are made of rough sticks, such as you would think could not at all be made into a nest. Some birds lay their eggs on the ground, in hidden places, but making almost no nest at all. Some, like the swallows, make them of soft mud, building them up like the work of a mason wasp. Some make their nests in the ground, delving into sand or clay banks. Some birds find nesting-places in hollows high up in the trees. All the different kinds of woodpeckers build their nests in this way. It is a very safe place for them. Other larger birds, or animals, cannot easily get at them to rob them of their eggs or their dear young babies.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

December 26.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

Titles and Golden Texts should be thoroughly studied.

1. P. L. J. to J. - - I am ready not—
2. P. a P. at J. - - If any man—
3. P. B. the R. G. - - Fear thou not—
4. P. B. K. A. - - - Whosoever there—
5. P. V. and S. - - - Be of good—
6. P. in M. and R. - - We know that—
7. P. M. in R. - - - I am not—
8. The O. A. - - - - Be strong in—
9. S. W. - - - - - Be ye therefore—
10. C. H. and E. - - - Let this mind—
11. P. L. W. - - - - - I have fought—
12. J. M. about S. and S. If we confess—

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON I. [Jan. 2.

JESUS AND JOHN.

Matt. 3. 7-17. Memory verses, 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3. 17.

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNGER SCHOLARS.

- Who was the fore-runner of Christ?
- How did he dress?
- Where did he preach chiefly?
- What did he preach?
- With what did he baptize?
- Who came after him?
- With what did Jesus baptize?
- What did John say about baptizing Jesus?
- What happened to Jesus at his baptism?
- What did the voice from heaven say?

NOTE—

The false spirit of the Pharisees and the Sadducees.

Christ setting an example.

NELLY'S MESSAGE.

Her mother was sick in the big hospital. One day Nelly's father was going to see her, and he called Nelly, and asked if she had a message to send. Nelly said. "Yes, father; tell her I learn my Golden Text every Sunday, and I am trying to be a good girl. Then Aunt Nelly said: "Yes, and tell her that Nelly is my little comfort." And when mother heard it, she said: "That makes me feel better."

THE LIGHT OF A SMILE

If it drizzles and pours,
Is that any reason
The weather indoors
Should be dull, like the season?
There is something makes bright
The cloudiest places.
Can you guess? 'Tis the light
Of the smiles on your faces

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

There is an incident which took place during last Christmas between two of our infant-class children:—

Bertha—"Chrissy, what should you like to have best this Christmas?"

Chrissy—"A dolly."

Bertha—"So should I. I wonder what we'd better do?"

Chrissy—"My teacher says we ought to ask Jesus for everything we want."

Bertha—"Let's go and ask him."

Away trotted the two little mites upstairs, into their bedroom, and, kneeling down together, asked Jesus to send them a dolly.

On Christmas morning the children came down-stairs, full of excitement and wonder; and there, sure enough, lay two dollies. "Oh," said Bertha, "I wonder what we ought to do now?"

Again Chrissy came to the rescue. "Teacher says we ought to thank Jesus when he sends us what we want."

"Come on, then; let's go and thank him."

And off they ran, with their treasures clasped in their arms; and kneeling down in the very same place where they had sent up their petition, they thanked Jesus for sending them such nice-looking dollies.

What a lesson for some of us older children. We may not get "everything we want," but like the ten lepers how few of us "return" to thank him for what we do receive.

If, instead of always looking at our troubles, and thinking of our cares and worries, we were to watch his hand, and trace his goodness in all our lives, our mouths would be filled with praise continually.

WITTILY ACKNOWLEDGED.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow.

BEPPO, THE LITTLE ITALIAN.

You know there are men who make a business of sending children out to beg. When you remember that they teach the children to tell falsehoods to get people's pity, and that they are cruel to the children beside, it is dreadful indeed.

Beppo was a little Italian, who had been one of his "boss's" best beggars. He had a delicate, pathetic face, and when he told his story in soft tones, with appealing aid from his brown eyes, few could help giving to him. He always had the best supper in the tenement, for being such a good worker. His father and mother were dead and he had no home but the room in the tenement where his master lived.

One day Beppo stumbled into a mission school. He usually fought shy of such places, but this did not look like a mission. Growing plants were on the low window-shelves, and between the white curtains, Beppo saw a bright room, filled with ladies and gentlemen and children.



Thinking it a promising place to beg, Beppo tried the door. It opened and he went in. When he came out, his whole world had changed. He had learned that God hates lying.

Poor Beppo! He didn't know what else to do. He only knew, with his impulsive heart, that he could never lie again.

That night, for the first time, Beppo went supperless to bed. In the morning, when the master portioned their work to the children, Beppo refused to tell his tale. "What?" demanded the man.

Beppo, shrinking, repeated that no matter what happened, he could not do that wrong; he would tell no more lies.

It would take too long to tell how the man tried to control Beppo, and how the boy at last went to the good people at the mission school and told his trouble. They pitied the little fellow, and soon found for him a happy home and honest work.

Are you as determined as Beppo that nothing, not even a wicked little heart, can make you disobey God?

THE RHYME THEY LIKED TO TELL.

BY GRETA BRYAR.

"Tell me, mamma," asked Freddy, "which is the wind that brings the cold?"

He had just come in fresh from his outdoor sports.

"Tell me," said mamma, turning to her next younger darling, blue-eyed Katy who was watching the feathery flakes of snow, falling, falling; "making not the least little speck of noise," the dainty little girl had told her brother.

"The north wind," said Katy, "and all the snow—"

"Listen," said mamma, breaking in upon the pretty rhyme she had taught her little girl and boy to repeat. "Come here, both, my darlings," opening wide her arms.

Freddy and Katy climbed one on either knee, and each rested a head on mamma's shoulder.

They like to sit so when the day is going away and the darkness is beginning to come.

Papa looked in a half-hour later. He found them still sitting so. They were telling over in pretty rhyme, "What the Winds Bring." He sat down, and asked them to say it all over again, so he could have a part in the telling.

And they did. Freddie first asking a question, which papa and mamma together answered; then Katy asked hers, and it was answered in the same way.

"Which is the wind that brings the cold?"

"The north wind, Freddy; and all the snow

And the sheep will scamper into the fold,
When the north begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the heat?"

"The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow

And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the south begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the flowers?"

"The west wind, Freddie; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours,
When the west begins to blow."

"Which is the wind that brings the rain?"

"The east wind, Katy; and farmers know,

That cows come shivering up the lane
When the east begins to blow."

NO TIME FOR OTHERS' FAULTS.

If one watches himself as thoroughly as he ought he finds his time is so nearly all employed that he has but little left to look after the faults of others. He is also generally so surprised at what he learns about himself that he has no inclination to criticize his friends even though he really finds time to do so.