

# SUNBEAM

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No. 26

## SANTA'S BUNDLES.

By A. W. M.

About four weeks before Christmas a queer letter was left at the Crane house. It was in a large square envelope, addressed to Master Bertram and Miss Hazel Crane. The postmark was very odd. Instead of "New York" or "Boston" printed in a circle, the name "Santa Claus Land" was on the envelope, big, black and plain. The letter read: Dear Children.

I have a new plan this year. I'm going to ask you to put all the old toys that you can spare into bundles and leave them out on the door-step two nights before Christmas. I will take them to poor children who might have no Christmas. Please tell all the boys and girls in your neighborhood to do the same. On every package the words, "A Santa Claus Bundle," are to be written.

Yours ever,  
Santa Claus.

What a chattering and a guessing this caused in the Crane house and in all the other houses in the neighborhood.

"I wonder if it really is from Santa Claus," said Hazel, over and over again.

"Well, let's see what old toys we can spare," said Bertram, pulling out a drawer in the play-room closet and tossing its contents all in a heap.

Orderly Hazel sat down to sort the things, putting broken toys in one pile and whole ones in another. She also found missing parts, and laid them with the toys to which they belonged.

"Let's ask mamma to let us have a bee and all the boys and girls work together mending these."

Mamma thought it a good plan, and before long they had, with great pains and a number of blots, written some cards to

This card lets you in to the Christmas Making Bee. Bring your old toys to



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

mend for the Santa Claus Bundles. Meet every Tuesday and Friday.

Hazel, Bertram

The children of the neighborhood worked with a will, and by the night before Christmas eve there was a fine large bundle packed for each house.

That it was really and truly Santa Claus who collected the bundles was

proved on Christmas morning. For many boys who had never had real steam engines or musical toys or sets of soldiers were wild with delight over some that might be called a trifle shabby, but to them were altogether perfect. And many girls whose arms had just ached for dolls to hold and real little beds and carriages to tuck them in, and dishes to set out for tea were doing just that this wonderful year when some good fairy put into Santa Claus' head the idea of "Santa Claus Bundles."

Youth's Companion

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Alma Mary Duguid.

Mrs. West started down town the day before Christmas to complete her purchases. Her children were left in care of a neighbor. She reached one of the big department stores, bought candy and nuts, put them into her shopping bag and started on.

Mrs. West was not rich, but her husband received salary enough to keep his family comfortably. She had prepared for Christmas, and was buying some forgotten things. It was about 5 o'clock when she was ready for the homeward trip. When she reached the corner where the car passed she was halted by a seven-year old girl.

"Won't you buy some matches o' brother?" the girl asked. "He has sold nearly all he had, and if he sells the rest we can have some meat for dinner to-morrow."

Mrs. West looked down with compassion on the little speaker and her brother, a lad of about 12.

"Where do you live, my dears?" she asked.

"Mamma, Jeanie and I live over on Steele Street," answered the boy.

The kind-hearted lady went with the children to the fourth floor of a tenement. The mother was busy plying her needle when they entered the humble home. Mrs. West introduced herself and asked about

# PLAYMATE

A Paper for the Young Folks.

WEEKLY

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WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued after this issue and their places will be occupied by a new weekly paper to be called "Playmate." "Playmate" will be the same price as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" combined, and will be the size and form of this number. Our friends will therefore be getting better value in the new paper than ever, and the change will remove a source of misunderstanding which has always arisen in the fortnightly papers. It will also bring this grade of paper into harmony with our other papers. We are convinced our subscribers will be pleased with the new paper.

Attention is particularly drawn to the changes in "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days." The fortnightly paper has been a source of misunderstanding to many of our subscribers. It is not in harmony with our other papers, nor the papers of other publishers, which are weekly. To bring these papers up-to-date it has been decided to merge the two fortnightly papers into one weekly, which will be called "Playmate." The price of "Playmate" will be the same as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" together were, and it will be enlarged and improved, making it better value than the papers which it displaces.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued with the December issues. "Playmate" will take their places with the January issue. We are convinced you will be well pleased with the new arrangement.

the children. The poor woman, whose name was Koch, said her husband had died the year before, and that she was trying to support herself and the two children by sewing. Mrs. West asked a few trivial questions and bade them good-night.

"Wasn't she nice?" said both children at once.

The mother said little, though she tried to be cheerful.

Early next morning a knock aroused the Koch family. The children ran to the door. There on the floor in the hall was a big basket. They grabbed hold of it, and it required some strength to carry it in to their mother. When she unpacked it what surprise and joy glowed on the children's faces.

There was a chicken ready for the cooking, pies and cakes, nuts and candy, a dozen oranges and a big bunch of white grapes. For just a moment there were exclamations of joy, and then the mother was very quiet, and she went to the window to hide her face. The children knew what that meant, and they bowed their heads until the mother turned to them with a radiant face. She had not forgotten to thank God for the good He had sent her.

Mrs. Koch put the chicken into the oven, roasted the potatoes, stewed the

cranberries, warmed the pies, and the children put the few dishes they had on the table in the best way they knew how. When all was ready Mrs. Koch again gave thanks to God and asked His blessing on the woman who had sent the good things, and made the feast possible.

How they enjoyed that dinner. And when they were all filled and had straightened up their little room, the children persuaded their mother to lay aside her sewing for the day. She did so, and as they were seated around the kitchen stove, she told them the story of the Christ-child, as she had done every Christmas since the children had been old enough to understand it. Never before had the sweet story been so real to them as now, and the angel message had a new meaning to them of good-will and peace.

In that other home, also, the children were listening to the same story of the Babe of Bethlehem. Mrs. West had told them the night before of the poor children, and they had generously divided the good things provided for them. And the story of Christ had a new meaning for them, too.—Ram's Horn.



WILLIE. Boo-hoo! it's always the way. If ye really need a train, an' a hummin' top, an' a Noah's Ark, ye're sure to get a lot of silly old underwear an' things.

## THE LITTLE ONE'S DREAM OF SANTA CLAUS.

By Connie Huffer.

Good morning, dear Santa Claus, are you here? Sit close to the fire and warm, so I can tell you what I want you to do. Mamma is going to bring you some good tea and toast to eat.

They call you Kris Kringle, but you are just the same Santa Claus that always brings me nice presents and toys. Mamma told me a long time ago that you were coming to-night to bring me a whole lot of nice presents, and I see that you have brought me a great many dolls and toys, but Santa Claus I don't want you to think that I would be willing to take all of those beautiful dolls and toys, for I know a poor little girl and boy whose father and mother left them a few weeks ago and went away up to Heaven, mamma says, and I want you to take the little girl this lovely big doll and my cute little broom.

Now, I don't want this soldier nor this little toy drum, nor these fire-crackers, so

I suppose you may give all of these to the little boy. Oh! there are so many nice things you may take them of mine, and I know their poor hearts will flutter with joy.

And when—are you gone? Why, I wasn't half through, I wanted to tell you the good you might do.—Ram's Horn.

## THE DISCONTENTED FIR-TREE.

By Zitella Cocke.

Once upon a time, for things always happen upon a time, there grew in the forest a little fir-tree. Round her stood majestic oaks, tall poplars, stately pines and spreading beeches, so that the light of the sun, which is the joy of every tree on earth, reached her only by piercing through treetops and running round boughs covered with leaves, or darting between the stout trunks of giant trees.

Rarely did she get a view of the sky. Even the rain, which brought such delicious refreshment when she was thirsty, fell first on the great trees, and then dripped from their branches into her arms.

The little fir began to think herself ill-treated, to complain and look sullen, which never improves anybody's looks, and thus she bewailed her unhappy lot all the summer. When the tall trees put on their gorgeous autumn costumes, she grew morose, and at last was quite inconsolable.

Soon the snow descended, and while it fell here and there upon the scraggy limbs of the tall trees, it wrapped the little fir in a cloak of ermine, so that she looked like a princess.

"After all," she said, "I am going to have my time, and those trees cannot hide me from the sun any longer."

One day, while she was taking delight in her good fortune, she heard footsteps, and soon three strong men, bearing tools, stood before her.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the men, "this is a beauty! No need to look farther. We will take it up by the roots."

Without delay the little fir was carefully lifted out of the earth, her delicate roots wrapped in a soft cloth and placed in a wagon.

After riding a long distance, she was lifted out of the wagon at the back entrance of a great palace and carried into a room, and tenderly set in a large pot, so beautiful that she almost lost her breath at the sight of it.

After this she was borne into a hall, finer and handsomer than anything she had ever seen. The ceiling resembled the blue sky at night, when the stars are out. Oh, how the tall trees would envy her if they could see her now! And better fortune came the next day. A man entered the hall and took from a box in his hand wax tapers of every color, and set them among her green branches, so that she bloomed with the hues of the rainbow. She had never dreamed of so much beauty. All day long persons entered the room, and each one hung something beautiful upon her branches—diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and dolls dressed like fairy queens. She wore more jewels than the queen. At her feet were set magnificent vases of flowers.

"Oh, how everybody honors me!" thought the little fir.

Then came the joyous Christmas eve. The wax tapers were lighted, and such a blaze of glory shone over the little fir that

crowds stood round beautiful!"

How the people! How the children! The little fir's happiness!

"And to think that all the time I was being nice! Oh, I did my own good!"

CH

Swing, swing, O  
The children's  
Your silver ch  
But sadly sweet  
They fall upon  
For joy with so  
My heart upon  
Swing, swing, O  
'Tis well! 'tis

Soft, soft, O Chri  
For oh! the gr  
Swing wide o  
And all the ble  
Come down to  
I feel soft arms  
My mother's ki  
Soft, soft, O Chri  
'Tis well! 'tis

Ring, ring, O Chri  
Be merry, little  
'Tis right it s  
For you the Ch  
For you the  
But years bring  
And tears will  
Still swing, O Ch  
'Tis well! 'tis  
—W. W.

BET

We love to think  
That little mou  
To which on ear  
Our blessed Lo  
A lowly manger  
The cattle near  
There, cradled cl  
He slept, the L

If we had been in  
We too had ha  
To see the Babe  
Knew neither c  
Like any little ch  
He came unto h  
Though cross a  
stretched,—  
His pathway to  
If we had dwelt i  
We would have  
And where the st  
Have knelt ere  
Our gifts, our so  
An offering as  
The blessed Babe  
In Mary's arms

Now breaks the  
Again the ange  
And far and nea  
Their happy by  
All heaven is sti  
For down the s  
The Lord who ca  
Comes yet, on

## GRAN'PA'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

## I.

On Chris'mas eve, my gran'pa he  
He'p me set up my Chris'mas tree ;  
An' nen he laugh an' shake his head  
An' say it's time 'at I'm in bed ;  
But I say I'll not say good-night—  
I'm go' sit up ; pa said I might  
As long as I want to, buhcause  
I'm go' to wait for Santa Claus.

## II.

Nen gran'pa he ist laugh again  
Anj say he en-vy me ; an' nen  
He get a grea' big rockin' chair  
An' sit down in it over there ;  
An' take me on his lap an' say  
It seem ist like 'twas yesterday  
When he would wait by candlelight  
For Santa Claus to come at night.

## III.

So all the folks they go to bed,  
But me an' gran'pa wait, instead,  
An' he gets talkin' 'bout the time  
When he's a boy, ist same's if I'm  
A grea' big man like him, or he  
Ist a little boy like me ;  
An' how he'd watch for Santa Claus  
To come down where their fireplace was.

## IV.

Nen I tell him how some folks say  
There ain't no Santa, anyway !  
An' he stopms 'at lame leg o' his  
An' says : "You tell them folks there is !"  
An' nen he tell me how he brought  
The bestest gift he ever got—  
'At Santa on one Chris'mas Day  
Give him my gran'ma, anyway.

## V.

An' nen I laugh, but he don't speak—  
A grea' big tear was on his cheek !  
Buhcause my gran'ma's gone away  
To some place where the angels stay ;  
An' so I hug my gran'pa tight—  
An' nex we know we've slept all night !  
An' I got lots o' things, because  
My gran'pa knows Santa Claus.

—Pilgrim.

## THE CHRIST-CHILD'S MANGER BED.

The little Christ-child lay in a manger  
bed because there was no room at the  
inns.

A great many people journeyed toward  
the little town of Bethlehem that long  
ago time, before the first Christmas day ;  
and when the mother and father reached  
their journey's end at nightfall, every inn  
was filled with travellers—no bed for the  
sweet young mother, so weary after her  
long day's journey.

Bethlehem was filled. There were not  
houses enough for so many people.

A warm shelter and a soft bed on the  
manger hay of the hillside stable was all  
the good innkeeper could give ; and there,  
with the kind-eyed oxen and sheep all  
about, and the angel hovering o'er, the  
beautiful Christ-child lay asleep in the  
manger.

A great star shone overhead, and the  
hovering angels sang softly. Thus it was  
the Christ-child brought peace and joy to  
the world, even though he lay upon a  
manger bed when he came to Bethlehem  
on that Christmas night so long ago.—  
Child Garden.

crowds stood round, exclaiming, "How  
beautiful !"

How the people laughed and talked !  
How the children made merry ! And how  
the little fir's heart overflowed with hap-  
piness !

"And to think," said she to herself,  
"that all the time I was lamenting my  
fate I was being fitted for the king's pal-  
ace ! Oh, I did not know what was for  
my own good !"—Youth's Companion.

## CHRISTMAS.

Swing, swing, O Christmas bell !  
The children's hearts are merry  
Your silver chimes to hear—  
But sadly sweet and plaintive  
They fall upon my ear.  
For joy with sorrow strives to sway  
My heart upon this Christmas Day.  
Swing, swing, O Christmas bell !  
'Tis well ! 'tis well !

Soft, soft, O Christmas bell !  
For oh ! the gates of heaven  
Swing wide on Christmas Day.  
And all the blessed angels  
Come down to earth, they say.  
I feel soft arms about me now,  
My mother's kiss upon my brow.  
Soft, soft, O Christmas bell !  
'Tis well ! 'tis well !

Ring, ring, O Christmas bell !  
Be merry, little children,  
'Tis right it should be so ;  
For you the Christmas-tree is hung,  
For you the hearth-fires glow.  
But years bring tears, ah ! well-away !  
And tears will come on Christmas Day.  
Still swing, O Christmas bell !  
'Tis well ! 'tis well !

—W. W. Gay, in S. S. Times.

## BETHLEHEM.

We love to think of Bethlehem,  
That little mountain town,  
To which on earth's first Christmas Day,  
Our blessed Lord came down.  
A lowly manger for his bed,  
The cattle near in stall,  
There, cradled close in Mary's arms,  
He slept, the Lord of all.

If we had been in Bethlehem,  
We too had hasted fain  
To see the Babe whose little face  
Knew neither care nor pain.  
Like any little child of ours  
He came unto his own,  
Though cross and shame before him  
stretched,—  
His pathway to his throne.

If we had dwelt in Bethlehem,  
We would have followed fast  
And where the star had led our feet,  
Have knelt ere dawn was past.  
Our gifts, our songs, our prayers had been  
An offering as he lay,  
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem,  
In Mary's arms that day.

Now breaks the latest Christmas morn !  
Again the angels sing,  
And far and near the children throng  
Their happy hymns to bring.  
All heaven is stirred ! All earth is glad !  
For down the shining way,  
The Lord who came to Bethlehem,  
Comes yet, on Christmas Day.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER

WORDS AND WORKS OF JESUS AS RECORDED

IN THE GOSPELS.

## REVIEW.

His name shall be called Wonderful,  
Counselor, The Mighty God, The ever-  
lasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isa.  
9. 6.

1. What is the first lesson about ? The two great commandments.
2. What is the lesson for me ? To love God and my neighbor.
3. What is the second lesson about ? Ten virgins.
4. What is the lesson for me ? Be always prepared.
5. What is the third lesson about ? The talents.
6. What is the lesson for me ? Make use of what I have.
7. What is the fourth lesson about ? Jesus anointed in Bethany.
8. What is the lesson for me ? I should sacrifice for Jesus.
9. What is the fifth lesson about ? The Lord's Supper.
10. What is the lesson for me ? Try to do all that Jesus asked.
11. What is the sixth lesson about ? Jesus in Gethsemane.
12. What is the lesson for me ? Try to say, "Thy will, not mine."
13. What is the seventh lesson about ? Jesus before Caiaphas.
14. What is the lesson for me ? Never bear false witness : which means never lie.
15. What is the eighth lesson about ? Temperance.
16. What is the lesson for me ? Take care of my body for it is the temple of God.
17. What is the ninth lesson about ? Jesus before Pilate.
18. What is the lesson for me ? Stand firm to what I believe is right and true.
19. What is the tenth lesson about ? Jesus on the cross.
20. What is the lesson for me ? Have Christ's forgiving spirit.
21. What is the eleventh lesson about ? Jesus risen from the dead.
22. What is the lesson for me ? Be swift to tell good news to others.
23. What is the twelfth lesson about ? Jesus ascends into heaven.
24. What is the lesson for me ? Because Jesus went to heaven I may go also.

## CAN YOU GUESS ?

When Helen Fiske was eight years old she had a birthday party, and all her little friends were invited. After supper they amused themselves guessing riddles for a time. The children told some very good ones that were hard to guess, but the one that puzzled them most of all was the one that Mrs. Fiske gave. She said :

"You all know, children, that this is Helen's eighth birthday. Now I never have had but seven birthdays, and yet you know that I am a great deal older than Helen. Can you tell me how that can be ?"

Mrs. Fiske was not joking, and finally one little girl guessed how it was. Can you ?—Our Little Ones.



SNOW BIRDS.

## SNOW BIRDS.

Flowers and birds we think of when we think of bright, warm summer days. But when the sharp frosts come and the ground is covered with snow the brave little snow birds and our hardy little sparrows hop about as merrily as if they were holding a first of July festival. Sometimes, poor little birds, they have a hard time seeking for crumbs or grain for food. They are as brave as the little red blossoms that grow on the snow away up near the North Pole, and should make lazy little boys and girls who cry because they have to go to school through the snow ashamed of their cowardice.

## HOW THE CHILDREN KEEP NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

Before the New Year's Festival comes there is a delightful rush and bustle, for though the Japanese are a very clean people, the houses must all be put in apple-pie order.

There is no Christmas in Japan, so this New Year's Festival goes on for three days. The Mochi-man is the national Santa-Claus: he always appears very mysteriously some time the day before the

first of January. As there are no chimneys in Japanese houses, he is obliged to slip through the door, and right where the almond-shaped eyes of the little ones can watch him. He boils, mixes and makes the delightful mochi that is formed into sticky cakes, after being worked about with a bamboo rod in a wooden bowl until as glossy as strained honey.

Night comes at last and the children gladly scramble off to bed, though many of them do not sleep a wink. At midnight some of the grown folks make it a point of duty to throw a handful of beans and rice in the face of the sleeping children: then begins the frolic. The beans and rice fly about in lively fashion, because in this way the thrower is supposed to wish that through the coming year good health, luck and happiness may follow the receiver and that Satan may not trouble him.

On New Year's Day the tiny maidens have new dresses, just as fine and bright colored as their parents can afford. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock through the streets, and so wild does the excitement rage that one has to dodge balls flying on every side, and be very careful not to tumble headlong over the

children who are skipping about like so many grasshoppers.

The boys, dressed in their best, fly gaudily decorated kites: the fathers and mothers get up on the house roofs and send their big kites skimming through the air.

The young folks are taken around to different houses to make friendly visits. You might really call this the children's festival, for any games that suit their fancy are immediately arranged and played, the parents entering into the fun quite heartily.

It is really a wonder that the children are not sick after three days of continual stuffing, as the shops are lined with curious-looking and tasting candies, and fathers and mothers are only too ready to buy these sweets.—Good Cheer.

## GUIDE ME SAVIOUR, DEAR.

Help me dear Saviour to be good;  
To read thy Word each day,  
And walk according to the light  
It sheds upon my way.

If I am tempted to do wrong  
By Satan's wicked charm,  
O come at once and make me strong  
That I may do no harm.

Teach me, dear Jesus, how to pray,  
And love with all my heart;  
And make me willing every day  
To do my humble part.

Thus through each day for all the year,  
Help me thy will to do.  
O may I always feel thee near  
To keep me ever true.

## LITTLE NEW YEAR.

I am the little New Year, ho, ho!  
Here I come tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking my bells with a merry din,  
So open your doors and let me in.

Blessing I bring for each and all,  
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;  
But each one from me a blessing may win,  
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have silver and some shall have gold,  
Some shall have new clothes and some shall have old;  
Some shall have brass and some shall have tin,  
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have satin and some shall have silk,  
Some shall have water and some shall have milk;  
But each one from me a blessing may win,  
So open your doors and let me in.

## WHY MOTHER WAS HAPPY.

"I feel very happy to-day," said mother, "because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once, when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned round to her a moment after of his own accord and said he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him.

"I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

Character is made up of small duties faithfully performed, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice, of kindly acts of love and duty.