

was a day so full it couldn't hold a little more. Hold that a minute, will ye, while I go and lead old Billy out?"

"I believe father heard me telling mother I was so busy I hadn't a minute to go to the store for her!" mused Rob, standing stock still holding the measure; "and I thought I was. I'm pretty close on time with that physics 'exam.' coming to-morrow, but I might have done the errand. I could have studied all the way over and back if I'd wanted to. I believe I'll shake up my days a little. They'll hold a little more, if they do look full." — *Wellspring.*

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## Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 10, 1903.

### A LITTLE NEW-YEAR'S SERMON.

God gives you something hard to do in the year just ahead. He asks you to fight that besetting sin of yours every day and all the time. It may not be one pitched battle and then a final result. That would be easier.

You are to be on picket duty to-day, watching for the enemy. You are to encounter him to-morrow, and win—win, remember—after a struggle. You are to hide and let your adversary pass by the next day; and the next day, when you come upon him suddenly, you are to meet him bravely and win—always win.

Hard? Why, yes, it is. But you would not ask for an easy place behind all the fighters in the battle ranks, would you? Good soldiers do not feel so.

What then, is your besetting sin? Temper? Quench it. Selfishness? Undermine it. Uncharity? Shield with love. Deceitfulness? Force to the light. De-

grading thought? Flee it, fight it, stamp it out, but never give way to it—never!

Remember two things: First, God is always behind you in this warfare; he will surely come to your rescue if you call upon him. Second, if you win to-day, your victory will be easier to-morrow; this of course.

But suppose you fail to-day? Then you have taken a back step, and must make it up. How do you climb a slippery hill? Do you give up at each slide, or push forward the more resolutely because you have lost ground?

Finally, what a joy it will be to bring in a well-worn battle-flag at the end of the year! Our Father will know, and all your friends will know, the meaning of it.

Faithfulness and—victory!

### WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

"O why do you ring, sweet chiming bells,  
O why do you ring to-day?"

"We ring because once more the light  
Shines on a New Year glad and bright,  
And the old year's gone away."

"But why are you glad the old year's  
gone?"

"O bells, tell why you are glad!"  
"Because the world begins again,  
Turns a fresh page without a stain,  
And repents what's wrong and sad."

"And will the old world grow good, O  
bells,

While it hears the news you ring?"  
"The world moves slow, but if all will try  
There will come a glad day, by and by,  
When the earth for joy shall sing."

"And what can I do this year, sweet bells,  
To make it, of all, the best?"

"Brimful of love keep one little heart,  
Let two little hands do their small part,  
And leave to God the rest."

### TELEPHONING TO PADDY.

One morning my sister went to see a friend, and took with her our little dog. When she left she quite forgot the dog; and as soon as our friends discovered him, they did all they could to make him leave, but with no avail.

Some hours passed, and he was still there; so they telephoned to let us know his whereabouts.

"Bring him to the telephone," said my sister.

One of the boys held him, while another put the trumpet to the dog's ear.

Then my sister whistled and called: "Come home at once, Paddy."

Immediately he rushed to the door, barking to get out, and soon afterwards arrived at home.

### NED'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BY ETHEL BEERS.

Grandma had gone out to take a sick neighbour a bowl of her famous soup, so little Ned was left alone. It was New Year's evening, and he had drawn up his little bench before the kitchen fire and looked at the pictures in a big book until he was tired. So he shut the book, and placing his elbows on his knees and his head upon his hands, seemed to be studying over the tiles on the hearth. But he was not thinking of tiles or picture books, or anything in the room. He was thinking of the little chap upon the bench—he was thinking of himself. Said he to himself:

"Here I am, a great boy eight years old, and can't read yet, staying at home from the public school because the boys laugh at my clothes. Now, Ned Graham, can you afford to make a dunce of yourself just because your jacket is rather outgrown and there is a patch on your trousers? Oughtn't you to be thankful there is a patch instead of a hole?"

"If Grandma is willing, I'll just begin bright and early Monday morning and pitch in as hard as I can; I won't be a dunce if I can help it; I guess I've got money enough to buy me a Reader and a slate."

Ned left his seat and went to his drawer in the old-fashioned bureau, from which he took a little round box and counted the pennies it held. He had been saving them a long time.

To school Ned went, and though the boys laughed at him he tried hard not to mind them. If they jeered him about his patches he said, "I'll have better clothes when I am a man." He studied hard and each month found him wiser. Reading became the greatest pleasure of his life.

It is a very good thing on New Year's Day to look over our lives and ways and see if we cannot mend them a little. There is no one so good that he cannot find room for improvement.

When you give up doing what you know to be duty, for fear of being laughed at, you have gone a long way on the road to ruin.

We are glad for the little folks who—like Ned, want to learn to read; there are published so many good books, and good temperance books, too. Such books as "How Billy Went Up in the World," and "The Story of Rasmus, or the Making of a Man," are fine reading, and show how even the poorest can fill their minds with useful knowledge and become good, useful men. They can both be had of the National Temperance Society.

A boy's recipe for the growth of a mission land: "Let one feller bring another feller, and then give the fellers something to do."