

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1887.

[No. 2.]

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding,
The little ones with cherub smile
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said his voice in whom we trust,

When, in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.



THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

HABIT.

THERE was once a horse, that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without

anyone to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk at and in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it.

It was the force of habit
And the boy who forms a
or good habits in his youth
will be led by them when he
becomes old, and will be
miserable or happy accord-
ingly.—*Christian Observer.*

WHY SHE WAS DIS- SATISFIED.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking," said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart," Bessie said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."—*Sunday-School Messenger.*