

THE SUNBEAM

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"GLORY TO GOD IN
THE HIGHEST."

HARK! the herald-
angels sing,

"Glory to the new-born
King,
Peace on earth, and mercy
mild;
God and sinners recon-
ciled"

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the
skies;

With angelic hosts pro-
claim,

"Christ is born in Beth-
lehem!"

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more
may die;

Born to raise the sons of
earth,

Born to give them second
birth.

Hail the heaven-born
Prince of peace!

Hail the Sun of righteous-
ness!

Light and life to all He
brings,

Risen with healing in His
wings.



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

LIVE—like the rose, so bud, so bloom—
In growing beauty live;
So sweeten life with the perfume
That gentle actions give.

Die—like the rose, that when thou'rt gone
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,
Like rose-leaves, may be treasured up
To embalm thy memory.