

The BE-TO Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1880.

OUR NEW PAPER.

I HOPE our little friends will all like very much our new paper. It is intended to be bright and beautiful as a sunbeam, bringing gladness with it on the darkest day. It will have lots of pretty pictures, and short stories and verses. It is printed in large letters for the wee, wee folk who belong to the infant class, and are just beginning to read. God bless you all, and make you his own dear children for ever.

This paper is in no sense a substitute for the *S. S. Guardian*, or our new paper *Pleasant Hours*, but is exclusively for the very little folks. The other paper is for the older scholars. Both papers are needed for every school.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(See previous page.)

LITTLE Mabel is sitting by the parlour fire on Christmas Eve, waiting for her papa to come home. How contented she looks with her pussy in her lap. I expect she is thinking of the nice presents she will have on Christmas morning. How happy children ought to be—just like little birds in their nests, without any care for food or raiment. Yet all their wants supplied by the kind love of their parents and of God. Ought they not to love their parents and to love God very much in return? I hope, my dear children, you will all do this. It is the only way to be happy here and to be happy hereafter.

A LITTLE child heard one man tempt another to drink, and just as the latter was raising the glass to his mouth the child said: "I wouldn't!" Those two words were the means of saving that man.

SANTA CLAUS.

HE comes in the night! He comes in the night!

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship
through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth
the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang round on the
sides,
With the sticks sticking under the
strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney top like a
bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow
hills,
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a
bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east, he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas
feast

When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
The., children, be good to the little old
man
When you find who the little man is.