

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES—VOL. X.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

[No. 25.]

WINTER PLEASURES.

WHEN little Edith Armour was told that she would have to spend a long winter in the country, she thought it was a sad thing. You must know that she was a city girl, and she had no experience of frolics in the snow or sliding down hill. Her papa and mamma were going away from home, and she was sent to Aunt Rowena's, at Hillsdale. There a houseful of cousins were glad to see her, and Tom took care that she had a share in all the fun of the season.

When the first snow-storm came, Edith said at breakfast time, "How am I to get to school to-day?" No wonder she inquired, for there was no sign of a path anywhere. Fields, fences and roads were all a level stretch of purest white. But speedily, with spades and shovels, the farmer and his men cleared the way, and when the clock struck eight Tom rushed up to the door with a grand whoop and hurrah, and there was his load for Miss Edie to sit on like a little queen. With her warm jacket on and her little hat with its jaunty wing, her hands in her muff, and her books in her



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

cousin's bag, she set off. The air was full of merry shouts and ringing laughter, and the boys and girls from every cottage poured out in high glee.

Winter has its pleasures as well as summer. The soft snow makes a nice, cozy blanket over the ground, and while it lies there the little sleeping flowers and the buried grain are kept from freezing. The frost cannot penetrate under the fleecy snow. Children who go out to play in cold weather may now and then have their fingers and toes tingle a bit, but the bright blood will mantle in their cheeks till they bloom like roses, and their eyes will shine like stars. Happy evenings there are in the winter time, too, when the fire glows on the hearth, and the mother sits by the table with her mending-basket, and the father reads the paper or the book, while the children listen, and learn of the works of God or of his goodness to men. May our little readers be happy all this winter through.

WASHINGTON, visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, turned on leaving to a little girl who was directed to open the door, and said, "I'm sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble." She replied, "I wish, sir, it were to let you in."