



### OUR NEW YEAR'S WISH.

To all our readers of the SUNBEAM, to the young and old, the children and young men and young boys and maidens, the fathers and mothers, the uncles and aunts and cousins, to the scholars in the Sunday-schools and in the week-day schools, to the busy toilers struggling in the race of life, to the strong and the weak, the courageous and the disheartened, the glad and joyous, the buoyant and the weary and heavy-laden, the Editor wishes a happy, thrice happy, NEW YEAR.

### THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Slipping in among the children,  
Bright and eager at their play,  
Comes the New Year, sweet and  
shining,  
Just as gay and dear as they.

Not a trouble yet has fallen  
On its merry, laughing face,  
Not a single wrong step taken  
In its hurrying, happy pace.

All the beauty lies before it,  
Dew and rain and frost and flowers,  
Flying months and weeks and seasons  
Woven out of dancing hours.

Hail thee, lovely coming stranger,  
In thy first bewitching day,  
Slipping in among the children  
Just as bright and dear as they.

### RACING WITH THE OLD YEAR.

"What are you doing, matama?" asked a little girl as the twilight began to creep over the snow-covered out-of-doors. The mother was leaning against the window catching the last rays of sunlight upon the pages of a note-book.

"I am just finishing up my accounts for the year," answered the mother. "I have all I received set down on one page, and all I spent on the opposite page, and I'm counting up to see if the two pages had been even." "I had some accounts," said

Grace, looking wistfully at the little red morocco book.

"Why, you have," said her mother, putting away her book and taking Grace on her lap. "They are kept in the Recording Angel's book. On one side he has set down all that my little girl has received this year—health and strength, kind friends, a happy home, food and clothes—oh, a long, long list! On the other side he has written what you have done for Him who gives you all this."

"I'm afraid that is a short list," said Grace, mournfully; and the mother was silent.

"I am going to make it a longer list next year," said Grace, but her mother shook her head.

"A year ago," she said, "I heard a little girl say, 'Next year I mean to do this and that and the other thing,' but they are still undone."

And this time Grace was silent. "There isn't any left of this year," she said presently.

"A little piece only," answered the mother—"about enough to take some of my light rolls down to the miller's wife. She hasn't any bread now except what her little Rosa makes, and I can't think that is fit for a sick woman to eat."

Grace looked out of the window; it seemed to be getting dark very fast and the road to Miller Smith's was a lonely one. But there was that long, long list of good things given to her by her Heavenly Father, and such a short, poor list of what she had done for him.

"I'll get one more thing done," she cried, springing from her mother's knee.

"You'll have to run a race with the old year, then," answered mother; and as Grace went out into the winter twilight, basket in hand, the radiant angel smiled as he added a deed of mercy to his records.

### A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE ?

What shall I wish thee ?  
Treasures of earth ?  
Songs in the springtime ?  
Pleasure or mirth ?  
Flow'rs on thy pathway ?  
Skies ever clear ?  
Would this insure thee  
A happy New Year ?

What shall I wish thee ?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round ?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall insure thee  
A happy New Year ?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light ;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright ;  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear—  
These shall insure thee  
A happy New Year.

### "A LIE IS FOR EVER."

A little girl came to her mother with the question: "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it; but," and there was a look of awe in the child face, "a lie is for ever."  
—Selected.

Harry dearly loved to tease his sister, although his mamma had often told him it didn't show a very brotherly or even a gentlemanly spirit to tease; but Harry answered that boys must have a little fun. "You know I only do it for fun; Lucy is so easily teased." Then his mamma told him that a "little fun," or the fun of teasing his sister until she cried, was no real enjoyment to him, and often caused his sister to be very unhappy, and at the same time did not benefit him any, and she thought he had better discontinue it.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.