

THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. V.]

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[No. 1.

COLD PIECES.

THE New Year had come cold and stormy. Little Mabel Melburn looked out of the window and saw a poor boy shivering with the cold and asking if he might shovel off the snow and get some cold pieces for it.

"Oh, mamma," said Mabel, "mayn't I give him a warm bun and a cup of hot coffee?" "Yes, my dear," said her mamma, and Mabel hurried to the door and said "Here, poor boy, a happy New Year."

"Happy New Year, Miss, and many thanks," said the boy as he took the bun and coffee and sat down on the door step and had a hearty meal.

Then Mabel's father gave the poor boy a quarter for cleaning the snow, and talked kindly to him, and made him promise to come to Sunday-school, and wrote the following verses about him.

Jack became a good boy, and next New Years was earning his living in Mr. Melburn's office. These are the verses:

The Christmas is over, and New Years has gone,



HELPING THE POOR.

There is nothing to come any more, [day,
But to take up my basket and trudge every
Asking pieces, at window and door.

I hate this old shovel,—I hate this old
broom,

But if people would only speak softly and
sweet,
And not slam the door in my face,
They might keep all the pieces, I wouldn't
complain,
I just wish they stood in my place.

And I hate to go
begging about,
Why ever I came
here I've wondered
so much,
But never could fair-
ly make out.

They say that God
knows,—but I
guess when I came
Such a lot crowded
out of the gate,
That I didn't get
counted, or else
He's forgot,
I wish He had told
me to wait.

I stand on the dock,
the water looks coid,
If it was n't for Johny
I'd jump,
But I can't make him
cry, for he's always
been sick,
And is all doubled
up in a lump.

I see boys and girls
that go riding
around,
With fathers and
mothers and
clothes,
I didn't do nothing,
'taint more than
half fair;
Wouldn't I like to
be them don't you
'spose?