

# THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IX.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

[No. 26]

## NEW YEAR'S BELL.

RING out the old,  
ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells  
across the snow;  
Ring out the false,  
ring in the true,  
The year is going  
—let him go.

## THE BLANK BOOK.

AN old man and  
a golden-haired boy  
sat together. A book  
lay before them. Its  
binding was bright  
and new, its pages  
blank.

"This book is  
yours," said the old  
man; "and each  
page represents a  
day. It is for you  
so to write in it that  
the book, when full,  
may not be less fair  
than it is now with  
its leaves white and  
spotless."

The boy took the  
gift joyfully, confi-  
dent that it would  
be better, not worse,  
for his handiwork.

A year passed  
away. The old man  
called for the book.  
The child came  
slowly with hanging  
head, and gave it up  
reluctantly. Every  
page was defaced  
with crooked lines  
or smeared with un-  
sightly blots.



NEW YEAR'S BELL.

"Can I not rub  
them out?" said the  
boy sadly.

The old man  
shook his head.  
"Marks made on  
these pages are in-  
delible," he said.  
"they must always  
remain. But you may  
try again. See, here  
is another book."

The child looked  
up and then sighed,  
"I cannot write  
well," he said, "un-  
less you guide my  
hand."

A book is to-day  
set before each one  
of you, boys and  
girls, and every day  
of the year you will  
fill a page. What will  
you write? Shall  
selfish thoughts, de-  
ceitful words, un-  
kind acts disfigure  
the pages?

They certainly  
will, unless you ask  
him who now opens  
this fresh volume be-  
fore you to guide  
your hand.

"MAYN'T I have  
some more sugar  
in my tea, Auntie  
Georgie, please?"  
"More sugar! Why,  
my dear child, you  
have had three lumps  
already." "Yes,  
sun is, I know I  
have; but they all  
melt away so!"