



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

the street, and I saw a dear little girl whose name was Lucy. Just before I reached her, another little girl fell down on the pavement, and upset her basket of apples, that were almost heavier than she could carry. Lucy ran quickly and asked the little girl if she was hurt, and told her not to cry, and picked up her apples for her. Lucy did not see me, and I stopped just then to talk to a friend, and I watched her go down the street. Before she was out of sight, she opened a gate for an old lady, and gave a piece of her candy to another child.

"Somebody has said

'Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.'

and the Bible says: 'How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' Now don't you think little Lucy's feet must have been very beautiful in God's sight, when they took her to do these kind things? "

Our little Lucy blushed and hung down her head; for she knew the teacher was talking about her. And Jennie blushed, too, and looked ashamed, as I think she well might.

THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

SAID the Child to the youthful Year,
"What hast thou in store for me,
O, giver of beautiful gifts what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee? "

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures; the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of
spring,
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these, and more shall be thine,
Dear Child—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou would'st be truly blest.

"Would'st know this last best gift?
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To-an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
O, Child, and crown thee a King."

WHEN your Sunday-school teacher is telling you about your faults, don't say, "Willie tells stories," or, "I heard Robbie say bad words." Think about what you do that is wrong, and never tell about other's faults. You have to answer to God only for your own sins, not those of "Willie" and "Robbie."

DARLING'S QUESTIONS.

"WHERE does the Old Year go, mamma,
When it has passed away?
It was a good Old Year,
I wish that it could stay.

"It gave us spring and summer,
The winter and the fall;
It brought us baby sister,
And that was best of all.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma?
I cannot understand."

"My love, it goes to join the years
Safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year
When the good Old Year is dead?
Now all my birds and all my flowers
With the Old Year have fled.

"I do not think that I shall love
This New Year at all."

"Yes, dear, it too will bring the spring,
The summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma?
I do not understand."

"It comes from where all coming years
Are hidden in God's hand."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

SAYS Master Toby, and how his eyes seem to snap as he says so. What a wide-awake, alert little fellow he is. See how he hold his little paws too. Well, your editor wishes every little reader of the SUNBEAM a very, very happy New Year. And that you may be happy you must be good. Ask God to help you. Ask him every day, and this year may be the very happiest you have ever known.

WHAT KIND OF FEET HAVE YOU?

Two little girls sat side by side in an Infant School. Jennie's father was rich, and she had on fine little kid boots, which made her feet very neat and pretty to look at. Lucy's father was dead, and her mother very poor; so her shoes were coarse, and not at all pretty.

"What ugly feet you have!" Jennie said, scornfully, as she drew her dress away for fear it would become dusty. Jennie did not know that the teacher was near her; but she was, and heard the unkind remark. So she told them this story:

"One day last week I was walking along