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# THE SUNBEAM

Vol. I.

JANUARY 3, 1880.

No. 1.



CHRISTMAS EVE. (See next page.)

# The BE-TO Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1880.

## OUR NEW PAPER.

**I** HOPE our little friends will all like very much our new paper. It is intended to be bright and beautiful as a sunbeam, bringing gladness with it on the darkest day. It will have lots of pretty pictures, and short stories and verses. It is printed in large letters for the wee, wee folk who belong to the infant class, and are just beginning to read. God bless you all, and make you his own dear children for ever.

This paper is in no sense a substitute for the *S. S. Guardian*, or our new paper *Pleasant Hours*, but is exclusively for the very little folks. The other paper is for the older scholars. Both papers are needed for every school.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

(See previous page.)

**L**ITTLE Mabel is sitting by the parlour fire on Christmas Eve, waiting for her papa to come home. How contented she looks with her pussy in her lap. I expect she is thinking of the nice presents she will have on Christmas morning. How happy children ought to be—just like little birds in their nests, without any care for food or raiment. Yet all their wants supplied by the kind love of their parents and of God. Ought they not to love their parents and to love God very much in return? I hope, my dear children, you will all do this. It is the only way to be happy here and to be happy hereafter.

A LITTLE child heard one man tempt another to drink, and just as the latter was raising the glass to his mouth the child said: "I wouldn't!" Those two words were the means of saving that man.

## SANTA CLAUS.

**H**E comes in the night! He comes in the night!

While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship  
through the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl;  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth  
the home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep and wide;  
It will carry a host of things,  
While dozens of drums hang round on the  
sides,  
With the sticks sticking under the  
strings.  
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Not a bugle blast is blown,  
As he mounts to the chimney top like a  
bird,  
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more;  
The bright little sleds for the great snow  
hills,  
Are quickly set down on the floor.  
Then Santa Claus mounts the roof like a  
bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east, he rides to the west,  
Of his goodies he touches not one;  
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas  
feast

When the dear little folks are done.  
Old Santa Claus doth all that he can;  
This beautiful mission is his;  
The., children, be good to the little old  
man  
When you find who the little man is.



## DOWN THE STAIR.

**T**HIS is dear baby—our darling,  
Looking so sweet and so fair,  
Just washed and dressed for the  
morning,  
Coming alone down the stair.

Sleep over—bath over—"all done;"  
"Now fold your hands and say prayer;  
Pray God bless papa and mamma—  
Keep baby safe down the stair."

Now step by step o'er the carpet—  
"Mind! don't you tumble—take care;"  
Mother will warn from the landing,  
Father will watch down the stair.

It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to the statement she heard made that our Saviour was never seen to smile. "Didn't he say 'Suffer little children to come unto me?'" And they would not have come unless he had smiled."

## THE POWER OF TRUTH.

**A** LITTLE girl, nine years of age, was called as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the lawyer for the prisoner, "I wish to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honour," said the lawyer to the Court, "is anything further necessary to show the force of my objection? The witness should be rejected."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my child."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked truthfully up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner

so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror; and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered,

"No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever said bad words.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my child?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the form of the oath given.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness; and last night she called me to her room, asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was, before Him. And, when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.


"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child!" said the Judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this." Let her be examined.

She told her story with the simplicity of

a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with many questions, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth, as spoken by that little child, was sublime. Before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel.

### GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

 GOOD news on Christmas morning,  
Good news, O children dear!  
For Christ, once born in Beth-  
Is living now, and here! [lehem

Good news on Christmas morning,  
Good news, O children sweet!  
The way to find the Holy Child  
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,  
Good news, O children glad!  
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord  
As ever Wise Men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,  
Good news, O children fair!  
Still doth the one Good Shephard hold  
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,  
Thank God, O children dear!  
That Christ who came to Bethlehem  
Is living now, and here.

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