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THE SUNBEAM

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

[No. 1.



A COLD NEW YEAR'S.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

LITTLE children, don't your hear
 Some one knocking at your door?
 Don't you know the glad New Year
 Comes to you and me once more—
 Comes with treasures ever new
 Spread out at our waiting feet?
 High resolves and purpose true
 Round our lives to music sweet.
 How shall we receive this guest?
 How improve the gifts he bears?
 We must join at his behest
 Earnest deeds with fervent prayers.
 Ours to choose the thorns or flowers
 If our duty we but mind;
 Spend aright the priceless hours,
 Life and beauty then we'll find.
 Let us, then, the portals fling,
 Heaping high the liberal cheer;
 Let us laugh and shout and sing,
 Welcome! welcome! glad New Year.

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The Sunbeam.

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

To our many thousand readers, to the young and the old, the young men and maidens, to all the boys and the girls, to all the little children, we wish a Happy New-Year. May each day as the weeks go by, as the seasons pass in their order, as the big round year rolls on, be a day of blessing and gladness, a day of bounty and grace, a day of sunshine and joy. In basket and in store, in the Sunday-school, in the church, and in the family, in all spiritual and temporal bounty, may the fulness of God's blessing be with all our readers, and may all the year be to each of them the brightest, the gladdest, and the best they have ever known.

WHAT STEPHEN DID.

You would like to know what it was. I will tell you. The church was filled with people. Stephen was there; he kept his eyes and ears wide open, for right up there in the pulpit stood a man who had come all the way over the sea from Syria. He told of the many in that land who did not know the way to heaven. "Poor people!" thought Stephen; "I wish they could know that Jesus loved them. I cannot go to tell them, though, for I am only a boy." The man said that fourteen cents would buy a New Testament, and that any boy could make fourteen cents and send one to Syria. Good news! Stephen tried to think of some way in which he could make fourteen cents.

"How fast the grass grows along the path outside of the gate!" said Mrs. Long. "I cannot find a man in the village to cut it."

"That is my way," thought Stephen. "I'll cut the grass for you, Mrs. Long," he said. And he did. The result was that he made enough money to buy three New Testaments.

SOFTENED BY PRAYER.

LITTLE Annie, before going to bed, lifted up her heart in prayer to Jesus, and gave herself into his keeping, while Nettie was thoughtlessly undressing herself and jumping into bed without prayer. Annie at once fell asleep and was resting peacefully in the arms of him to whom she had committed herself, while Nettie was restlessly turning over. At length she awoke Annie, complaining that her pillow was hard and so flat that she could not sleep upon it. "I know what is the matter with your pillow," said Annie; "there is no prayer in it." Little Nettie thought a moment, then crept quietly out of bed, prayed, laid down again and found her pillow softer. She then said to herself: "That is what my pillow wanted; it is soft enough now," and she soon, too, was sweetly sleeping.

TELLING an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wild woods. How much better it is to tell the truth at all times!



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WAS IT WORTH DOING?

ONE Sunday, Miss Evans asked her class if they would not try to be missionaries during the week, and each one try to bring a new scholar to school the next Sabbath.

As Ethel Moore was going to school the next Sunday, she remembered that though she had asked several, they all went somewhere else to school, and so had not promised to come. Just then she saw a little boy, about her own size, coming along. She knew him by name, but had never spoken to him. Now she spoke to him and asked him to come to school. He came and soon learned to love Jesus. When he grew up, he led a great many others to Jesus. Ethel thought at first that "such a little thing was scarcely worth doing;" but she knows now that it was.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

A LITTLE girl was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well; to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school rules. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now I love to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

SOME double their burdens through life by loading their conscience with sin.



NEW YEAR'S WEATHER.

NEW YEAR'S WEATHER.

THE brave little girl in the picture does not mind the blustering storm. My, how the wind does blow! and how the snow fills the air and covers the ground, drapes each tree and shrub "with ermine too dear

for an ear!" Brave Betty Branscome is not going to stay at home from Sunday-school—or day-school either—for that. She has had a fortnight's happy holidays, and now in her warm hood and cloak, and sheltered by her big umbrella she hies with happy "morning-face" to school. Why, the cold

but makes the blood tingle more warmly in her finger tips, and gives a fresher bloom to her cherry cheeks, and makes her merry laugh ring out more merrily upon the frosty air. There is no land for health and happiness like our own happy Canada.

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WELL FOLLOW EACH DAY.

"How many days does a new year have, mamma?"

One at a time dear;

One, quickly fleeting.

Of duties and pleasures, and comfort and joy;

One, my boy.

"Then how many to-morrows are there, mamma?"

None at all dear;

To-morrow always

Is lost in to-day,

That, pulsing with life, bids to labour arise
Ere it flies.

"Where does it fly to, pray tell me, mamma?"

Into the mist, dear.

That, ever unfolding

From human beholding

Covers the past as we make it each day
On our way.

"I want to be good, but—how can I, mamma?"

Only this way, dear;

Jesus, the lowly,

So meek and so holy,

Will teach little children no older than you
What to do.

"How can he, so far in the sky, tell me, mamma?"

Can't you see, dear?

Into the hands of papa,

And those of mamma,

He has given the Bible, to guide to all joy,
Our own boy.

"We'll follow him every step, won't we, mamma?"

Yes, truly, dear,

Close to the end

This tenderest friend

We'll follow him so gladly each step of the
way

This new day.

—Pansy.

FOR PURE SPEECH.

"A MAN, looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about, George?" asked the man. "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—no play with swearers. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

THE NEW YEAR.

"AND why is my little Harriet all bundled up with cap and coat so early on this snowy and cold New Year's morning?"

"Why, mamma, don't you 'member what the minister told us in church last Sunday? Don't you know he said we should begin the New Year with trying to do something kind for somebody every day? So I've been thinking about it ever so hard, and I 'termined to begin right off. I thought I would give you a kiss and a hug, and papa a kiss and a hug, and Baby a kiss—you know Baby don't like the hug part; and that would be to make you three happy. I didn't know last night what to do for Bridget, but when I saw the snow this morning, it just came to me to sweep it off the path to the gate, so that Bridget need not get her feet wet when she goes out. That's what I'll do for Bridget."

Was not that a good thought? So try to do something kind for somebody every day of the year. Would it not be well for each of us to start the year that way? Now, the SUNBEAM only sees you once a fortnight, but it would like to make a bargain with you. It will try, every time it comes to you, to tell you something to make you happy, and something to help you to love God and be good; and you will try every day this year to say or do something kind and good to somebody. Will you try it? The dear lord would be pleased to see you thus like our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who went about doing good.

THE SNOW.

"WHAT a splendid thick blanket!" And Bobbie rubbed his hands gleefully.

"I don't see any blanket," said matter-of-fact Johnnie slowly joining Bobbie at his post by the window.

"Don't you, though? Have you forgotten so soon what papa said last night about snow keeping the earth warm, so the tender trees and shrubs wouldn't get killed in winter?"

"Yes; and don't you know papa said how good and kind God is to take such nice care of them?" asked sister Annie.

"Then I believe I've just thought of another reason why God made the snow," chimed in Alice.

"Why?" asked Bobbie.

"Oh, I think he made it partly for us boys and girls—we get such lots of fun out of it, making snow-men and sliding and skating."

"Pooch!" said Bobbie.

"I don't care; I think so," persisted Alice.

"So do I," said papa, who came in just then.

"Do you really?" asked Bobbie in surprise.

"Yes. If God cares for the little sparrows, so that not one falls to the ground without his notice, and if his care over us is so great that he numbers the hairs of our heads, don't you think that when he makes the beautiful snow he thought of the little children and the pleasure they would get from it?"

The children generally thought papa must be right. And when, an hour afterwards, a tall snow-man slowly grew up in the yard, under the children's hands, they think they were all the happier from the thought that one use of the bright snow was to give them health and pleasure.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

LAST night I was playing
With Joseph and Bill,
Till darkness had gathered
All over the hill.
We parted, repeating,
"Good-night for a year!
Before our next meeting
Another is here!"

And late, just as slumber
Was closing my eyes,
Methought a bright angel
Came down from the skies;
And in his arms folded
I clearly could see
A volume for Joseph,
For Bill, and for me.

Three beautiful volumes,
All seeming alike;
And calmly he waited
Till midnight should strike.
I asked him, "Kind angel,
Allow me to look,
Though but for a moment,
Within my own book."

"Ah, child," he made answer,
"No one in this clime
Can see to decipher
A volume of time.
All closed are its pages,
Their number unknown,
Save to him who appointed
The book as thine own.

"'Tis page by page only
You ever will see
What in it is written,
Though written for thee.
The hour is now striking;
Here, take it with care;
And, oh, child, never open
One page without prayer."