

clear? and are not my sides curved like yours? And I am even stronger than you!"

That night some one forgot, and every bit of fire in the room went out. The pitcher with the water in it sat quietly on the sideboard waiting for morning.

In the night Jack Frost peeped into the room.

"Come over here!" called the water.

Jack Frost went, and what a busy time began for the water! Some of the drops at the top began to form themselves into crystals, and then spread their little arms out on every side. As Jack Frost came closer more crystals began to form just below the first ones, and with arms outstretched they crowded each other against the sides of the pitcher.

Jack Frost pressed closer and closer, the room grew colder and colder, and the colder it grew the faster grew the crystals in the pretty pitcher.

"More room, Mr. Pitcher," they cried; "more room." And still they grew.

At last, "Cr-rack! snap!" Oh, what had happened?

"Ha-ha!" echoed the crystals, "now we have room." And the little water that was crowded at the bottom of the pitcher ran out over the sideboard, spreading its arms to its heart's content. Then all was still as ice. Next morning, when the sun looked in at the window, all the little ice stars smiled up in his face. But the beautiful pitcher had a great crack in its side. Jack Frost had finished his work.—"Child Garden."

### A Good Thing to Write.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat and wrote, "A Good Boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life, mother?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."—"Olive Plants."

### Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

The angel called to Chrissie, as the Indian child rose to her feet, and an old woman, dressed very much like the little widow, came to the door and angrily called to her to come in.

"Who is she?" Chrissie asked half frightened.

"She is the grandmother, and is only unkind to the little girl, because she knows no better. They do not know that God can make them happy until some one comes to teach them; and that is why people who love Him are willing to give up their homes and friends, and go to them for His sake. Yes," the angel went on, "and little children too I have known who have denied themselves pleasures, and saved their pennies in order to help in sending the message of joy to the heathen." The angel was not looking at Chrissie, he seemed to be thinking only, but she felt what he thought, and hung her head when she remembered how little she had denied herself for the sake of others.

Yes; she too had a missionary-box at home, but she hadn't really cared about filling it, to help to make the heathen happy.

"What can I do?" she said, looking up to the angel, "I am only a little girl, and I have so few pennies."

The angel smiled down upon her, and again her heart was comforted. "Listen!" he said gently, "though you are only a little girl, you can do a great deal. You cannot come here yourself, nor yet go to the poor and miserable in your own land. You are not old or experienced enough. But go home and live for Christ's sake, go home and pray, and do what you can to help others for Christ's sake, and the rest will come."

The smile of the angel sank still deeper into Christobel's heart, and her eyes shone with the light that came from his, and she felt her heart grow large with a new joy.

When she looked around her, she found that they were back again in the glorious garden where she had first seen the angel.

"Are you happy, little Christobel?"

"Oh, so happy!" she replied.

"And now you must go back to earth."

And then the little girl felt herself taken up by the angel, and as he wafted her away, the garden faded from her sight, and she saw not even the angel's face again; but she felt a great strength around her, and she was not afraid.

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When Christobel opened her eyes again, it was a bright sunny morning, and she was lying in her little white bed. She lay very still, thinking, for a minute or two, and then she got up.

The world was going to be a different world to-day. There seemed so much to do, and Chrissie was going to try to help other people by doing her best all day long.

When the evening came, Chrissie came to the conclusion that after all it could not only have been a dream. It had made her understand how to live, and she often thought of the beautiful guardian angel who had taught her to love God so much better.

Chrissie did not talk much about the angel, and all he had shown her; for people laughed at her and said she had only been dreaming about the fairy-stories that Uncle Chris had filled her head with: but they noticed that she was different, and that she was growing brighter and happier.

Her lessons went better, for though she was not clever, her governess saw how hard she tried to do her best.

And at last when Uncle Chris came back again, Chrissie felt rewarded; for one day he put his arm round her and said: "What has happened to the little girl of whom I used to hear so many complaints? This bright little face is not the same that I used to know sometimes: I don't think Uncle Chris will be blamed for his fairy-stories now!"

"Oh!" Chrissie cried, clapping her hands, "but they all made up into the best thing of all, when I saw the angel, and he told me why I did not get on well!"

(To be concluded.)