



THE SNOWFALL.

THE SNOW-FALL.

HURRAH for old King Winter and the snow. That is what the boys and the girls say, for they are delighted to see the snow and the ice that they may slide down hill and skate on the ponds. They are glad when school is over that they may take their sleds and toboggans over to the big hill and have a jolly time. They are looking forward to the Christmas holidays when they can have a good time all the day.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

A FRIEND of ours told us a story which interested us so much that we want to tell it to all our little friends. This gentleman owned a horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice, and follow him about like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stand in his stable, and not be used for many weeks, and it was during this time that Mr. C. became interested to see how much the horse knew and how kind his sympathies were.

An old cat had made her nest upon the scaffold just above the horse's manger and had laid there her little family of five kittens, to bring them up under good tuition, we suppose. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down in his manger and went off for food, and then came back and leaped up to her kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger, with her foot bleed-

ing, and badly hurt so that she could scarcely crawl, but she managed to leap away on three feet and get her breakfast; when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens, and what do you think she did? She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up several times, till at last the pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens,

who, we doubt not, were glad enough to see her.

This, Mr. C. told us, he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll into the manger, go out and get her breakfast, come back, and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language and been willing to listen to it.

A DRINK OF MILK.

It was such a warm day; and the children had taken a long walk with mamma. "Oh, mamma! I'm so thirsty! Please let us stop and ask for a drink!" said Frank. So they opened the gate, and went up to a little house. "Would you like some milk? My little girl guessed you would," said the kind-looking woman who opened the door. "Oh, yes ma'am, please! It is better than water!" "But where is your little girl? Why doesn't she come out?" asked Frank, peeping in the door. Then a sad look came over the mother's face, and she told them why her little girl did not come out. Lilla could not walk. A year ago she had been swinging on the branches of an old tree, with other children, when one of the branches broke, and Lilla fell. She hurt her back, so that she had never been able to walk since. The mother asked them to go in and see Lilla. So they became acquainted; and the children have never forgotten her. After they went home from the country, they sent pictures and story books, and many little letters, to show how they remembered her. They told their schoolmates about Lilla, and they sent some gifts too.

So the little girl is much happier with such kind friends, and mamma is glad that her boy and girl are doing such a kind work. Frank says it is all because they stopped to ask for a drink that day.

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."

STOP AND WEIGH.

ONE morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M.'s shop with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your shop, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts; and that's the young villain that I bought 'em off," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the countryman, still more enraged at the boy's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in those walnuts gratis."

"Oh! you gave them to me, did you?" said the countryman.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing.

"Well, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh things before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is a good motto.