

ELFIE TO THE SNOWFLAKES.

BY NELLIE M. GABARRANT

Oh, little, little snowflakes,
Tell, oh, tell me, pray,
Through all the long bright summer-time
Where is it that you stay?

If you would come in summer,
How charming it would seem,
To see you join the fairy dance
Of fireflies o'er the green:

On azure wing, the blue-bird
Would catch you as he flew,
And you would sparkle 'mid the flowers,
Much prettier than dew.

The butterflies would chase you,
A-fitting to and fro;
And, oh how sweet the roses red
Would look in hoods of snow!

And when we all grew weary
With summer's heat and glow,
How cool would be your icy touch,
You little flakes of snow!

So, little, little snowflakes,
Don't keep so long away;
If you will come in summer-time,
Till winter you can stay.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS.

MY DEAR BOYS: You have been much in my mind for a week or so, and now I am going to write you a letter to tell you what it was that started me to thinking of you this time instead of your bigger brothers, with whom I am very well acquainted.

One of the most familiar sights in the world to me is that of a big, broad-shouldered Welshman named Murdoch, who sits one or two pews in front of me in church. Snuggled close up beside him at almost all the services is his little son, whose round, dark head hardly comes above the top of the pew. Everyone can see that John and his father are on very good terms, and I have always liked to watch the great content and friendliness of the tall man and the small boy. But I should never have thought of writing to you about them except for just one short speech that a lady made to me two weeks ago. I suppose she has forgotten all about it by this time, but I have not, and I hope that you will all try to remember it too. We were talking of Mr. Murdoch, and how hard he tried to get the men who worked with him during the week to come to church, and this was what she said:

Mr. Murdoch is very fortunate in his son in all these church plans of his. It isn't every boy, by any means, who is willing to help like John. Plenty of them would not like to run after the workmen on the buildings, as he does, and carry his father's messages and invitations to them. But John is always ready."

Was not that a nice thing to say? Could anybody say anything like it about you, I

wonder! When your mother is trying to coax some old lady to church, and asks you to go a little out of your way to carry her a posy or a glass of jelly, are you "ready" to do it? When your Sunday-school teacher tells the class that one of the boys has stayed away for three or four Sundays, and asks you to speak to him about it and try to get him to come better, are you "willing to help"? Or perhaps the preacher shakes hands with you some Sunday morning, and asks after your grown sister or your father and says how much he would like to see them at church too; do you "carry the invitation" home with you?

My letter is getting too long for me to write more. But to-night when sleepy-time comes, and your mother is tucking you into bed, ask her about the little tug boats that come puffing into New York harbour, bringing the great, rich steamers in behind them, and get her to tell you what a broad, deep harbour God's Church is, and how many, many vessels are lying out at sea, waiting, maybe, for some little tug to tow them into port, where, by the blessing of God, they might cast anchor and be at home for ever.

Hoping that you will take the example of my small Welsh friend to heart,

I am, affectionately yours,

SALLY CAMPBELL.

"SORRY IS NOT 'NUFF."

"ALLAN! Where is Allan?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling earth to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan is gone; there is his cart.

"Allan! Allan!"

"It's here," at last said a small voice from the back parlour.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother. "It is waiting for another turn."

"It's not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh! when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan; "I punish my own self."

His mother often put him in the back parlour alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I am sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff; I punish me. I stay here a good while and think."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again! That is very short, shallow sorrow. Allan felt this, so he was was for making serious work of it.

FOLLOWING JESUS

"How I should like to take another nap," said Jennie, as she heard her mother calling her one morning. Then remembering that early rising was one of her crosses, she quickly dressed and ran downstairs. She set the table, and helped her mother about the breakfast. After breakfast she washed the dishes and dusted the rooms. She felt that she would much rather be out under the shady trees, but then she also felt that she ought to deny herself to help mother. After dinner her mother took the baby to put him to sleep, and Jennie settled down to have a nice time with her new story-book. She had read only a few pages, when a lady called to say that Mrs. Brown was sick and wanted Jennie's mother. So Jennie's book must be laid aside, and the baby amused while her mother went to see the sick neighbor. Thus Jennie went on doing the things she did not like, and giving up the things that she did like, in order to help others and that she might please the dear Saviour she was trying to follow.

RELIGION IN A TRUNK.

A LITTLE girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a 'church letter' which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighbourhood she had moved. The little girl rushed to her mother, shouting, "O mamma, I've found your religion in your trunk!" A trunk is a poor, dark, mothy place for one's religion. Out into the light with it, where it, too, may shine and bring glory to God and help to men.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

MARCH 18.

LESSON TOPIC.—Wine a Mocker.—Prov. 20. 1-7.

MEMORY VERSES, Prov. 20. 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20. 1.

MARCH 25.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.—Matt. 22. 32.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Resurrection of Christ.—Mark 16. 1-8.

MEMORY VERSES Mark 16. C. 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But now is Christ risen from the dead.—1 Cor. 15. 20.