

the first eye was when he went for the second.

However, they did very well, and the snow man was very happy. As he felt himself growing, bit by bit, and the cold wind blew upon him, he longed for eyes to look round, and when his head was at last finished and he could see, it seemed to him that there was never such a beautiful yard as his, nor three such fine boys anywhere as Will and Carl and Bob.

They put an old hat on his head and then tried to knock it off, which seemed strange to the snow man; but he bore it very good-naturedly because he could not help himself, anyway, and one might as well be good-natured over what one cannot help. Besides, Will had made a very smiling mouth for him, and one cannot feel cross when one has to smile. 'These are very good boys,' he said to himself, 'and if they like to throw snowballs at me it must be right.' And when the boys went in to lunch he was very lonesome.

So he watched the sparrows hunt in the snow for crumbs; and he saw a little dog come running up the street, barking for very joy. 'It must be a cheerful world,' said he, 'but I wish the boys would come back.'

The afternoon slowly passed. He could hear Will and Carl and Bob at play in the parlor behind him, and he was very lonely. The sun shone full upon him, and a tear tricked down from his eye. 'They have forgotten me,' he said. But Bobbie came out in the yard just then to hunt for a lost mitten, and he saw the tear. Being a very little boy, he understood.

'Poor man!' he said, running up to pat him. 'He can't see in the house, can he?'

Bobbie looked round. The sun was setting, the dog was gone, even the sparrows had flown away. It would soon be dark; the snow man was all alone, and he was crying. The little boy ran and called Will and Carl. He told them all about it, and explained his play. They climbed up around their playmate, carefully removed his eyes, and put them on the other side of his head, so that he could look into the parlor.

'We must make a new mouth and nose for this side,' said Will.

'Yes,' said Carl. 'It would spoil his head to try to take these off.'

And so it was arranged, and all that evening they kept the curtain raised so that the snow man could watch them play. They did not forget him, but went often to the window to speak to him.

'What good boys!' he said.

'And to-morrow, when we go out-doors,' said Will, 'we must change his eyes back again, so he can see us then.'

'Yes, we will,' said Carl, and they all said good night to him as they went off to bed.

For many days after they moved his eyes back and forth each day, so that he should never be lonely any more.

He was very happy, was the snow man. He stood by the parlor window

till the sun grew so warm that he began to melt. Then, one day, when the boys were in at lunch, his black eyes fell out for the last time. And before he sank down into a heap of snow, 'They are good boys,' said the snow man, 'very good boys, are Will and Carl and Bob.'

A Little Lamb Went Straying

(By Albert Midlane, in the 'Child's Companion'.)

A little lamb went straying
Among the hills one day,
Leaving its faithful shepherd
Because it loved to stray;
And while the sun shone brightly,
It knew no thought of fear,
For flowers around were blooming,
And balmy was the air.

But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew;
The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

But ah! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
Safe home again to bring;
He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd
Because his lamb he bore.

And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory,
His little lambs to find?
To make them oh! so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Who Was Generous?

The baby lifted the saucer in two fat hands. 'Mo' pud'! mo' pud'!' he said.

'There isn't any more, dear,' mamma answered, gently.

'He can have mine,' Alec cried, generously; 'all of it.'

'An' mine, too!' cried Beth.

Two saucers of rice pudding slid over the table toward baby's high chair, and two round faces beamed with conscious liberality.

'He can have half o' mine,' little Elsie said, slowly, pushing her saucer across, too.

'That will be just about enough, Elsie,' said mamma, dividing the pudding and giving half. 'Thank you, dear; I'll say it for baby, because he can't.'

After dinner Beth and Alec talked it over out in the hammock.

'She didn't say "Thank you" to us, an' we gave baby the whole o' ours,' remarked Alec, in a dissatisfied tone.

'No, she never; I think 'twas most mean!' cried Beth.

'Elsie gave just half, and she ate up the rest—so there.'

'Well, anyhow, I 'spise rice puddin'; I didn't want a single bit of mine.'

'Nor me, either; I 'spise it.'

Mamma was at the nursery window putting baby to sleep. She heard the scornful little voices and smiled. You see, she had known all the time that Alec and Beth 'spised rice pudding'; and she had known, too, how much, how very much, little Elsie liked it. That was why she had thanked Elsie.

—Selected.

Her Heart was Right.

'A little five-year-old girl was talking with her mother, we are told.

'Mother,' she said, 'I wish Jesus lived on earth now.'

'Why, my darling?' asked her mother.

'Because I should like so much to do something for Him.'

'But what could such a little bit of a girl as you do for the Saviour?' asked the mother.

The little girl hesitated a few moments. Then she looked up into her mother's face and said, 'Why, mamma, I could run on all His errands.'

—'Rams Horn.'

A Morning Welcome.

(C. M. L., in 'Our Little Dots'.)

The evening that Nora came back from the seaside she was so tired after her long journey that she was glad to let Nurse put her at once to bed. She was too sleepy even to ask for Nell, her own pet doggie. But the next morning, as soon as Nora was dressed, she ran downstairs, calling: 'Nell, Nell! Where are you?'

She heard Nell give a short bark, and ran along the passage. Then she stopped, for there on the stairs stood Nell with some of the sweetest, dearest, fattest little puppies you ever saw!

Wasn't that a lovely morning welcome?

In a moment the puppies were in Nora's arms, and she was hugging and kissing them, while Nell stood with a look which seemed to say: 'Please, dear little mistress, whatever you do, "pray" don't drop my precious babies!'

'Oh! aren't they darlings?' cried Nora.

And the puppies, in answer, gave the funniest little squeaks of delight; only they didn't think they were squeaks, but very fine barks indeed—just like mother's!

Father told Nora that she might have one of them for her own, but that when they were a little older the others would have to be given away. But before the puppies went Nora and Dora had many fine games with them.