

SUNBEAM

A SNOW BATTLE.

WHAT fun the boys and girls have when the winter comes on in the country, and there is enough snow on the ground to make snowballs. See how, in the picture, the four boys have made a great snow heap which they call the fort; and while one defends it, the other three try their best to take it from him. There the brave defender stands, with his arms full of snowballs and his coat covered, showing the mark that has been made by many a bullet, well aimed and shot straight. We fear, all the same, that he is going to lose the battle, for his third enemy seems to be just going to seize the flag from behind while the defender is fighting the two others in front, at very close quarters indeed. But as long as he sticks to his post and does his best it is impossible to say who will win.



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MARK'S SPOOL CASTLES.

"KATE, will you please save me all the empty spools you can?" asked Mrs. French of her sister. "Certainly; but may I ask what you want to do with them?" Mrs. French smiled. "I want them for Mark," she answered. "For Mark! Why, what can he want with empty spools? He is too old to wear them on a string about his neck as he did when he was a baby, and four are enough for wheels for a pasteboard cart." "Just wait until you come to me for your holiday visit, and Mark shall show you." A week or two later, Aunt Kate caught

Mark by the arm, and said: "Here, Mark boy, mamma said that when I came to visit her you would show me what you do with spools. Here I am, and I am very curious to see."

"Watch me and see." Mark went to a book of pictures of castles, chose a picture, and his spools soon built a castle that looked very much like it. Then he selected a picture of a grand old church with a tall bell tower. When both were done, he stopped back, and said "There, auntie, are my spool castles where the fairies live, and here is a church for them to go to when they are bad. They are bad sometimes, for they take my spools and fly off with them if they don't like the castle I build for them."

Aunt Kate wondered how many little boys and girls could invent so pretty a play as that, and be contented with only spools for play-things.

LONESOME.

SAID a little girl to her father: "Papa, I'm so lonesome I don't know how to live." The father replied: "Well, dear, I'm sorry for you, and I believe that you do not yet know how to live. Now as for me, I have no time to get lonesome. I feel that I must work for the Lord with my hands and feet and my head—with all there is of me and all the time. And this is not hard, for I love his service; and when I thus do, he comes and abides with me, and he is good company, I assure you. Will you not thus invite him into your heart, my daughter, and see if your "hours will not glide sweetly away while leaning on his word?" "When we work for Jesus, we have no time to be lonesome."

"All right, auntie. Come on up-stairs." "My! what a great number of them. There must be hundreds, at least." "Yes, auntie. The more I have, the prettier castles and churches I can make." "Castles and churches out of spools! How do you manage it?" she asked.