



AFTER CHRISTMAS—

TIRED.

## 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 gives 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."

—Evangelist.

## WHAT JAMIE SAW IN SNOW-TIME.

ONE day Jamie looked out of the window and saw that the yard had a white snow coat on. But there were large trees in the yard, and the bare black twigs and branches came between him and the white coat.

"Looks like mamma's lace shawl," said

Jamie. "I guess the yard put it on over the coat."

Then Jamie looked up at the blue sky. The sun had gone down behind the white hills, and little blue shadows were trying to cover them up. But the high branches and twigs of the trees came between Jamie and the pretty colour.

"I guess the sky put on a lace shawl, too," said Jamie. "I guess a million hundred men couldn't have made such a big cloak and big shawl. I guess God must be bigger than anything."

"But he loves you just the same, Jamie," said his mamma.

"Yes, he loves us all," said Jamie.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

WHAT to do with our restless, growing urchins, during wintry days, when the weather is too stormy for them to go to school, and those too young to attend, is a problem that often puzzles many mothers, as it did mine. After trying various plans she hit upon the following, that proved a success for all parties concerned:

A frame was made of four planed boards, each four feet long, a foot high, firmly nailed together and laid down on the floor, in the corner between the window and stove of the living-room. Heated nurseries are beyond the finances of people in moderate circumstances. In this little pen, so to speak, those two brothers of mine had a seat and tool-chest combined—once a soap-box—and were made to realize that this especial portion of the house belonged to them.

They built houses and ships, made bows

and arrows and waggons, and sometimes whittled till the chips were nearly an inch deep, always being careful that none of them "flew over the fence."

Didn't they make any noise? Why, certainly they did, but we found it far more agreeable than crying, teasing, or dragging a train of chair-cars around.

If company for their elders came, the room was neat, and no putting to one side of children and their belongings. At night they put their goods in the chest, the fence was raised, and the floor swept clean.

## THE NEW YEAR.

SAID a child to the youthful year,  
"What hast thou in store for me?  
O giver of beautiful gifts, what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

Wouldst know what most I crave  
As thy bells peal promise bright?  
'Tis those virtues fair which the soul can  
raise  
To an infinite delight.

Truth, patience, courage and love,  
If thou unto me dost bring,  
I will set thee all earth's time above,  
And crown thee, O year, life's king.

## MILTON'S HORSE.

MILTON received a rocking-horse as one of his Christmas presents. He mounted it, and giving it a sharp crack with his whip, said he was going to Philadelphia. "Don't you think you would get there as soon without the whip?" asked papa. Milton stopped and said: "You do not whip your horse, do you, papa?" "No, my dear, I have taught Don to understand when I speak to him, so I do not have to whip him." "Well, I won't, either, any more," and Milton threw away his whip. It is much better to rule by kindness than by whipping. I hope when Milton has a real live horse he will do as his father has done, and never hurt it.

WITH the closing hours of the old year, and the dawn of the new, let teachers say: "I do solemnly promise to devote myself, with all diligence to Sunday-school labor. I will endeavor to study the word of God thoroughly and prayerfully; to spend as much time as possible in reading, and meditation, and prayer, with special reference to my work; as regularly as possible to attend all the means of grace; to visit my scholars as their temporal or spiritual necessities may require, and to be punctually present at school and all meetings of teachers."