

seek the topmost twig of a very, very tall tree, and there I shall rest to be admired by all who pass that way whether they be men or birds or beasts."

"I think", suggested the little snowflake, modestly, "it would be a great deal better for us to go where our Maker wants us to go, for He knows where we can do the most good."

"O, pshaw!" snapped the big snowflake, "I'm large enough to know what to do with myself, so come on, let's be going."

Down, down they came on the wings of the wind. Sure enough the big snowflake found a great tall tree, and immediately perched himself on the topmost twig. The little snowflake passed on down nearer the earth and was driven by the wind right against a window pane on the other side of which sat a crippled lad. At once the boy laughed out loud and cried: "O, mama, see what a pretty little snowflake has come to see me this morning!" The boy's mama came, and they sat there admiring the little snowflake until it dropped to the window sill to rest.

The big snowflake remained on his lofty perch, but no man or bird or beast came that way to admire him. By and by the rays of the setting sun broke through a rift in the clouds, touched him, and at once he melted away. But the little snowflake nestled on the window sill in the shade of the house, unharmed, and was there the next morning to greet the crippled boy when he took his place by the window.

—W. D. Neale, in *Sunday School Advocate*

### Letter from a Primary Teacher to a Mother

*By Mrs. Jessie Munro Johnston*

Dear Mrs. B.—

Ever since my visit at your home, I have been feeling so greatly encouraged by the interest you showed in the work I am trying to do. It will be all the greater joy for me to teach your little daughter because of your loving sympathy.

If you could spare time to come sometimes with your little girl, to visit our class, it would be very helpful to us, and how delighted we

should all be to see you! The Sunday School will take on an added importance in the mind of the little ones, from the interest thus shown by a "grown-up"; and they will all be the more eager to be punctual and regular in attendance.

It has also proved a very great advantage to me to have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the other members of your family. I feel that this has formed another tie between your little one and her teacher. For one understands children and their needs so much better from knowing something of their everyday companions and interests. It was very good of you to permit me to see something of your little one's life in the home.

I realize, more than ever, how much more your influence counts than my teaching, in your child's religious instruction. She is with me for only one hour a week; you have her by your side all the other hours. It gives me so much more confidence in teaching, to know how, all the week, your influence is making deep and permanent any impressions received during the Sunday School hour.

Please do not leave all the religious instruction of the little one to the Sunday School teacher. It is far too great a task for her. Far sweeter and longer remembered, is the prayer lisped at mother's knee or whispered as the tired head rests upon mother's shoulder, than any words of the Sunday School teacher. She can never speak with such effect as you to your little one of God's kindness, or teach her so impressively to take everything to God in prayer, to love God's Word, to love God's house. Will you not read to her the cards and papers taken home each Sunday from the class, and ask her what she can remember about the Lesson? Would it be too much to teach her the Golden Text and read the Lesson with her each Sunday before she goes to Sunday School?

I hope you will let me know if you think of any way in which I can do my work of teaching better. As a Primary teacher, my one thought is to help the mothers in their blessed work of keeping the little feet treading the right ways.

North Bay, Ont.