



WINTER PICTURES.

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Little Nellie Norton was very fond of going with her marama to church on Sunday, and to visit the sick and the poor in the cold winter weather, no matter how deep the snow lay on the fields. Though they had to cross the stream by a bridge which had only one railing, she tightly clasped her mamma's hand and was not a bit afraid. How cosy and comfortable she looks in her warm, soft hood—not more merry and cosy are the little red-breasts on the boughs above her head. Dear child, the way to walk safely over the slippery paths of life is to put our hands trustfully in our Heavenly Father's and follow where he leadeth. He will guide us safely through all its perils and dangers, and bring us safe to the Father's house—the happy home on high.

A RAIN SONG.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Don't you love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain,
With its little patter, patter,
And its tiny clatter, clatter,
And its silvery spatter, spatter,
On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,
Listen to the rain.
It's fairies—Pert and Plucky,
Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,
Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky—
On the roof and on the pane!

That's my dream the while I listen,
Listen to the rain.
I can see them running races,
I can watch their laughing faces
At their gleeful games and graces,
On the roof and on the pane!

—St. Nicholas.

I have always admired the English proverb, "Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge."—Rev. C. Foy.

NAZARETH.

The little town of Nazareth, in which our Saviour spent the first thirty years of his life, lies in a cup-like valley, surrounded by engirdling hills. In the town of Nazareth I spent Easter Sunday in the year 1892, and climbed the high hill behind the town, which commanded a noble view of the Sea of Galilee, the distant Mediterranean, Mount Tabor near at hand, and of the rolling country round about. I thought how often our Lord must as a boy have climbed these hills and wandered all over these valleys.

I visited the fountain where, as a child, he must often have come with Mary his mother, and then visited the Mount of Precipitation, as it is called, where the men of the synagogue "rose and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon the city was built that they might cast him over headlong.

Quite near is a little English church, where we attended Easter service. Very delightful it was to hear those sweet-voiced Syrian girls sing the words of the blessed Virgin, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," so near the place where these words were first uttered.

The larger picture on this page is an accurate copy of a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with its augers, saws, boards, and boxes, bench, and glue, and shavings. It looks just as carpenter's shops must look the world over. It was in just such a shop Jesus laboured with Joseph, his reputed father, and ennobled and dignified toil for ever.

The little son of an English clergyman was asked by a playfellow who had been boasting of his noble ancestors, if he had lords in his family. The boy thought a moment, and then answered: "As for that I cannot tell you, but my mother says that the Lord Jesus Christ is our Elder Brother."



CARPENTER'S SHOP, NAZARETH.