

AFTER THE SNOW-STORM.

All day long it has been snowing very hard. Great big flakes, of white snow have been coming down from the pure sky to cover the dirt and blackness of the earth. Very softly and gently have the flakes fallen, as though they were fluffy bits of feathers from the wings of the angels in heaven.

Of course we know they are not, but does it not seem sometimes, as we look out of our windows at the snow-storm, as though the good God had asked his angels to shake their wings a bit so that some of their soft feathers might descend to earth to beautify it and carry thoughts of purity and sweetness.

Like all the other blessings that fall from heaven, the snowflakes light on everything that will receive them, branches of trees, old fences, shabby houses, no matter how ugly and poor they may be, and covers everything with a pure robe of white. So may everyone, from the poorest little street-boy to the richest man, be clothed throughout eternity in the white garments of Heaven if they will receive its blessings here.

A MOTHER'S HAPPINESS.

"I feel very happy to-day," said a mother, "because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister teased him, and he spoke quickly and crossly to her, he turned around a moment after, of his own accord; and said that he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe that I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

A little girl who was a fretter had been visiting me. She fretted when it rained, and she fretted when the sun shone; she fretted when little girls came to see her, and she fretted when they did not. It is dreadful to be a fretter. I have lately come across a short rule for fretters: Never fret about what you cannot help, because it will not do you any good; never fret about what you can help, because, if you can help it, do so.