

Children who can write, might send letters to shut-in children, especially to those who would not be likely to get a letter otherwise.

Each child must be taught that there is work for him to do—his own work which, if he neglects, may remain undone for ever.

Just a word of warning in closing. It is possible to do a good thing in a bad way, and we may, if not careful, over-stimulate the children, and give them the idea that they are universal helpers and general philanthropists. This would be specially injurious to some dispositions, so let whatever is done, be done as unostentatiously as possible; but at the same time, the children must be interested, and experience pleasure in the doing, or there will be no desire on their part to continue in the work.

A Season's Song

Children, don't you love the winter,
Crackling snow beneath your feet,
Frosty air, with fun and frolic,
Tinting rosy, every cheek?
Then the sheltering home love shields you
From the season's chill and snow;
Then kind nature spreads a blanket
O'er the slumbering life below.

Who will guard the children ever?
Who will guard the home away?
Who will guard the slumbering seedling,
Sleeping till the wakening day?
'Tis God's love will guard them ever,
Trust it always, children dear,
For God's love will keep you safely;
Seek Him ever, He is near.

Some Bible Homes

By Mary Isobel Houston

I. JESUS' HOME

Jesus' boyhood home was not His birth-place. He was born, as we all know, in a rude manger in a stable outside the little Bethlehem inn; but He spent the greater part of His life in the humble carpenter shop where His father, Joseph, earned his living. The little Nazareth carpenter shop was not at all like the carpenter shops we know of in our country. The tools were

very simple, and the rude bench was all the work table that was needed. We can imagine the boy Jesus eagerly watching His father at work, perhaps clearing away the chips for him, or carrying the lighter bits of wood when they were wanted.

The little village of Nazareth was situated in a high valley among the hills of the Lebanon Range. It was secluded from the main road, which ran below the village, and on all sides the valley was covered with rich foliage and fine orchards. We like to think of the boy Jesus wandering through this leafy valley when His tasks at home were finished, preparing Himself for the great work He was one day to do.

Tiny's Alarm Clock

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Kent came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.

"Oh, Kent, what is it?" she asked, curiously. "Anything for me?"

"No," said Kent. "Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising," and he untied the strings and opened the package.

"Why, it's a clock!" said Tiny, disappointed. "We've got three clocks now, Kent. What made you bring another?"

Kent began winding the little clock. "You just listen," he said.

Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Whir-r-r! What a way for a clock to strike!

"It's an alarm clock," explained Kent, smiling at Tiny's wonder. "We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes"—for Kent was a railroad worker.

"How very, very funny!" said Tiny, with sparkling eyes. "Goes off all itself, without any one touching it! Oh, how I wish I had one!"

"There's another funny thing about it," went on Kent. "If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less liable to be waked by it, and soon it doesn't make any impression at all."