

AT THE DOOR.

"We will watch the old year out to night,
And the new year in!" Ned cried.
Then three-year-old Baby Winnie
Crept up to her mother's side,
And out from under her curly pate,
Where queer little questions grow,
Came: "Mamma, how do ve new years
come?
And where do ve old ones go?"

And mamma, with a bright smile, told her,
"My dear little Winnie-wee,
That is very hard to
answer:
You shall watch with
us and see!"
And so when night drew
the curtains dark
And snug upon every
side,
Little Win climbed into
her high chair,
Her blue eyes bright
and wide.

But the minutes passed
so slowly,
With so many in an
hour,
That long before it was
over
She felt the Sand-
man's power;
And two little fringed
white curtains
Were drooping low
and lower,
When there came a
timid summons
Against the outer door.

She was wide-awake that
instant,
And gazing all around.
When once again she
heard it.
That gentle, asking
sound.
Mamma knew 'twas Dog
Rollo;
Not so did Baby Win.
"Oh, mamma, hear ve
New Year,
A-stratchin' to get in!"

A DREAM PLAY.

The teething baby boy was cross and peevish, and a very tired mother was trying to rock him to sleep. Betsy and Peggy, the ten-year-old twins, were also putting their children to sleep.

"Peggy," said Betsy, as she laid their last child in its little doll crib, "let's play we are dreaming, and go out and do up the dishes for mamma."

"Let's do!" responded Peggy. "And O, Betsy, we'll have to walk in our sleep. That will be so nice."

"Yes," said Betsy, "and we will have to talk in our sleep. And that will be ever so jolly, too."

The tired mother overheard every word said, and smiled at their loving thoughtfulness. "How kind of them!" she said to herself. "I must be very careful not to go out and startle them. If they should become frightened when asleep, with dishes in their hands, then in all probability they would drop them; and what a calamity that would be! I think I had

"who has washed my dishes for me! Could it have been the dolls? Could it have been a fairy? Surely it could not have been Betsy and Peggy, for they— are fast asleep! Just hear them snore!"

Then how the little girls laughed! laughed right out in their sleep.

"Are you sure, mamma," asked the roguish Betty, "that you did not wash 'em up, and not know about it?"

"Quite sure!" laughed mamma.
Then the little girls got up and danced about. "We know, mamma!"

"Oh, do tell me, quick!" said mamma.

"Why two little girls dreamed they were awake, and did them up with their eyes closed."

"Well, that was nice!" said mamma, taking the two little girls in her arms and hugging them. "You helped mamma lots to-day."

Then the two little girls went out to the barn to hunt for eggs.

"Wasn't it splendid?" said Betsy.

"Oh, it was just lovely!" responded Peggy.

And that is what mamma told papa at night when he came home.

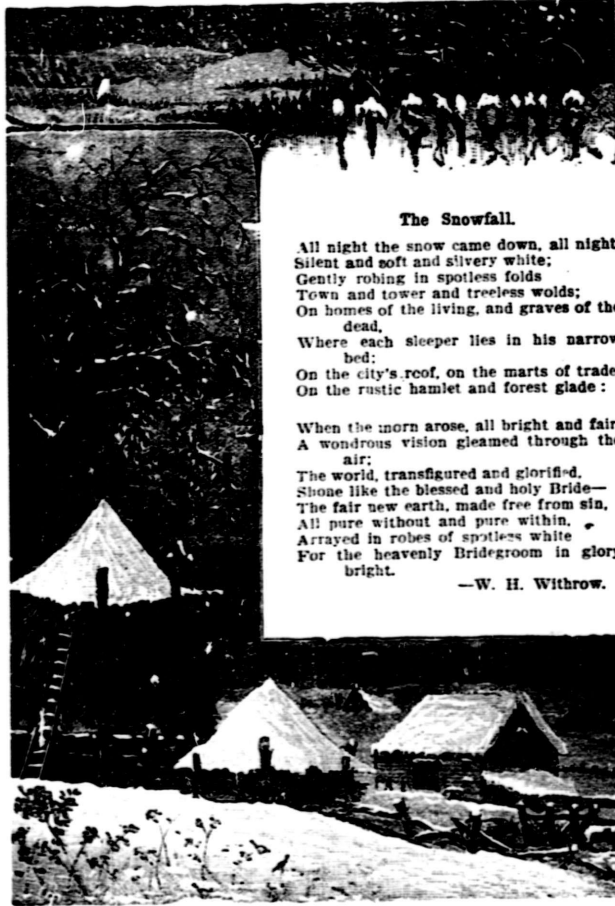
GOD'S WORK MUST BE DONE.

A poor field negro with a wooden leg hobbled up to the collection table to lay his offering upon it. He took from a pocket a handful of silver and said, "That's for me, massa;" from another pocket another handful, "That's for my wife, massa;" and from still another pocket yet another handful, "That's for my child, massa." The pastor remonstrated with him for giving so

much. "O massa!" said he, "God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it."

Commenting on this incident, Ida Q. Moulton says: "You and I want a part in it. Heaven's treasures will be given us throughout the eternal ages for a brief life of self-denial and self-sacrifice here, out of love for our dear Master. Take this motto to your strong, true, loving heart, fellow-Christian: 'God's work must be done, and I will have a part in it.'"

Religion is a good thing without theology; but theology is not worth a fig without religion.



The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless wolds;
On homes of the living, and graves of the
dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow
bed:
On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,
On the rustic hamlet and forest glade:

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the
air:
The world, transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—
The fair new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the heavenly Bridegroom in glory
bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

better stay in this room. I shall just drop down beside little Frank and take a nap myself."

The little dream-workers did beautifully. Even mamma could not have washed, rinsed, and set away the dishes any better than did Betsy and Peggy. When the last crumb was brushed up and the kitchen and dining-room put in shape, then the little sleeping girls went back and lay down beside their own drowsy little children. They snored so loudly that mamma woke up and came into the dining-room.

"Why! why! why!" she exclaimed;