

for serious talk, or so called "personal dealing." But they are either tired or excited, and they do need then the mother's soothing hand and feeling of restful love about them. To little children, the end of the day is finality; mother's presence, comfort;—a feeling closely akin to the larger soul's need of God at the last. So the true mother will let the occasions be few when she is not there.

Do not be betrayed into making these few moments a set occasion for anything but what is happy. Hear the evening prayer, whisper a word of God's love and your own into the small ear; then the bright eyes and busy brain sink to rest with a delightful sense of

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

—a precious heritage, and one a child will never lose through all the changes of a changing world.

To me the chief feature of the bedtime hour is the importance to the child of one hour in the day when he is sure of seeing mother, and all to himself. Mother may say little to him, he may say little to her, six nights out of the seven, but on the seventh she may receive a confidence she might never get again—a fatal loss.

When your absence is necessary, make the deprivation to yourself felt and make it an important occasion. Leave a special message for each little heart. If this seems all very trifling, remind yourself that in building, every trifle counts. Trifles make perfection, but as the world's greatest sculptor said, "Perfection is no trifle."

Toronto

Dreams and Snowflakes

Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy.
See the soft descending snow
Glancing, dancing to and fro
Just to please thee, I know,
Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy.

Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy,
Close thine eyes. Dost thou not see
Visions fair as fair can be?

They are dreams come down to thee,
Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy.

Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy.
Dreams and snowflakes downward fly;
Soon, too soon, they bid good-by,
Kiss the earth and mount the sky.
Dear little boy, my little boy,
So sleepy, so sleepy.

—William S. Lord, in The Rock-a-by Book

W. S. Lord
Who Was He?

In a certain land there lived a godly prophet who was known far and near for his miracles and his good works.

One day a poor woman came to him in great distress, asking him to help her. She was the widow of a man who had served the Lord; and as she owed a sum of money which she could not pay, her creditor intended to take her two sons as slaves in payment of the debt. She would willingly have given up food or clothing, or anything else she possessed, to pay the debt; but she was so very poor that all she had in the house was a little pot of oil. Now, the woman's husband had been a good man, and so she felt sure that the "man of God," as the prophet was commonly called, would do all he could to help her.

The prophet did not tell her where she could get the money to pay her debt, but told her instead to go home and borrow as many jars and dishes from her neighbors as she possibly could. Then she was to shut the door of her house and pour the oil from her own pot into all the other vessels. The woman must have wondered how her small amount of oil could be expected to fill so many vessels, but she trusted the prophet, and did as he commanded her, without any question.

She sent her two sons round to all the neighbors, asking for the loan of vessels, big and little. Then when they had gathered as many as they could, she shut her door and began to pour out the oil she had into one of the vessels; and when it was full, there was still as much oil as before left in her pot.