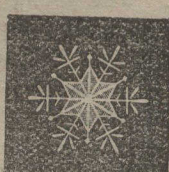
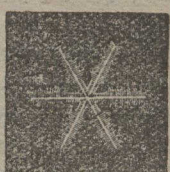
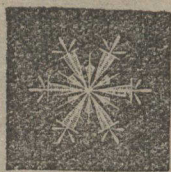


LITTLE FOLKS



Snow Crystals.

I am sure you have watched them fall from God's high heaven.

How snug and warm you were as you looked at them through the window! Everything was so silent as they fell. Though millions of them came down they made not the slightest sound in falling, and everything was covered as with a thick, pure, white carpet.

Most likely no two snowflakes are alike in size and form. Each one has its own shape. Don't you like to think that each snowflake is a lovely thought of God?

If you could only catch them and keep them long enough to examine them, you would see how beautiful they are. But they hardly touch your hand before they melt.

Still they have been caught, put under a microscope, and even photographs taken of these snow crystals.

Would you like to know how God makes them? He calls up a biting north-east wind, and sets it blowing through a current of air that is not quite so cold.

In the air there are always a great multitude of tiny atoms of water, but you do not see them. Then when the temperature of the air falls below the freezing point of water, the atoms of water take the form of flaky crystals of ice.

These are the snowflakes. When they fall in large or small numbers we call them snow.

How very wonderful God is! Job likened him to a great man breathing over all the land, and the ground is covered with white frost, as though it were the frozen

breath of God. 'By the breath of God frost is given.'

But does not the snow say something to us? Falling so silently, making everything look so pure, it seems to me just to whisper: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'

By these fair ice crystals God is telling boys and girls how they can become even 'whiter than snow.' For young peoples' lives are not quite as good as God wishes them to be.

Ugly tempers, hasty words, unkind deeds, thoughtless conduct make black marks on children's hearts. So that if you would have these spots taken away you can make this your own prayer: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

And the wonderful thing is that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

You see, then, the lesson of the snow is not a hard one to learn, is it? Every one of you can learn it, and I think you mean to do so.

Remember, God's beautiful snow stands for purity, and without that we shall not be able even to see God, much less live with him for ever.

'Purer yet and purer

I would be in mind,

Dearer yet and dearer

Every duty find;

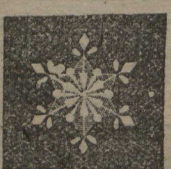
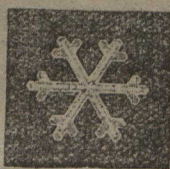
Hoping still and trusting

God without a fear,

Patiently believing

He will make all clear."

—Joseph Woodhouse.



A Queer Neighbor.

('Youth's Companion.')

Prissy had just moved into a new house and now she was trying to get acquainted with her neighbors.

Little Milly Mint, who lived next door, had made her a visit and asked Prissy to come to see her the next day. So Prissy braided her hair very neatly and walked slowly

over to Mr. Mint's, with her head down, and feeling very strange and shy, indeed. But, oh, dear! how her heart did beat when she stood at the door and heard a queer, gruff voice calling out: 'Go home! Go home! Go straight home!'

So she turned right around and hurried out at the gate, with a very pink face and hanging her poor little head still lower than before. Such queer neighbors! She was sure she would never go to that house again!

But she did though. When Milly found out what the matter was she laughed and promised to show Prissy her rude neighbor. Soon she was running in with a big cage, in which sat a green Poll-parrot. It was naughty Polly that had given poor, shy Prissy such a fright. The little girls were good friends from that day, and now Prissy only smiles when inhospitable Polly tries to send her home.

Elsie's Fright.

(Anna D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligence.')

A great many years ago there lived a little girl, Elsie, as we will call her, who had a great fear of Indians. She lived in a city and had never seen an Indian, but she was not yet six years old, and of course her ideas were very vague and childish.

Elsie went to a school held in a private house. The school was upstairs, and one day when the little maiden went tripping down to the door, she saw two chimney sweeps, with their brooms, and their sooty faces and garments.

'Oh,' cried little Elsie to herself, 'there are two Indians! There are two Indians!' and horror-stricken she flew up the stairs again, seeking for a place to hide from the dreadful foe. She ran into a room where she saw a bed, and at once she crawled under its sheltering curtains, and there felt herself secure.

The house was quiet, Elsie was tired, and very soon she dropped asleep. The school children went home, and the little sleeper's mother began to wonder why her little girl did not return with the other children. At length the wonder grew into anxiety, and she went to inquire of the teacher about the im-