

THE WONDERFUL ARTIST.

WHAT a wonderful artist is sly Jack Frost,
And what a pity his works are lost!
This morning my windows in beauty shine,
As though I had found a silver mine.

Here is mountain scenery, high and grand,
Sparkling with beauty beneath his hand,
While delicate tracings thrown in between
Softens the picture with silvery sheen.

Here are graceful ferns mid forest-trees,
Bending before the passing breeze;
And up from the valley in silence comes
A procession with banners and flute and drums.

But while I write the advancing day
Has frightened my artist quite away;
He slipped his picture from off the pane,
And I'll never see the same again.

Mid silence and darkness he comes to keep
His pictures fresh while others sleep;
He touches them here and there with skill,
And varies their beauties, it seems, at will.

We call it frost's invisible hand,
But its beauty shows a God has planned;
And I love to think he sends at night
His artist to make my windows bright.

JENNIE'S PETS.

JENNIE came a long way in the cars to see her auntie. She brought one of her dolls in her mamma's trunk; but her dearest doll, whose name was Bride, had to stay at home.

Jennie named this dear wax doll after Bridget, because Bridget was so kind to her. She made cunning little cakes for her when she baked. She did not mind if there were doll's clothes in the wash every week.

So the doll was named Bridget; but as Jennie did not like to call her "Biddy," mamma said she might call her "Bride."

"And you know, auntie," said Jennie, "she will be a bride some day, when she grows up."

You see Jennie had to tell her aunt about Bride, because the poor little thing could not come.

"And I left my turtle at home, too," said Jennie.

"A turtle! What is that, my dear?"

"My mud turtle," said the little girl—she meant to say turtle, you know. "Ben caught it in the pond instead of a fish, and he gave it to me."

"And, auntie, I told him not to run away, and he didn't. Once I had a little green frog—so pretty! I put him in a glass bottle, and told him not to go out, but he did. He did not mind like my good turtle. I left my turtle to grandma to take care of, and

Bride will take care of herself. Won't they all be glad to see me when I go home?"

When Jennie went home, Bride lay with her eyes shut, and Jennie had to give her a shake to rouse her. The turtle had got out of his pen and gone off to find some mud. But grandma was so very glad to see her pet, that Jennie did not mind about the rest.

A LOVELY MAMMA.

"Won't you come and see my mamma? I's got a lovely mamma!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new Sunday-school teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mamma!" The thought lingered.

We had never seen the mamma so sweetly praised; we did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful to the eyes of strangers; but we did know that she was gentle and lady-like in manner; that she wore pretty house-dresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair; that she had a never-failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery-songs; and had a gift for dressing dollies, and tying sashes and shoulder knots.

We were certain she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlets, and of kissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers; and because of all this she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mamma!"

UNDER THE SNOW.

MAMMA was cleaning the birdies' cage one morning.

"I wish I had some gravel for them," said she; "but I used the last a week ago. I didn't save quite so much as I ought last fall."

"There's a whole lot in the sand-bank," said Nate.

"The sand-bank is under the snow a long way," laughed mamma. "I guess they'll get along."

She meant the canaries, Queenie and Chip, who really did seem to miss the sprinkling of fresh gravel they were used to having in the bottom of their cage. At least, that was what Nate and Neddy thought, and they stood by and whispered to the birds and pined them, until mamma hung the cage up in the sunny bay-window among the geraniums. Then they put on their rubber boots and ran out to play in the snow.

They stayed out a long time, and mamma was just thinking of going to call them when

the door flew open and in rushed both Nate and boys. Their eyes sparkled and their cheeks glowed, and they carried a pail between them straight to mamma.

"Look, mamma!" they cried.

"Why-ee!" exclaimed mamma, in surprise. "How did you get it?"

"We took our shovels and dug down through the snow—" began Nate.

"And then we chopped up the dirt with the dullest hatchet," finished Neddy. "And we can get lots more. Oh, mamma, don't you s'pose they'll like it?"

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health.
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King:

We have no wealth or learning,
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King;
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play;
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

OUR OWN.

ONCE there was an old mother-sheep that took a dislike to one of her baby lambs. She would not let the lamb come near her, or feed it, or be kind to it at all. We thought that was unkind.

Once there was a brother and sister. The sister helped the brother a great deal when he was young, for she was older than he, and their father and mother were dead. After a while, he got to be a great man; but she was sick, because she had worked so hard. He was her own brother, and she had done a great deal for him, but now he would not help her.

Jesus came to his own people—the ones whom God had always guided and helped, but they would not receive him. We think that was very cruel. But we are his own, too, and we are as bad as they if we do not receive him into our hearts, and love and serve him.