



But the dove found its rest for the day on her floor,
and she returned unto Noah the ark.

RETURN OF NOAH'S DOVE—[SEE LESSON FOR JANUARY 28.]

SNOW.

FLOATING, whirling, drifting,
Strange little specks come down,
Dainty fairy crystals,
From a distant wonder-town;
Out of the dim cloud-spaces;
That seem so soft and gray;
Are they dust from diamond blossoms,
That grow where storm-winds play?

I only know they are lovely,
And I wouldn't like to go
To the very best of countries
Where there's never any snow.
Just to think that tiny snow-flakes
Should fall, and fall, and fall,
The great old earth they covered,
Houses and trees and all!

The fences by the way-side
Are crusted o'er with pearls,
And around the gray, dead thistles
The white snow clings and curls;
The mossy walls are powdered
With little sparkling stars,
And spangles of jewels are hanging
From the rough old pasture bars.

I learned a pretty lesson
From the little flying flakes:
One added to another
At last a worldful makes.
They are like the little minutes,
Easy to waste indeed,
But thousands put together
Will give us all we need.

MOTHER'S BOY.

MOTHERS, it will not hurt your boys to learn to do many things pertaining to the domestic machinery of your home. They may be taught as easily as girls, and would be delighted to feel that their help was really needed and appreciated. Do not say "What can a boy do?" for a boy can do any kind of house-work which a girl can; yes, and he can learn to use a needle and thread just as easily. Do you not remember the trials you had in learning to sew, especially to use the thimble? Why not teach boys to sew on buttons, and mend torn garments as well as their sisters?

I know a mother who has taught her boy to take off the bed-clothes from his bed every morning, turn the mattresses, open the windows, etc., and at a stated time to go back, and make up the bed, and put the room in order; this he does daily, and the servant is not allowed to assist him.

Another boy always swept and dusted the sitting and dining-rooms, and whenever the mother or sister were hurried, washed the dishes, laid the table, etc. That same boy now has a home of his own, and his wife, not overstrong, never has the care of sweeping, no hard work is ever left for her, but his trained eyes see all the little places where he may assist, and in his quiet way he is helping to bear his share of the burdens which most men think belong to women. Is he any the less a manly man, think you?

If boys are taught neatness and order

in their homes as well as personal neatness their whole lives will be a benediction upon the mother who thus early gave them training. The future happiness of our girls who are to become wives of these boys depends largely upon the early habits and instruction which mothers are now giving the boys.

A boy who is careful not to bring in dirt on his boots, who puts papers and books where they belong, who always hangs up his hat, and who is looking out for places where he can help his mother, will make a better husband than the one who thinks his mother was made purposely to wait upon him.

There is nowadays a great cry to teach the girls to be good housekeepers; why not teach the boys to be helpful in-

stead of helpless? Beside laying the foundation for habits of neatness, order and helpfulness, some of the time of active, boyhood days will be spent where it should be, with the mother, instead of on the street.

WHAT A HANDKERCHIEF IS MADE OF.

DID you ever look at your handkerchief and wonder what it was made of? If a handkerchief could talk, I think it would say something like this: "First I was a little seed, and was planted in the ground. Then I began to grow until I became a little bush. After awhile white bunches of cotton began to grow on me. Then some men came and picked off the bunches and carried us to a machine that they called a cotton gin, where we were all torn up. Then we were put into a loom and made into handkerchiefs. We went from there to a store, and were put on a counter; and one day a lady came by and saw us and bought us for her little boy and girl."

A GOOD GIRL.

"MAMMA, may I go to see Bertha?" said Dottie.

"Yes, if you will be good girl," replied her mamma.

When Dottie was at Bertha's home she was tempted to do something naughty; so she said to herself, "No, if I do that, then I can't stay, because mamma said I could go if I would be a good girl."