

THE SNOW ANGEL.

The sleigh-bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night;
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its
name,

For it came in silence and unawares.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted beneath the sun;
Its life went out ere the day was done;
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the angel in lasting stone;
In another land, beyond the sea,
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone;
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired 'neath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might;
He has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Snow angel in marble—his purpose won;
And the man toils on.
—Wallace Bruce, in Harper's Magazine.

OUT OF TEMPER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

Alice entered her room with a scowl on her face and petulantly threw her books on the bed. It was very easy for her roommate, who was busily engaged with her studies, to see that she was unusually annoyed and out of temper.

With quick, impatient movements she searched about the room.

"Seems to me your things take up a wonderful amount of room, Ruth," she said crossly.

"Do they," said Ruth, very pleasantly. "Well, I don't mean to take more than my share. I'll settle them back into closer quarters when I've done this lesson."

"You promised me you'd water my ivy this morning, when I was so busy," said Alice, in a voice which showed it a comfort to have something to find fault with. "It's all drying up."

"Oh, I forgot it. I'll do it this moment, Alice. I was thinking that I'd wash the leaves off, too, they always seem to me to shine out a thanksgiving for it. I'm sorry I didn't do it before, but I don't believe it's dry enough to hurt it."

"I wonder where my pencil is," said Alice, still continuing her hunt about the room. "I believe you have it, Ruth. That one looks exactly like mine."

"No it isn't, dear, but I'll help you look for yours."

She got up and searched industriously until Alice exclaimed:

"Oh, I believe I lent it to Janet Ware in the class-room. How I wish people would return things they borrow."

"Never mind," said Ruth, "I'll be done with my examples in a few minutes and then you can have mine."

"I wonder if you want the whole window," growled Alice, with an injured tone joining the cross one.

"Excuse me," cried Ruth, "what a rude thing I am to take it all! Come, Alice, there's plenty of room for both of us, I'm sure."

Alice fussed restlessly about for a few minutes longer and then seated herself near Ruth, looking so fixedly at her as to cause her presently to raise her eyes inquiringly.

"Are you always this kind of a girl?" asked Alice in answer to the look.

"What kind of a girl?"

"This kind. I came into the room fifteen or twenty minutes ago cross enough to drive anybody away from me. I've done nothing but snap at you and snarl at you

and disturb and annoy you ever since I came. The girl I roomed with last would have gathered up her books with an air of high dignity and with a: 'When you are less disagreeable, Miss Garland, I will return,' would have swept majestically out of the room. And the girl before that would have given me snap for snap and snarl for snarl until we should have got into a first-rate quarrel and not spoken for days. But you have given me a pleasant word for every crabbed one and a smile for every scowl. Why don't you give me as good as I send?"

Ruth laughed at the rattling speech, but a sober look took the place of the merriment as she said affectionately,

"Why, dear, I don't want to give the devil a stronger hold on you than he has already."

"What!"

after us for several years. It is no use for me to tell you what a quarrelsome little set we grew to be. I don't know what ever would have become of us if aunt Faith hadn't come to take a little pity on us.

"I remember that one of the first things she tried to teach us was the beauty of loving and trying to be kind to each other. And she always made a special point of our being forbearing with anyone who was out of temper.

"Don't sin against each other by making a bad matter worse, dears," she would say. 'When we poor mortals give way to these evil tempers of ours'—the dear soul always said 'we' in talking to us; just as if she knew what it was to be in a bad temper!—'the devil gets a very strong hold on us. Do not let us, by word or deed, help him to make that hold stronger. What can be sweeter or more Christ-like than for us by

Alice; "but it's a pity that more of us girls don't think as you do about it, Ruth. Time and again I've got into such a temper that—well, it's just as you say. It seemed as if the devil had me right in his grasp; as though I hadn't a bit of power except to say angry words. And then some one would sneer at me, and some one would tease me until I felt full of hate and bitterness and said the very worst things I could."

"Poor girl!" said Ruth, carelessly.

"Oh, I don't deserve your pity," said Alice, "for I've done the same by others often, and when I came in just now after being kept in for failing in my Latin, it would have been just so with me except for your blessed patience."

"Then let us try the better plan, dear," said Ruth, affectionately. "When we see people weak and ready to fall do not let us lay a stumbling-block in their way. Let us try what a kindly hand-grasp will do, and a word of good cheer to stir up the good in their hearts, and to help them trample down the evil, for the sake of the Master who hears so much from us."—N. Y. Observer.

CARRYING HELL TO THE HEATHEN.

A German paper illustrates the sort of civilization which Germany is introducing into Africa by pointing to the fact that since taking possession of the Cameroon country on the west coast, Germany has sent there 1,524,028 litres of rum, 37,800 bottles of gin, 1,588 old muskets, 1,000 cartridges, and 56,039 kilograms of tobacco. As an offset to the pernicious influence of these things the Fatherland has also sent a few missionaries to take the place of the English Baptist missionaries whose presence in the district was not wanted. The colonization of heathen lands by Christian nations ought to be a means of extending the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. The first result, however, is usually to degrade and not to elevate the poor heathen. Inferior races always learn the vices more readily than the virtues of superior races, and the trader in his keen thirst for gold keeps even pace with the missionary in his love for souls. The traders have the World, the Flesh, and the Devil all on their side, and they very soon outnumber the missionaries a hundred to one. Germany has unfortunately no monopoly of this bad work. France and Britain are just about as bad, and if America shows to any better advantage in the proportion of missionaries to spirits which she sends to heathen lands, it is probably because our national policy does not promote foreign commerce, and our manufactures of whiskey, tobacco, and arms have not therefore as good facilities for pushing business at a distance as European manufacturers have. Otherwise we could soon flood the whole heathen world with fire-water made from the cheap corn of our fertile prairies.

If for no other reason than to escape our share of the responsibility for the damnable work of sending the heathen to hell, let us abolish forever the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in this land of Christ.—N. Y. Witness.

THE GOVERNOR OF FORMOSA, in starting a college, has chosen a missionary to inaugurate and organize the institution. Such a step would have been regarded as a miracle one generation ago. It is another proof added to the many others, that the cause of foreign missions is conquering prejudice and subsidizing kings and princes in the prosecution of its work.

IT IS A MATTER of great importance that as soon as a child is able to read freely, he should possess a Bible of his own. At first the Bible may not be valued by the child for its own sake, and a part of our duty will be to teach him to take good care of it, and to help him in forming orderly habits of reading it. But we may help the child to a sense of value by the way in which the Bible is acquired.

PARENTS should, if possible, give their children the advantages of a good, healthy library, and furnish them papers that respect the morals. Select the matter for your children. Take time, since the whole future of your son or daughter may lie directly in the literature which you may place before them. It is from what we read that we derive many of our thoughts and ideas, which influence many of our deeds and actions in after life. If our reading is pure, the thoughts obtained will likewise be pure, but if it is degrading in its nature, it will dull us down to a level with itself.



THE SNOW ANGEL.
From statue by Larkin G. Mende.

"Yes, I mean it," said Ruth, unable to repress a smile at her room-mate's look of half horror, half amazement. "It sounds dreadfully, I know; but I learned it from one of the dearest old Christians I have ever seen, and she wouldn't say it if it wasn't so."

"What did she mean? And was it she that taught you to stand my ill-temper like an angel?"

"Oh, I fancy it would take more even than dear aunt Faith's teaching to make me angelic," said Ruth, laughing. "But I will try to tell you how she used to talk dear, and then you will understand what I mean."

"My mother died when I was a very little girl and left me, with my two brothers and two sisters, with no one but servants to look

our patience and forbearance to hold out a helping hand to those we love. Must not the devil rejoice when we, by irritating words, add fuel to the flame of anger burning in a poor heart?"

"Yes, indeed; she used very strong words, and she meant them," went on Ruth. "And I am sure they did us good. The time had been when a cross word from one of us would have set all the others on edge, and how we would sting and irritate each other!—we who ought to have loved each other all the more tenderly for being left motherless. But aunt Faith impressed it upon us that the Lord would hold us accountable for the sin which we made darker in the hearts of others, when we might, instead, help them over a rough place by a few gentle, patient words."

"It is a hard thing to do, though," said