



### The Snowfall.

All night the snow came down, all night,  
 Silent and soft and silvery white;  
 Gently robing in spotless folds  
 Town and tower and treeless wolds;  
 On homes of the living, and graves of the  
 dead,  
 Where each sleeper lies in his narrow  
 bed;  
 On the city's roof, on the marts of trade,  
 On the rustic hamlet and forest glade :

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,  
 A wondrous vision gleamed through the  
 air;

The world, transfigured and glorified,  
 Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—  
 The fair new earth, made free from sin,  
 All pure without and pure within,  
 Arrayed in robes of spotless white  
 For the heavenly Bridegroom in glory  
 bright.

—W. H. Withrow.

### OUT IN THE SNOW.

For us this is a time of gladness,  
 Our every want supplied,  
 And yet to some it comes with sadness,  
 The snowy winter-tide.

How many little ones are crying  
 Out in the bitter street,  
 So sick and sad with vainly trying  
 To get a crust to eat !

The winter time is chill and dreary  
 To homeless waifs and strays ;  
 And life to them is sad and weary,  
 These dark and dreary days.

Though we have plenty, yet how many  
 Can scarcely get a meal ;  
 Our hearts grow sad to think that any  
 Should want and hunger feel.

Then let this be our chief endeavour,  
 Our fortune great or small,  
 The poor to gladden, striving ever  
 To help them one and all.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

BY LIZZIE D. ARMOND.

Before the New Year's festival comes  
 there is a delightful rush and bustle, for  
 though the Japanese are a very clean people  
 the house must all be put in apple-pie  
 order.

There is no Christmas in Japan, so this  
 New Year's festival goes on for three  
 days. The Mochi-man is the national  
 Santa Claus ; he always appears very  
 mysteriously some time the day before the  
 1st of January. As there are no chimneys  
 in Japanese houses, he is obliged to slip  
 through the door, and right where the al-  
 mond-shaped eyes of the little ones can  
 watch him. He boils, mixes, and makes  
 the delightful mochi that is formed into  
 sticky cakes, after being worked about  
 with a bamboo rod in a wooden bowl until  
 as glossy as strained honey.

Night comes at last, and the children  
 gladly scramble off to bed, though many  
 of them do not sleep a wink. At mid-  
 night some of the grown folks make it a  
 point to throw a handful of beans and rice

in the face of the sleeping children ; then  
 begins the frolic. The beans and rice fly  
 about in lively fashion, because in this way  
 the thrower is supposed to wish that  
 through the coming year good health, luck  
 and happiness may follow the receiver and  
 that Satan may not trouble him.

On New Year's Day the tiny maidens  
 have new dresses, just as fine and bright-  
 coloured as their parents can afford. The  
 girls play battledore and shuttlecock  
 through the streets, and so wildly does the  
 excitement rage that one has to dodge balls  
 flying on every side, and be careful not to  
 tumble headlong over the children, who are  
 skipping about like so many grasshoppers.

The boys, dressed in their best, fly gaud-  
 ily-decorated kites ; the fathers and  
 mothers get up on the house roofs, and send  
 their long, big kites skimming through the  
 air.

The young folks are taken around to dif-  
 ferent houses to make friendly visits. You  
 might really call this the children's festival,  
 for any games that suit their fancy are im-  
 mediately arranged and played, the parents  
 entering into the fun quite heartily.

It is really a wonder that the children  
 are not sick after three days of continual  
 stuffing, as the shops are filled with curious  
 looking and tasting candies, and fathers  
 and mothers are only too ready to buy  
 these sweets.—*Good Cheer.*

### GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.

As a mother sat reading to her three  
 children she came to a story of a naughty  
 boy who had stolen apples and pears from  
 an orchard near his father's cottage. After  
 reading part of the story, according to her  
 usual practice, she made a pause to put a  
 few questions. "William," she said, "why  
 ought we not to do as this naughty boy  
 did ? Why ought we not to steal apples  
 and pears ?"

"O," replied William, "because they  
 do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert ?"

"I say because, if they caught us, they  
 would send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give  
 a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to  
 steal apples or pears or anything else ?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking  
 meekly up at her mother, "because God  
 says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said the mother. "That  
 is the true reason, and the best reason that  
 can be given. What God commands, we are  
 bound to do ; and what he forbids, we are  
 bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not  
 steal' are his own words. If ever you are  
 asked why you should not do what is  
 wrong, let your answer be the same as the  
 one you have given me : 'Because God  
 says we mustn't.'"—*Early Days.*

A lazy boy is always going to do great  
 things—after a while.