



THE SNOW MAN.

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"Now for our snow man," said Aleck Quin to his brother Jack one winter afternoon, as soon as school was out. "Now for our snow man. We couldn't finish him yesterday, and we had no time this morning—"

"That's because you got up so late, Aleck," said Jack.

"O well, I was tired," replied Aleck; "but you needn't say anything, Jack, for you were up only five minutes before I was."

Thus the two brothers playfully chided each other about their late rising as they went home from school. They were lively chaps, and in a few minutes reached the house. As soon as they had put their books on the kitchen-table—where, by the way, books have no business to be—they got the wheelbarrow and two shovels, and resumed work where they had left off the day before; not exactly where they left off either, for some mischievous fellow, while they were at school, had gouged out a piece

of snow as large as a bushel basket. It was a mean trick, but they soon filled up the hole with fresh snow, which they packed hard with their shovels.

As there was not, within easy reach, enough snow to make a man the size they wanted, Jack brought some snow from a great drift not very far off, and thus found use for his wheelbarrow. He would have less trouble, however, if he had put a box on runners, and thus glided his load over the snow. But boys don't mind trouble when they are having a pleasant play spell. They worked away and did not feel the cold, because they moved lively, and their minds were interested.

Aleck, the elder of the two, put on the finishing touches. He made eyes, nose, and mouth, shaped the head, and smoothed the outside; with what success our readers must judge for themselves, though it must be remembered that the picture represents the snow man in an unfinished state.

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

We send a merry greeting
To friends both far and near.
What if we're widely scattered
We have the same New Year.

We'll plan a better life to live,
We'll plan great things to do,
And yet our work will surely fail
Unless God helps us through.

And now, you tiny little folks,
'T would really be absurd
To think with all the greetings
To you came not a word.

You have your little tasks, I'm sure
You'll try each day, I know;
Why, even baby Bess has work,
Her little task's to grow.

WATCH 'NG ONE'S SELF.

"WHEN I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boy. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "There is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master."

"Indeed," said he, "How did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?"

I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

"MAMMA, I had better go to heaven while I am little, for I might be bad when I get big, and could not get in." The mother didn't answer, and the boy went on: "But if I do go when I am little, how will I do—who will mind me until you come?" "O," said mamma, with a tear in her eye, "God will manage it." "Yes, he will send an angel to mind me, and he will tell me as soon as you get there, so I can run and stay with you, and then I'll be all right, mamma," and mamma, clasping the dear little talker close, thought if they were so happy as to be finally shut in with God and the angels forever, it would be "all right," sure enough.