

SNOWDROPS.

Only a bunch of snowdrops,
 But what do the snowdrops say?
 "Surely the spring is coming;
 Old Winter has had his day.
 Still he may howl and bluster
 With his storms of snow and rain,
 But soon he must surrender,
 For spring-time will come again.
 Spring with its glorious sunshine,
 Spring with its gracious showers,
 Will bring back smiles to the grim old
 earth
 And cover her face with flowers."

A MANLY BOY.

Boston boys had kept a good reputation for manliness that they earned a century ago when they went to General Gage and told him that he must keep his red-coats off their skating-pond and coasting ground in the Commons. A few days ago I heard of a Boston boy who was worthy to be the grandson of one of those "young rebels," as the British officer called them. This little fellow is only thirteen years old, and this is how he was a hero.

A few miles from the gilded dome there lives a nervous man who has a nervous wife. They were annoyed on Thanksgiving Day by a curious tapping on the window-pane. The noise was made by a "tick-tack" which some mischievous boys had pinned to the window sash. The man soon found out what made the trouble, and rushing out of the house discovered three boys, one of whom he captured.

"I could give you to the police, you little rascal," he cried, in a rage. "But I'll be easy with you this time and turn you over to your mother."

Accordingly, keeping a tight grip on the boy's collar, and refusing to listen to his entreaties and denials, the nervous man led Endicott Irwin to his mother's door, and handed him over to that lady for correction. Mrs. Irwin was astonished at Endicott's plight. He was in most of the mischief that was on foot in that suburb, but he was an obedient son for all that, and she had so often warned him against teasing the nervous family, that she could not believe that he was guilty, although the man said he had caught him in the act. She took the boy into her room, and asked him to tell her the truth. Endicott said, with a tear or two, that he had nothing to do with putting up that troublesome "tick-tack," but he knew who did it. He was no tell-tale, however, and wouldn't tell even his mother who was the guilty boy. But Mrs. Irwin had her suspicions, and as she was very sure her boy was all right, she put on her shawl and went over to the "tick-tack" house to say what she thought.

The man and his wife listened to her but were not convinced. They were sure that her son was the offender. Then the lady went to the house of Clarence Peck, the boy whom she suspected, but Clarence was out. So she came home, and whom should she find there but Clarence himself. He had put up the "tick-tack" for fun, not dreaming of the consequences. From his hiding-place he had seen the capture of Endicott Irwin. He himself was safe. The man with the nerves didn't suspect him, and a boy's sense of honour would keep Endicott from telling what he knew. In a day or two the whole matter would be forgotten. It would have been easy for a mean boy or a coward to say nothing, but Clarence Peck, though roguish, was no sneak. All alone he marched to Mrs. Irwin's, and confessed that he had done the mischief. Then he went bravely to the nervous man, and told him that he,



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

and not Endicott, had tapped on the window-glass. He got a pretty sharp scolding for it, but he went home happier than he had been for a long time. That is what we call manliness; but Christlikeness is a better name for it, and Boston or any other place may well be proud of Christian boys like Clarence Peck.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

A lot of little mice dwell happily in a hole in a barn. They frolic in and out of the hole all day long, and when they are hungry they eat the farmer's wheat. It is to be hoped pussy does not spy them or their happy days will soon be over.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

TRUE LOVE.

"How I love you, mother dear!"
 A little prattler said.
 "I love you in the morning bright,
 And when I go to bed.

"I love you when I'm near to you,
 And when I'm far away;
 I love you when I am at work,
 And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
 Her lovely eyes of blue,
 "I love you when you love me best,
 And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child
 And stooped a tear to hide;
 "My precious one, I love you most
 When I am forced to chide.

"I could not let my darling child
 In sin and folly go;
 And this is why I sometimes chide—
 Because I love you so."

"WHERE ARE YOUR SINS?"

A young girl came to her minister, being anxious about her soul. "Are you saved," he asked, "or are you only trying to be saved?"

"I am trying," she sadly replied.

"How are you trying?"

"I am praying and reading the Bible, and going to church, and striving to keep the commandments."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Not very well," she sorrowfully said.

"Do you not see that in all this trying you are leaving Christ out as truly as if there were no Saviour who has come down from heaven to deliver us from sin and its dreadful consequences?"

"Oh, I believe in Jesus," she quickly responded.

"You do? Let us see. Do you believe that Christ died upon the cross?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How do you know it? You were not there to see him die."

"I know it because God says so in his Word."

"Do you believe, then, whatever God says in his Word?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why did Christ die upon the cross?"

"He died for our sins."

"You are correct; for God says over and over again that he died for our sins. Your sins were upon him, therefore, when he was nailed to the cross, were they?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Christ now?"

"He is up in heaven."

"You are right again, for God repeatedly tells us this in his Word. Are your sins upon him?"

"No, sir."

"Observe, your sins were upon him once when he was nailed to the cross, and to-day he is in heaven without them. Where are your sins?"

She looked down for a few moments, and then said, "They must be in his grave."