

**The Country Boy in Winter.**

The wind may blow the snow about,  
For all I care, says Jack;  
And I don't mind how cold it grows,  
For then the ice won't crack.  
Old folks may shiver all day long,  
But I shall never freeze;  
What cares a jolly boy like me  
For winter days like these?

Far down the long snow-covered hills  
It is such fun to coast;  
So clear the road! the fastest sled  
There is in school I boast.  
The paint is pretty well worn off,  
But then I take the lead;  
A dandy sled's a loiterer,  
And I go in for speed.

When I go home at supper-time,  
Kil but my cheeks are red!  
They burn and sting like anything:  
I'm cross till I'm fed.  
You ought to see the biscuit go,  
I'm so hungry then;  
And old Aunt Polly says that boys  
Eat twice as much as men.

There's always something I can do  
To pass the time away;  
The dark comes quick in winter-time—  
A short and stormy day.  
And when I give my mind to it,  
It's just as father says,  
I almost do a man's work now,  
And help him in many ways.

I shall be glad when I grow up,  
And get all through with school,  
I'll show them by-and-by that I  
Was not meant to be a fool.  
I'll take the crops off this old farm,  
I'll do the best I can;  
A jolly boy like me won't be  
A dolt when he's a man.

I like to hear the old horse neigh,  
Just as I come in sight;  
The oxen poke me with their horns,  
To get their hay at night.  
Somehow the creatures seem like friends,  
And like to see me come;  
Some fellows talk about New York,  
But I shall stay at home.

—Sarah O. Jewett.

(Sent by G. F. Crawford, Riley Brook, N. B.)

He lost the game; no matter for that.  
He kept his temper, nad swung his hat  
To cheer the winners. A better way  
Than to lose his temper and win the day.

—Youth's Companion.

**A Funny Story. 1**

There lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore,  
But wondered much and sorrowed more  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon his curious case,  
And said he'd change the pigtail's place,  
And have it hanging at his face,  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,"  
Says he, "The mystery I've found."  
"I'll turn me round!" He turned him round,  
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin,  
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—  
The pigtail hung behind him."

—New Educational Music Course (Ginn &amp; Co.)

**Rules for Letter Writing.**

Have you unkind thoughts?  
Do not write them down.  
Write no words that giveth pain;  
Written words may long remain.

Have you heard some idle tale?  
Do not write it down.  
Gossips may repeat it o'er,  
Adding to its bitter store.

Have you any careless sorrow?  
Bury it, let it rest;  
It may wound some loving breast.  
Words of love and tenderness,  
Words of truth and kindness,  
Words of comfort for the sad,  
Words of counsel for the bad  
Wisely write them down.

Words, though small, are mighty things,  
Pause before you write them;  
Little words may grow and bloom  
With bitter breath or sweet perfume,  
Pray before you write them.

—Pansy.

All over the country on New Year's day  
Good resolutions are given away.  
There are more than enough for every one.  
You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton.  
Take a dozen, my laddie and lass,  
But handle them gently, they're brittle as glass.  
If you care for them daily it will not be long  
Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong;  
And when they are older they'll take care of you,  
For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too.

—Anna M. Pratt.