



Snow Flakes.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garment shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent and soft and slow
Descends the snow.

When as our clouded fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
When as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

GRAPPLE WITH IT.—“A difficulty,” says Lord Lyndhurst, “is a thing to be overcome.” Grapple with it at once; facility will come with practice, and strength and aptitude with repeated effort. Thus the mind and character may be trained to an almost perfect discipline, enabling it to move with a grace, spirit, and liberty almost incomprehensible to those who have not passed through a similar experience. Samuel Smiles.

Owe no man anything.
Money easily gotten is soon spent.
Never speculate deeper than you are able to lose if you lose it all.

Rural Hints.

Continue last month's labors, laying in a store of ice. If you have no ice house build one. The merest shanty will do, but the walls must be well lined with sawdust, tan bark, straw, or some such loose material. Examine cellars and keep them perfectly clean. Pick over apples, potatoes, and vegetables generally, removing all that show signs of decay. Have some sort of a shop with stove or open fireplace in it where work can be done on stormy days and in severe weather. Make farm gates, hurdles, ladders, and other conveniences. Oil harness thoroughly. Manure may be spread on grass lands, or piled up and made into compost heaps in such fields as require it. Feed the sheep well, especially the breeding ewes. If any come in this month, extra care will be needed to save the lambs. Fight rats and mice; cats are probably the best weapons to use. Do not let snow accumulate on roofs, or dam up the eave troughs.

“Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not forever, and doth the crown endure to every generation? The hand of the diligent maketh rich.”