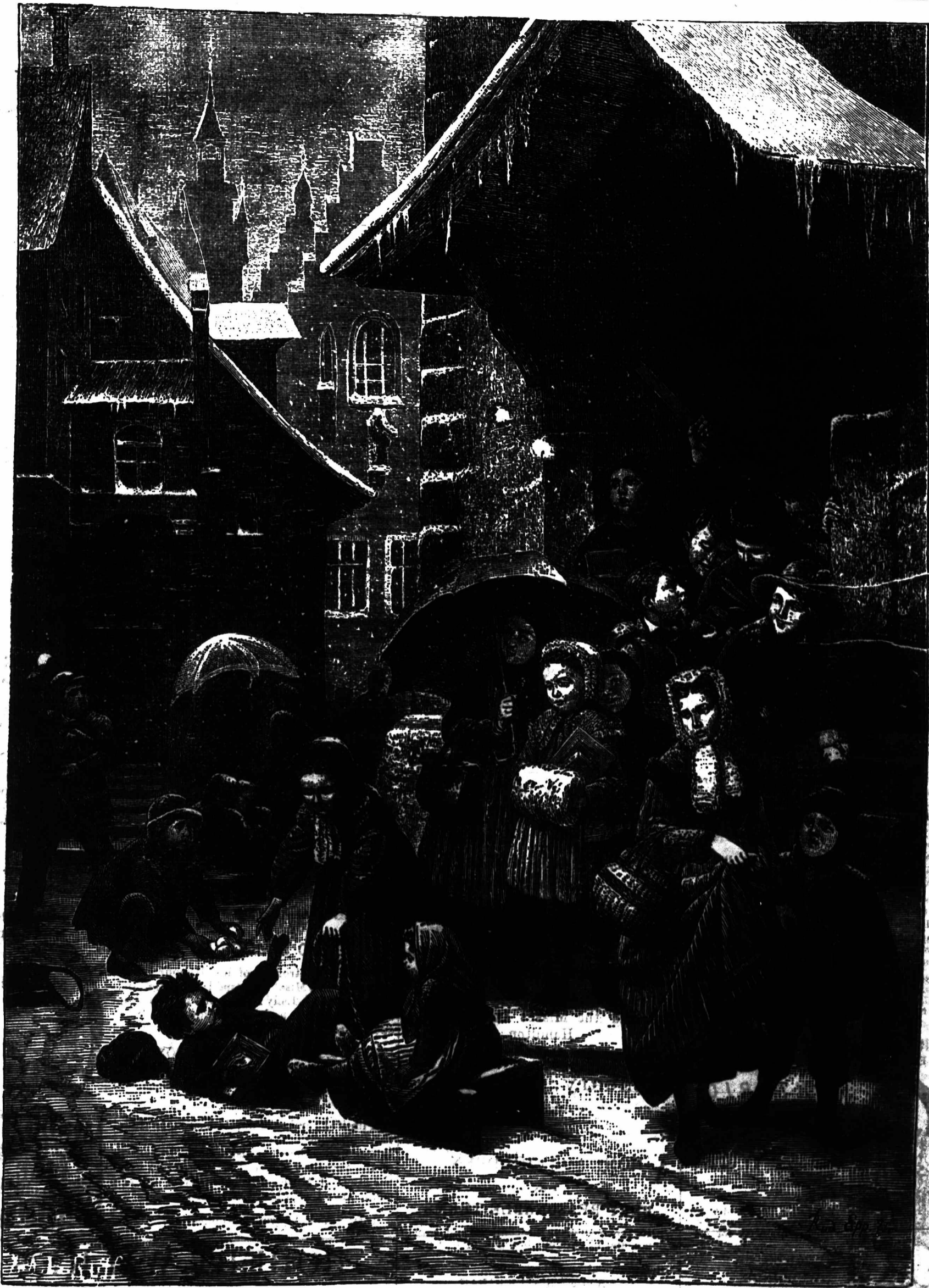


WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

What glorious fun it is to have regular pitched battles with snow-balls! And can anything be jollier than sliding down hill or skating on the polished ice. Yes, it is all this and more to the well-fed, well-clothed boys; but how is it with other poor boys, who are sometimes obliged to go out in the cold, cold snow, bareheaded, bare-footed, and often have to creep into an empty barrel and spend the night there, not having any warm, comfortable home to go to. My dear children do you ever think of these poor boys, when you rise from your breakfast of hot coffee or tea, toast, meat, &c. Don't turn so coldly away, if they happen to hold out their hands to you for a few cents to buy bread. Don't say in that scornful tone:—"Now, mamma, I wouldn't let such ragged fellows come into the kitchen; very likely they will steal something before they leave." Perhaps you would steal if you were starving? Wouldn't you though? Well, I hope you wouldn't but your principles might change if you were half-starved. Circumstances alter cases now and then, you know. It is hard to see these poor boys turned from house to house and nothing given to them. A warm breakfast would do them so much good and make them so happy. How many could give them a breakfast, also shoes for their feet; yes, and a cap and a thicker jacket too. How many poor girls and boys could be clothed and fed comfortably with money so many children spend extravagantly and foolishly!



CHILDREN'S WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

THE BEST WAY.—It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

THE LAND OF PEACE.

There is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in light,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore

Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while

In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE.—It is a dangerous experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt which inclination always pays, obligation never.—*Faciel*

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.—Man, with all his boasted strength of mind, needs womanly love and sympathy. It is not as a worker alone that he wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife.

SHOW THIS PAPER TO YOUR FRIENDS.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

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DEATHS.

Well asleep sweetly in Jesus, on Monday, the 6th of February, 1880, Mrs. M. L. Mondelot, daughter of the late George Houghton, Esq., of her Majesty's Royal Engineers.

BIRTHS.

At the Parsonage, Delaware, on the 4th inst., the wife of the Rev. G. D. Martin of a daughter.