

The Snow Fall.

The snow has begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Has been heaping field and highway
With silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was fringed inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told her of the good All Father,
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky,
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

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

A Suggestion for A Happy New Year.

Suppose we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt anyone "just for a joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

Nothing and Something.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, who can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said,
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked the train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried,
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
I can rule myself, I know, full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away;
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said,
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

It is nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and the thoughtless in,
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labour, live and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

—Selected.

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