

## Hearth and Home.

### A TALK WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT THE MONTH.

Our talk about December will be "short and sweet," *short* because we are crowded for space; *sweet* because the topic suggested by the picture is music.

The accompanying picture shows a couple of youthful serenaders, wakening the echoes of a winter night, and "discoursing sweet music," by the light of the moon. Our private opinion is they had better be skating, than singing and fiddling by moonlight, at such a time of the year. However, we can't alter the picture; we can only comment upon it, but certainly we advise our young friends to do their serenading at a time of the year when they will not be in danger of catching cold. Artemas Ward says he serenaded "Betsey Jane" one night, whereupon she raised the "winder," and exclaimed, "cum into the house you old simpleton. To-morrer you'll be going round complainin' about your liver."

We echo "Betsey Jane's" counsel, and say to our young friends, all and sundry, "Cum into the house," and there enjoy yourselves to the full with music and singing. Cultivate a taste for music. It is one of God's best gifts to his creatures. It adds a precious charm to the family circle, and is a ready means of untold enjoyment. It is refining, elevating, and ennobling in its influence. It is one of the purest pleasures allotted to mortals, and should be indulged far more than it is both in town and country. The kitchen should resound with cheerful songs. The parlour should echo the strains of thrilling music. Farmers should make the welkin ring with glad notes, and every body's life should be a psalm and a song.

As music is God's gift, it should especially be employed in his praise. What more worthy use of hand or voice than that which celebrates the Divine Glory? "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." "It is good thing to give thanks to the Lord, and to show forth thy praise O most High! Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound." "For Thou Lord art good, and thy mercy endureth for ever."

## Poetry. 82/100

### ADDRESS OF WINTER TO THE FARMER.

[For the ONTARIO FARMER.]

I am coming, friend farmer, so put on your coat,  
And meet my advance like a man;  
Encourage your horses, and cheer up your boys,  
And finish your work while you can.

I am not a mere novice, with sword new and bright,  
I have striven and conquered before;



And many a one who has laughed at my might,  
Has lain low when the conflict was o'er.

Come, cover your hay stacks, mend up that barn door,

Find a shelter for sheep and for swine;  
Before many days I shall bluster and roar,  
And all that I catch will be mine.

Then bring out your sleigh, make the harness more sure,

Let the merry bells jingle away,  
While to market you go, thro' the frost and the snow,  
And see how this year's work will pay.

But don't shut up your heart as you shut up your purse,

And hide away both till the spring;  
But let your poor friend who has done so much worse,  
Feel the joy that your kindness may bring.

And when with your dear ones you sit round the hearth,

And list to the pitiless storm,  
Remember how safely I've wrapt up the earth,  
In blankets so soft and so warm.

And gratefully think of the hand that has given,  
The hand that could soon take away,  
And while you are laying up treasure in heaven,  
Do good on the earth as you may.

MARIE.

OWEN SOUND, December, 1869.