

HOW WINTER CAME.

WHEN winter came down in his furry gown,
With a border of snow like eider down—
Came down to the earth from his far-off
home

Away in the North, whence the fierce winds
come—

He came on the wings of a chilling breeze,
And whipped the last leaves from the trees,
Piled them in hillocks here and there,
And pulled the grasses' long, gray hair.
He caught the rain-drops as they fell,
From the dripping eaves; and, strange to tell,
With a crystal fringe was each ledge o'er-
hung

Like stalactites from some sea-cave swung.
He raved and he scowled, till his terrible
look

Chilled the heart of the timid brook;
Then he laughed till the soft flakes shook
from his cap,

In a thick white fleece o'er Nature's lap,
Fold on fold, till the earth lay deep
Tucked in for the season, fast asleep.
How the children smiled when at early
dawn

The curtains were back from the windows
drawn.

A patter of feet, a busy hum,
And glad, sweet calls, "Oh, the snow has
come!"

Soon in the clear and frosty air
They peopled the hillside everywhere.
And to and fro, round curve and crook
The merry skaters skimmed the brook.
The day was fair, all the world seemed glad,
And a right merry welcome winter had.

GOOD BOYS.

THE wisest teacher may be at fault when
he attempts to foretell the future of his
pupils. The model boy who escapes bad
marks and wins the prizes, whose hair is
always smooth, his teeth and nails always
as they should be, who never drops his
slate, nor slams the door, nor leaves it open,
—how natural to predict for him sure suc-
cess in after life!

Perhaps he will achieve it. Probably he
will do so, if the foundation of his goodness
is strong and well laid. But if it is built
upon a basis of timidity, or inordinate love
of approbation, it indicates weakness of
character, not strength; and in the rude
struggles of men, strength wins the victory,
—strength intelligently used.

We once knew a boy who was, in all
visible things, an absolute pattern. Not a
flaw could be found in his conduct any more
than a spot of dirt could be found on his
garments. Yet at the age of thirty-five this
model was a man in ruins,—bankrupt in

fortune, debauched in morals, past any rea-
sonable hope of reform; and those who had
known best were obliged to admit that the
model boy was father of a dissolute man.

His goodness at school had been genuine,
as far as it went; but it did not spring
either from principle or from benevolence.
At the first rude test it had disclosed itself as
empty and shallow. Then his former com-
panions recalled that he had always been
unpopular, that he had had few friends, that
he had been the friend of few of his fellows.

Perhaps the surest mark of inferiority that
a human creature can show is coldness of
heart. The human quality of human nature
is love. He is most a man who loves most,
and he is least a man who has least capacity
of affection.

A good case in point is Abraham Lincoln,
now newly revealed to us in a popular biog-
raphy. He was far from being a model
boy, or an exemplary youth; but he could
love, pity, give and help. He could save
the life of the town drunkard whom he found
freezing by the roadside. Some of his old
comrades remembered to this day his bursts
of human rage at cruelty done to turtles and
cats. He had his faults; but he could think,
he could feel, and he could love. He was a
good boy.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THERE are many happy families. This
one lived in England, a good many years
ago. It belonged to a little boy, who had
trained its various members to live together
in peace and harmony.

A dog was one of the members of this
family; also a cat. They lived together in
peace, in a large cage. The dog was not
large; neither was the cat. A mouse also
lived in this family, on the best possible
terms with the cat, and a lively rat made
himself at home in the cage. This was not
all. There were two birds in this happy
home—an English blackbird and a linnnet.
And the dog, and the cat, and the rat, and
the mouse, and the linnnet, and the blackbird,
all lived together in one house in peace and
quiet!

But cats and dogs, and rats and mice, and
birds, do not often choose each other's so-
ciety. Nor did these. The little English
boy had trained them all to live in peace.
He could never have done it if he had not
had the spirit of peace in his own heart.

There are homes, where men and women,
boys and girls live, in which peace and quiet
are unknown. What is the matter? Is
there no one to train them in the way of
peace?

Hear what the Prince of Peace says: "In
me ye shall have peace." Let Jesus into
the home and peace comes with him.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY-AND-BY" is a very bad boy;
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By-and-By"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward—
A boy that is half a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors—"I
Can."

"No Use In Trying"—nonsense! I say—
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the
way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys—
they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, We Do Care," and 'twould be
"Great Matter,"
If our lives should be spoiled by such
faults.

PLEASING MAMMA.

"Get up, Rover! Haw! gee! whoa! I
tell you."

Johnny did not know much what he
meant when he said that. But Rover didn't
either, so it was no matter. Johnny drove
him round to the porch. His mother was
sitting there.

"Hi, mamma! I'm ready for work. Don't
you want some hauling done?"

"What kind of hauling can you do?" she
asked.

"Oh, I can go to the market and get some
eggs, or I can go over to grandma's for some
apples."

"I don't wish you to go into the street,
dear," she said. "Can't you find something
to do at home?"

Johnny did not think that would be half
so nice, and he pouted a little as he drove
about the yard. But then he began think-
ing:

"I believe I want to please myself. If I
really want to please mamma, I'll do some-
thing she wants done; and I guess I know
what that is"

He drove his waggon up beside a pile of
leaves on the lawn and took them all up.
Then he went and hauled a load of kindling
to the kitchen.

"You are a dear, useful little boy," said
mamma.

"I'm always gladder when I please you
than when I please myself, mamma."

"And when you please me, do you know
who else you please?"

"Yes, I please God." It is nice to please
two at once.