

Oh ! the snow, the beautiful snow !
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,
 It plays in its glee, with every one,
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,
 It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye ;
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
 The town is alive and its heart in a glow
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
 Hailing each other with humor and song !
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

 Ringing,
 Swinging,
 Dashing they go,
 Over the crest of the beautiful snow ;
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ;
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
 Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell :
 Fell, like the snow flakes, from—heaven to hell :
 Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street ;
 Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

 Pleading,
 Cursing,
 Dreading to die,
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?
 And yet I was once like this beautiful snow !

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ;
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
 Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

 Father,
 Mother,
 Sisters all,
 God and myself I have lost by my fall.
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
 Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh :
 For of all that is on or about me, I know
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it would be that this beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !
 How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,

 Fainting,
 Freezing,
 Dying alone !
 Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
 Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down ;
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
 With a bed and a shroud in the beautiful snow !

2. WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR CHARLEY.*

Yes—that is the question ! The fact is, there seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed. While he is asleep there, our souls have rest—we know where he is, and what he is about, and sleep is a gracious state ; but then he wakes up bright and early, and begins tooting, pounding, hammering, singing, meddling, and asking questions, in short, overturning the peace of society generally, for about thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him.—The cook can't have him in the kitchen, where he infests the pantry to get flour to make paste for his kites, or melt lard in the new saucepan. If he goes into the wood-shed, he is sure to pull the wood-pile down upon his head. If he be sent up into the garret, you think for a while that you have settled the problem, till you find what a boundless

field for activity is at once opened, amid all the packages, boxes, bags, barrels, and cast-off rubbish there. Old letters, newspapers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old Night is instituted. He sees endless capacities in all, and he is always hammering something, or knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing, or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's head aches quite down to the lower floor, and every body declares that Charley must be kept out of the garret.

Then you send Charley to school, and hope you are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But he comes home noisier and more breezy than ever, having learned of some 20 other Charleys every separate resource for keeping up a commotion that the superabundant vitality of each can originate. He can dance like Jim Smith—he has learned to smack his lips like Joe Brown—and Will Briggs has shown him how to mew like a cat, and he enters the premises with a new war-whoop, learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and valorous ; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a general impression that he is growing immensely strong and knowing, and despises more than ever the conventionalities of parlor life ; in fact, he is more than ever an interruption in the way of decent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that, if entertaining persons will devote themselves exclusively to him, reading and telling stories, he may be kept quiet ; but then this is discouraging work, for he swallows a story as Rover does a piece of meat, and looks at you for another and another, without the slightest consideration, so that this resource is of short duration, and then the old question comes back : What is to be done with him ?

But, after all, Charley cannot be wholly shirked, for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact ; and, on the answer to the question, “What is to be done with him ?” depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from a Charley turned off and neglected ; many a parental heartache has come from a Charley left to run the streets, that mamma and sisters might play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is easy to get rid of him ; there are fifty ways of doing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid, but, if not laid aright, will come back, by-and-by a strong man armed, when you cannot send him off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little tax to Charley now, then a terrible one by-and-by. There is something significant in the old English phrase, with which our scriptures render us familiar—a man child—a man child. There you have the word that should make you think more than twice before you answer the question. “What shall we do with Charley ?”

For to-day he is at your feet ; to-day you can make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure ; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds ; in short, you can mould him, if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones ; when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp ; when a rough beard shall cover that little, round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him to your will ; but if you will lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour lost in the morning is never found all day. It has a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charley, that, rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome as carpet rules, and parlor ways are to him, he is still a social little creature, and wants to be where the rest of the household are. A room ever so well adapted for play cannot charm him at the hour when the family is in reunion ; he hears the voices in the parlor, and his play-room seems desolate. It may be warmed by a furnace, and lighted with gas, but it is human warmth and light he shivers for ; he yearns for the talk of the family, which he so imperfectly comprehends, and he longs to take his playthings down and play by you, and is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will not commit one if you will let him stay there.

The instinct of the little one is nature's warning plea—God's admonition. O, how many a mother who has neglected it, because it was irksome to have the child about, has longed at twenty-five to keep her son by her side, and he would not ! Shut out as a little Arab ; constantly told that he is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and a plague in general, the boy has found at last his own company in the streets, in the highways and hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the parents want their son, and the sisters their brother, and then they are scared at the face he brings back to them, as he comes all foul and smutty from the companionship to which they have doomed him. Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to keep your boy in your society, there will be places

* Mrs. H. B. Stowe, authoress of “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” has just published a little work with this title.