



HOW THE SNOWBALL GREW.

These are, we think, very fair representatives of young Canada. No country in the world can have more pleasant winter weather than our fine bracing climate gives us; and no more healthful winter sports than the skating, sleighing, and tobogganing which our young folks enjoy so well.

"I CANNOT HELP IT."

Do you ever make use of this phrase, dear young folks? You will plead guilty, we fear; and we older folks are very apt to do the same.

There is our friend Ruthie; the dressing-bell rings, and she hears it; she is conscious that she ought to spring up at once; that everything will go wrong if she does not; but still she lies, with folded hands, for "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber."

Late at breakfast, hurried in preparing for school, Ruthie meets her mother's reproachful look with, "I cannot help it; I mean to get up every morning as I am

called, but, before I know it, I'm asleep again—I can't help it!"

Donald is charged with an errand which he is to attend to on his way to school, and, of course, Donald means to do it; but something diverts his mind, and, as has often been the case before, he forgets all about it until too late. "There! it's too bad, but I cannot help it!" he says, and so comforts himself for this one more "sin of unfaithfulness."

Harry and Josie are in a hot dispute. Now they forget themselves entirely; Josie's vexing words are uttered without restraint, and Harry, in a passion, gives her a fierce reply, and rushes away.

The brother and sister meet no more until night, and, in the meantime they feel self-reproached and uncomfortable.

"Well, I cannot help it," says Harry to himself; "Josie is so provoking, and off I go in a rage before I know it." And Josie is wishing, over and over again, that she could recall her teasing words—"But there, it is just my nature; I cannot help it!"

Most likely all our young readers are conscious of some habit of wrong-doing which they feel to be just such a "band of sin" tying them down, so that they really cannot help doing just so.

And no wonder; for these habits of evil are just like strong bands, holding us back from the service and obedience which we owe to God.

And every time we indulge the habit of wrong-doing we strengthen the band, as it were, by another thread.

And, as Josie says, "It is our nature—we cannot help it."

HO FOR SLUMBERLAND!

A little song for bedtime, when robed in gowns of white.

All sleepy little children set sail across the night

For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,

"Twixt the sunset, and the sunrise,
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down

To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,

A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,

And the ferrymen are calling,
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,

And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar

In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know

When they answer to the boatmen's
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

O! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me

In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;

Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go

A-sailing into Dreamland,
"For the Slumber Island, ho!"

FALSE BEAUTY.

Hearing a young lady praised for her beauty, Gothold asked: "What kind of beauty do you mean—merely that of the body or that also of the mind? I see well that you have been looking no farther than the sign which nature displays outside the house, but have never asked for the host that dwells within." Many a pretty girl is like the flower called the imperial crown, which is admired, no doubt, for its showy appearance, but despised for its unpleasant odor. The pride and selfishness dwelling within more than counterbalance all the beauty of form and face.