

"One cheerless wintry day, there was a great fall of snow. It came down in large flakes, just like the downy feathers that you have seen on the swan's breast.

"Well, some of these Snow-flakes fell upon a rose-bush, one upon another; for they were sadly jostled for want of room, they fell in such crowds. Tumbling thus altogether, they clung to the rose-branch for support, till a solitary gleam of sunshine fell upon them. The sun melted them a little, but not much: just enough, not to make them lose their hold and fall, but to make them roll all in one, till they looked like a soft, round, white ball, as they were.

"Now, the Snow-flakes, when they found they could not get away from each other, began to grumble, and to fancy themselves very unhappy, because each could not fly away and amuse himself all alone *by himself*.

"This was very selfish, and very unbrotherly, was it not? So, at least, thought the Frost, and so did the North-wind, and so did the East-wind; which three were always very cordial with each other, and generally—in January, at least—wandered about in each other's company. So these three, the Frost, the North-wind, and the East-wind, laid their heads together, how they should teach the unfriendly Snow-flakes to agree to be happy together, since it was their doom all to be rolled into one.

"They waited very patiently for the sun to shine out once more. When at last it did shine out, it quite melted the quarrelsome Snow-flakes, till they became clear water, and dispersed about in drops, some in one place and some in another.—When the sun became hotter still, he drew them up into the rain-clouds. There the Frost found them, and making them once more into Snow-flakes, he gave them into the keeping of his two friends, North-wind and East-wind.

"And now it was *their* turn to deal with them. So they set to work to blow the Snow-flakes in all directions; till, wearied and worn out by being puffed abroad by the strong winds, unsupported by each other, they each implored to be allowed to rest with their brother-flakes—they did not care where! Then the East-wind, (who heard them) ceased blowing; and the North-wind took them in his arms, and laid them under the shelter of the very same rose-bush where they might all at one time have lived so happily together,

if they had not been discontented and quarrelled among themselves.

"Just under the spot there was a little bulb in the ground. As the North-wind left the Snow-flakes, they began to melt again. They then sank easily into the earth; and the little bulb, being thirsty, drank them up, and they became part of herself. So they grew as she grew, and became part of the lovely and delicate flower, which is known to this day by the name of 'Snowdrop.'

"If you look well at this flower, you will see that it is composed of several petals, or flower-leaves, joined together:—these were the flakes of snow. The reason why it droops its head is this:—When first it peeped out of the earth, and saw just above it the very same rose-tree which had witnessed the quarrels of the Snow-flakes before they became a flower, the petals all, with one consent, hung down their heads in shame, to think that they, now so happily united in love and good feeling with each other, should have ever disagreed."

The Mayor of Bradford's Advice to Young Men.

I have now to request the youths before me to give me their special attention for a few moments, whilst I give them a slight sketch of the early period of my own life. I received my education in the city of York, at one of the best boarding-schools there at that time, where I remained upwards of seven years. On leaving school, I was placed in a wholesale house of business, in the city of London. After being there a few months, the principals of the house, being friends of my father, considered it advisable that I should be placed in a retail shop for the period of two years, where I might learn the more minute details and rudiments of business. I was, in consequence, transferred to a retail shop in a market town in the county of Essex. In this my new situation, it devolved upon me, as the junior apprentice, to open the shop, take down the shutters, sweep the shop-floor, make the shop-fire, dust the counters and shelves, clean the shop-windows, clean and trim the oil lamps in the shop, clean my own shoes, &c.; all this I accomplished every morning before breakfast. During the day, I had to carry out parcels, some as heavy as I could lift; and, in truth, to discharge all the duties which devolve upon juniors. An invaluable