

HOME & SCHOOL

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Winter in Switzerland.

SWITZERLAND is a most delightful country to visit in summer time—the valleys are so green, the mountains so sublime, and the sky, as seen against the snow-crowned peaks, is so intensely blue. Then the sunrise and sunlight on the mountains produces an effect of unearthly loveliness. But in winter it must be rather dreary. The snow falls to a great depth, and the paths from village to village are often completely blocked up.

But Swiss boys and girls are, I suppose, the boys and girls of the world over, and get great fun out of snow-balling and other winter sports.

The picture shows us a characteristic Swiss scene. The suspicious-looking boy standing by the steps is trying to hide the snow-balls in his hands till the young "madchen," or school-girl, and her brother get past, when he and the urchin behind them intend to give them the benefit of a snow-ball salute.

The queer overhanging roofs of the houses will be noticed, and outside stairways and galleries. Sometimes the houses are covered all over with shingles, nicely rounded at the end, which look like the scales of huge fish, and frequently the timber fronts are carved and painted with texts of Scripture. Very often the lower story of the house is used as a stable for cows or goats, and the people live in the second story.

The Swiss are a very kind-hearted and hospitable people, and in the Protestant cantons, notwithstanding the general poverty of the country, they are very thrifty and comfortable.

Trying to be Useful.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name was Harvy, was riding slowly on horseback along a dusty road. As he did so, he was looking about in every direction

before him a comfortable-looking farmhouse; and at the same time a boy, ten or twelve years old, come out into the road with a pail of water, and stood directly before him.

"Indeed he would, my boy, and I was just wondering where I could get him one."

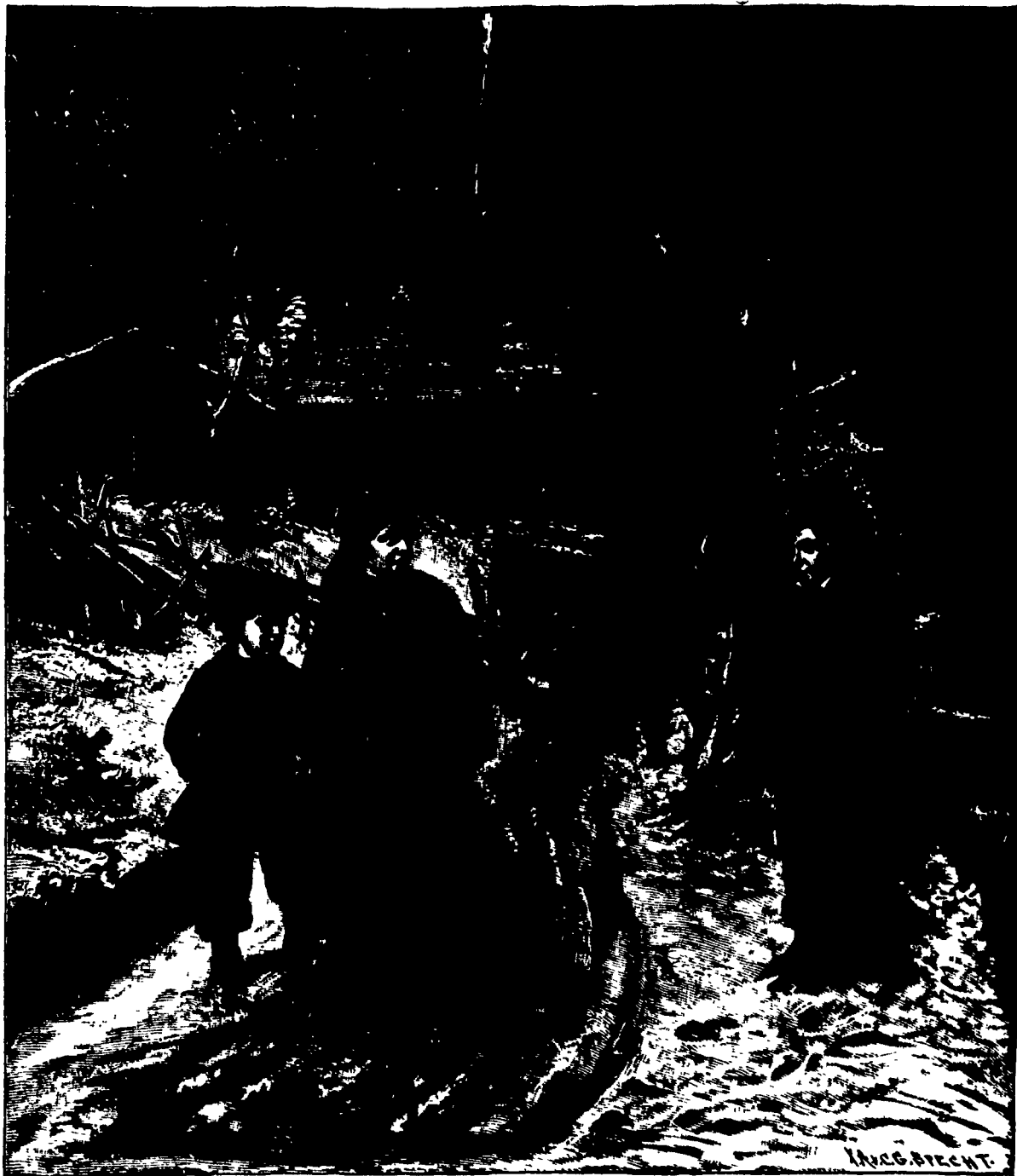
Mr. Harvy thought, of course, that the boy was in the habit of doing this

to earn a few pennies; and so, when his horse had taken his drink, he offered the boy a bit of silver, and was very much surprised to hear him refuse it.

"I wish you would take it, my little man," said he, as he looked earnestly at the child, and noticed, for the first time, that he was lame.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough that I can do for myself or any one else. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; but mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we can do, God loves it as much as he does a larger favour; and this is the most that I can do for others. You see, sir, it is eight miles from here to the next village, and I happen to know that there is no stream crossing the road in all that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here is sure to have a thirsty horse, and I try to do a little good by giving the poor creatures a drink."

Mr. Harvy looked with great interest on the boy. He thanked him for his kindness; and, as he went on his way, he felt that the little fellow had preached him a sermon that he would not soon forget.



WINTER SCENE IN SWISS VILLAGE.

for a stream or for a house, from the well of which he might refresh his tired and thirsty horse with a good drink of water. While doing so, he turned a bend in the road, and saw

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Harvy, reigning up his horse, "what do you wish?"

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

A CHILD being asked by her teacher what was the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."