

A New Year's Greeting*To H. R. H. Princess Louise—Marchioness of Lorne.*

BY CHARLOTTE J. BARCLAY.

Unto thy Royal Highness a happy New Year;
May kind Heaven's rich blessings descend,
To dwell in thy heart and to cover thy pathway;
And upon thy devotions attend—
To the Marquis of Lorne, too, a happy New Year;
Also many returns may you spend.

Unto His Excellency a most happy New Year,
Who so recently sail'd o'er the sea;
May the motives that govern Her Majesty's heart,
Now and ever his principles be—
So a happy New Year to the Marquis of Lorne,
To the choice of thy heart and to thee.

As Her Most Excellent Majesty governs by love,
And the secret of greatness is plain;
That in serving her Lord, in her Saviour she rules
Loyal subjects, who love her dear name—
So may the young Marquis, thus in serving his
Lord,
In kind loyalty rule the Domain.

May he prove a bright star in Her Majesty's reign—
To the Campbells a glory as well—
Also hold the Canadian's loyal regards,
In true peace with his subjects to dwell—
Yes, a happy New Year to the Marquis of Lorne,
And the Princess Louise as well.

And to thy Royal Highness, what say we to thee,
Thou fair daughter of England's dear Queen;
Thou choice of the Marquis, the dear joy of his
heart,
And the pride of his life, too, I we'en;
Be a happy New Year unto thee and to him,
As the children of England's fair Queen.

Thy virtue and beauty, like unto roses in bloom,
Which diffuse their sweet odors in spring;
As a queen wilt thou sway by thy sweetness all
hearts,

While we tributaries of homage will bring.
And a happy New Year to thy consort and thee,
In castle, in farmhouse, and in cottage we sing.
Evendale Farm, Dec. 14.

Happy Every Day.

When we rise in the morning we should form a
resolution to be the means of making one person,
at least, happy for a time during the day. This
can very easily be done if we pay a little less
attention to our own selfish selves; for we must
all admit that we are all more or less selfish.

Look around and you will find plenty opportu-
nities to fulfil your determination.

Help mamma to perform one of her many duties
you are not in the habit of doing.

Lend brother or sister your skates, or anything
else you are the happy possessor of, that will
give them a little pleasure and you no pain.

Assist the little ones with their lessons.
Find some nice piece to read in the evening to
the family.

Keep father's books for him.

Be ever ready to perform a kind act for a neigh-
bor or friend, and you will get your reward.

Keep your eyes open and be always on the
alert, and, take my word for it, you will never be
sorry that you exerted yourself in order to make
any person happy. A. I. D., Kingston.

"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought
this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser
at one of our dry-goods stores. "I am the sales-
lady who served you, madam," responded the re-
duced empress in banged hair, long watch-chain
and ringed fingers, who presided at the counter.
"Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen
more, and as I wish to get them to my washer-
lady at once I will get you to send them to my
carriage around the corner. My coach-gentleman
cannot get to the door just now, for the cart of
the ash-gentleman."

THE TENDER POINT.—They are taking evidence
in a divorce case for cruelty; the husband is under
examination; his wife, prostrated with grief, is
weeping bitterly, covering her face with her
handkerchief. "Now," says the judge, "are you
not ashamed to have thus brutally treated your
wife, a tender young woman of twenty-five?"
The wife suddenly raised her head. "I beg your
pardon," she sobs; "twenty-four only," and she
again gives way to her grief.

Joe.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

We don't take vagrants in, sir;
And I'm alone to-day;
Leastwise, I could call the good-man,
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? maybe
You've got some notions to sell?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we always treat them well!

For they, poor souls, are trying,
Like the rest of us, to live;
And it's not like tramping the country,
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offence in the world to you;
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army-blue.

Don't say! Under Sherman, where you?
That was—how many years' ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe!

Joe Kearney, you mightn't a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart;
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir!
Small farmers in dear old Maine;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph;
He and my old man and me,
Had sort o' growed together,
And were as happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble
When the terrible war begun,
And I wrestled for grace to be able
To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talkin';
My old man said, said he:
"The Lord loves a willing giver;"
And that's what I tried to be.

Well, the heart and the flesh are rebels,
And hev to be fought with grace;
But I'd give my life—yes willin'—
To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir!
Poor soul! don't cry; I'm sure
You've had a good mother, sometime.
Your wounds, were they hard to cure?

Andersonville! God help you!

Hunted by dogs, did you say?

Hospital! crazy seven years, sir!

I wonder you're living to-day!

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir.

"How do you know that he died?"

'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon;

Here's the letter, and—"maybe he lied."

Well, I never! you shake like the age;

My Joe! there's the name and the date;

"Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant,

Lies here in a critical state—

"Just died—will be buried to-morrow—

Can't wait for his parents to come."

Well, I thought God had left us that hour.

As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Did'n't speak for a moment to the neighbors,

Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me;

Never's been the same man, since that Monday

They brought us the letter you see.

And you were from Maine! from old Kittery;

What time in the year did you go?

I just disremember the fellows

That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye, come into the house, sir,
It's gettin' too warm out o' door;
If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,
I'd taken you in here a'fore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humble,
We Kansas folks don't go for show.
Set here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off.
"Call father?" My God! you are Joe!

The Song of the Skater.

With many a curve the ice I fret,
With many a clean-cut figure;
The keen north-easter I forget,
And laugh at winter's rigor.

I turn, I twist, I wheel about,
The "outside edge" I dote on;
I rush on with a merry shout,
Then like a swallow float on.

I clatter, clatter as I skate,
My keel of steel loud ringing;
The lake I circumnavigate,
Some wintry carol singing.

I fold my arms, throw back my head,
And o'er the ice I'm flying;
My pulses throb, my cheeks are red
I seem Old Time defying.

I slip, I slide, I rush, I glide,
I dash along like lightning;
I see—and that but feeds my pride—
Some timid ones I'm frightening.

But on and on, till in a glow,
I think 'twould tire me never,
That men might come and men might go,
But I'd skate on for ever!

Liberty and Health.

Who can adequately appreciate these invaluable
blessings, save those who have been for a time
deprived of them. What a thrill of joy must pre-
vade the bosom of the slave when he feels for the
first time that he is free; when he hears the magic
word pronounced which assures him that his days
of servitude are over, or to the lone wretch who
has been pining away for years in the dreary soli-
tude of a convict's cell; how gladdening to his heart
must be the voice of liberty! But to the hapless
victim of disease, deprived of both liberty and
health, with hope like a dark column turned against
him, and the certainty of death staring him in
the face, with what remorse must he reflect upon
his past career, when the conviction is forced upon
him that the yawning grave, into which he is
about to plunge, is the summary punishment of
his own false indulgence, and of his own reckless
violation of nature's laws. To maintain health, it
is only necessary that we should live in accordance
with the immutable laws which the Creator of the
universe has established. Let every one take a
sufficiency of exercise, practice cleanliness, and
breathe the pure air alone, and they will be well and
happy.

SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING FRIDAY. — It is
strange enough that Friday is regarded, in all
countries, as a peculiar day. In England it is
generally considered unlucky; and many people
will not commence any undertaking on that day;
and most sailors believe that the vessel is sure to
be wrecked that sails on a Friday. If a marriage
takes place on that day, the old wives shake their
heads, and predict all kinds of misfortunes to the
bride and bridegroom. Nay, they even pity all
children who are so unlucky as to be born on a
Friday. In Germany, on the contrary, Friday is
considered a lucky day for weddings, commencing
new undertakings, or other memorable events;
and the reason of this superstition is said to be the
ancient belief, that the witches and sorcerers held
their weekly meetings on this day; and, of course,
while they were amusing themselves with dancing,
and riding on broomsticks round the Blocksberg,
they could have no time to work any evil.

TURNING THE TABLES.—A young lady, a native
of Sydney, in the penal colonies, being asked if
she would like to go to Britain, answered that
"she should like to see it." On being pressed for
her reason, she replied, that "from the great num-
ber of bad people sent out from thence, it must
surely be a very wicked place to live in."