



THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a dying.

Old year you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily.
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
 He will not see the dawn of day,
 He hath no other life above,
 He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
 And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock,
 The shadows flicker to and fro:
 The crickets chirp; the light burns low.
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin,
 Alack! our friend is gone,
 Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
 Step from the corpse and let him in
 That standeth there alone,
 And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my
 friend,
 And a new face at the door, my
 friend,
 A new friend at the door.

Alfred Tennyson.

Isn't it funny that while hydrogen is a partial supporter of combustion, and oxygen the very life of it, water—composed of hydrogen and oxygen—will extinguish fire?

ON THE GENERAL CARE OF PLANTS AND THE WINDOW GARDEN.

BY JOHN R. MOLLISON.

Let us consider, now, dear readers, what we can do to keep our window plants clean and healthy. We all know that dirt and untidiness with us is much against our bodily health, and often the origin of disease. It is the same with plants. Unless we can keep our plants free from dirt and insects, and allow them plenty of fresh air and sunshine, we cannot hope to be very successful in growing good specimens. In the course of our daily duties, dust, less or more, settles on our window plants, till by-and-by they get quite grim and grey. You will understand how hurtful this is when I tell you that the leaves of a plant are its lungs. The leaves and stalks of a plant are perforated with innumerable small pores in much the same way as the human skin. Through those small pores they inhale the fresh air so necessary to their existence, and exhale the oxygen so necessary to our life; and through them they absorb moisture from the air around them, and give out the excess of moisture to the air again. You would hardly believe what a great amount of moisture a plant gives out in a day; some plants giving out more than their own weight. You will understand, then, how necessary it is to keep your plants clean, so that the pores in their foliage may not be stopped up and impeded in their action. Wash your plants, therefore, every now and then, and whenever there is a warm shower during summer, turn them outside, and let them have the benefit of it. They delight in a summer shower. It does one's heart good to see how thankfully they bathe in the welcome rain-drops, coming back when the shower is over with their faces perfectly shining.

When you wash your plants, use tepid water, with a little soap dissolved in it, and