

If ye tell of the sadness and evil I've wrought,
 Yet remember the share of "good works" I have done;
 Ye should balance the clouds and the canker I've brought,
 With the grapes I have sent to be crushed in the sun.
 If I've added gray threads to the worldly-wise heads,
 I have deepened the chesnut of Infancy's curl;
 If I've cherished the germ of the shipwrecking worm,
 I have quickened the growth of the crown-studding pearl;
 If I've lengthened the yew till it brushes the pall,
 I have bid the sweet shoots of the orange bloom swell;
 If I've thrickened the moss on the ruin's dank wall,
 I have strengthened the love-bower tendrils as well.
 Then speak of me fairly, and give the Old Year
 A light-hearted parting in kindness and glee,
 Chant a roundelay over my laurel-decked bier,
 And bury me under the green holly-tree.

Ye have murmured of late at my gloom laden hours,
 And look on my pale wrinkled face with a frown;
 But ye laughed when I spangled your pathway with flowers,
 And flung the red clover and yellow corn down.
 Ye shrink from my breathing, and say that I bite—
 So I do—but forget not how friendly we were
 When I fann'd your warm cheek in the soft summer-night,
 And just toyed with the rose in the merry girl's hair.
 Fill the goblet and drink as my wailing tones sink.
 Let the wassail-bowl dip and the revel shout rise—
 But a word in your ear, from the passing Old Year,
 'Tis the last time he'll teach ye—"be merry and wise!"
 Then sing, while I'm sighing my latest farewell,
 The log-lighted ingle my death pyre shall be:
 Dance, dance, while I'm dying, blend carol and bell,
 And bury me under the green holly-tree.

SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
 Of eternity and truth;
 He reads with a warning voice to age,
 And whispers a lesson to youth.
 A year has fled o'er heart and head
 Since last the yule log burnt;
 And we have a task to closely ask,
 What the bosom and brain have learnt?
 Oh! let us hope that our sands have run
 With wisdom's precious grains;
 Oh! may we find that our hands have done
 Some work of glorious pains.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
 While the holly gleams above us;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us.

We may have seen some loved ones pass
 To the land of hallowed rest;
 We may miss the glow of an honest brow
 And the warmth of a friendly breast:
 But if we nursed them while on earth,
 With hearts all true and kind,
 Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
 Of those true hearts left behind?
 No, no! it were not well or wise
 To mourn with endless pain;
 There's a better world beyond the skies,
 Where the good shall meet again.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
 While the holly gleams above us;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us.

Have our days rolled on serenely free
 From sorrow's dim alloy?
 Do we still possess the gifts that bless
 And fill our souls with joy?
 Are the creatures dear still clinging near?
 Do we hear loved voices come?
 Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
 A halo round our home?
 Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
 To Him who hath spared and given,

And forget not o'er the festive board
 The mercies held from heaven.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry new year,
 While the holly gleams above us!
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us.

ELIZA COOK.

NOTHING TO DO.

Miss Molina McMoren was hearty and hale,
 Yet wished to be slender and languid and pale,
 So defrauded her stomach of what was its due,
 And cheated her muscles of exercise too.
 She dipped in the goblet her fingers so rare,
 And wiped their tip-ends with a delicate air,
 Then clasped her white hands on her hoop-bespread lap.
 Too inert to converse and to vain for a nap;
 For still 'twas her aim in attracting the view,
 To convince all beholders she'd *nothing to do*.

Miss Julia D. Scamper was agile and bright,
 Her step, like the Queen of the Fairies, was light,
 So her feet for the sloth of her hands made amends,
 And she took for her *calling to call* on her friends.
 At all seasons and times she saluted their view,
 Though they might be busy, she'd *nothing to do*,
 But plenty of small talk around her to fling.
 So she babbled away like a brooklet in spring,
 Hanging up a slain hour as she went from the door;
 Alas, for such tophies when time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackerel would dandle all day
 Over crotchet and worsted, or novel and play;
 She sorted her shades with an accurate eye,
 But let her poor mother's wan features pass by;
 Who, worn half to death with her family care,
 Found nothing like help from her daughter and heir.

"The getting of dinners, the toil and the stir
 Of such vulgar pursuits were disgusting" to her;
 And thus to her nondescript creed she was true,
 The mother might fail, but she'd *nothing to do*.

O, young men, my masters, who dream with delight,
 Of a home of your own which no discord can blight,
 Where are roses of Eden, from fading exempt,
 And an Eve whom no contraband apple can tempt;
 Where the wheels of good order like clock-work shall move,
 And babies well trained bring an ocean of love;
 Where prudence with smiles of endearment shall glow,
 And wealth hand in hand with economy grow;
 I'd fain sound a trumpet and bid you beware
 Of quicksands beneath, though the surface seems fair;
 Avoid, like the Upas, with poisonous dew,
 Those exquisite ladies, who've *nothing to do*.

EDUCATION.

Education of the Poor in England.

(Concluded from our last.)

The infant school should in all cases, as it is now in some, be removed from the workhouse to the district or separate school. We believe there is no sound practical objection to this. Whatever staff is provided at the workhouse, to teach or take care of the infants, might be removed to the school; and to assist in taking care of the little ones is a valuable part of the training of the elder girls. The testimony of the Report as to the value of early training is convincing, and proves clearly that well-managed infant-schools will go far to obviate the great evil which has hitherto been combated in vain—the early removal of the children from all places of education. This part of the Report should not be lost upon those of the wealthier classes who are tempted to countenance the fancy that early instruction cramps the development of the intellect. It is true that, imperceptibly and unconsciously, the children of refined