

greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money making.

Let home be another atmosphere entirely.

Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace, quiet, and perfect love.

—————:O:—————

TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Hail to the new year! may its reign
Be free from sorrow, grief, or pain ;,
May blessings brighten day by day
And sunshine chase all clouds away!
With sparkling, crisp young *January* !
With *February* and its tears
(Some call it "*thaw*") let all our fears
Dissolve, and fade, as does the snow,
And speedily forget their woe.

And as for *March*, what more delight
For boys than when they send their kite
On its rough winds to ride and rise
Far o'er their heads to the blue skies!
And shy, sweet *April* ! who would think
That *such* a maid would laugh and wink
At tricks which please the youngsters so—
"*Fools*," born of *April* 1st, you know.
But wearying of *her* smiles and tears,
How glad we are when *May* appears!

Soon, laden with *her* pink *May*-flowers,
We turn to greet *June's* sunny hours,
And gather roses, day by day.
As that bright month goes on her way.
Next, the two months of ceaseless fun,
When children shout, "*Ho ! school is done !*"
July and *August* ! when the earth
To everything that's fair gives birth;
When glad "*vacation*" merrily
From lessons sets the children free!