

in knitting fancy Yorkshire rugs, or reading, as you would a few hours sooner at her desk.

"Mamma will not be lazy," says her youngest daughter.

She has never sought fame, nor does she care for it; but there are thousands, both in America and England, who thank and love her for the work of her pen.—*Christian Union.*

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—

Stay, for the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.

Oh, stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.

Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?

Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the work was spent!
How sweet the seventh-day's rest!

Oh stay, oh stay,
One good hour more, and then away.

Dear friends were with us—some who sleep
Beneath the coffin-lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!

Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sings he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind—
The good old year is with the past,
Oh, be the new as kind!

Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.