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Home.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;

Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home! Go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love.

Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room,
Needs it something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,

Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome—none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,

When there's one we love to meet us.

Little Freddie (to his elder brother
for the seventh time)—Are you asleep,
Tom?

Tom—If you don't shut up I'll lick
you good. How the Dickens do you
suppose that I can say my prayers
when you are yelling at me all the
time? You've got as much sense as a
last year's bird nest.

Small Robert had one desire that
transcended all others, namely, a bicycle
Now Robert's family are of a religious
turn and here was an opportunity to
inculcate devotion in the boy.

So they told Robert if he prayed regu-
larly perhaps God would send him a
bicycle.

Robert prayed.

After he had been praying regularly
for about a month or more the anni-
versary of his birth arrived and the
family decided it was about time to re-
ward his devotion. But thinking a bi-
cycle might endanger the boy's life they
bought him a tricycle.

Small Robert came down on the
morning of his birthday and was told
that there was something out in the
yard for him to look at. He went out
to see and there was the tricycle. But
a tricycle was not what Robert want-
ed, and he looked up to heaven in dis-
gust.

"O Lord," he said reproachfully.
"O Lord don't you know the difference
between a bicycle and a tricycle?"
—[Boston Budget.

The General Chorus.

We all keep step to the marching
chorus,

Rising from millions of men around.
Millions have marched to the same be-
fore us,

Millions come on with a sea like
sound.

Life, Death; Life, Death;

Such is the song of human breath.

What is this multitudinous chorus,
Wild, monotonous, low and loud?
Earth we tread on? Heaven that's o'er
us?

I in the midst of the moving
crowd?

Life, Death; Life, Death;

What is this burden of human
breath?

On with the rest, your footsteps
chiming!

Mystical music flows in the song
(Blent with it?—born from it?)—loftily
chiming,

Tenderly soothing, it bears you along.

Life, Death; Life, Death,

Strange is the chant of human
breath.

Snowdrops.

Gleaming, drifting, whirling, sifting
Through the dark pine boughs one day,
Far from home, a thousand tiny
Wind-swept snow-flakes lost their way;
From such dainty freak and mirth
Weary quite, they sank to earth.

Sad winds sighed there; sunbeams
tried there

Smiles the wee things to awake,
Till, one glad morn, see uplifted
In a flower each wayward flake:

Fearless, they 'neath stormy skies—
They're but snowflakes in disguise!—
Marion Boyd Allen in Cottage Hearth.

When an independent home is found,
even though humble, when there is a
lawn in front, carpets on the floor and
pictures on the wall, when the chil-
dren are clothed and schooled and fed
and all gather around the festive
board—there will be found peace and
contentment, happiness and virtue.

Such homes ought to be multiplied,
and would be multiplied indefinitely
with fair play. Many such homes
have been broken up and the inmates
driven out to wander up and down
through the land without where to lay
their heads, by vicious class legislation.
Many such homes have to be sacrificed
to build up one millionaire.