Poetry.

HOW THE YEAR WENT.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Cold lay the midnight, cold and black
On sleeping earth and sea;
The moon passed on her pallid track
And the stars crept out to see.

As bowed with age and bent and blear,
The old year took his way
Across Earth's little atmosphere
Toward the slow-moving day.

A sound of revel smote and ring
In joyous, merry din.
"The New Year comes," glad voices sang;
"Arise and let him in."

Sadly the Old Year passed; a sigh
Broke from his brave old heart.
"The world cares not that I must die,
And smiles to see me part.

"When I was young, it welcomed me
With gifts and song and praise.
Have I not served it faithfully
These many months and days?

"Why should men joy to see me go—
I, their old, loving friend,
Departing, grieved and sad and slow,
With none to watch my end?"

But as the Old Year spoke a sound
Of voices fond and sweet
Struck on .... And, peering round,
.... lagging feet.

.... past paper, ...
... divers leaned them side by side,
On either cheek a tear,
And with a strong, sad voice, one cried:
"Good-bye, good-bye, Old Year."

Good-bye, O kindly friend and true,
Who wove our lives in one.
Other good years may come, but you
Are still our dearest one."

Then smiled the Old Year, as he went
His misty eyes shone bright,
And, fearless now and quite content,
He fared into the night.

And when he met New-born Year,
All rosy, blithe, and gay,
He cheered him with a father's cheer
And sped him on his way.

"Heaven go with thee, fair son and keep;
And this thy guerdon be,
That at thy end some eyes may weep
As they have wept for me."

The Fireside.

THAT DREADFUL BOY.

He was going from Boston to Old Orchard with his mother. I was sorry to be in the same car with them. His mother seemed only to exist to be worried by this uneasy, distressing boy. He had only one fault—he was perfectly insufferable.

If I say he was "an unlicked cub" I shall offend your ears. Lick is an old English word that means either to lap or to strike. Shakspeare uses unlicked as applied to the cub of a bear; there was a notion that the whelp was at first a formless thing that had to be "licked into shape" by the mother's tongue. So it came to pass that the vulgar expression, "an unlicked cub," was fittingly applied to a boy whose mother never gave him the culture essential to make him presentable, or even tolerable, in the society of well-behaved people. The two meanings of the word are not very diverse.

This boy had never been licked into shape. He needed licking. I use the word in its two senses. And the use, if not elegant, is intelligible and expressive, perhaps graphical also. The mother be-sought him to be still for a moment, but the moment of stillness never came. He wanted something to eat, got it; to drink, and he kept a steady trot through the car; the anxious mother prayed him not to go to the platform, not to put his head out of the window, not to climb over the seats; all in vain. She might as well have entreated the engine.

One evening we were seated in the parlor, in little groups, conversing. Into the room rushed the dreadful boy pursued by another whom he had hit, and both were screaming in play at the top of their voices. As to wage-passing the I seized him by the arm with a grip that meant business, and said: "Here, my boy, we have stood this thing long enough; it has come to an end." An awful silence filled the room; his mother, frightened, sat pale, and for far away, while I held the culprit and pursued the lecture. "If you do not know how to behave in company, let me tell you the parlor is no place for such romps as we have suffered from you; go out of doors and stay out for such games, and when you come in here, sit down and be quiet. He wriggled to get away, but I led him to the door and left him on the outside.

The next day I was sitting on the beach under a sun umbrella, when a party of ladies and the dreadful boy hove in sight, and sought seats near me. I offered my seat to the mother, but she found one at hand, thanked and said:

"I am under great obligation to you, sir, for taking my boy in hand last evening."

"It is rather my place," I made answer, "to apologize for laying hands on the child of another; but I saw he was regardless of authority, and thought to give him a lesson."

"Thanks; but I would like to tell you of him; he is a dear child, an only child, and his father often and long away from home on business, has left his education and such to me entirely. I have the impression that the strongest of all indulgences is love, and that none is so strong as mother's love; I never speak to him but in tones and words of affection. I never deny him any indulgence he asks; I let him have his own way and never punish him, lest he should be offended with me. I wish that he may not have any other thoughts of his mother but those of kindness, gentleness and love. Your sudden and decided measure last night startled me, but its effect on the child was remarkable. He has not yet recovered, and this morning he spoke to me of it, as if a new sensation had been awakened. Will you tell me frankly what your opinion is of the probable result of the system of instruction which I am pursuing?"

"It is not becoming in a stranger," I said, "to speak plainly in regard to the domestic management of another, and I hope you will excuse me from expressing an opinion which it would not be pleasant for you to hear."

"But I want to hear it; the good of my child is the dearest object in this world; I have nothing else to live for; but it seems to me that the more I love him, the less he cares for me or my wishes, the more unruly and troublesome he becomes. Your decided dealing with him has frightened me in regard to my course of training.

"Rather you shield my poor 'want of training him. You do not read correctly the records of the wise man, 'Train up a child,' &c. You are letting him grow up without training, and my fear is that he will be hung—"

"Hung! hung! what do you mean!"

"Only this, that you are allowing him now to be a lawless, selfish, domineering boy; he has his own way always; he tramples on your wishes now, will tread on your heart soon and love to do it; such boys are the sad stock, growing up unprotected, he will defy authority, be hated by his companions, be an outlaw, and will be turbulent, riotous, perhaps an outlaw, and will end in the gibbet, as is the rope's end. This plain talk offends you, I presume?"

"No, it does not; I am thinking, but I am not offended. I asked your candid opinion and have received it, and I am made more anxious lest I have already done an irreparable injury to the dear child. Do you believe in the corporal punishment of children?"

"It is sometimes a duty. You may restrain the waywardness of some children without actually whipping them, and if you can, by all means do so. But the first duty of a child is to obey its parents. But the boy that is grown up from its father, George?"

"True, very true; he has always had his own way."

"Yes, and is therefore never happy; he would cry for the moon, and fret because he can not have it. He is so exorbitant to you, and is a torment to all about him. If you would make him happy, you will make him mind, and especially to obey his mother. I do not believe that you will succeed."

"Pray, why not sir?"

"Because, madam, you have 'views' that are opposed to these. You believe only in moral suasion, in the liberty, and you can not break away from your opinions and surroundings, and persistently, steadily, and faithfully pursue a new line of life with that boy."

"But I will try."

"God help you, madam, and you will need his help, for you have a long struggle before you. But the prize is worth it, and I wish you success with all my heart. Your child will love you ten times more if you teach him to respect you; he will not love you while you let him defy and despise your authority as he does now. Soon he will love you, and love to obey you, and then he is saved. Solomon was a wise man, and spoke divine wisdom when he said : 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.'"

The madam had a smile of contempt on her face, and said, "I don't think much of Solomon."

"Probably not," I replied " did you ever read the Apocrypha ? those oriental writings are not inspired, so you need not be afraid of them,"—she laughed,—"and will give you the sage advice of the son of Sirach."

"Indulge thy child and he shall make thee afraid; humor him, and he will bring thee to heaviness. Bow down his neck while he is young, and beat him on the sides while he is a child, lest he wax stubborn and be disobedient unto thee, and so bring sorrow upon thy heart.' Which means teach him to obey, or he will govern you and break your heart."

The woman was silent a moment, and then spoke with quivering lips: " Did you ever read Pat-more's lines—' My Little Son'—not well, I will say them, for they are on my heart.

"'My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having on his the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd ;
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From this late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vained stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells,
And two French copper coins ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So, when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said :
Ah, when at last we with with traced breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And than remember'st of what toys
We made our joys,
How weekly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say,
I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

"Thank you," I said, as she paused,—her eyes filled with tears,—" thank you ; no child should be 'struck in anger and dismissed with hard words.' Punishment in love and justice breaks no child's heart ; that father was all wrong."

"I see it," she answered, " and I begin to feel it also."

We exchanged cards, and I hope to hear of the dreadful boy again.—New York Observer.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY INNES CAMERON.

It comes in darkness as the others came,
Hiding its secrets from our longing eyes ;
The profit and the loss, the praise and blame,
The disappointment sore, the glad surprise.

"O God what will it bring us !—us and ours !"
We ask with trembling as we forward gaze ;
Shall it be sunshine bright and fruitful flowers,
Or nights of sleepless care and weary days.

We can but wait with patience till an hour
Unfold the mystic doors and bring the light ;
But blessed be our God, our need is sure,
The Lord is ever near—our guide and might.

Let us not fear his voice and we are calm,
Though tempests rage and darkness shroud our path,
Through the drear gloom shall rise the joyous palm,
And faith shall thrive amid the signs of wrath.

His love that led us safely through the last
Shall lead us safely through the coming year,
His kingly beauty that supplied the past
Shall fill our lives with good, our hearts with cheer.

He never failed us yet, He never will,
Eternal Truth can neither faint nor fail ;
Whate'er betide us let it good or ill,
His boundless mercy shall in all prevail.

"Glory to God"—we thus begin the year,
"Glory to God" shall be on earth our song,
And when our pilgrimage is ended here,
Eternity shall still the strain prolong.

LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I donot bless myself that while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work ; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job-work, book-work, and press-work. I am glad I have so good a trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of a self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or if you please to the farm—for to be sure, good farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay this a sure foundation, and after that, branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him : " Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir ?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought his old master a splen-did barrel of his own make. Girard examined it and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him :

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room ; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

The young man saw the wisdom and understood. Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greely wrote :

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, and should the world grow tired of our scribbling as an author, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming ; so that while our strength lasts, lets thousand blockheads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poorhouse."—Exchange.

FANCY WORK FOR GIRLS.—The little Quakeress

pincushion is made by taking a circular piece of pasteboard about two inches in diameter, also a piece of black silk but a little larger (enough to allow for seam all around ;) take another piece of black silk about three inches deep and wide enough to go all round the circular piece ; sew the two together to form the skirt ; next turn the seamed all on the inside, put the pasteboard on the bottom, fill with bran or sawdust, get a small wooden doll, such as are sold in toy stores at a cent or two apiece, stand up in the centre of the bran, gather the top of the skirt around the waist, put on a shawl of soft gray woolen or silk, make a little Quaker bonnet of pasteboard covered with gray silk, something the shape of the old fashioned Shaker bonnet minus the curtain. Make an undersleeve of half a hair-pin and a piece of black silk, crook one end so that it can hang on the arm ; bend the hand inward and your Quakeress is complete. If you prefer a grand-ma, put on a white apron, white neckerchief and white ruffled cap.

"Now, then, George,"

said the young lady that was president and secretary of the society, and would have been treasurer, too, had there been any money. "What is your fault, George?"

"Preposterousness," answered George.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Priscilla, and all the children laughed.

"I mean what I say," said George. "Father told me yesterday I was the most preposterous boy in the world."

Several other new leaves were registered, and then Priscilla entered her determination to reform in the matter of sometimes getting into a scrape at shinking of her clothes in church ; spending money foolishly when she ought to give it to missionaries, and declared besides her intention of putting down some other things as soon as she could arrange them in her mind.

"Now, then," said she, shutting up her book, "all this is to hold good for a whole year. Will you all remember that ?"

"Oh ! yes," said the children, and the thing was settled.

And then came Emmie to Priscilla, with her paper. " Make Pauline," said she, " and buttons up the front of heart."

The children all burst out laughing, and Priscilla, with a darkened brow, opened her book to cross out Emmie's entry ; but just then her grandfather, who had been standing at the door, unnoticed by the children, stepped up to her and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Stop, Priscilla," said he. " You are six times older than Emmie, and I am six times older than you. Put me down for a new leaf. I want to be more tolerant of the faults of others. Please enter that in your book, and do not cross out my resolve or Emmie's, until you are sure we are not willing to renew them. The right way to turn over a new leaf is to keep turning it over as often as it is turned back. Will you remember that ?"

And it is to be hoped Priscilla did remember it.—M. Star.

THE NEW LEAVES.

HOW THEY WERE TURNED OVER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"Come, girls," said Priscilla, " and you too, Willie and Harvey and George, let us go into the parlor and settle everything for the New Year. We will all sit in a ring, and little Emmie shall sit in the middle, and then each one must say just what new leaf she is going to turn over (and you, too, Willie and Harvey and George), and I will write them down, so that we shan't forget."

Priscilla was a very methodical girl, and as she was older than the other children she often endeavored to get them to adopt her ways and habits. Sometimes she succeeded, and sometimes she failed very badly indeed. But this was New Year's day, and all the children felt very ready this turning over new leaves, they very readily followed Miss Priscilla into the parlor, and there they sat down in a ring and little Emmie sat down in the middle. Emmie was so much younger than any of the rest that they gave her a pencil and a sheet of paper, that she might amuse herself, and, while the others held solemn council, she drew bewildering "huasies" and impossible mice, with tails like great strokes of lightning.

"Now," said Priscilla, " you begin, Kitty. You must tell what your worst fault is, and promise you won't do it, whatever it is, for a whole year. Now, tell it, and I will put it down."

"I don't know what it is," said Kitty, with the most innocent air in the world.

"Oh ! but you must know," said Priscilla. "If you can't think of your own worst fault, tell us your next worst."

"I can't think of any," said Kitty.

"Now, Kitty, you mustn't say you haven't any faults at all ! For one thing you know you're an awful tease. Shall I put that down ?"

"Yes," said Kitty.

And so Priscilla wrote down in her little book, under the head of " New Leaves," that Kitty would not tease any one for the space of one year.

Jane Conway was the next girl and she had had a lecture the day before from her mother.... So she promptly admitted that her greatest fault was self-ishness, and that she was going to turn over a new leaf for the coming year.

This was scarcely entered by precise Priscilla, before little Emmie got up from her stool, and approaching Kitty, presented her with her pencil and paper, and desired her to " make mamma."

"Now, that won't do, Emmie," said Priscilla, "you must sit down and make your own pictures, or we shall have to send you up-stairs." And therewith she scolded Emmie back to her stool.

"Now one of the boys ought to say," resumed Priscilla. " Harvey, what is your greatest fault ?"

"I haven't any," said Harvey, as bold as a lion.

"Oh ! oh ! oh !" cried all the children.

"Well, what is it, now ?" said Harvey, looking around the circle.

"Playing truant !" shouted the company.

Harvey looked down abashed for a moment, and then he said : "Well, you may turn that over."

After much discussion, two of the girls promised to turn over new leaves, one in regard to vanity (termed by her companions " putting on airs"), and the other in respect to sundry pantry depredations, for which she was somewhat famous.

And then little Emmie came straight up to Priscilla herself, and pulled at her " make Pauline." Pauline was Emmie's baby sister, and her portrait, no matter how vague, was always acceptable.

"Now you must go up-stairs," said Priscilla.

"Oh ! no," cried some of the other children, "let her stay. She'll be quiet."

"But she's big enough to know she oughtn't to bother people," said Priscilla. " If I let you stay here, Emmie, will you promise to stop asking people all the time to make things for you ?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Emmie, and she nodded vigorously her little head. And so that new leaf was entered for Emmie.