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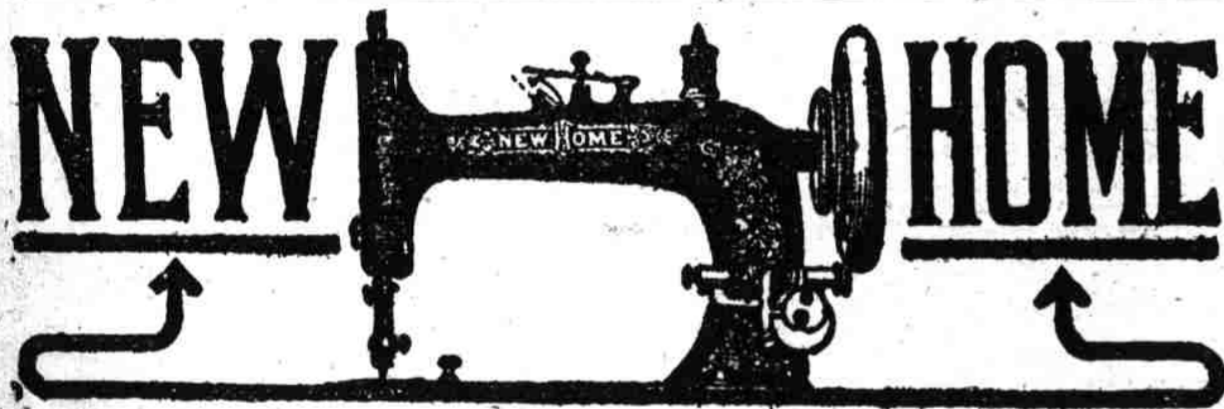
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THE HOME CIRCLE

OLD-YEAR MEMORIES.

LET US forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;
The hopes that cherished long, were still denied us
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
Let us forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the hand clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"
Holding in memory the good it has brought us,
Letting the evil die.

—Christian Endeavor World.

JUST A BIT OF EDEN.

What is Happening in the Garden in Mid-Winter—The Cheerful Christmas Rose, the Hardy Pussy Willow and the Daring Sweet Balm Bring to January a Message of Summer-Time.

By Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THIS afternoon for the first time in days, the rain slacked up a bit and a person who shall be nameless because she is old enough to know better, waded through a creek into which the garden walk had been transformed by incessant rains, and notwithstanding much ruination of clothes, reached her journey's end with great gladness of heart and jubilation of spirit.

To one not a garden lover, the place might have seemed sodden and dismal and dead and yet if you looked closely, it was bright with promise and full of tiny buds only waiting for the first faint call of spring to start into fine, vigorous growth that they might fulfill their destiny of feeding the world. It is the old, old miracle wrought anew every season, and none the less miracle in that we no longer see, save with the eye of faith, our Saviour "filled with compassion for the multitude," standing with his hand outstretched in blessing that the food may be so increased that no one will go hungry away. And aren't you glad that it is our privilege, yours and mine, to work in that wonderful miracle of feeding the world? It is a high calling and the very first, chosen by our Heavenly Father himself for man and the one out of which all others grew. "And the Lord took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Surely if my Bible were to open of itself it would be at the chapters telling of gardens, they are read so often.

And is anything else in the world so absorbingly interesting as the growth of plants? A clump of pussy willows set out only one week ago, is already beginning to blossom, and the hardy carnations, another gift from an unknown friend who loves her garden too, are growing and flourishing as if January were as propitious as May. Under the rosemary is a bran new flower that of itself repays me for the perilous voyage to the garden. The leaves of most plants are as familiar as their flowers, but this is something I've never seen before, and my interest is great to know just what it will be in the spring. The hellebore, or "Christmas rose," will soon be in bloom. Nothing hurts that, to my great joy. My earliest memory is of watching for the first pale green

blossoms of a clump of hellebore that grew by grandmother's door-steps. There are curious old superstitions connected with this plant that has been used as a medicine since medicine has had a history. No evil spirit could enter a house near which it grew; a spray of it banished melancholia; while the ancient Greeks had such implicit faith in its power to cure madness that they sent their insane to Anticyra where it grew in quantities. Its other name, Christmas rose, was given it because a little girl who had followed her brothers, the shepherds, to Bethlehem, wept that she had no gift to offer the Babe lying in the manger. An angel told her to look on the ground, and there she saw the hellebore blossoms; she gathered and gave them to Mary, and since then among Christian people, the plant has borne the name of Christmas rose.

Parsley is green, so I gathered a bunch of that, but though I look long and carefully, not a violet can be found. There were lots of them ten days ago but they have disappeared, and my disappointment is great for a bunch is needed for the dinner table and I didn't come to the garden to be disappointed. I came, to divert my mind and forget the old "Dominecker" hen whose fluffy little biddies she and I with infinite pains have just brought to the frying size age. Two days ago, one came to an untimely end on the breakfast table and since then the round yellow eye of its mother has followed me so accusingly that I feel like a cannibal. If she would only look with her two eyes, it wouldn't be so disconcerting, but she won't. She sticks her head on one side and glares unutterable things at me from one round yellow button of an eye until my conscience, always of the soft, jelly, wobbly variety, becomes too crushed and downcast for words.

But I am a worm that is going to turn, and if that Dominecker hen doesn't change her tactics and use both eyes to better advantage than staring me out of countenance with one, she and her troubles will turn over a new leaf indeed and enter the New Year as a chicken potpie. Many a bad conscience, and mine among them, has been changed into a good